Dear Helen;

I feel the most guilty person in the whole world. Think of your having written me a postal and a beautiful letter both of which I have not answered before now. Helen dear, I did love hearing from you, both I have been so wildly busy moving and attending to my financial affairs and rehearsing "The Nightingale" that I am really worn to a frazzle, and haven't a decently coherent thought left to put into a letter.

It was adorable of you to visit Miss Sara. It touched me deeply to hear about her. I did not know of her accident; please give her my love and tell her I was so sorry to hear about it.
When are you coming back to Chicago? Soon I do hope as I want you to be near me in my new home. It seems to me a very sweet, homelike little nest, and I hope to get much comfort and contentment out of it. In my mind I have been planning all sorts of nice little times you and I are to have when you come West. Now if Uncle Rollin is "full" you can just ring my bell and say "here I be", and Oh! such a welcome as you will get!

Helen dear, you were very sweet and comforting to me when last I saw you—like oil on a burn. I do wish I could see you oftener. The days aren't so bad, but the nights especially at five o'clock when his key used to slide into the lock are beyond words. Were it not for Mary I should never be able to stand it. She is the greatest comfort in the world; she makes my life bearable. Every night I thank God for her—she is one of the finest characters that ever lived—almost perfect human, and
completely perfect as a friend.

My "Nightingale" bids fair to be a success. It goes just beautifully. The girls have been endlessly kind and considerate of me, and are working like troopers to do their best. The plan itself seems to be rather a good one. I shall send you clippings from the Maroon, if there are any.

Write to me as often as you can—I know you are busy, but I do love your letters. I cannot tell you how I want to see you. Any chance Easter?

With a heart full of love,

Faithfully,

[next line]

Feb, 6, 1918.

Chicago, Ill.

[Handwritten note: "From an apartment she took after her husband's death.

She was directing a dramatization of "Rachel Lindsay." "Nightingale."
Dear Helen:

I have waited until college opened before answering your letter so that I could leave some choice morsels to spread before you — and I have them. College!

God save the mark, you would not recognize. The old air is gone — gone, completely! There is a spirit of unrest and confusion worse confounded. No one seems to have their bearings, professors or students. Classes are all mixed up. Eng. is entirely different.

The campus itself is different. Groups of soldiers drilling...
by that I mean, no long themes no card notes, much more real work and the topics assigned to all work topics. As an ex-
cample the first assignment is a "five minute" speech to be
written out. Instructors will have to give lessons in pronunciation
of long/short vowels, or, to be done in the form of commands — such
as "present arms! Company arms! Right face!" etc. They were
no short of teachers that men like Mr. Goodspeed have taken
place of. Many times two or
= two men = all arms! No core-
consultations! The five best men =
= the class have to act
as tutors to the poorer ones and
give the consultations.

3. They have established a W.
S.T.C. (Women Students Training
Corps). I have joined. We have
drill, wear a uniform and,
pledge ourselves to a definite amount of essential work. For
my share I am working as
librarian in W. 41 on Wed.
from 1 to 6, besides some Red
Cross work.

The freshmen men are
The most callow non-descript
collective you have ever gazed
upon — the butcher, the baker
and the candle snicker maker
have descended upon us and are more "college boy" than
ever a regular set of freshmen
dated me. Of course there are
—trumpets ringing at odd tunes. Helen, you have to be here to understand. Of course it is very sad."

The old guard; and were it not that we feel a golden gleam of hope and a new unity of man with man. shining through it all, it would be unbearable. It has mellowed us all; made us more tolerant; made us others the spiritual as well as the academic side of college, and made us proud that we are not too aloof.

As for my own work—Dana
having a beautiful time with
miss Reynolds in Aug 44—that
is my period as you know,
and of course I was leaving
a gorgeous feast.
Mrs. Tilton, Frank Webster, Mr.
Abbott and Mary—Of course
and always Mary— with one next Tuesday evening. I think that you were
here to join us.
Mary becomes more precious
to me each day. She is the
very light of my existence.
There is no more news.
Write tome when you are
not too tired— I believe
always welcome your letter.
Give my love to Miss Eastman.
Helen, you are very dear to me
and I love you very, very
much.

Affectionately

Oct 5. 1918.
Dearest Helen;-

I dare say about the most untactful, unfriendly thing a person can do is to answer a letter too promptly. Therefore, mes excuses s'il vous plaît. The reason for this unseemly conduct is that if it is not too late I should very much like to have a copy of the College news that had my letter in it; and why—? Because I don't remember what I wrote you and would like to have my own impressions of the University while they were fresh—-they have changed and become blunted in the meanwhile. If it is not too much trouble will you send me a copy of that edition? Thanks awfully.

Perhaps I told you—perhaps I did not tell you that I have charge of W 41 every Wednesday afternoon from one to six. Thereby hangs many a tale. I have had my troubles of various kinds, but also my compensations. One of the greatest things this job has done for me is to cure me of my desire to obtain a higher degree. From what I can see of the "grads" their souls have turned into paper and their brains into dust. Their livers are all out of order and the jaundice has reached their dispositions—-not all of them, but most of them. I find them quereulous and small-souled and pettish over every little circumstance which they consider their "just due". My greatest aversion has been une Miss Meinhardt. Perhaps you know her; if so I need add little to the picture, but for fear she may have escaped you I must recount some of my adventures with her.

I must preface all this by telling you that when they set me to work in W.41 no one thought it worth while to instruct me in my duties. They just put me there and let me worry along as best I could. Since I had had no previous library experience the first few weeks were extremely trying to say the
Dear [Name],

I have spent the most unexpected, unmeaningful time here, unable to swallow the news. I hope this letter finds you well.

The reason for this unexpected decision is that I am not used to this place. I spent a lot of time here, but now I feel quite different. Because I cannot remember what I wrote down and what I needed to do.

To have seen the impression of the University while they were there——they have changed and become different in the meantime. I do not feel much.

Perhaps I feel very different at each election? There might be some way to go about it. I am not sure that I can continue.

We are very much interested in the idea of you coming here. I have heard from two or six friends who came here, and I have heard from another kind of news, but no news of my departure. One of them is from the University.

I have heard from them about their plans and their studies. I have seen some of the "crowds," short stories have been written into the pages and their plans. I have heard about the European and their plans and their studies——well, I am sure they are not the same. I have heard from them about their situation and their plans. I am sure they are not the same.

I have seen a little of the pictures which they consider their "best" and "my best." But I am not sure I can make use of them. Perhaps you know them? I am not sure.

I must suggest that you write to me soon to confirm this impression. I am not sure if you can write to me on this letter. I have been in a state of confusion with you.

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least. I did not know the place of a single book; I did not know the accessions system; I did not know the charging and charging off system for the books in circulation; and all around I had a very hard time. Most of the students were patient and helpful—all, in fact, save the Meinhardt. This fiend invented every method to make my life miserable. I stood her for four weeks without a murmur, but last Wednesday I laid her low. The tale is worth repeating I think.

I was seated at my desk reading—all was calm and the atmosphere as fetid as usual when at five minutes to three the door opened and two rather rough looking men came to the desk. They asked for a certain "Mr Essher" I told them he was not in the room. Then followed a rather lengthy conversation about him and his whereabouts. During this interview I heard a sharp rapping on the table behind me. Looking around I saw the Meinhardt knocking her pen against the table. I thought "how silly; you'll break it". As I went on talking the rapping increased in volume and rapidity. Then the thought dawned upon me—she was rapping to keep me quiet. The men had told me that they had came "on government business"—the thought of that run trying to stop me from carrying out my business sent my Spanish blood racing and rearing through my veins—!!! I exploded with rage. I turned sharply in my chair. "What does this mean, Miss Meinhardt?" I said with no sweetness in my tone. "You are making a noise" she answered in her detestable thick German accent. "I am attending to my business and I cannot be disturbed—-if you have any complaints kindly make them to the head of the library, but in the meanwhile do not attempt to interfere with my affairs". said I. By this time, as you can well imagine W.41 was in a "state".

After a while it became necessary for me to take the men to W.40 and while I was outside the door Miss Meinhardt came out of the room. She
came up to me and began a harangue. I stepped her short and what I said to her she will not frame as a testimonial to present when she seeks a position. I told her that as long as I was head of W.4 I would run the place as I thought best. That as long as I sat at the desk my authority was supreme and that she would have to abide by my rulings and that whenever she found she could not do so she was at liberty to complain to head-quarters----and a let more into that strain. However to make a long story short (perhaps I haven made it short; however, to bring it to a close) I went out of the room for a while and when I returned the lady feared I had been to head-quarters and true to German instincts she came fawning at my ear and said, "I hope you did not tell them anything bad about me down-stairs". I did not answer. She laid her hand on my shoulder and said with a snake-like sibilant whisper "Dearie, I leave it to your consciousness that you do not say anything mean about me in the office" I never looked at her but kept on reading as if she was not in this world. Then she apologized prurishly, but I didn't deign to notice her. From now on I have a feeling that I shall have no more trouble with her. I tell you this long rigamarole to show you how the faults of the nation are mirrored in the individual----she is the apotheosis of the Hun. The centre-temps had a very salutary effect on the rest of the room----they eat from my hand now like tame pigeons. If one is in command they must command or step out----otherwise authority is a joke. Does this sound like Junkerism? I hope not.

But to other things. Eleanor Pellet and I have become good friends and I like her very much. She is dining with me tonight. I see Frank and Sam and Mrs Flint every now and then----they are all the same as ever and will be glad to know that I have heard from you.

Howard Mumford Jones did me a beautiful poem about "Don Quixote"
come up to me and began to press my fingers against my forehead. I asked if he could make his presence known to me through a vision, and he replied that he would do so if I would agree to receive him.

I felt that I had seen him in my mind, and I knew that he was near. I asked him if he had come to give me some advice, and he replied that he had come to give me a message.

I felt that I had seen a vision of a man, and I knew that he was near. I asked him if he had come to give me some advice, and he replied that he had come to give me a message.

I felt that I had seen a vision of a man, and I knew that he was near. I asked him if he had come to give me some advice, and he replied that he had come to give me a message.
which I am going to do for the University for the benefit of the Settlement. Mr Lovett, Mrs Flint, Miss Wallace and a lot of the big people are backing me; so the affair ought to go with a bang. We plan for it about next March.

Again about the campus. We all have a feeling that we were being over-warred, but since peace has been declared the feeling is wearing off. S.A.T.C. still goes on, but there is a subtle something that is not the same. We all pray for the old spirit to return, which it certainly has not as yet. I was quite moved by the reproof to the girls in Wellesley after the demonstration. That's all wrong, Helen. The world is not the repressed place they would make or Wellesley, and after all we have to live in the world as it is. Of course you have to begin to reform the world by reforming the individual, but they have not convinced me that the soul-compressed person is the most desirable individual, or that the world would be a better place if it were all "controlled" and repressed. Progress is built out of red blood not out of thin blue and white mixture. That is the composition of poor milk not of nourishing steak. When you want to raise a beautiful rose you pour on ground beef blood mixture—not water. Water makes weeds grow. I know you need water for the roses as well as the blood, but you do need the blood if you are to have the perfect rose; you cannot get by water alone.

I am no believer in unrestrained emotionalism—that leads to Bolshevism. But I do heartily believe in sunlight and freedom and a chance to express one's individuality within the limit of reason. I suppose what I'm really driving at is what the Greeks called the "Golden Mean" (I'm not sure my spelling is correct, nor am I quite sure it was the Greeks, but you get my idea do you not?) I do not believe in either starvation or in gluttony in the emotions or in any phase of life—just enough, Oh, Lord.

Now really I must stop. This letter has grown to disgraceful length.
it is so long that I am terribly ashamed of myself. Thanks awfully for reading such a long letter. Answer when you get time.

With loads of love.

November, twenty-sixth.
Nineteen hundred and eighteen.
Chicago, Ill.