I have such a nice thing to tell you. I had a letter from Father today, saying one from Mr. Aviden, and it is what he said about you: "I knew Mr. Fish and had several very pleasant conversa-
tions with him; he went out to dinner with me one day and spent the evening. I found him to be a very nice fellow. He declared for the prosperity of his county and that he thought he could follow it. From acquaintances I have in the city—I know that Mr. Fish is making a good name for himself and that he has a standing as a person of high character, good judgment, and splendid capacity for practical work. He stands high in the colony of hell houses. I should be very glad if he could become a citizen of North Dakota. We have no one under your influence here engaged in journalism."

It might be otherwise if I didn’t answer your letters almost as soon as I get them. If I waited a week or so, you would have time to put them back in between. But you shall not rest; you shall be hunted and driven and persecuted till you wish you had never taken up with a troublesome girl, who won’t let you wait a week or two between letters. Don’t you wish you were as free and carefree as you were before you knew me and before you had been forced into telling about theology and literary style and hypothetical children? I remember when you first left the halls of righteousness and took the pure rose paths of delinquency?—when you began turning to see me on the very
Sunday nights when there were special meetings of the Students' Christian Association — or was it the M.C.A.? Anyway, you ought to have been here, and instead, you were up in my room; and sometimes you found it necessary to take off your glasses. I suppose the latter to see the truth, but we all know that Satan appears occasionally as an angel of light, and if your vision was obscured on those occasions, I am afraid it was sometimes by the glitter of that same false angel. And what you allowed yourself to be imprisoned by heretical views — you were permitted plans to be carried out by the M.C.A., and have been known to smile on the very platform where preachers at a meeting, you openly consorted with an unbeliever, and listened to reading from a paper the editor of which had been ostracized by the Association of Congregationalists.
home, and not just kind on one
surface. I will try every day of
my life to be just as good as I
can be, and to help you and
love you and consider your in-
terests, and to be truly your wife
in my heart as well as in name.

I never thought we could live
in Hill House; but aren't there
houses near? I should be much
opposed to living with other fam-
ilies. It seems to me, anyway, at
first I only thought we might live
where a name neighborhood, where
we could be counted upon to help.
It seems to me you might do
so much for Miss Allens' if you
kept your interest there. I wish
believe she has many more she
can count on. Perhaps there
won't be any place in all Chicago
where we can live, and then we
can't be married at all.
I don’t believe I should need you to write a letter to you, even for the benefit of improved English. I wish you would explain why I write in that line. But I am glad he does so, for I wish he would explain to you just why he makes the changes he does. I think it would be excellent training. Sometimes when you could have had, or could write, a course in themes writing under Mr. Herrick at the Union. I think it would be invaluable for you, for he has such a wonderfully keen sense of literary elegance, and a successful way of pointing out flaws. I think you have such very sensible ideas, and such a naturally terse, compact way of stating them that I should like exceedingly to have your improvements.

...
If it is, you and I are pledged to heed it. You know, I know it would look foolish to most people—the idea of a young, unknown man attempting to combat the organized political forces of a coast, with nothing to depend upon but his own energy and integrity, and particularly foolish because it would probably entail the loss of a fortune which you can ill afford to sacrifice. But wisdom is sometimes withheld from the prudent. You know: and if your conscience tells you that it is right, do it, my dear, and God bless you.

What comes of doing our duty is not concern of ours, that can be safely left to God. If you should decide to make the campaign, I will stand by you, and love you, and wait for you, and never, never, marry any one else! To wait until you are ready shall be my part of the sacrifice. You are in a position to judge about the necessity of such a course much better than I can do. You must decide.

March 3, 1896

Dear Sir: Your letter has just come and I must write you in answer to it, if only a few words. I am so proud to think that your address convinces your worth; and a special visit to the South, and particularly that he should have spoken of you as he did, and should have offered to give for a vacation on pay—even if he did retract it afterwards. What is it all coming to? I wonder! I have thought of you as entering the fight. Sometimes, perhaps, but not so early as this. Even in such a hopeless campaign—of course you could not expect to win—and if you did, which could you do in such an awful gloomish career—
Your one honest boy,
I wonder if Mr. Lawson will let you do it? Do you think his last decision was final?
And if he should give you a commission now, would that mean that you couldn't have any more? The loss, the lack, if it should? But it will not do to be selfish about that.

A very serious thought has occurred to me besides that.
Do you think it might perhaps be your duty to make this compartment less agreeable, though it might mean the loss of your position? Is it necessary pressing enough for that? Does Mrs. Adams think it is a particularly critical time, or might the right be made just as well at the next election?

Of course you would not think of making such a sacrifice unless you felt especially fond of the hope that could not be so well realized at any other time. But if you feel strongly that you ought to do it, my dear — if the highest service seems to you to lie in that direction, I do not want you to let the thought of revenue stand in your way. I know that this delay would probably cause more inconvenience than would be the greatest objection in your mind; for you can always take care of yourself and would probably get another position in time. It would probably be only a matter of temporary inconvenience and loss. Greater sacrifices show that in cases more seemingly hopeless have been required of people just as observant as you and I are. May it not be that this is a real call to duty?
concerned to be — has not yet appealed to him; that I combining an intelligent and persistent interest in civic affairs with an earnest attention to one's own business. If I understand you, that is what you would advocate. An individual's private affairs must come first — he must give his best efforts to those — at least in this years when he is building up a competence. But those efforts should not preclude a somewhat active interest in the affairs of society, of which the individual is a responsible member — even though his personal advantage should suffer somewhat by that activity. Just how much one should sacrifice in this way, I suppose would be the hard part to decide. I think you've foreseen you would not be inclined to sacrifice an undue amount, such as would rouse the censure of such people as my father? Perhaps you will be glad for little change when you open the office mail tomorrow — no letter from me for once. I was interrupted last night and could not write. But probably you will appreciate the letter more if it is a little late! The notes came today all right. Bless you for a good, prompt log! I scarcely know anything among small failings, which would annoy me more than a lack of promptness. It seems so need less, and yet so many people are guilty of it. I am glad you have not a weakness in that line. It would be intolerable in a man. My father has spoken to me in that direction.
My mother seldom has to ask twice for anything about the house. It is always promptly and cheerfully furnished. Everything is in readiness - like and exact.

It would be very nice if we could have the thousand clean after the furniture was bought. We could if we waited another whole year - till the summer of '91. Then often I think that is the best way. It wouldn't be hard at all - especially if I were in Chicago part of the time - and we should have so much better stuff. But I hope it wouldn't be any longer than that.

Father's letter is what I should expect on such a subject only rather mild. He has been trained in the old school, you see, where everyone's principal duty is thought to be toward himself and his family. He associates reform with wild-eyed and impractical schemes, who neglect their own affairs in order to attend to some one else's - and propose impossible schemes for the reformation of society. I think this never idea of reform as I
the individual; it should require only intelligent and honest exercise of some routine duties, like voting and occasional office holding. If there was nothing to reform, there would be no need of "reformers," who should quit up their time and injure their own business, and by "nothing to reform," I don't mean any ideal state or virtue, in which all self-seeking should be removed from the minds of men; but simply a condition of things in which the well-intentioned in the community should so express their wills as to thwart the will of the well-intentioned, which it seems to me might be done just as easily if the spirit of the Municipal Voters' League could be spread abroad a little more.

I think you are quite right, Dear, about such men as Marshall Field. He certainly could afford to put his great talents at the service of just the kind of reform one who has convictions and yet is conservative. I hope for many furnish him an example. I can see myself that a newspaper might compromise its actual power for good in a community by allowing its men to run for office, either in a worthy cause. The public is not discriminating, and it would be almost impossible to avoid the suspicion of self-seeking, the newspaper having a distinct motive to do just as this college has, and it may be really bad morals as well as bad business policy to combine other functions with that work. But each case ought to be judged on its merits, i.e. the question ought to be: Can I as an individual, accomplish
more for society by doing that sort of work or another? Not: Can I get more for myself or my family by doing this or that? Sometimes, of course, one's largest duty might coincide with what would seem to be his own private interest—as perhaps it did in the case of your refusal to run for Alderman when the campaign would cost you your place. It is very hard to decide in such cases—and one is so apt to make his duty coincide with his inclination! ... I don't know very well Mr. Quaidon doesn't take a more active part in politics. Fathers seem to think that is because he has found that he can not do that and attend properly to his business. I wonder how far that discovery must be made by everyone who is really serious.
Girls looking forward to seeing
them again. I hope he will be
quite to me. But you can't think
how tired I am of girls! They
are all very well; but after
all (to reverse the chief's famous
phrase) there's nothing like a man!

Anyway, there's nothing like my
own dear particular man. I wish
you to do something for me. I
would you to leave some picture
taken by the best artist you
can find in Chicago, and send
it here before I leave for home.
I know I shall want to know
people the future of this man to
whom I am engaged — if I
should happen to be engaged —
so that you think he is an
employed. I shall have nothing
to prove by unless I have
some picture. It will cost
five or ten dollars. But

service to society. But could
the leisure afforded to do so in his
earlier years — or rather, could the
community have afforded to let
him? Aren't such establishments
as fields actually needed by society?
and could they exist if the
founders diverted their energies by
trying to serve the community in
more apparently direct ways?

The ideal state, it seems to me,
would be one in which affairs
were so well organized that only
a few should give all or the most
of their time to the public, but
those few should be narrowly con-
trolled by the so-called passive for-
tation of the community, by means
of a supervision at the polls which
should not necessarily take much
time or attention. I have answered
your lecture" by another, you see.
But it certainly does seem to
me.
my dear Philanthropist, I felt you should have the best opportunity in the world to combine & combine an active interest in politics with your own legitimate business. The two lines coincide, and I was glad that it is so. It is lines what fuller says: that the business of the agitator should be apart from what of the actual office holder, if circumstances prevent you from actually being older man, you have old blood in you can at least fight hard for good ones!

Fuller will be in Fargo between April 1 and 7: after that at Bis-
mack, N.D. I hope you will
write to him, expressing some of the views contained in your letter to me, which you can do without perfect respect. He will think all the more of your letter.

Standing by your own resources, you do it modestly. Look to

for a considerable change in his views about political matters. He will abandon a field where he is

family brother. He is laconic in his manner, but still not ex-

tremely obstinate.

I am going to Boston next week.

Between now and April 8 address me at 93 Tyler St., and

course until you form the

settlement, and tell me how I

find it. I had a nice note from Harry Harmer tonight

saying that he had a lot of things to tell me when I go to Boston.

He has come up for examination for the ministry. So I suppose that is what he means. I had such a nice little visit with him when he was here that I am
March 15th 1841

Pittsburg April 12th 1894

Friend Hadfield,

Please allow your humble servant to narrate of a moment upon you just to make a confession and then forever hold his peace.

You have you remember though I have seen but little of you not as much possibly as I could, yet for all that you are the one of all the world that stoted my heart away. Never have I dared think that I could possibly be anything to you which I do consider I might yet plainly see how unreasonable the wish is.
When last we met there raged a battle which I hope you will recall. It could not be avoided. The enemy was located in our territory and we were forced to defend our home. I wondered why it had to be.

I hear that at that time of your probable engagement in the near future, I thought the end was near that the last ray of hope is gone. Now as yet I have not heard of that engagement. You will kindly dispatch me at once if you feel I need it or not, but should there be one ray of hope do not hide it.

Your friend,

Jim.
April 20, 1896.

Dear, I can't bear that you should shun me even for a little while. That I have failed to appreciate the beautiful, brambling flowers you sent me. It seemed to me it would spoil the unity of the composition I wrote on Tuesday, if I added a reference to any other subject, so I said not a word about the flowers. I never in all my life saw such a magnificent brot. I was in ecstasies. I showed it first to Mrs. Woodruff, and then to two or three teachers friends of mine, who live near. Before I had taken the flowers out at all.
They were almost as delighted as I was, and quite a little, in the gentle way women have, about where they came from. I had a good deal of fun mystifying them. They suspected something, I know, because I am going away. I have begun telling them. No one knows it yet, except Mr. Cable. I told him before I did you, sometime I will tell you how I came to do it.

I shall write Father Sunday, and I hope you will also write him by Tuesday, so that your letter won't be far after mine. I shall
CHICAGO May 22, '96.

My dear Miss Wellie:

I am heartily pleased at the news you send me. In fact I am old-fashioned enough to think that no education for a good woman is higher than being a good wife for a good man—and it is my notion that my abnormal woman thinks otherwise in her heart. Hence no woman thinks otherwise. I see the higher education in my opinion is no means merely a device for filling girls to teach or to write. It is intended to make a woman man of a woman. I need not say that Mr. Letters commands my highest regard. Until you both can have a higher standard than to be swayed each of the other's highest possibilities.

With hearty congratulations, and always with the old time friendship and affection, truly yours,

Harry Pratt Judson.
My Dear Madeleine: It seems that I try in vain to find a bit of time out of these busy days for writing a letter to you that will at all do justice to the theme — you know how intelligently I can congratulate you upon their new happiness — though I am so sure that it is so recent.

Very affectionately,

Ward Harwood

June 2nd 1876
Be that as it may. It is new to me and I am sure it has not gone old to you. Bless you! You dear girl. How happy I am for you both. And you know I was not particularly defeated before. So now my heart is so full of joy that I know some of it would surely spill out. And really perhaps I should not like to be held responsible for my words.
My dear Madeline:

The beautiful picture came this morning, and I was so happy to receive it and the dear note which came a little while before. I thank you most heartily, dear Madeline, for this beautiful gift, and I shall take such great pleasure in having it in our little home.

I was very glad to hear of your engagement to Mr. Liles and of the