

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio
Sunday evening – January 31, 1926.

There have been so many things I have wanted to say to you tonight, dear. I took down Ponkapog Papers, Marjorie Daw and Lotus Eating when I sat down to read tonight. Nearly every thing I read in Ponkapog Paper I wanted to read aloud to you. I made Orv listen for a few. He hates to be read to and he had something of his own to read any way. Well, we'll have to read Ponkapog Papers together some time, dear. And isn't Marjorie Daw just rich? I never get tired of it. Orv did enjoy hearing me read Professor Nager's article this month on Meneken and his like. Don't miss that in the Alumni Magazine – Orv suggested I send Prof. Nager's article to Griff. He says Griff couldn't quite understand his (Orv's) not caring to have Stef try to rake Meneken in on the ground that Orv wanted to meet Him. You know Orv said he didn't mind a bit if Stef and Griff wanted to have him come. He had something to do and could occupy himself! Well, I thin Professor Nager has Meneken and his like sized up exactly right.

So Henry wasn't with Stef. That must have been a great disappointment to you, dear – after you go the idea he was coming. What a pity about Stef! He just misses being so much. I saw one of his articles in The Country Gentleman and I am not surprised that he can write such an article in half a day. Not a new idea or even a new expression. Stef shouldn't do that kind of writing. He has harped too long on one string. What he needs is to stop writing and talking and do something. He has done nothing for seven year. It seems to me that his character is terribly in his way. He has grown to fell his own importance too much; he is too selfish and he "sponges" too much. That will go for a while and then most people get enough. Most of them are just trying to get what they can out of him any way – just as he is doing with them. Then, of course, the really serious thing is that no dependence can be put in him. He never does what he promises – in all sorts of ways. But Stef has fine traits and it is a great pity that they can't be the controlling ones. I suppose he never talks of his discouragements in New York. New York doesn't care for any one who can't make the place. I remember his telling me that he had talked in the same depressed word to you in New York and he said he was ashamed of it afterward. But Stef recognizes what you are, dear – and he wants a few faithful friends. He must know how little those people he runs after in New York care of him – outside of what they hope to get out of him. But he isn't very discriminating about people. When he was prominent he had many friends. He'll find them dropping off now that he is in eclipse somewhat. Stef is the nicest when he is a little "meek"! Anne McCormick was saying that Stef showed quite a different side of himself when he was at our house from what she saw of him in New York. He can be charming – natural, friendly, kind and very interesting. But I have lost all contact with him. I don't write to him because I have nothing to say to him any more. The McCormicks don't like him a bit, you know. They did but not any more.

You are a very charitable person, dear. I love that in you. You are at the Burton Home's lecture tonight, aren't you? Well, you get our European mapped out – so I can upset it! No- I'm just joking, dear. What a good time we could have, dear. And we must to that, before we are too old to enjoy traveling. I'm not really so stingy, dear! I just pretend. I was just thinking, dear, that the one thing you ought to have now is a feeling of freedom – after the years of being on a strain and no escape from it. No one could keep it but it was hard. You really won't have any heavy burdens, now, dear, I hope. Henry is able to make his own way and you have given him so much. I am so glad you could. And I won't be hard to take care of, dear. I'll never make it hard for you – and if we are reasonably well we'll have a jolly time, dear. And we can do just about everything we really want to do. I think it will be fund

to poke away money every year and feel that in just a few years you will be independent. I want you to have the comfortable feeling that nothing can push you when you don't feel equal to being pushed! Make no bones of that!

That was a very nice letter of Henry's, dear – about meeting Stef and what was said. It was a good picture – drawn with a fun strokes – striking and clear. I've been thinking since how well done it was – from the standpoint of good reporting and good writing. I am interested in Henry, dear – very much interested. I hope he will like me. I'll do my best, dear, to make it easy for you and for him and I'll enjoy having him with us all he will be – all he can be.

I didn't write last night, dear. I couldn't have mailed a letter today anyway. It has been raining all day and it is slippery under foot. I may get this off early tomorrow (if I can) and then I'll send it to the office on a change that you may get it Tuesday. If I can get it off early I'll have another letter for the box Wednesday. Otherwise this will be in the box Wednesday. The Tuesday letter is the hard one to manage. This time of year it is hard to get to the box on Sunday. You had two letters in the box today, I hope, dear. One was kind of a love letter, I guess! Maybe the other one was too. They often are, dear. I'd like to have you pretty close to me tonight, my boy. My darling, darling boy. I was reading tonight about Sarah Burnhardt writing "dearling" for darling. Isn't it a lovely word? You are my "dearling". I love you a good dear.

Your
Katharine