

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio

Friday night. March 5, 1926.

I think women are pretty much all alike. They all think their men are the chief ones in any transaction! I'm sure, dear, that you are the one that swung the University President the right way! I'm not all joking, dear. Just a little joking to pet you, dear. I know how trying it has been and will be until the thing is finally settled. But it is all coming on so well. I do not doubt, dear, that you had a great deal of influence and you will have. If, by good luck, the office organization gets hold of the paper you will be in a better position than ever, I think. You must put in some money. Now is your chance if it come out as we hope.

It is curious, dear, how things can turn in a week. A week ago tonight we couldn't have thought how it would be this week.

I can't believe that Mrs. Kirkwood didn't want to live but if she didn't it isn't so bad for her. I hope Mr. Kirkwood has no suspicion of what happened. I think it is all awfully hard for him – his changed position and every thing, on top of his grief for her. I have grown to like him very much from what you have told me of him. But, dear, what activity there will be among the vidders!

I saw your editorial on "Josiah Allen's Wife". Did I ever tell you that I met Marietta Holly in a little village in New York years ago – in 1911. She was very nice – jolly and kind and very interesting. The friend whom I was visiting was named for her.

Tomorrow we read Candida at Mrs. Harbottles and afterwards have "tea" there. She calls it "tea" but it will be a delicious dinner and there will be something like thirty people there, if not more. I always enjoy these readings. For one thing, it recalls so many friends who are gone. We have done this for twenty years. Once I had forty people for an all-day reading. We read Alice Brown's "Children of the Earth" (which I forget entirely now) and some one act plays. One was about Romney and The Divine Lady – when we didn't recognize as "divine" exactly! We didn't much admire Romney as I remember it – nor the Divine Lady.

We asked Frank Canby to come to dinner tonight. Mrs. Canby is with Mrs. Dees in Cuba. He is a very nice man – what you would call a "superior" man, dear. He gets the best tea for us I have ever known about. He brought us about a pound tonight. It is a very special kind. He is in the whole business – coffees, teas and so on.

You are to get this on Monday, dear, when you will be fifty-two years old. If you think you can beat me and toss me around just because half the year you are one year older than "me" and all the time a little bigger than "me", you will have a big surprise coming. Dear, I have thought so much about you this last week – a little more than usual, even. I was thinking what a place you had made for yourself in Kansas City. You have just the kind of reputation that is worth more than any money. I am so proud of you, dear, and I love you so. I want to get so close to you, dear, and tell you all the things I like to tell and you like to hear. If I were with you on your birthday, dear, we'd love each other the way you said we'd save for "special occasions". It would be a special occasion, dear. I'd surprise [sic] you with a birthday cake and a nice little dinner and we'd do just whatever you like best. We might stay at home,

if you were a wee bit tired or we might go someplace if there was some special place you wanted to go. I'd put on my prettiest dress – so it would be a regular celebration. And I'd kiss you as many times as you are years old! That would be a good many kisses, dear. But not too many for a "special occasion". And we'd sit and talk and say how we didn't have each other as we have now or your last birthday. Do you remember, dear, how William got hold of the letter I was going to send "special delivery" and mailed it so I had to run and write another to make sure you would get a letter on your birthday. So you got two instead of one! I had you spoiled a good deal, then, I think – and worse, now, dear. You're awfully spoiled. I must go to bed, dear. It is midnight. Goodnight.

Saturday Morning. Your letter has just come, dear. I have had a feeling growing on me the last few days that it is a shame for you and the other people on the Star to be in the position you are. As I think of it now I feel that Mr. Nelson was really very selfish. Maybe I'm wrong, dear. He thought of nothing but his family. I guess I'd better not say any more, dear. Thinking only of one's family is a very common weakness. So little consideration, though, for all the people who had worked with him and for him – for him, in the sense of devoting themselves whole-heartedly to Mr. Nelson's plans and profit and pleasure. Well, dear, I can understand George Longan's feeling of resentment. But, of course, it won't do to nurse that feeling. Of course, Mrs. Nelson thought Mrs. Kirkwood would outlive all the old associates – at least the years of their activity in any work. And most people who do big things like Mr. Nelson are very selfish. That is one necessary trait for men of that sect. If they stopped to consider every one who had claims for consideration, they couldn't get nearly so far themselves.

I think it is very important for the Star to be maintained as a good paper, important for the country and especially for the whole south-west section. I think, also, that for all of you there will be a better change, if you should get hold of the paper than you have had under the old scheme. But I am beginning to feel that, under the circumstances, you should feel perfectly free to leave the paper and go where you can do best for yourself. Curious how that feeling has come the last few days. At first, I thought you owed a good deal to the paper but I don't know now. It's too bad, dear, too bad. Of course, you and Roy Roberts, particularly, are not a bit dependent of staying with the paper. You are the best off in the bunch, it seems to me. I think Mr. Kirkwood is in a hard position, very. It will be a great lessening of prestige and influence for him. If some one else gets hold of the paper, he will be pretty much out, won't he? For, I suppose, dear, (maybe I am wrong) that he had his position mainly from his connection with the Nelson family.

I have been thinking a good deal about marrying into families of that sort and what it means. There is a good deal of happiness, no doubt, from all the advantages, but I believe the price is usually pretty heavy. I can think of so many cases like Mr. Kirkwood's. Too much power and too much indulgence make people pretty hard to live with – thought they may be fine, naturally. But, of course, Mr. Kirkwood has had many advantages and, as you say, no doubt, really loved his wife. But I feel sorry for him, awfully sorry.

I hope it will be possible for the organization to be kept together and to get hold of the paper soon. If it drags out too long, so much will be lost in loyalty and esprit de corps. I want so awfully much to be with you now, dear – for your sake, and mine, too. We can have a good time any where, dear. I just hate to see you uprooted and maybe have a feeling of some thing like bitterness down underneath. It would be so interesting in Washington, you know, and I would be much nearer Dayton and Orv is in Washington every month now. There are so many attractive things about going to Washington, so many people we know there and I am sure you could do very well there. Then, you know, dear we aren't dependent upon any place or any people for our real happiness as long as we have each other. We can

love each other gently, dear – for every day practice and the other way for “special occasions”. I’d like to have a special occasion this very Saturday evening! I wonder if you’ll have your regular Saturday evening conference! It will be a strenuous one, if you do get together. Who are the “execution heads”, dear? How many come in on that? If you got together tonight, there will be many things thought that are not said! I’d like to be waiting for you tonight, dear, the way you dream of. You wouldn’t need to wake me up, dear – I’d be waiting and I’d run down and let you in when you honked your horn. Then we’d go upstairs in the nice cozey [sic] study and sit and talk and wind up by getting so close together – the way we love, dear. You are so sweet to me, dear. You could put your hand against me the way I love so. And we’d be very happy. Nothing could be sweeter than you are to me, dear. I love your nice feelings and your gentle ways. Oh, Harry, dear, I do love you so. I’ll do all I can to make you happy and satisfied. You have been so good – so loyal and faithful and enduring in all your obligations. I love you so for all that. Your fifty-two years have been so well spent, dear. You deserve so well all the confidence and admiration every one has for you. Mine is “special”, dear, but it is of the same character as what our friends think of you. I think of you, dear, as a rock of strength and dependability, and I love you, dear, so much. I’ll be so glad when the strain is over. I feel sorry for all the men, dear. You are the best off in the whole outfit, it seems to be for you can go right on some where else if necessary. But I’m sending a little box of candy which one of our neighbors makes. I think it is very good. You’ll have your real present in a little over two weeks, dear. Goodbye. My darling boy – oh – a sweet kiss – a very sweet kiss – 52 of them! Your Katharine.

I understand, dear, how hard it has been for you to write. You have been so good about it.