

Hawthorn Hill
Wednesday evening – April 14, 1926

I have just torn up the letter that I had started to you. I was getting peevisish, dear, over your idea that the churches must change their ways to hold the young people. They may need to change their ways, and I think they do, but the older people are quite as good judges as the young ones. The young people aren't going to have much patience with any teachings of unselfishness or any thing like that, any way, dear. There I go, again!

I am glad you like your handkerchiefs, dear. You can keep them for your trousseau! I get a dozen for myself but I didn't go in for fancy monograms. A plain K.W. in small letters marks them so I know my own when I see them. This reminds me. Mr. French won't let me do any thing about paying for his part in the design of your letter plate. I thought he did them in a semi-professional way but he won't listen to any thing like that. So I wish, dear, you would write to him. You will like him when you know him. Professor Thos. E. French, Ohio State University, Columbus.

The McCormicks are going abroad in two or three weeks. Anne has orders for articles for Harper's and the Century, as well as for The Times. She says she has doubled her price on The Times and gets the privilege of writing for other magazines. She is going to Italy for her main work but hopes to get up into Germany. You can see, dear, what you could do. I am just mean enough to think it would be fun to leave The Star and give them a little jolt. But, of course, I can't really want you to leave the work you like so much, dear. I am more aggressive in my demands for you than you would be for yourself. It is always so! You will do what is reasonable and sensible and that is what I want, too. But you are not dependent on that one paper nor on that one set of men. And, like Mr. Stout! I want to know whether the loyalty is to be all on one side. You haven't the fault of over valuing yourself, dear. But I don't want you to be different. I love your modesty, dear, and you have made your way all right without a brass band. I know some things when I see them, dear. I want you to keep your fineness, dear. I'd rather have that than all the blustering and selfish "success" in the world. You are my idea of success, dear. I was thinking that George Bye likes your lack of practice on cigarettes and high balls. So do I, dear! It is nice of you to be timid about your own possibilities and not strut around but there isn't anyone better fitted or more able to do political writing and you would soon be on your feet, dear. Don't you worry one bit about that old paper. If Mr. Nelson wanted to throw it away – let it go. I honestly think, dear, that you would be better off in many ways if you got thrown out and have to go. But I don't want that to happen to you if you dread it and you would, naturally. I understand that so well, dear. But you are young enough yet to get into some thing else. Don't be uneasy, dear, about your future. I'll take care of you and hit any thing that tries to hurt you! It would serve Mr. Kirkwood right if you left then wondering what had happened. He would have a surprise, wouldn't he? I am so glad this crisis came now. It is so much better now than later. Later would have made it much less advantageous to you if you make a change.

I stopped a while ago and got Nan ready for the night. I gave her some hot milk which will make her sleep probably – besides being a good food. She hasn't had any thing but milk today. I am so glad she is here if she has to be sick. Oberlin is such a comfortless place. No one knows any thing about comfort, there, it always seems to me. But I don't think Nan is going to be down more than a day or two. She is better already. I love to do what I can for her. She is a marvel in this day – a sincerely conscientious and unselfish person. Goodnight, dear. It is late and I must go to bed. I love you, my Harry, and I want to give you a sweet kiss.

Your
Katharine