Taken at the
Steph. Your
House.
16 January 1718.
4 June, 1916.

29th.

Dear Dada:

There is something really quite uncanny about your letters. For your 36th letter in which you asked me to help regain some of your faith in humanity at large just came when I was at just the right moment to feel that the world is rather too hollow for me to care whether I am a part of it or not. I am truly sorry that you had such a miserable experience in being disillusioned. Yet your case is not half so bad as it seems to you. Dearer than dear.
that after a good rest, you will find that there are a lot of decent people in the world, and I am beginning to find out too that a whole lot depends on one's own way of looking at life. Just set down that experiences on the negative side and take a look at the positive side. You will be surprised to see how the good ones balance the evil.

My experiences lately have made me wonder at times whether life is worth living because of the lack of standards with which the ordinary person views the values of life. For instance, Darwin said that while a person is preaching self-sacrifice, public spirituality, the evils of most any influence, his hands are mighty busy grabbing the very things which apparently are opposite to his expressed beliefs. And all of this has set me wondering whether real goodness does exist in the masses of humanity that goodness does exist—although at
rare places, though, ought to make us want to be one of them who have real virtues; yet considering all this, I am indifferent. Now and then, I reflect, we may need to try to do things for people around us to try to do things for people around us, yet because I am sick of trying, just because I am sick of trying, I come to myself and view my negligences with some self-reproach, but after an interval, I cannot preach and tell you that you are suffering from our
confidence in people, and that that is a sign of youth and insecurity for the pure and simple reason that I am suffering from the same symptoms—symptoms I feel yet cannot dispose or analyze.

I know I am feeling that you would like to go among the tree tops and not try to bother with people—I feel the same way! I suppose I could write you that the complications of life, its illusions, disillusion, tragedies, comedies, etc.
we really the very factors which make life worth living. But you know me so well I will know that such a statement on my part was a sense of caution and superficiality — the two, I'm afraid, malleable by either one of us. Is it not so, Dada?

So I am not going to write any thing of the sort. I am just going to let you solve the question yourself in your own way while I too will try to solve it after my own hazardous fashion. But it is a hard road and cautious. Even though a little more comfort, even though the same "submarine", won't it? you know a problem always takes on an exciting aspect when you feel that someone else is also working on it.
I wish you were here with me.

I think in some ways you are about the most empressal spirit I ever happened to collide with; yes in many respects.

The family is so upset over the plans for the garage in the new house—they are always making new drawings that some of them will Materialize. Love—Daughter.