Dearest Dada,

Last night I had such a funny dream about Ruth Tuthill that I am writing her a letter enclosing it in yours as I do not know of her address. In the dream she seemed to be in great trouble and needing me very much, and so vivid was my recollection of it that I can not get it out of my mind.

Your letter from Camp Meade, the first one since your return there, reached me a couple days ago. There are so many things I want to say to you that I am almost incoherent. First of all, I think you need not worry whether you will ever amount to anything, for I have no doubts on that subject. I grant that one does get horribly confused when one does not feel solid ground underneath. I think matters with you stand as follows, you do not like your life at camp, but still less do you like the one in N. Y., because at camp, altho you feel that the work is not congenial and hence you can not put the best of yourself in it, still it is making you learn something and in a measure the work itself absorbs your time and hence you do not feel so useless as you would feel were you without it. Then also if you were in N. Y. there are the wishes of the family to consider and when you are actually there you have more or less rebel at their taking for granted certain things about you. As for instance they expect you to agree with them in their attitude toward life and their expectation that you would fulfill what is expected of you. I know this sounds horribly mixed up and were you any one but yourself you could not make head or tails of it. But anyway, have I diagnosed you case correctly, if crudely? If I have we have a working hypothesis.

The result of affairs is that you are losing your self-confidence, is it not? And you are not sure which is the correct path to take, if there is such a thing as a correct path. I think I can understand what you are going thru for since I have been back, I have had something very like the experience you are having, only in my case I saw what I wanted only the gods did not see fit to give it to me.

But in your case what are you going to do? Well I think you are right to return to camp, for work, even though it is not congenial, is the best thing to get back you self confidence. Any one without self confidence is rather weak-kneed, but in your case your overflowing abundance of your faith in yourself was really the most unique characteristic you had in differentiating you from the rest of the crowd, and the trait which made people view you differently from the rest of the gee-gabbing crowd. And so for mercy sake, get to believing in yourself as a Self true to Itself and have confidence in its being capable of accomplishing things that can not be attained by others. When you once get that part of your ego in good working order the rest will be pure sailing. Do you know, I have noticed that the most successful men are usually not the ones with great powers as geniuses but the ones who had such ultimate faith in their own selves that invariably they hypnotise others to that belief as well as themselves. And the funny part is that when they arrive at that stage they really extraordinary things. I happened to make this remark to one of the foreign I was talking to, and he just twinkled and said, "Well, I agree with you, young lady, in fact I confess that personally that is the basis I myself have been working on. Of course you have to admit tho that this abundance of confidence as confidence and not as conceit, is a trait more often innate than cultivated"

And so you see when you are born with a gift it is too bad if you maltreat it.

In the meanwhile while you are finishing your course you might be thinking of what you are going to do afterwards. Personally I think civic work would be the one in which you would be most interested in, at the same time I am going to add an amendment to my statement which will make you horribly mad. But I am going to add it anyway. It's just this, the role in which you would find the most satisfaction is that of being wife to a lawyer, or any other professional man! And the reason? Well, you simply have such an awful lot of sympathy that is running to waste unless you find
a fit channel to bestow it. I fancy a man with a clean cut incise mind would be the one for you, but that is for you to decide. I tell you frankly tho', a profession no matter how absorbing or inspiring lacks the human element which is necessary for the feminine sympathy. You can call me a crank and anything else, but I know that my theory is correct. You are different from the average American girl in many ways, but in this desire to have co-equal in work and play, you are like the rest. And even the flippest shop girl, in all her ignorance and slanginess is really seeking her partner in playing the chances in life, even when she does all those vulgar and pitiable acts which the rest of us condemn.

I knew you think I am horrible, but anyway think what you please and ten years from now you can tell me whether I am right when I assert that the profession of marriage is the one most important profession for every woman and can not be subordinated by any other profession or inspiration.

By the way, after various other attempts to get into touch with me, what do you suppose our friend H.K. has done? This morning he joined our church! Now considering that there are over twenty other churches in the city and considering that he has no special friend in our church and that there are other churches nearer his home than this one, and considering that in all the months past, I have never seen him come to this church, why should he join the church to-day? Now, why? If he persists in this does it mean that I shall have to stay home from church as I have done from every other function where there is a likelihood of our meeting? I wish he would stop for I do not even want to see him! Why do you suppose I turned so against him, when once for almost a year I had thought that I loved him? The next thing he will do will be to take a Sunday school class next to mine. Oh deliver me from such trouble, I wish the man had sense enough to leave me alone or go hang himself.

With love.

[Signature]

P.S. This letter is very private; its contents not to be divulged.