

June 24. 1913

ELMWOOD FARM
POMFRET, CONNECTICUT.

Dear Laura:—

I have taken your advice and tried to look at the trouble between Dot and myself from every point of view and now I am writing my final view.

Perhaps you are right about it being a misunderstanding on both sides, that neither of us trusted the other implicitly, but there is to my mind no reason to suppose that this

would be the last of such troubles. Ever since I won Dot's love, there has been the same furtive fear in my mind of just such troubles. Some went their natural course and were fought out to the end, others were avoided, leaving behind them a sense of insecurity and mistrust. If this break were patched up it would simply mean a sort of truce. I cannot love where I feel that her love is to be a reward for good deeds and the withdrawal of that love

a punishment for Things that I fail to do, no matter how small. Dot and I, by nature, hold widely differing views on many subjects and unless I can feel absolutely secure with her, I cannot love. Where is the happiness in love when it is considered by the one you love merely as something which gives her the privilege of criticising what you say or do. That in a nutshell is Dot's attitude. The fault is not wholly her's, however. She has been

brought up to believe in her own strength of mind and her own powers and when she encountered me she never expected to find me with ideas of ~~her~~ my own. This attitude of hers was strengthened by my weak acquiescence with her ideas in order to give her help. There is where I made my great mistake. I let her go on, ordering me about and letting my ideas go for nothing, till it came to the point of going against my wishes

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in a matter which
concerned my own self respect
and those things which are to
be the best things that life
can give. Then I had to do
what I did.

The more I think of the
the whole matter the more
firmly I believe that happiness
between us too is almost
impossible. If in five years
I cannot reach the happiness
I have longed for, I can never

do it in This life. Our natures
are too incompatible with
one another ever to produce
happiness for either of us.

The basis of the trouble rests
on the fact that I fell in
love with Dot when I was
very young. I had seen nothing
of other girls and could not
see how serious was the step
which I contemplated. Only
in the last year I have come
to that realization. In those
years, the years of my growth
and development, my ideas

have changed and my love has suffered under the change. Where before I could weakly submit to what Dot chose to give me, I cannot do so now for I have found my self respect. There has been and there is no one in my life to take Dot's place. Had I loved anyone else I should most certainly have told Dot as I am not a coward, I hope.

I hardly know, Laura dear, how to thank you for what you have done to help. It is a service that only I can fully appreciate. All I can say is that if ever you should need a friend who is more than a friend in word, please call on me, secure in this that whatever the task, small or great, that you would have me do I will do all I can for your happiness, because I value your friendship as I do of few others in this world.

Sincerely yours.

Alan.