

(6)

Thurs. P.M.

Biting your fingernails —

I sure am glad that you have rooted out this little weed of weakness. Isn't it a "grand and glorious feeling" when one's better (or plus) self wins one of these little scraps with your "minus" self. It takes a long time before you really realize how important these little victories are.

I got a fine letter from your mother yesterday. Your letter from Field's came today. Did you get mine? I hope you will have the best of good times in Chicago. I can't help but feel glad that you are just the least bit lonesome.