January 9th,1912

Mrs. Florence Kelley,
National Consumers' League,
105 E. 22nd Street, New York.

My dear , dear Mrs. Kelley:

I was very sincerely touched by your letter and the copy of Dr. Morrow's book. The book is not new to me. I read it very soon after it was first published, and I have read many other things of the same kind. Years ago when I lived in Paris, I made a little study of this terrible matter and I have always followed up that first work. I think I have looked at practically every vice investigation report made in this country since the founding of the Magdalene Home. To say that it has made me uneasy is to use a very mild word. But dear Mrs. Kelley I do not see this evil or any of the others that you and I both deplore being satisfactorily [illegible] by legislation or by organized agitation. The prevention of it, the making of it impossible in the world, seems to me to go farther back, to lie at the beginning of life with the woman herself. She must be taught to understand and then to feel that her great obligation is to teach. The longer I thrash about on these problems, the more convinced I am that the woman in the home can do more for society than all the men in all the legislative bodies that ever have been or ever will be made.

I know how oldfashioned this sounds, how difficult it is to say what I mean without seeming unsympathetic to so much with which I have really the deepest sympathy and which I think to be of the greatest service. I fancy that if I had the power to express what I really think, you and I would not be very far apart. When I talk about the uneasy woman, it is not that I condemn her for being uneasy, but I do think that she is inclined to imitate. Our whole system of higher education for women has been modeled after that of men. We seem to me in our effort to enlarge our lives and to serve society better to look too much to the way men try to do these things. That's what I mean by my ugly and unsatisfactory, I confess, phrase "Making a Man of Herself." I have done it myself. I have watched hundreds of other women do it. Somewhere in there something is wrong, my dear Mrs. Kelley. I don't know that I am going to be able to get it out. I am afraid not. But I do propose to try to say what I feel, with the hope that under the criticism of women like yourself whose work I bow to as of the highest usefulness, I may be able to so state and develop my ideas that I may make something of a contribution to this general question.

I am not trying to settle the woman question. I am not fighting suffrage. I am trying to state, however, that I think we are in danger of missing our way. I hope you will pull me up as often as you wish to. I don't care how many or how large the brick you throw at me if you will only help me. I know that you will never throw one that you do not feel there is need for it. And the harder they hit me, the more likely I will be to see the truth and correct

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my views if they are wrong.

I don't believe you know how hard it is really for me to feel that I am not altogether with you and Jane Addams and a lot of other women, every one of them worth vastly more to society than I am.

Very sincerely yours,

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