

Cambridge, Sept. 14.

1910

Dear Margaret,

Tonight it will be a whole week since I left Philadelphia. Except for the external appearance I would have stayed all week to take care of you and to let you take care of me. But it was good that I came. The most difficult thing for me to accept is still the scholarship situation, not because I feel cheated of any honor, but because I am worried about my parents' working too hard. The fact that I "almost" received \$6000 dollars which would have paid practically all my expenses for the next four years leaves my imagination no rest, and the "why not?" is the most oppressing thought.

In comparison the fact that Hall has taken a sudden, unexplained dislike for me seems insignificant and comical in comparison. Of the work in the house he does very little and I do almost everything, and he criticizes almost everything I do and mocks my playing violin. Perhaps he is only getting accustomed to me. For my part, though I do not feel happy about the atmosphere, it does not trouble me excessively. I have no obligation to him and hence do not feel oppressed as I did at Aunt Priscilla's. I feel sorry only for Alex, who is so sensitive to emotional disagreements. But even on him my pity is wasted, since, when he comes he will soon take sides, either against Hall or against me, the latter being most likely.

Will you come with him? In your (infrequent) letters you are strangely silent about next week. Do you want me to ask you to come? If so, I am asking you now. Would it be easier for you if you stayed away? If so, I shall think often of what we would be doing together if you were here. As for myself, I feel emotionally numb and dead when I am away from you. Time has no meaning. I am reminded ~~again~~ Schopenhauer's argument against immortality, to the effect that the dead have no notion of time. Whether the resurrection take place three days or three billion years after their death cannot be felt by them. Nor can they feel if it never occurs. As for me, you will be able to revive me whether you come next week or two weeks later, though if you waited too long, you might find me cold and stiff. When you come, I will be happy. As long as you are away, I shall be like Schopenhauer's dead.

Please write me soon again. You have no work now, no excuse for not writing to me. If you were in New York, I would call you tonight, in Philadelphia, it would attract too much attention. Please tell Alex I will be here after 4 p.m. on Wednesday, waiting for him. If he intends to arrive earlier, ask him to telephone or to send me a telegram, - or to write if there is still time left. Good night. Be good. Please take care of yourself; I cannot imagine myself without you.

Dear
John.