Dear Smith,

I believe I told you last I would write you something when you left Gardner so her news. I have read your (or rather Henry DeLong) "Knights Sonata" and I have come to the conclusion that Wmmonkow did about right in suppressing the same. There is altogether too much long-winded truth in it to be circulated among the young idea; it would have a tendency to teach them how to think without taking a fair aim. But then, taken as a picture of humanity as a whole, I cannot help thinking that it is open to considerable criticism. We are not all machines, and there is such a thing in the world as a good woman, including those angular spinsters who foretell about woman suffrage and chivalry till they come in houses, marry wives and teach them to descend their families and husbands until the poor devil gets drowned out of their sight. (God never intended man and woman both to near parts.) And yet taking the sentiment expressed in the "Sonata" as the natural outcome of the individual telling the story. The book is quite another thing; the question is, did Wmmonkow intend it to be applied to the whole human race or did he simply mean to show the condition to which
Smith
Bowdon '91
a man may bring himself by his meagre actions? In this
book the wife would have been a very decent sort of a woman
if her husband had not married her promiscuously on his
young days and so been led to believe that the men all alike.
I understand that Tolstoi has written another book in conjunction
with a Russian present, elaborating the same ideas. That seems
to me unnecessary.

For the past month I have been following Dunbarton, the sur-
prise, with an eye and an ear full of attitudes towards our
leaving off and a convoluted phrase. By this work I was enabled
to join the River Survey gang and will go to work to-morrow morn-
ing. This will be about a month off it. I must confess that
I would rather smoke the pipe under a tree in August and
read Virgil, but the trouble is that the Roman gentleman purge such
devilish slim wages that before you know it you
have no tobacco for your pipe. Tallow in convenient things
to have Dunbarton, but the diabolical duty race that men
are running after them drags into me. I shall probably outgrow
this idea, but until I do I shall labor quite contented
under the delusion that is something to live outside of bus-
ness. Business is damned. Write when you get a chance.