TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner, Dec. 17 – '93

My dear Gledhill,

Your letter came last evening and I was sorry to learn that you are out of employment, though it is often better to be that way than to be employed under unpleasant circumstances. I have just sealed your letter to Mr. Stuart with a brief note of my own and he will probably received it by tomorrow (Monday) evening.—As for my assisting you in any way, I am afraid it is impossible unless a job on the ice at $1.50 a day might attract you. That would hardly pay for a trip from New York, would it?

It may interest you to know that our friend Moore is in precisely the same fix that you are in,—married, and without a situation. Oceans of love and expectations, but devilishly hard up just at present. At least, I suppose that is the case with both of you. I am sure it ought to be, if the future is to bring roses. I called up to see Ed last evening but was told that he was sick in bed with one of Falstaff's "whoreson colds" or something of that nature. At any rate, I did not see him.

Do not think that I am making light of your case. I would not give that impression for anything. But there is nothing so sour as a vinegar face in a letter, and as
long as you did not show one in yours, there is surely no reason why I should in mine. I am sorry that things are as they are and heartily trust that before long there may be a change for the better. As for myself I am nothing but a penniless prospective literatus, with great confidence one day and none the next. So I balance the two moods and try to convince myself that I am not discouraged. I am just back from a two weeks trip to Cambridge and Boston where I had a fine time, though not exactly a "gaudeamus". Faute d'argent.

Well you may be sure that I am thinking of you, and wishing you all sorts of good fortune in the near future. Be good, and remember that a letter from you is always welcome here in Gardiner.

Sincerely

E. A. Robinson