Mouns City, Mo., 9/19/27.

"Come back, dear cross little Carrie.
Con't stay in the sulks and the cold.
The longer away that you tarry,
The more we miss you from the fold.
Come back. Uncle Sammy sha'n't spank you.
We'll speak a good word in his esr,
And e'en Massachusetts will thank you,
And wish you a Happy New Year."

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Your pleasant letter, forwarded from Wichita, found me here a few days ago. I had my operation on Aug. 31st, after my eye was kept in bandages for nearly a week, when the bandages were removed, and the eye found in very good condition. After a few days' treatment I was released from the hospital, and came down here to wait for a suitable time for the fitting of glasses, and my brother and I have been spending the time telling the same old yarns of the same old people in the same old town, recalling the same old scenes of the days of boyhood and youth. Now and then something new crops out, or something that has not been told before, as of old Blackhawk Dunlap, of Jacksonville, chasing Gen'l Cook around the Square in Springfield because Cook had been instrumental in giving first place in the numbering of the regiments to a Springfield regiment instead of one from Jacksonville, which always claimed to have been the first filled. This is very amusing now, but it was a very serious matter then, and if the men had not been kipt apart by cooler heads would have resulted very seriously indeed.

Another, new to mw, was the stanza above, written by a Member of a Mass. regiment that occupied Charleston S. C. on the first day of Jan'y 1865. Jy brother Hobart says that it ran all through the army, and had a very mollifying onfluence on the Federal troops, and he believes that it had a similar effect on the Southern soldiers.

I think that I am gaining every day. Already I can see as well as I could before the operation, and every day from now on, at least for a considerable time, will bring some gain I can see the individual keys on the typewriter, and do not stumble over the chairs on the verandah. The trees, instead of being mere silhouettes against the sky, are taking form. It is possible that I may have to have a small secondary operation, a bit of needling, done, to promote the absorption of the debris of the lens that was left in the capsule. But I think that I am justified in hoping for at least 50 percent of vision, and this will enable me to read anything that I want to read, and to get about with greater safety and ceoerity.

I wonder if you can by any possibility stretch your imagination to embrace the delight with which I look forward to a time when I can pick up a bood and read it comfortably again. I doubt it.

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

I am going to read Plato. I wonder if I shall accept the traditional view of Plato. Most people who know anything of Plato have read him in their youth, while their minds are in the formative stage, and accept the traditional view. I shall go to him with a mind formed, whether well or ill, on aomwrhinf moew rhan the average knowledge of science and hiatory and modern philosophy. I think that possibly this accounts for the different interpretation of Xantippe that I have given. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, - I think it is Mr. Mabie who gives the appreciation of Socrates in Warner's Library of the World's best Literature - is puzzled by the prison scene, but offers no explanation. The more I think of it, the more I think that I am right. Xantippe knew the friends of Socrates who came to the prison on that last day. She knew what they came for. No doubt she knew thenpenof their discourses. She did not resent the discourses nor the friends. Yhid would not have been true of a mere virago. She loved Socrates with all her heart. You think that Aspasia appreciated Socrates more than Xantippe did. I doubt it. Aspasia was brought up and lived in the lap of luxury, with a kind and indulgent husband, eho was no doubt highly appreciative of her intelligence, and found inspiration in her companionship. But Aspasia seems to a rather pale reflection of that husband. She had not been buffeted by fortune, and she had not been exasperated by her husband's indifference. It was against these faults against which Xantippe strove, and strove because she loved her husband, and she could not have loved him if she had not appreciated his really noble, if deformed, kind. There now! Maybe this letter will join the others which you have dignified by placing them in the file with the opinions of women entertained by other (!) great men.

My daughter writes me that she is still in Normandy, to remain until after the 19th, much as she dislikes to miss the fun. And by fun ahe means the disturbance which the communists are pretty sure to make. I am pretty well satisfied that she is in the country, for I look for trouble in Paris, and it is the innocent bystander who always gets hurt, whether the real culprits are caught or not. Ruth tells me that the communists are closely organized, and have been making planned arracks on the police, a small band attacking them sjf krrpinh yhrm budy ehilr others are engaged in depredations elsewhere. She tells me that France in exporting a good many radical aliens. It is to be hoped that France has learned a lesson by her recent experience with these radicals, and will make ample preparations for taking proper care of her visitors. But anyhow, it is all over for today. It is now after three o'clock, central time, and I shall welcome the morning paper.

With kindest regards,

Walter Graves.

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