

[August 14, 1899]

My dear Miss Tarbell.

I intended to write you
as soon as I reached home but the weeks
have gone by as you know and no letter
has seemed to get away from here.
The reason has been - not lack of
time, surely, for to God know I've
had time enough to write a book
a week or to even rival the capacity
for production of F. Gennep or Meely
But I have been rather depressed

by my surroundings and a little
unhappy or at least indiffered to
do very much. This general "malaise",
half lassitude, half dread of the
future, has been my dominant mood
this summer, and has been rather
benumbing in its effects.

Fortunately you are the one woman
I have known to whom one doesn't
have to explain things. You take things
like a man as they come without
seeking for arrière-pensées and
without endless analysis. Que fier
vous en avez !

If one thing I'm sure and that is
that if ever I get back to Northampton
I'm going down to New York to see you
if only for a single meal and I
shall expect you to treat me up. You
can do it - either spiritually or materi-
-ally as the case may demand, as
you have done on numerous occasions.
This summer hasn't seemed at all
correct for we haven't loafed together
any. Now last year we were in Boston
and the year before in Europe and
Loches and the year before that

on the rocks of Clifton and the year
before that in Barton and on that private
forch in Newton. This is a noble roll
of honor and that this summer should
be a mere blank is not agreeable to
~~contemplate~~ nor creditable. Let
summers cease to come if they must
all be like this.

I have however had my amusements,
namely my two nieces, several French
novels and a bicycle. I get tired
of the nieces, the French novels are all
alike and the bicycle roads about
here atrocious but nevertheless

There is unmistakable pleasure to
be gotten from all these things, generally
and collectively. One of the novels was
a fine romance and a very frightful
story. It did not begin as most French
novels do with the breakup of home
but its final culmination after three
hundred pages was that it should
have been - the reattachment of home
by two very interesting people. It is
called "Miss Roxel" and is by
Victor Cherbuliez. It is witty and

lively from beginning to end. The problem
is how to get this beautiful and highly
unconventional and tumultuous young
person married to her tutor who is
a very brainy chap and a woman hater.
She finally lands him with the aid of
a sister of his, a brother of hers, an
Italian count, a French marquis
and a Wesleyan preacher. It is good
fun all through and if the Liberator
(Mr McClure) ever lets up on you
for a little, just read it. I have
also gone through Anatole France's
Mannequin d'acier - the sequel of
that story we read when we were

coming home from Europe L'Orme du Mail,
about the ambitious felate, and the
disappointed maître de conférences
and the Jewish Prefect. This new look
is cynical and very well written.

My more serious work this summer
has been mowing the lawn, which I
have done regularly once a week and
trimming it carefully at stated intervals.
Would you like a form or "The Man with
the Lawn Mower" to continue your
series of agricultural human documents?
I've also been reading some in French
history of this century. This might have
become serious if any energy had

been displayed in the present but as it
is, has proved innocuous. But I am
more than ever inclined to hitch
my wagon to this subject for the present.

I see by the paper that you have secured
that man Page. Any one might have
known it, though his ^{present} position is perfect
I suppose Mr. McClure could secure
Li Hung Chang and Cecil Rhodes to
edit Harpers Bazaar and Harpers
Round Table, if he cared to half
try. You too I shouldn't be in the least
surprised if he did so.

What have you been doing
summer, I Editor? Have you remained

at the foot of duty. Have you been
sub of love at all. Did you succeed
in going home for one night? Are
your two volumes really coming out
this fall. Poor thing, I pity you if you
have had to get them ready as well
as conduct that organ of thought of
yours at the same time. "But then
as has, git's" work as other things.

I expect to remain here till college
opens a month from now. Next I
may go down into Maine for a

week or ten days. Maine isn't very
far from here and I haven't seen the
ocean this vacation. Still I may not
go too, but may be off on running
a lawn mower and playing the role of
uncle.

If you have time to write me any
old thing I shall be very grateful

Very cordially
Charles H. Hare.

Aug 4 1899

St Jo Lubron. Vt.