Frederic Myers died on 17 January 1901 in the same hotel in which the Jameses were staying. Myers’s illness and death took a lot out of James, who paid his tribute by writing a memorial paper on Myers’s services to psychology. Besides Myers, other close friends of James had recently died—Henry Sidgwick, Charles Carroll Everett of Harvard, and his old friend Thomas Davidson, whom he missed most of all. The stay in Rome was conducive enough for James to finish writing the first series of lectures. They left Rome on 6 March.

On their way to Rye, the Jameses stopped off at Perugia, Assisi, and Florence in Italy; Luzern, Montreux, and Geneva in Switzerland. They arrived at Rye about 7 April. While there James expressed enthusiasm for but declined to participate in Schiller’s scheme to publish a comic treatment of some philosophers and the journal Mind. But, James did comment on Schiller’s “Platonic Dialogue on Pragmatism,” disclaiming the credit for being the originator of both the name and doctrine called “Pragmatism.” The stay at Rye was interrupted by a week’s visit to London (29 April—6 May) and terminated on 13 May when they left for Edinburgh by way of London again.

The Gifford lectures at the University of Edinburgh began on 16 May and ended on 17 June. They were a
great success, and James felt a great sense of relief that they were over. Two of their children, Margaret Mary ("Peggy") and Henry ("Harry"), were there too. The family did some sight-seeing before returning to Rye for a brief visit. At the end of the month, they traveled to Nauheim for a fourth series of baths, which extended to the middle of August.

Afterwards they tried unsuccessfully to stay in the Vosges area, but did visit Paris briefly, Rye again, and London for a day. They sailed for home on 31 August from the port of Liverpool.

After James returned home, his nerves went to "smash" again. He received some relief from injections of the Roberts-Hawley-Lymph-Compound, to which Dr. William W. Baldwin introduced him while James was in Rome. This was a sterilized preparation of goat's lymph. James took these injections for many years. It is not surprising that after such a long absence, a great deal of mail to him had accumulated. It took some time to reply to those correspondents whose letters had not been forwarded. His teaching schedule for the fall semester was light enough to be able to complete the second course of Gifford lectures. Appropriately enough, he taught Everett's old course, the philosophy of religion.
Dear Mr. Andersen,

Our friend, F. W. H. Myers died yesterday, and the circumstances so filled the day for us that I was not able to write you a line of thanks for the photographs which you so kindly give me.

The figures are really glorious, ideally significant of human nature before its eating of the fruit of the fatal tree. They step with the "frohlocken" of the heroic age and I find them strangely fascinating. They form, moreover, a singularly interesting matter for comparison between the male and female type. Work so elevated and strong makes me greatly desire to see photographs of your other productions. Have you no views which we might see of these figures in profile or part profile?

I won't appoint an evening yet, to ask you to come and dine with us and bring us as many photographs as you can, because of the Myerses and other immediate complications, but after a couple of days please expect to hear from us.

Believe me, with hearty thanks and admiration,

Yours very truly

Wm James

Hotel Primavera
Rome
Jan 18, 1901
To Sarah Helen Whitman

Rome
Feb. 5. 1901

Dear Mrs. Whitman,

Owen Wister’s *Grantlet* came duly as a characteristic reminder of you. Characteristic in that you are always mediating between people, and characteristic in that you are always pouncing on individualizations of *quality*, and picking them out under every disguise. This little tome was really colossal, and gave me a new idea of the way in which it is possible to write history. I didn’t know, having hardly ever dipt into his romances, that O. W. was so great a man! The book will probably inspire other men and other books to tell the truth straight as from one gentleman to another, whatever be the subject (though of course a biographic subject is easiest) and to slough off circumlocution. And how instantly one sees a subject like Grant growing vital, the moment one orders the whole with reference to the *moral* centre, as Wister does so quickly. Upon my word, the booklet is *refreshing*! I passed it along to Jos. Thacher Clarke who was here a few days ago.

I wrote to you in rather gloomy mood a few weeks ago. Since then much Tiber has flowed under the bridges, and I have been up & down, up when I do nothing, down when I do anything, but on the whole I believe that the bigger tidal movement is upwards, and now that the year has turned distinctly Springward, I feel a brighter spirit. Poor Myers died here a month ago, as you doubtless know by the papers. He suffered horribly from his breathing, but so absorbed was his mind in wider matters and so intense his intellectual activity
(having essays & editorials read to him only a couple of hours before the death-rattle, etc.) that he was a sublime spectacle, and much impressed his doctors. It shows also what a real belief in immortality can do in the way of making a man indifferent to temporal vicissitudes. The whole thing, which lasted 4 weeks, took it out of me very much, but Myers remains an elevated image! Everett, Davidson, Sidgwick, Myers! One’s philosophic circle growtheth smaller. The one I miss most is Davidson. I didn’t realize, till the blow fell, how much his existence there in Keene Valley had been meaning to me in these later years. He was a free man, “without a collar,” and with a genius for being genuinely the friend of very disparate people. I think of him as the very incarnation of friendly delight in human individuals. And in that deepest of function all minor angularities like his melt into insignificance.

I hope your winter is passing actively and cheerfully away. I wish you’d give my fond regards to Pauline Smith when you see her—I cannot write—when I take the pen little tends to come but querulous sentences, so I leave her epistles unanswered, and in general confine myself to post cards.

I’m safe now for Edinburgh, having blackened enough paper to last through 10 hours of reading in May—and that is a great point “off one’s mind.” Continue, dear Friend, your life of energetic well-thinking and doing until we get home again and never wander more!

Ever your affectionate

Wm James²
Your letter of Jan 6 was most welcome. I had longed for news of you and you send me good ones, which your President Seelye, whom I met a couple of days ago in a Church here, corroborates. Truly you are leading a "full life" with 120 fair penitents in a course on ethics—I wonder how your sentimental architecture stands the strain at all. I haven't yet read your Kant—which I rejoice to see; but will read it now in a couple of days. Like "Science" in Locksley Hall, I move slowly creeping on from point to point. I feel very hopeful though just now; have already enough written for May at Edinburgh, and have ventured to offer Phil 6 (Everett's old course: Philosophy of Religion) at Harvard for next year, hoping I may come up to the scratch. It does my old bones good to hear you write of your great programs of work. But don't get feverish over it!

Wm James
To F. C. S. Schiller

Rome
March 3, 1901

I have sent off a 1/2 hour paper on Myers' services to psychology, to be read, if time allows, at the memorial meeting at Westminster Town Hall on the 8th. I don't suppose you'll go. If you do, you will see that the theoretic part of it consists almost wholly in your own thunder, stolen by me with no acknowledgement. It seems pedantic in such a paper to bring in a literary reference, but those who have read will understand. My stuff will of course appear in the Proceedings. We go northwards in 3 days, but probably won't stay at Gersau. We expect to be at Rye by the first of April.

Best wishes!

Wm James

To F. C. S. Schiller

Rome
March 6, [1901]

I quite forgot, in writing to you yesterday, to thank you for the second copy of "Energeia akinesias," which I read "enthralled," for it is a notion so far reaching in consequences for the pragmatic-pluralistic philosophy that it starts one dreaming. In fact a new program to be
worked up to, and needing subsidiary bulwarks in all directions. You only begin to indicate them. Rarely have so few pp. been so pregnant, or put a big thing so briefly. The equilibrium of contrary impulses is the immediate case that suggests itself. But how charmingly the Hegelians will (and can) work it. Not no-motion in abstracto, but contradictory motions preserved in the concrete highest synthesis which is truth. Keep on!

W. J.

· To Ralph Barton Perry ·

Montreux
Apl. 2. 1901

I should long ago have “reacted” upon your article on Kant which I read with both admiration and interest. It puts you amongst the foremost K.-philologians! I imagine that K. would not have felt comfortable under your interpretation, but what involved and convoluted phrases of rejoinder he would have made I cannot divine, and for myself, if one is perforce to make a consistent outcome of his thought (which always seems to me fundamentally confused and 1/2 extricated from its diversity of premises and interests), I am well contented with yours. But it’s a strait-jacket for the poor man, all the same. Pray contribute no farther (having hereby proved your capacity) to philosophy’s prison-discipline of dragging K. around like a cannon ball tied to its ankle. I am lunching off a ham omelet in sight of the full beauty of the upper end of Lake Leman! But under the conditions, I but 1/2 enjoy it, being hardly better than I was
last fall in the same locality, and on my way to Rye till May 16 when I appear in Edinburgh. I long for Keene Valley more than for anything else.

Warmest good wishes

W. J.

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Geneva
April 5, [1901]

Your letters are always a blessing; they seem to come from a quarter of Being where energizing is easy—akineti\textsl{c} in fact. But whom do you ask to contribute to a comic Mind? If there ever was any comedy in me, it’s now extinct. I ought to be saying my prayers, and not going to face my Maker with lewd jests upon my tongue. No! Count me out. I wish I \textit{could} write a parody on Kant! Your dialogues are charmingly pretty and good as parodies, and so refined! There is no hurry about the thing. Keep it mulling and possibly matter will accrete. Royce might contribute. Miller might. It oughtn’t to be of one school. We leave tonight for Lamb House, Rye, Sussex. Thank God!

W. J. 5
To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers

Lamb House
Rye, Sussex
April 11. 1901

Alice got her dresses & hats satisfactorily sent home a quarter of an hour before we took the train at Geneva. The journey went off well; smooth crossing; I came here straight from Dover; Alice went to Harrow, but has now been here two days, with Peg. The house is extremely comfortable, the liberty of it and its walled garden make it possible for me to stay with perfect content within its bounds, and not to go out into the town, as I had to in Geneva, to my detriment. The English richness and colour do beat the world, and the English people inspite of all the talk about their contempt of the intellectual, their bad army organization etc., still strike one as potentially the strongest of all races. I hope, K., that you are well again, or at least up to the normal usual level. Pray drop a card ere long. We have had poor weather, mostly, ever since we left Florence, and I for some unexplained reason have continued to “run down.” But I am “liable” to run up again, so don’t be scared. Much love, also from H. J. who asks to have the epithet “tender” attached.

W. J.
Lamb House
Rye
April 27, 1901

Dear Schiller,

I have been off my feed (scriptorially) for a week—hence my abominable delay in answering yours of the 16th. and in sending back Hugh Leigh's eloquence, which I find tip top as such, though I am not sure I like the name of the critter—*is* it an improvement on the raw Greek? It contains no joke in English. Your fecundity in the way of "Limerick" is portentous. Keep them and polish them. Alas! that I can't contribute something! Once I had animal spirits in me, now I am a vegetable vegetating "and nothing more."

Oxford, I regret to say is *impossible*, I fear so in June also. I go to London on Monday to get some clothes, etc. and expect to stay at the Charing Cross Hotel there for a week. I feel reasonably certain of reading my lectures myself at Edinburgh now and hope there'll be no backsliding.

Pray send me your dialogue on Pragmatism to the C. X. Hotel, provided it be in type. Otherwise I wouldn't run the risk and had rather wait. I re-enclose *Hooley*—why not that name rather than Hugh Leigh?—he speaks "bottom truth."

Back here again May 4th. or 6th. to wait till we start for Edinburgh by the 14th or 15th.

Affectionately yours

W. J.
Dear Schiller,

Back here alive and stood London better than I feared! One grows too pusillanimous leading the life I’ve been confined to.

I return your circular and a couple of others by inferior organisms, as Hodgson would say. If you will send me some others, I will try to get them filled at Edinburgh.

I saw Piddington and Shadworth Hodgson in London—the latter somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf, poor fellow. He gets no appreciation and seems to have no social compensations for it. As Howison once said to me “What we philosophers crave, James, is praise, real flat footed praise. W. T. Harris called it “recognition,” but it’s praise.” Where should I be, spiritually, if you hadn’t praised me in Mind? Piddington showed me some Myers and Henry Sidgwick communications through Mrs. T. The Myers part poor enough, the Sidgwick part more suggestive of reality. Her husband almost immediately forbade more sittings and there probably will be no more for a year.

Thank you for your message about my boy. It is Henry, the eldest, a level headed youth, of whom I’m not ashamed. He must go to Edinburgh with his daddy. After which he will doubtless go to Oxford for a few days and any kindness which you can show him will increase my “praise” of you as a philosopher when you write your next book. Best regards!

Yours ever

W. J.7
To F. C. S. Schiller

Rye
May 10, 1901

Dear Schiller,

I return the dialogue, which is _delectabilissimus_ (–a – _um_). I have only three remarks to make:

1) I think that if pub’d it should be pub’d simultaneously with a fuller account of the principle it announces. Lacking that help, it is too brief to be effective. But it whets curiosity for that.

2) It ought to have more of a sting in its tail-end. I don’t know what to suggest, but it needs an epigram, anecdote, or brief stocking illustration of the pragmatic principle in action. This you can invent, in time.

3) as to W. J. Your calling him a god begins to satisfy even Mrs. W. J.’s philosophic desire for “praise.” She sees herself a goddess already. But you will please remember that it is C. S. Peirce, who invented both the thing and the word pragmatism, therefore, if divine honours go with it, he is the candidate for apotheosis. The poor fellow needs it, too, more than I.

Ever thine

W. J.\(^8\)
Dear Perry,

Yours of May 20th was welcome the other day. I'm glad you've got through this arduous & exciting year in such good shape, and glad you're re-appointed. At Harvard you observe they've made no changes, of which on the whole I feel glad.

I am getting through the lecture strain famously. After the 4th. I thought I might go under, but I lie very low between whiles, and had a first rate day yesterday after the seventh, so I now feel absolutely certain of fulfilling the contract and earning my salt again. It is a delightful feeling. Edinb. is a strong, proud, severe place, full of theology & theological interest, and my lecture room which seats three hundred is as crowded as on the first day. I succeed in puzzling them!—and that keeps up the interest.

I am exceedingly glad to hear that you are going again to the Putnams. I don't know the young people of your party but the moral atmosphere and tradition of the whole place is fine, and there are always some individuals worth knowing. I look forward to it as an important bit of the education of my younger three. It is very engrossing, but I hope you'll get some chance to slink away to Adler's and the Goldmark's—the former you know, and the latter are such fine unworldly people. Pauline is quite my ideal. Also by all means visit Bakewell's school at East Hill, up the Valley—successor to Davidson's. Poor T. D.! I miss him tremendously
from this upper world. Our date of return is still uncertain—I fear not till September.

Yours ever

Wm James

· To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers ·

Edinb.
June 18th. [1901]

Veni, vidi, vici! You will be pleased to hear that the awful lectures are over, and over most successfully, to judge by the audiences and the general interest aroused. "The bloody dog is dead!" And the bloody puppy who writes (you will also be glad to learn) is much tougher than when he came here, which shows that invalidical life was making him soft, and that what he needs is to work a little harder and be made to sweat—no bad thing for any of us. The weather has been abominable—cold & cloudy. But today bright sunshine, and Alice & the 2 kids have gone to the Trossacks, leaving me alone. We go to Nauheim next week, and [sail for ho]me Aug. 31st.

W. J.
To F. C. S. Schiller

Rye
June 29, 1901

Dear Schiller,

I should have written to you long since, not only "in reply" but to thank you for what you do to my Harry and to tell you of the happy completion of my Edinburgh trials and of my speedy departure for Nauheim, where we shall probably stay till about August 20th, and then sail from Liverpool on August 31st.

The Edinburgh experience has put a new sort of aggressive tone on me. I look to the future with designs—and though far from being as can'n balistic as you are even when you are asleep, I may mean mischief to the enemies of the truth yet.

You are awfully good in your desire to have me go to Oxford. I went for one day to Cambridge, in obedience to a promise made to Mrs. Myers at Rome. But I was too tired to do a thing more and could not even call on the 3 or 4 friends whom in London I wished much to see. I am essentially better than I have been, notwithstanding, and if the same rate of improvement I have felt for 2 and 1/2 months past keeps up, I shall get into s'thing like an active life again.

What are your vacation plans? Do they bring you anywhere near Nauheim? Write and let a fellow know.

Ever truly yours

Wm James

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Bad-Nauheim
July 14. 1901

I have to thank you for your good long satisfactory letter of many weeks ago, and I suppose now for the international J. of E. with your splendid and really worthy article on T. D. It makes him look as big as he was, and the extracts are very characteristic—showing too, I think, the excess of heat over light. I think your description of him hurrying down hill with hand extended particularly felicitous—how the trait vif lights up literature! But why did you say nothing of his unfinished *magnum opus*? Of all the roll of deaths of my friends in the last 2 years none leaves for me as big a hole as T. D.—a result that a little surprises me, for I consciously antagonized T. D. so much when alive.—I am intensely curious to know how the summer at Glenmore is speeding. I hope it isn't giving you too much Pech. A letter from Howison grieves me by obscure references to broken health. His book makes a fine impression on me of elevation. The style is most distinguished, I think.—My lectures were a success, and I the better for giving them. We sail on Aug. 31st.

Best wishes

Wm James

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To Wincenty Lutoslawski

Nauheim
August 12. 1901

Dear Lutoslawski,

We leave Nauheim tomorrow and it is high time that you & I should have some communication. How has Rajecifurdo treated you? Well, I hope?

Nauheim this time has treated me very well. I am fearfully weak with the bathing, but the pectoral condition is distinctly better, and having learned prudence, I am in no danger of falling into the frightful nervous prostration which overtook me a couple of months after your departure in 1899. I began to mend nervously four months ago, and with that amendment the cardio-aortic symptoms have troubled me much less. The amendment continues steadily, and has evidently not yet reached its term, so I feel hopeful.

I made the acquaintance recently of a young French philosopher, F. Abauzit, of the Lycée at Pont-à Mousson (Marne et Moselle). His bride (of a year) is a granddaughter of Old Herzen, daughter of Prof. A. H. in Lausanne. Ab. is devoted to Plato and has the liveliest admiration of your L. of P. We talked much about you. He is a free man mentally, a protestant, full of ideality, but (as usual!) not strong in health.

I leave for a nachur in the Vosges, my wife will (I think) go straight to England, where in a week I shall rejoin her. We sail on August 31st., and am happy enough over the prospect. I have just read a very good, tho’ very prolix work of Eucken’s der Wahrheitsgehalt der Religion, from which I have received encouragement and instruction. I am now in the middle of

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"Wirklichkeiten" by K. Lasswitz, 1900, in which that most accomplished thinker and writer sets down his formulation of the intricate relations of World, Brain, & Tho’t, Feeling, Science, Religion, etc., helping along a little the result, but on the whole much hampered in my opinion by his fidelity to the terms of Kant’s system.

Let me know at Lamb House, Rye, Sussex, how it goes with you. I hope well, but I am always anxious. We both send our love.

Yours ever,

W. J.12

· To Paul Carus ·

Rye
August 19. 1901

Dear Dr. Carus,

I wish to bespeak your special attention for an article by Mrs. George Boole (widow of the logician) which I have read and advised her to send to you as the least convention-bound of Editors.

It is a little excperic, and probably needs pruning, but it is full of most suggestive matter and moves amongst the concrete facts of human nature in what to my mind is a refreshing way. Moreover its English is first rate. If you reject it, pray do not think you must give me any explanation. I know an editor’s troubles!

My Edinburgh lectures went off well, and I made Forlong’s acquaintance. A fine old fellow, not well adapt-
ed, I should suppose, to his milieu. I am better, but still far from well, & return (with great joy) on August 31st.

Hoping that you & yours are well, I am always, truly yours

Wm James

I have just read with great profit & admiration (tho’ I am no such Kantian) Lasswitz’s “Wirklichkeiten.” What an accomplished & gentlemanly mind; and what a respectable synthesis to live by![13]

· To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers ·

Intervale, N. H.
Sept 30. 1901

Dear Girls,

3 weeks in America to day. Good journey, no one sick but Peg, whose state may best be imagined by a remark of the stewardess to me: “Yes sir, she do seem to have a great deal of bile for such a young woman.” Drop the veil. Our weather was splendid on arriving and our “home” looked sweet & harmonious. But I was in bad plight (nerves!) and came straight up to the Salter’s at Chocorua & go back in half an hour, after a 3 days visit at some friend’s here, much recuperated by the conditions—living level with the ground & communing with a nature but slightly humanized as yet, and less so than it was two generations ago. But we had stayed away too long! All America seemed strange & remote, and the effect on my spirits has been bad. The douche of snarling
catarrhal nasality of speech which struck us on the steamer was awful, and the general penury and poverty stricken appearance of the woods, the roads and the habitations here in N. H., is something of a shock. But the weather, light, & colour are superb in their intensity and spirituality, and I shall soon bridge over the chasm of years and work back to the old sentiment of intimacy. But I advise you to make the best of it where you are—being there. The bad thing is to oscillate! Alice is struggling with servants. She writes me that she & her mother spent an hour the previous day at an intelligence office, crowded with maîtresses de maison, eager to commend themselves to the few haughty domestics who were there. Not one of them would look at Alice. She says it was a humiliation. I give a lecture tomorrow—God help me! Bill ought to have returned yesterday from the Hawaiian Islands, so we shall be au complet tonight. Delightful thought. This will find you on the Avenue Eglantine. I hope in a good state of repose, especially dear you, Katie, since Henrietta is, I fully believe, out of the woods. You do well to keep to Switzerland & Italy. Were I to settle in Europe, I should hover between the two. Much love, dear girls both, and do you Katie occasionally drop one of your incomparable postcards.

Affectionately yours

Wm James
Dear Miss Calkins,

A pleasant surprise—your masterly book, “Chère et illustre maître.” I have just spent a couple of hours fumbling over it. It covers the ground wonderfully, and is real, sincere, and full of fact & truth. Likewise of noble independence. I must thank you for puffing me by such reiterated use of my poor name. The only thing I doubt is whether for the needs of the market you may not have covered the ground too fully. However judicious, too many opinions & points of view, indigest the student who begins—but as you suggest skipping is within the reach of the humblest. It will run my book hard, and I hope that you will make a good income from it. If I’m spared to write more, I think I can easily remedy the “oscillation without explanation” of which you complain on p. 445. Since my return, I’ve gone to smash!—absolute nerve prostration! Good bye, have a good year and grow in grace, wisdom & “culture.”

Ever your friend

Wm James

95 Irving St.
Oct 9, 1901
Dear Mr. Crosby,

I reached home six weeks ago, after two years spent in Europe, & found half a room full of "printed matter" that had accumulated in my absence. Not much of it needed acknowledgment, but your volume of verses cannot be put away in silence. I find them exceedingly pure and dignified in form, and usually very telling. With their spirit I feel the strongest sympathy, even when it is denunciatory, for I believe in Tolstoi-anism (so to call it for short) as the best life, yet lie myself in the bonds of mammon, and think some denunciation called for. Yet after all I like the positive evangelic pieces better, and ask myself whether, in so inveighing against the competitive and capitalistic social system at large, you don't take a target both too big and too invulnerable. It is the result of ineradicable instincts, and harbors most of the good we actually know of. The same instincts are rampant both in the "ins" and the "outs," and with any system the "Uebermenchen" would be ingenious enough to get on top and exploiter mankind in the interests of their egoism. And so long as freedom remains, isn't the way for the lovers of the ideal to found smaller communities which should show a pattern? That they can't be founded more successfully shows the strength of the anti-brotherly leaven, everywhere. Nevertheless through small systems, kept pure, lies one most promising line of betterment and salvation. Why won't some anarchists get together and try it. I am too ill (and too old!) or I might chip in myself.
I enjoyed greatly meeting a sister of yours in Florence last May.
Believe me, with thanks and admiration,

Yours sincerely,

Wm James

-To Pauline Goldmark-

95 Irving St
Nov. 8, 1901

My dear Pauline,

I have just read Miss Wyatt's book, letting it solace me in the dead watches of the night, and I find it hard to express my opinion of it without foolish extravagance. Why did you, in mentioning it, brag of it so little? To think of my having spent more than 24 full hours close to that paragon of genius, and never divined her, and done nothing but speak impudently to her! I am ashamed! The book is simple perfection in its kind. The good humor, philanthropy, observation, humorousness, the admirable style, modesty, etc., etc., etc. make it as good as anything can possibly be in the compass which she sets herself to fill; and with such a sense of limits, & such a feeling for human nature and such powers of writing English, I don't see what she may not do if she tries more ambitious canvasses. But where did she learn so much of life? Pray send her my blessing and prayer for forgiveness, & receive, yourself, my gratitude for the book.
With her and the girls who illustrated your Almanac, Bryn Mawr may well be proud.

It will please you to learn that a fortnight ago I began to rise from the trough of the sea in which I was wallowing when you were here, and that my progress since then has been surprisingly rapid. I hope to be a well man yet. I am glad you liked the photocroms, & didn’t already have them. They seem to me a most wonderful reduction of space to a small compass. Pray thank your sister Susan for her letter. I earnestly hope that she is improving as fast as I am now. These nervous attacks do end!

Ever affectionately yours,

Wm James

To Ernest Howard Crosby

95 Irving Street
Cambridge
November 8, 1901

Dear Mr. Crosby,

Thanks for your extremely friendly letter. I didn’t express my thought fully about anarchists founding communities—I knew these latter invariably to fail, and my thought was, “When men are so essentially repellent of one another, even under the easiest conditions of brotherhood (small numbers and common beliefs), isn’t it unreasonable to blame the forms of the larger society for
evils, when it is after all the human substance that is to blame?"

Man's instincts are rapacious, and under any social arrangement, the *raptore*es will find a way to prey.

Thank you for the paper on Edward Carpenter. His *Towards Democracy*, which I only became acquainted with a year ago, is one of my favorite books.

Sincerely yours

Wm. James

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*To Adolf Meyer*

95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Nov. 28, 1901

Dear Meyer,

I hear with pleasure that you are to be head of the N. Y. Pathological Institute. I hope it will now get out of hot water. I know nothing of Dr. Peterson, but have just received two letters, one from Sidis, the other from Hyslop, who consider his clean sweep of the old Institute, in asking for everybody's resignation, an unjust proceeding. Sidis doesn't say what his own prospects or aims now are. I consider him, although somewhat cranky in intellect, a splendid fellow on the whole; and the easiest man in the world to get along with, if you don't *directly* oppose him, when he becomes tediously argumentative. He will yield easily to flank movements. I wish you could see your way to re-appointing him, for he has really
fruitful ideas, & tireless energy, and someone, it seems to me, of his general sort, ought to utilize the State material for psychology. Of course I write in ignorance of what the precise complaints against him are. He has ideal qualities.

I went to pieces nervously on first returning home, but am improving and better now than for 2 years. Activity much reduced, though, still.

I hope that you are well.

Faithfully yours

Wm James

To Ralph Barton Perry

95 Irving St.
Cambridge, Mass.
Dec. 3. [1901]

Delighted at the prospect. Of course we hope you will come to stay with us. Say yes. I am much better. Have just read Royce's new vol. & think it a beautiful piece of thinking.

W. J.