IN THE NEW YEAR'S LETTER TO HIS COUSINS RODGERS, James mentioned his approval of the views of the dietician Horace Fletcher. James withdrew his resignation and agreed to teach a “half” course, “Metaphysics” (Philosophy 9), beginning in October and extending to February 1905. His “full” course, a 1903 Metaphysical Seminar, continued until June. Since he had had a severe and prolonged attack of influenza, he took a vacation in Florida, where he met T. M. Shackleford, the chief justice of the State’s supreme court. While there James made an extremely revealing remark, in a letter to Schiller, about his own relation to “pragmatism,” to which Schiller and Dewey were giving a scope that exceeded his more “timid philosophizing.”

James did decline, however, to participate in the International Congress of Arts and Sciences to be held in St. Louis in September. He received visits from a number of foreigners who attended the Congress. In particular, he welcomed Harald Høffding of Copenhagen. James engineered the translation and publication in 1905 of Høffding’s book, *The Problems of Philosophy.*

Financial conditions forced Harvard to let D. S. Miller go. James even promised to guarantee the money necessary to keep him another year. He also tried to encourage other institutions to accept Miller. James also tried
to moderate a bit of misunderstanding between Miller and Münsterberg.

F. H. Bradley was Schiller's main adversary at Oxford University. He attacked Schiller's book *Humanism* in the *Journal Mind*. This called forth replies from both Schiller and James, who cautioned Schiller to avoid a polemic style of writing, which might damage the new empiricist movement in philosophy against the reigning "Absolutism" at both Oxford and Harvard. Unfortunately, Baldwin attacked Schiller's style as "vulgar" and this probably strained the James-Baldwin relationship. Their correspondence dipped to near zero after James "scolded" him gently.

In September James began to publish a series of articles, which centered on his philosophy of "pure experience," in the new *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*. This journal was partly founded by J. M. Cattell after he broke away from the *Psychological Review*. In letters to Perry and Schiller, James interpreted some points made in the first article of the series.

A letter concerning the visit of Henry James reveals a rare occasion of the feeling of good health on the part of William.

A French exchange professorship with Harvard was inaugurated through the initiative and generosity of James H. Hyde. James declined to lecture at the Sorbonne University in Paris in 1905. Also, he recommended to president Eliot the German philosopher F. Paulsen to fill the new Berlin-Harvard exchangeship of professors. Finally, James finished this busy academic year by delivering his presidential address, "The Experience of Activity," to the American Psychological Association at its late December meetings in Philadelphia.
Cambridge, Mass.
Jan. 1, 1904

Dear Girls,

Here is New Year's day and nothing to show for many weeks in the way of correspondence between us! I suppose that you are back at the old apartment in Lausanne, and I earnestly hope that the winter is opening propitiously for both of you. It has gone on propitiously enough here, save that influenza is rampant, and this house has not been spared. I, in particular, am dictating this to you on the twenty-second day of my confinement to the house with it and with an attack of old-fashioned gout into the bargain. The latter is practically over, but the debilitating effects of the grippe seem interminable. I am going to send you as a Christmas present a little book by one Horace Fletcher on the art of regenerating one's life by chewing one's food superabundantly. I advise Henrietta in particular to lay it to heart. There is lots of important truth in it. It isn't simply not bolting your food; it is chewing and rechewing and overchewing until it is a perfect slush in your mouth before you swallow it. The physiologists here are very much excited about Fletcher's results. He is an extraordinary and admirable human being, and there is certainly, for some of us at least, salvation in his new gospel.

Billy is back and in the Medical School. His visits to you last winter were extremely pleasant episodes of his Swiss existence. Harry takes his bar examination to-morrow. Alice, save for an attack of the influenza, has had a good winter; but both she and I feel that our position in society is getting to be a little too considerable for us,
and the old life at the Hotel Beaurivage and elsewhere, with no social complications except the Rodgerses, was a sort of Elysium in comparison. I shall practically give up all my college work next year and be free to come and go and spend fewer months in Cambridge and more in the country. I think that within two years I can foresee another trip to Europe, in which case perhaps the very first objective point would be the Rodgerses.

It will rejoice your hearts to know that Alice has found a very satisfactory dressmaker in Cambridge who takes care of her, though she has nobody to gossip with as she could gossip with you when we were on Lake Leman. Henry still writes of his hopes of coming to America. He is amazingly shy about it, dreading the expense as well as the social boredom. I imagine it will come off, and he and I will make a tour into the south and west country, enlarging our national consciousness. I have no idea what your social circle or sphere or level may be in the Avenue d’Eglantine, but I hope it is highly respectable. Henrietta is all right, but I never feel certain of Katie’s being sufficiently conventional.

I am dictating this, with a lot of other New Year’s letters. Don’t count it as a genuine letter from heart to heart, but take it as an observance of the date on which it is written. When I get on my feet again, and hearty, I will write you something better. Meanwhile don’t forget us or grow to dislike us, but consider me

Always your loving cousin,

Wm James

The Mesdemoiselles Rodgers¹
Cambridge
Jan. 15, 1904

Dear Cattell,

I confidentially told you at your recent visit, of my having sent in my resignation.

The President and the “department” have überredet me to stay, and today I have decided to do so, giving, however, only one half course—on “Metaphysics.” Nothing had better be said, therefore, about my having resigned.

I thank you for your letter about my election to the Presidency of the Amer. Psych. Assn., though the compliment sounds rather ironical to one who feels as if he had forgotten all the psychology he ever knew.

I have had to resign that office, and have just refused to be überredet, much as I dislike to disappoint such good-will.

Sincerely yours,

Wm James²
Dear President,

Your letter of the 20th. is ultra-kind and considerate. I should call and speak to you about it, but I leave for Florida to night and am so pushed that I haven't time. Suffice it to say that I am confident (barring the accident of acute illness) of putting through the first half year of Phil 9, 3 hours a week and all the chores, without undue strain. I have read your letter to Royce, and he, (who gives the second 1/2 year) agrees that if there is to be any "relief" of me, he is the man to give it, just as I would be the natural man to give it to him in the second 1/2 year, if he broke down.

I thank you heartily and trust that your cold will not be of this obstinately virulent kind.

I expect to report at Chicago for the Harvard Club dinner on the 20th of February.

Always truly yours,

Wm James

President Eliot

95 Irving St.
Jan. 22. 1904
Dear Schiller,

By curious coincidence, your letter of January 15th. with the Times review, reaches me this A.M. at breakfast just nine hours after I mailed my own review of Humanism to the Nation. The Times review seems to me almightily cleverly done. Somethings about it suggest Rashdall but can he be quite as animated and epigramatic [sic] as that? Evidently it is the pouring out of a long smothered volcano of irritation at your general tone of belligerency and flippancy and of dislike of a philosophy which seems to the reviewer partial and shallow because he has never taken in the profounder vistas which it opens up. What do we mean by 'truth'? What is it known-as? Those are questions, which if once opened up for discussion, will make each side respect the other a little more. I am amused at the way my name has been dragged in as that of the Father of all this way of thinking. I recognize it as the continuation of partial thoughts which I have expressed; but "pragmatism" never meant for me more than a method of conducting discussions (a sovereign method, it is true), and the tremendous scope which you and Dewey have given to the conception has exceeded my more timid philosophizing. I welcome it, and admire it, but can't yet think out certain parts of it, although something inside of me feels sure that they can be successfully thought out and that it will then be a great day for Philosphic Man. "Humanism" (the term), which did not at first much "speak" to me, I now see to be just right. Vivat et floreat!
Apropos of your reviewer's animosity to your jokes, I confess that I was both startled and shocked to find lately how antipathetic they are to certain temperaments. One man recently said to me "I hate him"—another: "he is intolerable and odious." Poor Schiller—so good a man! It is well to know of these reactions which one can provoke and perhaps to use the knowledge for political effect. Now that you are the most responsible champion in England of what is certainly destined to be the next great philosophic movement, may it not be well (for the sake of the conversion—effect) to assume a solemn dignity commensurate with the importance of your function and so give the less excuse to the feeble minded for staying out of the fold? I confess that as I grow older I find myself believing more and more in the excellence of colorless objectivity of statement, keeping any personal oddity out and letting brevity and pellucidity do the work. The french ideal in short as against the germanic.

Now as regards my own poor little review, it is bound to disappoint you for three reasons: 1. its tardiness; 2. its brevity; 3. its neither analyzing nor quoting you. My excuses are: to 1) the "grippe," which for seven weeks has wholly knocked me out and only began to yield a week ago; to 2) the miserable short-winded requirement of the Nation—you can't get under way but you must stop; to 3) partly the fate of my pen which began in essay form and had to go on so, and partly my belief that it would really serve the interests of your book best to simply emphasize in general terms its importance and give an apperception's masse for its better comprehension. Heaven now knows how long Garrison will keep the thing in manuscript. I am sure, my dear Schiller, that this is the dawn of a really new era for the empiricist way of thinking.

I am returning the Times review to you via Miller, who will be interested in it. Royce has reacted beautifully on both you and Dewey, in a presidential address
before the American Philosophical Association. He swal-
lows you whole without a cough or hiccup, simply insist-
ing that the Absolute surrounds you. Agreeable contrast
to the smaller, shallower way of taking you. Royce,
whenever he deals with details, works in good em-
piricist, pluralist fashion—his Absolute is only a surplus
ornament which suits his humor.

The Ingersoll lecture is to be given this year by Osler,
the Johns Hopkins clinician. I wonder what he has up his
sleeve.

How can we live with this flood of new philosophic
periodicals? Faith, we ought to start one of our own, to
neutralize the others. Perhaps some day that will come.

I got your previous letter from the Engadin some 6
weeks or more ago. All this is its answer. Your vacation is
robuster and more herculean than mine, who have come
down to this humanistically decrepit debased and degen-
erate place to get warm, but find myself still shivering.
The landscape is “rolling” and park-like and very beau-
tiful—only man is vile, especially his speech which hath
neither distinct vowels nor any consonants except $H$ and
$wk$ and $w$. One brilliant exception however seems to be a
Mr. Shackleford, chief justice of Florida, very deaf, but
an âme d’élite, who called on me last night and proved
that he had read all my works and Royce’s, Personal
Idealism, Myers’s Human Personality, Podmore, etc.
and had just ordered Humanism. With such a leaven the
State of Florida is safe!

Goodbye! buckle down now to s’thing very solemn
and systematic! Write your jokes by all means, but ex-
punge them in proof and save them for a posthumous
number of ‘Mind!’ I shall send my $5.00 for the Mind
Association to your N. Y. bankers. I don’t know how the
publishers take cognizance but suppose it is all right.

Your review of Dewey was good. I suppose you saw
my much less elaborate one. How I exult in this forward
movement along the whole empiricist line, towards
something which must be recognized in the end as more concrete and vital than any possible Absolutism! Woe is me that I can work so little. Four of my working days have gone to that miserable little Nation notice.

Ever thine,

W. J.³

· To Arthur Oncken Lovejoy ·

Richmond, Virginia
Feb. 7. 1904

Dear Lovejoy,

I get your letter here this morning, and must hasten to correct the error into which Münsterberg's printing of my name has led you. I told him unequivocally that I shouldn't go next September—probably the article which named me was written ere he had asked me, but I hope that his other American named are not similar creatures of hope.

As for the infinite, it is less simple than I once thought, or (as I now believe) than Renouvier tho't. But I can't see that all this Cantorian stuff that Royce wallows in so nowadays has the least bearing on the question of reality, nor does it seem to me to displace any of the old arguments, or to give any new turn to the old questions. Royce's Absolute self-reflecting himself an actualized infinite number of times seems to me the most trivial idol I ever conceived of. Couturat's book has left my own opinions unchanged.
I am sorry not to see you on your own heights at St. Louis, but am so finite a creature myself that I have to say no to everything.

Have you read Bergson? He is the puzzle for me just now. Such incessant gleams of truth on such an obscure background.

Are you never coming "East"? If so, don't forget me.

Yours ever

Wm James

· To Wincenty Lutoslawski ·

Cambridge (Mass.)
March 2, 1904

Dear Lutoslawski

I have got into an inveterate habit of postponing reply to your letters, so that now I seem to be quite unable to answer promptly. The reason, I suppose, is that I want to send you a good letter; but good letters are with me rarae aves, so I wait for the happy moment to come, rather than write you immediately one of my dry words.

I am glad you are enjoying yourself so much at Port Said, and that you have a prospect of going to Palestine as well. How much of the world, first & last, you have seen! All for the sake of Poland! ! ! I have 3 cards from you unanswered, will look up Fabre d'Olivet.

I am recovered from my influenza, and at work again, though on my usual diminished scale. Am greatly interested in developing my system—but hardly attain to putting anything on paper—Leider!
The family is well, and there is no news whatever. I am sending you your guinea back, with another one for your own charities or other uses, which I beg you to accept. It does not seem to me that you ought to be endowing America.

Mrs. Eddy personally is a rapacious humbug. She will never send you her book, I believe, and you had better forget it. There are so much saner expressions of the mind cure movement than hers. Good bye, & good fortune attend you. How you must have enjoyed the excellent Flournoy family.

Yours affectionately

Wm James

95 Irving St.
March 21. 1904

Dear President,

I venture to write a word in re D. S. Miller, hoping that it may reach you before his dismissal has been announced.

Twice this winter quite spontaneously he has asked me whether I tho’ it his duty in consequence of his repeated attacks of grippe (pure ill luck!) to send in his resignation, either direct, or conditional on a recurrence next year. I pooh-poohed the idea, thinking it due to morbid depression; but yesterday in a conversation I had
with him he returned to the subject again, although quite unwitting that the worms were already banqueting on his remains as an instructor in this University.

By this last phrase I mean that the department at a meeting from which I was absent, has just revised the program of courses for next year, leaving his name out. As I learned from Münsterberg yesterday, one of his courses has been assigned to Dr. Woods, who, as M-g also informs me, is to serve gratuitously.

I write with no hope of Miller’s ulterior retention, for I believe your mind to be already made up. But I am exceedingly anxious, and I think we owe it to the quality and fidelity of his work here, that there should be no unnecessary harshness in the circumstances of his separation from us, and that he should be left in the most favorable position for gaining a place elsewhere.

That Woods should have been asked to give one of Miller’s courses gratuitously, without such an opportunity being even mentioned to Miller himself, seems to me a thoughtlessly brutal act of the department, one which it will doubtless be glad to revoke, assigning Woods elsewhere.

Could you not consider, (if it be not too late) some way of breaking the fall, & saving Miller’s dignity in the eyes of other institutions? Since the quality of his work has earned nothing but praise from the students, might it be possible to offer him next year as a final year here, say on 500 dollars pay, the need of the reduction being explained, and the amount being raised by those interested?—I shall be only too happy to guarantee its being paid in.

If this be out of the question in your eyes, will you not let me advise Miller to put in the directer resignation of which he spoke, before you make any communication to him?

Once more, it seems to me that we owe him, for the
quality of his work and the excellence of his character, every indulgence that can facilitate his passage to another place.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

Wm James

· To Charles Montague Bakewell ·

Apr. 15 [1904]

Dear Bakewell,

I know nothing of Leuba as a psycholog. He is a dignified personality, but I have found him a little reticent & cautious in social ways. I haven't yet read his smashing of my Varieties in the I. J. of E.

How about Sanford?

Of the younger men I cannot judge, being too ignorant. Will speak to M—g. again to night. We have had to drop Miller from our forces as a consequence of retrenchment—$2500 knocked out from Phil. Eliot offered him $500 and a single course, but he declined. In case you do promote Rieber to Stratton's position M. wd. be rather a prize.

As for Dewey & pluralism, the case (for me) is not yet closed, for I can't think out certain aspects of Dewey's tho't.

In haste
Yrs.

W. J.
I have read your article on Strong, & think it a very strong article. Strong thinks he can easily reply to us both.⁶

· To Charles William Eliot ·

95 Irving St.
June 2nd. 1904

Dear President,

I feel like sending you in writing my impression of the Miller-Münsterberg affair while it is still hot. I wish it to go on record somewhere and also to have you hear it, though Heaven forbid that you should make reply.

On a first reading I tho’t that for display of peculiar temperament the honours were even. It seemed to me simply extraordinary that Miller, instead of calling the department to hear the charges, should have embarked on those interminable letters to their author.

The temper displayed by Miller in the last pages seemed to me "morbid," but not unnaturally so, considering the situation. Miller felt like a toad under a harrow, he was bottled up, talk being forbidden, and the thing worked like madness in his brain, engendering extravagant suspicions & accusations.

A second more careful reading, after hearing both parties talk, has, however, made me think Miller’s procedure much less eccentric than I did at first.

His last and longest letter was evidently, though addressed to M-g., written for nous autres, and consequently no such anomalous act. The content of it also, (I mean the accusations of false dealing) were not unrea-
sonable considering how few of the facts Miller knew. We knew of Münsterberg's active good will; Miller couldn't know of it except through M. himself, until now; and it was a priori so incredible that such a Dr. Jekyll should coexist with what for Miller was such a Mr. Hyde, that he disbelieved it altogether. Münsterberg's account of the Emerson-Hulls episode was on its face so incredible that he read everything more or less in the light of that incredibility.

I now believe that if the two earlier chances for an overt row had been passed by and a merely private correspondence had been entered on, anybody probably would have been swept on to conclusions like Miller's. Not every body would have expressed them so elaborately, but that comes of having a taste for a neat literary job!

All the while the antecedently improbable was literally true, and Münsterberg was the inimitable mixture of cruelty & good-will of which Miller couldn't credit the existence. I believe his action about Miller's affairs to have been unusually generous, and even in regard to the Emerson lecture, I think he told an essential truth, though in an extravagant way. He really wished Miller's glory to shine.

Miller's suspicions were then false; but granting a man with a strong sense of his rights and a strong sense of accuracy, they were neither unnatural nor 'morbid', as I at first supposed. I don't think that this episode ought in the least to affect our future recommendations of him. He is hardly likely again to meet a colleague so hard to understand. Moreover I imagine Münsterberg's charges of neglect of duty to be quite baseless—mere chrome work, in fact.

Of Münsterberg's rare friendliness to human beings I have the liveliest admiration. In this case, his consciousness of really seeking to help Miller has embalmed his whole procedure in his own eyes. This hapless inci-
dent ought, it seems to me, to be prevented from imperilling his connexion with the University. He is too valuable a man. It would be a calamity if this loosened the tie.

That his relations can be quite other, is shown in Holt’s case. Holt told me that for him the profession of psychologist meant to be able to work with M–g. If he couldn’t do that, he would become a business man, and give up psychology.

Through all our departments and their quarrels, I think you must be gaining a good deal of knowledge of human nature!

Ever truly yours

Wm James

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Cambridge
June 12, 1904

Dear Schiller,

Yours of the 3rd. reaches me this blessed morning as ever was, just as I am about leaving (tomorrow) to rejoin my family at Chocorua and begin my vacation from all the interruptions and frustrations of Cambridge life. Hurrah for Bradley’s attack. I don’t know what it is to be an attack upon, but if it be an attack upon the Schiller-Dewey school in favor of the older notion of “truth” as copying a standard, why then the Lord will have delivered him into our hands. Reflection has pretty well
quenched my difficulties there and I shouldn’t mind putting a finger into the pie. A. E. Taylor, whose book on Metaphysics I greatly admire for its extraordinary talent of exposition and for its many true things, has written the most sickeningly shallow criticism of my Will to Believe in the McGill Quarterly. I find it almost incredible. “Believe what you d’n please and call it ‘Truth’”—this is the “pragmatist” doctrine which he seems seriously to think that we defend. If I had a copy, I would send it to you. He never sent it to me, but another person did and I have returned it, annotated, to Taylor, from whom I get no reply. It seems to me that there must be in Taylor some discrepancy between the dialectic and the human endowments or he couldn’t conceive of his opponents in so superficial a way. However, he has put Bradley’s Absolute into a conciliatory, instead of a repellent, shape. It makes me think better of Bradley that he should sport such a disciple. I shall probably, unless Bradley is going for something irrelevant to my special interests, come up to the scratch in the October Mind. As regards tactics, I should think that the more of us there are to make reply the better—and independently. But everything will depend upon what Bradley’s paper actually is. I have had a winter badly broken by acute maladies and an excessively tired month of May. But the shop is now closed and save a score of examination books my “duties” are vorbei. Thank heaven! I hate to think of you as a Civil Service examiner. Surely you ought not to consume yourself in such drudgery. Münsterberg’s explanation of you, Small, and St. Louis is, that after Small’s breakfast at Oxford, you said that you would be happy to come, which took him so aback that he replied that he should be delighted, etc. All the while the invitations of first choices and possible substitutes had been sat upon by Committee after Committee here and were so bolted, riveted and consecrated that none but Almighty power could change a jot or tittle. I said that, if Small had not
proclaimed that fact at the breakfast, nothing could be more natural than your supposition that he wanted proposals. In any case you are well out of it. It seems to me little less than an insane exhibition of the schematizing impulse run mad. My wonder is that Münsterberg should have talked his co-committee men over so successfully to his ideas. I wouldn't touch it for 1000 dollars. Poor Miller leaves Harvard next year. We have had a big deficit for two years running and in almost every department men have been cut off. This is his natural place and he has done first rate work, so I hope he may get back. I have been so frustrated that 32 pages of MS is all I have to show for my winter's work. It is infamous!

Ever affectionately yours

Wm James

Royce's article: The Eternal and the Practical was in the March Philosophical Review. He told me he was sending you a copy. He adopts us, soul and body, merely surrounding us with his Absolute. His adhesion is practically important. His additions can be easily met. PS I forgot to ask whether you had seen the account of Personal Idealism by that portentously solemn ass, G. E. Moore, in the Archiv für Systematische Philosophie, the number just out. A man who seems to think that one can solve questions of fact by making logical distinctions.

W. J. 7
F. C. S. Schiller
Chocorua, N. H.
July 7, 1904

Bradley’s article has arrived and I have begun a general article on the subject of “Truth,” leaving him to your tender mercies. It would be time wasted to polemize with him in detail, so remote is he from the subject, spending his great subtlety on inventing one straw-caricature after another of what you may mean and refuting that, instead of spending five minutes in sympathetically imagining what you do mean. It is piteous.

W. J. 8

To F. C. S. Schiller
Chocorua
[July 15, 1904]

Your second letter re Bradley is here and I hope you will send me a typed copy of your MS. I will make no comments, however, except on passages where I think you may throw yourself open to retort. (I don’t expect to find any). I am just mailing my own article. It hardly mentions Bradley, who seems to me almost purely irrelevant. I have explained Humanism as I understand it—(I don’t know whether you will fully agree), but I hope to have helped somewhat to a clearing of the atmosphere. You and Sturt and Dewey have at any rate forced on the
To George Frederick Stout

Chocorua, N. H.
Aug. 16, 1904

Dear Stout,

I send my proof back corrected to your brother—I would it were written in more architectonic form! I hope you sympathize with the ‘new’ view. I hope also that Schiller will mercilessly cut off his article’s head and tail. Exert your editorial authority despotically to that effect!

I have read your paper in the Aristotelian Proceedings with great interest, instruction, & essential agreement. Only you ought to go farther, and I look forward palpitatingly to your ‘conative’ supplement, for it seems to promise something rather in my own line of thought. You are a real investigator, one of the few that be.

Hobhouse is impayable! To serve up an exact duplicate of my doctrine as an alternative and contradiction of the same, and to publish as an account of my thesis a travesty for which I defy him to find a single line of justification in my text! Apart from that, he has written a beautiful essay, and I have written him a letter to say how naughty he is.

I must have 100 reprints of this thing. I want to get it into my students’ hands.
Believe me, ever sincerely yours—I would we might have a talk together—

Wm James

To Ralph Barton Perry

Chocorua
Sept. 9. [1904]

Dear Perry,

Thanks for your letter, and for your adhesion! We must start a ‘school’. As for the marks of the two series to which the same experience can belong, I think it is the type of conjunctive relation that connects the terms of the series. In the physical series, terms do not interpenetrate and diffuse into each other, but are juxtaposed in space & successive in time, & have (or may have) causal connexions. In the mental series they tend to ‘osmosis’, so that each part is modified by its connexions, and they do not wear their qualities energetically or causally. It seems to me that these differences suffice. But a great problem is: how came they to arise.

I oppose transcendent Idealism to Berkeleyan idealism. It may however be that you mean s’t’thing different by empiricist & rationalist idealism.

Spiritualism is the classic name for the ‘soul’ philosophy, Spiritism for the medium religion.

Holt is a most delightful fellow, prejudices & all.

I congratulate you on being so near the end of your book which I hope will be a big success.

Yours as ever

W. J.
Dearest Schiller,

Your letter from Engadin—still harping on my unfortunate attempt at diverting your lightnings from Bradley’s head—is just here. Would that I had never raised my voice on the matter or given you all this pech!

What I write of now is California. If you are decidedly not going, that will be the casting reason in my (at any rate still possibly negative) decision. I don’t want the work there, which will be rather sharp while it lasts, but I should like to have that period with you and Dewey. So let me know the very moment your own decision is fixed, one way or the other, and I can better make up my own mind.

H. Höfding has just been here—a good but dull man (socially). You should read his summing up of himself (Philosophische Probleme, Reisland, 1903, 100 pp.) which shows him to be a first rate pluralist and pragmatist. Sorley has also been here—a good fellow enough, but professionally rather inadequate, I should say.

Ever thine

Wm James

· 349 ·
To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers

Wentworth Hall
Jackson, N. H.
Sept. 20. 1904

Dear Girls,

I brought Henry up here last night (having left our Chocorua home with him the night before) to see an old Newport friend Miss Wormeley, who lives here, and at the same time to give him a glimpse of the mountains. The Hotel is as clean and good as any Swiss hotel, and has moreover an Americanism all its own. Henry showed us your recent letter from Caux, and the thought of you which in any case would have resulted in a letter about this time, combines with the propitious hour, the writing room of the Hotel being empty—the warm American September air flowing through the mosquito screened windows from the dark piazza, the electric lights overhead, the clean blotting paper beneath, Henry in his bathtub upstairs after a hot walk on a neighboring hill from which he came down at sunset 3/4 of an hour ago, I having just finished an interesting medico-psychological article, the feeling of good health in my body, of enthusiasm for Japanese prowess, of the beauty of the world, of Henry's satisfactoriness, and above all of your dual incarnation of niceness,—all these things, I say, seem to make a brief communication to you the inevitable occupation for just this particular moment. Can you understand that sentence? Sometimes thoughts and feelings crowd on one so that grammatic expression of them is difficult. I think that I have noticed that symptom in some of thy letters, O delightful Katherine. Now to force myself down into statistical prose, let me say that
Henry's coming, so far, is a great success. He looks extraordinarily well, and attributes it mainly to his "Fletcherizing" i.e., overchewing his food. Our Cousin Bay Emmet said that to avoid the shocks of New York he ought to be driven from the Steamer to 44th Street with blinders on. But so far from shocks, he seems to be delighted with everything he sees, especially with the prettiness of Chocorua, & in general with the feminine delicacy, charm, elegance, slenderness and sentimentality of *Nature* in America—especially here in the mountains. Certainly, although there is grandeur in Switzerland, there is little or no *Sentiment* in the landscape, or in fact anywhere in Europe north of the Alps. He will get impressions, and gradually write them down, having sold his pen (& his soul) in advance for that purpose. He will stay six months, go far and wide, and make a good impression on all who see much of him, for in sooth he is really an awfully nice creature—inheriting that from his Rodgers ancestry, I am sure. We have all been well, & had a cool summer, with a good deal of young company. Alice is *tired*, played the part of a sick nurse most of last winter, had a h-ll of a time with painters & plumbers & carpenters in Cambridge in May & June, ditto at Chocorua in August, etc. etc. I foresee that she and I will turn up before two more years are over, begging hospitality at 9 Avenue Eglantine, I the well one, this time, taking care of her. Henry has come down, & is standing about, waiting for me to get ready for summer [sic] [supper?]. So the sheet being filled, I will go.

Blessings on you both. *Keep yourselves!* for our sake.

Your loving

W. J. 13
To John Dewey

Cambridge
Oct 9, 1904

Dear Dewey,

Miss Jane Addams, who was here the other night, told me that you had lost your boy. How sad a beginning of your and Mrs. Dewey's new life. Pray receive the tenderest sympathy of both my wife and myself—there is nothing more to be said in these pathetic situations. It will doubtless spoil all the taste of Europe.

Faithfully yours,

Wm James

To F. C. S. Schiller

Cambridge
October 9, 1904

Dear Schiller,

I am just back on this weeping autumnal Sunday A. M. from the P. O., reading your letter of the 1st. on the way and sit down immediately for a word of reply.

First, I wrote to Wheeler immediately after last writing to you, to say that I would not go to California. So don't let me be one of your inducements any longer.
Second, as to your strictures on my article on Consciousness. I am temporarily out of possession of any copy, so cannot verify your references in some instances. But one of your objections illustrates beautifully the difficulty of making one's self understood in these matters even to one's closest cronies. I refer to your difficulty about my paragraph on "breathing." You interpret it as if I were using just the method I try in the article at large to supersede. That is, when people say "I can feel consciousness directly," making it a kind of substance *sui generis*, I, making it a function, a way in which certain experiences work together in such a way as to have a collective character and deserve a name (in this case the name is "individual personal life"), point out that they mistake the part for the whole. Breathing is indeed a part of our personal life and free breathing or oppressed breathing makes our self-consciousness different. But breathing, like other experiences, enters also into the physical system of Nature. You (and most readers I suppose) only think of that when they read; so you chide me for making that equal to the whole of consciousness and for making "physiological" fact primary and not secondary, as if it were an immediate datum and thereby you of course convict me of swallowing my whole article. I am sure that on reflection you will find no inconsistency and that this particular objection will give you no more trouble.

I can't refer to Sec. VIII, but I doubt whether your reading is a right one. I never meant to imply that appreciation is a medium from which fact has to be extricated. I was far too short in that section and when I spoke of the evolution of the psychical from the physical I doubtless allowed all sorts of cursory misinterpretations.

No time for more. [St. Louis] Congress has come and gone. Ostwald and Harnack were for me the two most interesting personalities, especially Ostwald. But I saw only a limited number. Harnack is a duck of a man and
we are hoping to have Lloyd Morgan spend a week with us.

Hastely yours

W. J.¹⁵

· To Frederic Rowland Marvin ·

95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Oct. 19, 1904

Dear Mr. Marvin,

I have to thank you for another very interesting communication. I have heard much about Blavatsky from my friend R. Hodgson, but wish I knew more about Andrews. My father, in my childhood, used to be interested in some of his ideas, and had I think some controversial passages with him in the Tribune. His name was then often sounded in our house in N. Y.—but you are the only person who has recalled it for many years. A sympathetic crank-biography, of people of gifts [who] are writ in water, would be valuable reading.

I thank you again, and am sincerely yours,

Wm James¹⁶
Dear Baldwin,

Since you use me as a foil for calling Schiller “vulgar” in a note to your article in the last Bulletin, I think I have a right to chip in. One may well be annoyed at Schiller’s tending to jokes, even to puns, but that is the thinnest iridescent film on a body of solid work, and to be blind to the admirable clearness of his writing, and his dialectical skill, and see nothing but that surface, seems to me sovereignly unjust. Moreover on behalf of our general literary manners, which, Bradley (and Schiller himself in his last Mind article) apart, are good, I think a protest is in order. Wholesale insulting epithets like that, merely pitched, without motive given, at an author whom we dislike, are not permissible, and least of all so when we are merely passing on a kick begun elsewhere.

Don’t reply, but please be a better boy in the future! I am sure you feel sorry—and oblige

Yours every faithfully

Wm James17

Cambridge
Nov. 20, 1904
Cambridge
Nov 21. 04

Dear Marshall,

I have but just attained to reading the whole of your recent Philosophical Review papers consecutively, and I must say that they make on me the impression of a fine system. The whole form of movement of your mind is so different from mine—I refer to your extraordinary fondness for putting everything into extreme abstract and schematic shape—while I can’t bear to leave the concrete instance—that I have to overcome a certain primary repugnance for your statements. But this time your schematism carries you sweepingly over so much ground, that you seem to me to have achieved a big synthesis in a very radical way. I am not sure that the time paper carries us on to any much deeper level in the comprehension of that subject; but I do think that your way of putting the question of wider and narrower consciousness and of a possible cosmic consciousness is masterly—a real advance in that subject; and of course I welcome all that you have to say about will and belief.

If you could only introduce a clown to make jokes occasionally, against the classic architecture of your own logical construction, your success would be perfect.

Ever truly yours,

Wm James
Dear President,

I wrote to Hyde after you spoke to me, to get exact information, if possible, about the amount of work expected. I enclose his reply which shelves the matter for the present.

In case you think of me again, this is my decision:—

I won’t go for next year (1904–5); I will gladly go for 1905–6 if the job be limited to the Sorbonne. If it necessarily involve 36 additional lectures in the Provinces, I feel very doubtful.

Thinking over the whole business has raised many doubts in my mind about the advisability of a permanent foundation of American lectures. The French standard of performance in that line is so very much higher than ours, that when 1/2 a dozen Harvard men had been told off, there would be no others to fall back on except such lecturers as would impress the French as strikingly inferior to themselves. Is it worth while for us to challenge the comparison?

The Sorbonne lectures, I am told, keep the tradition of fine literary form & structure. At the College de France & Ecole des Hautes Études I believe they are less exacting.

Sincerely yours

Wm James
95 Irving St.
Dec. 6. [1904]

Dear President,

Your note is received, with thanks.

Your mention of the Berlin affair is simultaneous with a conversation I have been having today with Prof. Francke. Long ago we decided that Prof. Friedrich Paulsen was the man in Berlin of our acquaintance whom we should rather see come here. I still think so (of course I am ignorant of most of the other possible candidates) but Paulsen is a splendid character, writer, and philosopher, in the sense of making the subject alive and real rather than in that of introducing new conceptions. He is a very finished academic personality. I have heard him sneered at as "ober flächlich"—which only meant that he took too much pains with the manner of presenting the subject. The fact is that his work begins where that of his critics ends, and beneath his more humanized statements, all that erudition lies hidden which when served up raw, they call 'scientific' and 'profound'.

Sincerely yours,

Wm James²⁰