Dear Miss Hardy,

I should scarcely be able to advise you as to the significance of your approaching marriage. I expect to be divorced about that time. But I will not allow you the imprudent advice anyway. If the marriage is entered into because your love of the man compels you, then it means the subversion of life; if for any reason short of that, even from the kindest and most disinterested motives (I have known one such), then it means death — deprecation and dissipation of what is good and strong in you. The sacrament will not bear tampering with.

I trust I am mistaken, and I know my sense is not a dispassionate judge in the matter, but I feel — blindly, instinctively,

though not without all legitimate ground — that the latter may be the case. There is nothing in heaven or earth that will repay the loss of your life.

Forgive me for what I have done and for what I am about to do. It may be shameless in me to speak as I do; I know it is selfish, and I believe it will pain you, for it means the loss and degradation in your eyes of a friend whom you have thought much of; but it is to be said and I can not help saying it. I love you beyond recall. Even since the first time I saw you, in the library, you have gone with me as a vision of light and life and divine grace. My life since then has centered about you, and I have to confess that that is the reason for all my paltry efforts to keep up some kind of contact with you. I had fancies that I might be willing
to remain a hampson only, but since
I saw you this winter that illusion, too
is gone. The wind in the trees is fallen
dead. I would turn to you now without
circumstance, and without regard for any-
thing, even for your own happiness;
there is nothing left but this one elemental
fact.

I know how unworthy all this
must seem, but I have no other excuse
than that there is no helping it. Deal
not harshly in your judgment, for it is
the cry of a lost soul.

I can only hope that this un-
pleasant episode will leave at most
but a small and vanishing residue
of bitterness in your life; I would so
gladly that your life should be sweet and
good and beautiful. And I beg
leave to thank you for the light
that has fallen across my way
in the past, and to say that I know
you will forgive me in the end
out of the goodness of your heart.

Goodbye

T. B. Urquharn.
Miss Sarah M. Hardy
Lihue
Kauai
Hawaiian Islands
Aug. 16, 1895:

Dear Mr. Hardy,

I sent you some time ago a (somewhat belated) set of proofs of Prof. Walker's paper in the Quarterly Journal. Do you expect to reply in the Sept. Journal? If so, it will be necessary to send in copies very soon. Anything that comes in next week, if not more than five or six pages long, can go in.

It may be true that I have now returned to Chicago and that I hope to get out of Chicago again for a while very shortly.

Very truly yours,

T. B. V. [Signature]
Aug. 23 1895.

Dear Miss Hardy,

The proofs were directed to you at Wellesley about July 15th.

You could probably do virtually nothing toward an answer to Mr. Walker between now (Friday) and the end of the week. So I shall accept your suggestion that you see about an answer, if you choose to, by next December.

I am very sorry to disagree and dissuade you with the admission that, contrary to the hope which you have so delicately expressed, there has been more bother than usual this summer, so far.

Very truly yours,

[Signature]
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
Aug. 23, 95

Miss Sarah M. Hardy
Mountain View House
North Woodstock
N. H.
Oct. 28, 95

Miss Sarah M. Hardy
Wellesley College
Wellesley, Mass.
Dear Miss Hardy,

It is a long time since anything has hurt me as your letter did today. I had been afraid you were not in trim for heavy work, and that you would undertake more than you ought, but I had no thought of hearing from you in the hospital. Will you write me again, when you have the time and inclination (this does not mean that I wish you to put it off; I should like to hear from you again tomorrow), and let me know how you are getting on? I may be a bold, bad

man for asking you to burden yourself with the task of keeping me informed when you have all and more than you ought to do without it, but “I want to know,” and what can I do?

The paper for the Journal, by the way, will take care of itself, to some extent. Professor Langhorne intends to reply to Walker, through the medium of one of the men in his Seminary, and he expresses the confident opinion that he can “drive a coach through Walker’s paper.”
I, too, wish I could have a walk and talk with you, whether it should serve to straighten you and in your mind, or not. This may be selfish in me, but the (spawning) fact is that I miss you more than it would be well to tell you.

As for dying, I wouldn't think of it. It would be disagreeable to yourself; besides which I should not take it kindly at all, and there are many others of the same mind. I believe I have been at pains to inform you that I never "lay low" for some of years, and I have to say that part of the year which I spent to no purpose was some of the most enjoyable time I have had. And the years were not entirely lost either. If it should appear, as the people at the hospital have predicted, that you will have to lie low for two or three years, I venture that you will scarcely regret it in the end. "There is night and day, brother, brother sweet things; there is likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

Chicago, Oct. 28, 1875;

My love,

T. B.
Dear Miss Hardy,

I thank you for writing, even though what you have to tell of is so unwelcome news. I wish I could be of use to you in some way, that I could help to make the dreary days pass more lightly. You speak of getting something to do. I don't know whether to hope that hopefully, as showing that you feel able to undertake anything, or as meaning simply that you think you will have to do something. I wish it were for me to help obviate the necessity, for I am persuaded that you ought to have no work to do. Will you do me the kindness to tell me—

do ask anything, whether you think I am ought to have anything to do with it or not? I know that I am straining a point of courtesy in this question, but you will overlook that and keep in mind that I mean well. I know you have many
good friends and that I am unfortunately but a very informal member of that body, but I trust you will overlook that too. Will you tell me, too, what is the matter with you? What is the nature of this breakdown? What does your doctor call it?

Now don’t answer any of these questions, unless you choose to do so of your own motion. Let me not put you under obligation to tell unless you wish to. And do not burden yourself with answering anything if writing costs you undesirable effort.

With regard to your telling Professor Drashy I can say that he knows already, in a general way, that you have not been well, and that you declined to reply to Walker partly on that account. I have told him that much. I have also told several of your friends here, who have inquired about you, partly much all that you told about yourself in your first letter. Possibly this was something in the nature of a violation of confidence. If so, forgive
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
me, for I know not what I did. By the way, I can readily help you learn as much as you desire, if I should in the least degree believe you of a burdensome or distractive effort.

I am unable to place the passage of something which you cite. It suggests Kings or Chronicles, but I do not believe there is anything like it for barbarity in either of those books.

As for me, I am teaching Socialism as usual. I don't know whether I have made my way to you about the Socialism class or not. It is this: The class is larger ($) than the average of the graduate classes in the Department, and it contains all the fellows but one, that one having had the work already. It may be added, though I should not like this logo any further, that these students have already had pretty much all other courses of work, and so had to take this work to make up the necessary number of hours. Besides Mr. Socialism, I have still to do
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي في الصورة.
with the journal, as the above letterhead abundantly shows. As for the proof, I am back on socialism, which I once in a moment of excitement talked to you about, you need have no apprehension. As we go over the ground again this fall, it strikes me again that I should like to write something sometime, and I think I see more clearly what I want to say, too. But I shall certainly do nothing about it for another year. I have little time to spare for writing, and it will be a long time before I shall get to it, if I ever do. The first volume on the list is the Theory of the Leisure Class, and I have taken that up in a small way this month. I am putting an hour or two a day on it, and have to neglect the class work in order to do that. I don't know how long this mood will last. I have written part of an introductory chapter, which would perhaps make some twelve or fifteen small pages. The chapters themselves are out now, and I have to
but in some time with them, to see how
they get along. I am a little disappointed
in them. They look less bright and delicate
than when I saw them with you last
year.

I don't know yet what the chances of my
appointment for next year may be. It is
not altogether improbable that I may be dropped
from the budget, after the unseasoned'Brienis,
when it is made up next month. To make
the way plain and smooth, I have struck
for higher wages; though I am pretty nearly
persuaded that the work I do is worth no more
than what I am paid now.

When you write, if you are so kind as to
write again, will you tell me how I may reach
you, in case I have permission to write.

Very truly yours,

T. B. V. Veblen.
Nov. 10, 1915

Miss Sarah M. Hardy
C/o Wellesley College
Wellesley, Mass.
Dear Miss Hardy,

I am sorry to see that you still take your letters from the hospital. I have tried to imagine that you might be here in some other capacity than as an invalid this time, but I suppose the many facts of the case are against this good-natured attempt. Does the situation grow more tolerable as time goes, and do you get stronger? Do you go to Florida? A certain instinctive sense of disappointment at the announcement that you are arranging to go there argues that I must have been entertaining some unreasonable hope that your next move would be nearer this way rather than farther away. By the way, you had better not blame me for any imagined kindness. There is (1) nothing in it, and (2) it may encourage me to imagine that I am in some way not readily comprehensible.
a very eminent person. It further moves me to speak my mind about the matter and make the awkward admission that the debt of sentiment is all another way. It might ill become the dignity of my official position to go on whole lengths and let you into the secret of what I owe you. It hurts me to think that I should have proved so true a prophet, or rather that the truth should have come true, and it hurts, too, that I can do nothing to falsify my prediction.

The lecture class was of course shelved while the *J*ournal took the floor and went through its customary motions. Now (yesterday) the journal is ready to mail. It has been out of my hands for a week, and the lecture class is on the boards again. It goes without saying that you came in conspicuously under the category, and that your listeners looked up before me constantly as I sat there spinning out the substance of this
high theoretical structure. As the writing proceeds, or
rather in the attempt to proceed, I find myself un-
burdened by an excessive inventory of unheard-of
economic doctrines more or less remotely perti-
nant to the main subject in hand; solvath,
after having written what will perhaps make
some fifty or sixty pages when revised, I have not
yet come insight of the doctrine of Conspicuous
waste, which is of course to constitute the sub-
stantial nucleus of this writing. About the three
chapters and the bond, I don't know. There are difficul-
ties. You ought not now to read anything of so
serious a theoretical character. And then I have
quite forgotten what scheme of subdivision I
may have had in mind when I talked with you
about the three chapters. The scheme actually in
operation is to write what will at a guess
make some thirty pages (12 mo.), and then write
in a new caption and actually make a new
start. Also, I should scarcely be able to revise and complete the three chapters until the whole stands forth in its symmetrical entirety; partly because it would be impossible, and partly because it would be too much bother.

I am still living within Mrs. Vellis's sphere of influence, in fact in the same place, though not in the same rooms, as last year. I see none of that cheese this year; I board at a club, where cheese is rare and of the wrong kind. Mrs. Veblen is farming in Idaho. Her health seems slightly improved, but she does not seem well enough. Mrs. Laughton is, as always, precisely as nice as Professor Laughton, and Mr. Hill is happy, or at least in sparkling good humor. I volunteered the information that Mr. Clesson also married last summer. Mr. Clesson is a German lady, whom I have not met. I don't know if the budget has been made out yet. At any rate nothing has been told me, and I don't know what may be decided about my case. My health is about the same kind as
it has been, but perhaps a little more of it.

Miss Felton is in my class and seems to be doing very fair work, but I don't know her well at all. I shall be glad to give her greetings from you.

Mr. Stuart (also in the class) is doing very well. Among other achievements, he has a paper in the current issue of the Journal (which I make bold to send you a sample of). "There's no more to tell."

You ask what I did during my years off. That is precisely the point. I did nothing. And as I like that sort of thing I enjoyed it; and enjoyment and profit are pretty nearly synonyms with me.

I wish you a very Christmas, and I wish you had a sufficiently indulgent patrimonium to let go on cordially as you ought to. May I add that I wish I could help you do it? For I can do that sort of thing well.

Very truly yours,

T. B. Veblen.
Dear Miss Hardy,

Since I saw you yesterday I have been wrestling with the liveliest regret that has beset me for a good many months past. My stupidity, not to say prudence, prevented seeing or appreciating, until it was too late, the Napoleonic opportunity that of carrying you off and keeping you to myself for the best part of the afternoon. That I should have hesitated to break a previous engagement in order to meet you at Mrs. Evans’s luncheon is by this time quite incomprehensible to me. It is not that I ask you to forgive me for having missed my opportunity, but I have to tell you, and beg you to let me do so, as a refuge from my own abject discomfiture of myself.

I want to tell you also how glad I am to have seen you looking so very well and apparently feeling so well. I have every hope now that your year of retirement will be not only tolerable but in a good measure enjoyable, though I still have some misgivings that you

The University of Chicago, Jan. 18, 1896
are not really as strong as you seem. I hope that yesterday's indisposition has had no bad consequences.

I want also to say a word about the Lepaer class, to which I had no chance to give articulate expression. As I said, the character of this monograph, as near as I can see, is not approximating up to grade. It disappoints me and speaks me that I am unable to say what I want to in the way I want to say it. However, I shall go on with it, though it is very doubtful if it will ever be presentable for publication. It is now (the first draft) about half written, or perhaps rather more, and promises to be longer than was originally planned. I expect, D.V., to complete the rough draft in a month from this time, and shall then have to revise and verify and rewrite. After that, and this is what I am coming to, I want permission to send you—at least portions of the manuscript—tot your criticism. If it is not too much of a task, can you do this for me? or can you undertake it provisionally? I have of course no other clause mean that your kindness in the past has established a precedent. You have saved the wind and are going to reap the whirlwind.

I wish you a happy journey and a profitable return, and I beg you to let me know, if you are not displeased with me, before leaving.

Yours truly,
T. B. Veblen
Dear Miss Hardy,

I beg you to pardon my writing you again in this unpromised fashion. I have an excuse, however, which will appear before I get through, and if that does not prove sufficient I shall appeal to your goodness in the full confidence of being forgiven on the basis of free grace alone. You will also pardon whatever ill taste may appear in my writing you on this dubious stationary. I intend to write a long letter, and on this paper has the nearest surface to obtain of any within reach (being selected primarily with that in view, though with a subsidiary consideration of its inexpensiveness). May it reconcile you to it that it is also the particular paper upon which the Science Class converges, so that it is immediately at hand and resort to it means labor saving on that count also.
Obviously I am going to write you some sage advice touching your health and the measures to be taken to preserve and promote it; at the same time I want to tell you what you ought to do, and what you can do safely, to make your leisure time "profitable", seeing that you are, as I infer, bound to make it so anyway; also I want to talk to you, and without this incentive the two first mentioned reasons would have had a speculative interest only.

Assuming then that you need advice, and assuming also the larger assumption that I am at liberty to thrust myself upon you with it: I understand you to say that Professor Latham had encouraged you in the notion that you should make some sort of an investigation into the industrial situation in Hawaii in some of its phases, along the line of "practical Economics", presumably with a view to "producing something". This was no doubt well meant advice on his part, but, with all respect, I assure you it is all wrong. The only safe way for you is to avoid all work along this line, which
you have had too much of for some time past anyway, and which I am inclined to think is more or less tedious to you at the best. For both of these reasons — and each is sufficient by itself under the circumstances — it is to be avoided. And even if all this were not so, the strain of working toward any given product would be a drag on you such as you can not and must not afford. It was precisely this — the strain of the classroom and of coming up to an excessively high-strung daily ideal of workmanship — that was the proximate cause of your retirement from Willard. It was the strain

than the work; though the strain would not have broken you if you had not been tagged out with "practical economics" beforehand, — which you will pardon me for saying that you are (to my apprehension) by no means specially fitted for nor inclined to.

Therefore leave every thing of that kind out. Don't dare to touch it with the point of your umbrella. I should be sorely grieved and disappointed to find when you get back that you know anything about the economic situation in the islands. It may be quite
irrelevant, whether I am quieted or not, but as my own
preference is the only principle of conduct with which I
am gifted, be indulgent and let me fall back for justification
on the only principle which I have got. Have nothing to do
with nothing that savors of workmanship, especially not
in the way of practical economics. So much for the plan which
I infer that you have been induced into harboring within. We
will consider that out of court.

Now as to the construction part of this scheme.
This will require something in the way of preliminary, premise
and the like. To begin with the beginning: I have a theory which
I wish to propound. I do not know how much, if any at all,
of this I have told you before, apart from the few words that
passed in the carriage on the way to the station. I am
under a vague impression that I have already told you
everything I even knew or thought, but this may not have
been included. If it has been told before you can rescue
save yourself the reading of the present exposition. My
theory touches the immediate future of the development
of economic science, and is not so new or novel as I
make it out to be. It is to the effect that the work of
the generation of economists to which you belong is to consist
substantially (so far as that work is to count in the end) in a rehabilitation of the science on modern lines. Economics is to be brought into line with modern evolutionary science, which it has not been hitherto. The point of departure for this rehabilitation, or rather the basis of it, will be the modern anthropological and psychological sciences, perhaps most immediately, for economic theory in the general sense, that folk-psychology which is just now taking on a definite form. Drawing from this preliminary study of usages, aptitudes, predispositions, and habits of thought (much of which is already worked out in a more or less available form) the science is, in general, to shape itself into a science of the evolution of economic institutions. Detailed theoretical work will of course be in place, as always, and "practical economics" will come in for its share, but these things will have to come into an organic relation with the science, which at present they have not. This theoretical work will have to expand closely on psychological and ethnological data for its premises. This is pretty much all I know about the development of economics in the future, and it
is to be admitted that I might not be able to prove even that much in court. But disturbed in mind, by innuendos, with apprehension that I am about to write a compendium of this rehabilitated science. It will take a bachelor ten years to write out even a working scheme, if it is even done; but it need not be done at all that I know of.

Now, this generalisation of the probable fate of economic science in the immediate future may strike you as pretty fantastic, which I shall admit without reserve if you say so, but there is something that foundation for it all as that economic speculation and writing is visibly taking on such a cast today. This happens, if nowhere else, in the writings of some of the "cranky" economists. It might also be argued that this was the meaning of the movement called the Historical School, but the historians failed to recognise their vocation and ran off into insanities.

On the other hand, the Austrians and their followers in other countries, have been grooping out instinctively and blindly into the domain of psychology, and trying to find there the premises and justification of their theories, but as they were out of date in their
psychology, besides not knowing what they were about, the result has not had the value which it otherwise might. However, and this is to the point even if the rest is not, a reading of some of the books which deal with anthropology in outline would seem come amiss, whether the growth of the science takes one direction or another. So, if you should find that line of reading interesting you might make a trial of it, provisionally. You see, I go on the supposition that you have done very little of the kind; if I am mistaken, then make this all back and beg you to consider it erased. It is reading of a different kind from what kind you out last year and last fall, and that is in its favor. And it need not be carried on for a purpose beyond itself, or with a view to systematized knowledge. If you try it at all, do not let it tire you. Go no farther with it than your curiosity will carry you, and never let it degenerate into a task. Drop it without compensation just as soon as you are so inclined. If it does not interest you for its own sake it is of no use to you anyway.
My reason for thinking you would be interested may seem curious even to you. It is chiefly that your book so kindly to surgeons. I believe it takes more or less of a taste for anthropalogy to like that sort of thing. If you will, I should like to send you two or three elementary books which I have used. (This is the reason for my taking the liberty to write now; so that if I get a favorable answer I could get them to you before you leave California.) These books are easy reading, and I have a hope that you would enjoy at least part of them. And by the way, do not despise them because they seem irrelevant; everything seems irrelevant in anthropalogy if it is taken by itself, nothing if taken with the rest. You could return the books to me when called for or when I see you again. Meanwhile I could send your another installment if you should want more, or if you should want something on any special topic or direction.

Will you write me within a day or two and let me know what you have to say; and will you also tell me how you are getting on with your convalescence?
I know that I have been bold beyond the limits of conventionalities in this, but you will be indulgent because you know that I have a very uncertain grasp of the conventionalities at the best, and I hope you will not find that I have thrust myself gratuitously and indefinitely upon you with all this advice. At the same time do not let the advice influence you against your inclination. If you find me intolerably officious, will you kindly give me a gentle hint that you have had enough of it, and I shall set myself to the task of bringing about a shrinkage of the surplus.

Yours,

7.13. Veblen.
Chicago, Feb. 6, 1876.

My dear friend,

It was kind of you to let me call you so, and I thank you for this and for all the rest of your letter. It was especially gracious of you to speak so kindly of what I had the presumption to write you the morning after you left Chicago.

I have say you may have been alarmed at the incoherence and incontinence of that epistle, but you would have been dismayed to know the continence which it cost. I thank you for undertaking to read me, for me. I was not sure but your earlier professions had been more than half in jest, and I was also not sure until I saw you whether I ought to ask anything in the way of work, but you looked so well and strong that I have no fear on that score now, and I am anxious to get your criticism of the
ms. even comes to anything. This latter point
seems a bit doubtful just now. And by the way
in this connection I have something to retract.
You once expressed an unreflecting desire
to be subsumed under the category of the li-
sure classes, and I was unreflectingly concorded it.
I believe now that that was all a mistake.
The foundation of belief being the Praefer fact,
unexplained but incontroversible, that during the
three weeks since I saw you last the entire
"Emmerson classes" has been in abeyance, having
achieved nothing beyond contributing some
half-a-dozen sheets of handwriting to the waste
basket. If in turn, I did count with a good
deal of confidence on an affirmative when I
asked you for this favor, because I believed you
would do me a favor if you could. I can scarcely
say, however, that I knew, or even freely hoped,
that you would let me design make time and
place, for this latter might be found more awk-
ward than you have any apprehension of. There
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
in no guessing what adjustment your stay in the Islands and on the Coast would suffer under a broad construction of this clause, for which I can not help thanking you, after all, more nearly than for all others. Have you read a story in William Morris' Earthly Paradise called 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon'? Read us not into temptation.

As for the anthropological reading which I have inwrept you into, I do not know that it will be of much direct use; but it should be of some use in the sense of an acquaintance with mankind. Not that man as viewed by the anthropologist is any more — perhaps he is less — human than man as we see him in everyday life and in commercial life; but the anthropological survey should give a view of man in perspective and more in the generic than is ordinarily attained by the classical economist, and should give added breadth and sobriety to the concept of 'the economic man'. At the same time I have to
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
warn you that I am by no means sure that
the subconscious motive may have been
the stronger motive in my soliciting my
advice on you in this matter; it may be
in great part only that this line of reading is
particularly interesting to me. If you find in
the event that something of that sort seems
to be true, I shall be sorry for having helped you
misuse your time, even if, as I am con-
fident, it will help to keep you from brain
work of a kind which would be more of a
hindrance to your health; for I suppose
in that case it would hold that some other
line of activity might have been found which
would have been more to the purpose in all
respects. However, all that can not detract
from the immediate gratification which your
response gives me—gives to my vanity perhaps.
My own knowledge of anthropological and ethno-
logical lore is very meagre and fragmentary,
and it is somewhat presumptuous in me to
offer advice, but if you without saying I shall
want to try my hand at all questions that may occur to you, if you will give me a chance.

I have mailed to your address two parcels of books. I found, on looking it up, that the volume which I should have advised you to begin with (Topinard's Anthropology) is not at hand. I shall be able to send it in a few days. However, as it is in town, I would begin with Topinard, follow that with Montillet (Le Pré-historien), follow that with Brinon and Keane. Of the two last, Keane is the most to be relied upon where they differ. As Topinard is not at hand, it will by no means hurt to begin with Brinon and Keane. Make no effort to remember any of it. The salient points of classification will fix themselves sufficiently by iteration, and the details are not worth remembering. Do not waste work of it; make rest and comfort, that is the rehabilitation of your health, the norm in everything, not to be broken over on any pretext. Drop it all, temporarily or permanently, whenever it is in the least degree intercome.

The book on "Art", by the way, is but in 10 parts
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[Handwritten text in French]

[Paragraphs of text]

[Signature]

[Date]
the monotonous; I think you will find it curious and interesting. Whenever any topic suggests itself on which you would like to read more extensively, write me and I will send such books as you ask for on such as I may think you want.

I shall of course have to concede the point of your paying the freight, though I am sorry to do so, as it will hamper me in sending things which I may think would interest you but which you might not wish to pay postage on. It obviously rests with me, however, to say in what manner the remittance shall be made, as I took the initiative in the matter and so am primarily responsible, and as I further, advance the postage. I have therefore to say that the remittance shall take place only in the form of letter postage, on letters directed to me, and that it shall be payable in a reasonable lump sum.

It may be selfish in me, but I can not help protesting against the lapse of years which
you look forward to before returning to this part of the world. I wish, and always have wished, to see the Coast, even if I can not find a chance to stay there, and the same is true of the Islands, perhaps even more so. The chance of my achieving it seems very small at present, and as the next best thing to seeing it all (with you, if you will pardon my saying so), I will rashly ask you to tell me all about it. You have once implied that you like to write to me — perhaps that should be put in the past tense — and this makes me bold to say that I want to hear from you always, and on every topic, and let me set consideration aside for a moment and say that I want to know all about your life down there in that strange world which I may never see.

Yes, in the future world you shall have full liberty to thank me — I do not know what for — because thanks are sweet, sweetest indeed when undeserved. Please let me know what is to be your address. I wish, having undertaken your education, to send a couple more books.

Your most sincerely devoted master,

7 B. Urblan.
Miss Sarah M. Hardy
Orange Grove Ave
2199 Severadere St
Pasadena
San Francisco 40 California
(Care of Mrs. A. W. Colley)
Chicago, March 31, 1876.

Dear Ellen:

I have evil news to tell you, though it may not be altogether new to you. I have to confess it a fact, for, Miss Hardy, which is no longer to be called by any other name than love. I have come to a conviction that honestly requires me to tell you, and I can see now that I have been deceiving both myself and you about it. She has got into my blood, and there is no help for it. I am sorry to have to speak out, for I know how it will hurt you, and I should be unable to face you with the confession were it not for the fact (which I have known for some time) that she is to be married this spring: so that the futility of my confession can, in a way,
be set off against the bitter wrong which you have suffered.

During these months, while the conviction has been borne in upon me that I am not your husband in fact and right no longer to be so in name, my feeling toward you has not changed. You are still dear to me, just as you have been, — nearer and dearer than anyone else, not even excepting my mother. The new attachment differs in kind rather than exceeds the old in degree, and you are still the best friend that I have in the world. I want to take care of you as well as I can, and to help to make life tolerable for you as far as may be, not out of pity, but because I want to, and I beg you not to cut me off from the privilege of doing what I can. I do not ask you to forgive me, for I know that the evil I have done you is beyond forgiveness, but I believe that I can still be as good and kind a friend and help to you as you can find. But the relation of husband has become untenable, if it has not always been a false one, and the truth of life requires that this false relation should cease in name as it does not exist in fact.

Do not let the unworthiness of my conduct grieve you or add bitterness to the evil which my wretched mistake has brought upon you; I believe the whole has been beyond human power to help or hinder. Deal gently with me for your own sake and for your loved one's sake, and let me still sign myself,

Yours, Thos.
I copy this from a copy, and have not the exact date. One day when I was out Mr. Vibell took all the letters he had written me since his confinement, and also the one I received from you.

June 1892

Dear Ellen:

I have hesitated long, perhaps too long already, before asking the matchless favor which I have to ask today. After what I wrote you two months ago, there is in the nature of the case no course open to us other than a formal legal separation; and I cannot any more for such a separation must come from your side, for the reason that the blame lies with me, and also because I have no plea in which to ask for a divorce. It may seem cruel, and it certainly feels shameful enough, to ask you to make this move, but I do not see any other way. Therefore, if you are
still in Idaho, will you go to Boise City, and put your case into the hands of a lawyer there and let him carry it through. I shall of course expect to pay all expenses, and can remit what ever amount may be necessary. If you are not in Idaho, or not near enough to return there, then place your case in a lawyer's hands in the state where you are staying, and wait there long enough to satisfy the requirements of residence.

I am persuaded that it is better on all accounts to have this matter formally disposed of as soon as may be; and the only way seems to be that you must do it. I am sorry to ask it of you, for I know how it will hurt you, but I do not see that there is any other way out of it.

Please write me a word when you get this, and let me know where you are, and tell me that I am not asking more than I ought to, and tell me, too, what you intend to do and whether I will have a chance to see you this summer.

Affectuomly,

T.P. V. EHR.
not be used any more, and an assurance that I shewed nor take action towards securing a divorce. I shall not be in this part of the country longer. I suppose you can take the action you wish without my cooperation.

Mrs. Gregory knows through me that you did not wish me any longer to be your wife even in name, and as to yourself, I shall not in any wise trouble you in the future. Through my own carelessness, as I find, Miss Willard read a letter I enclosed to her for forwarding. Otherwise the matter is that

known outside of my family and yours, except by

Mrs. Green to whom my sister wrote, on a request that she should tell her sometime. I enclosed the letter that Miss Willard read, and refused to send because I am prejudiced in favor of monogamy. If I have made any complaint of you, it has been to your brother Andrew in recent correspondence, and, I fear, in our argument with Miss Willard about "forgiving you and going back and living with you," a moderate assurance as to your attitude. I mention this to add that I am infinitely sorry for even thus far sinning against my own chaste yielding spiritual union with the one I loved and married. His sins and weaknesses are like my own to me, and though they part us absolutely and forever, I can only accept the death it is for me as the natural consequence in connection with you.
The idea of your family seems to be to keep your actions as quiet as possible. If there is any right and wrong in human affairs, which seems a childish question compared to the one whether the race is worth preserving in its hideousness and suffering, the right is certainly on the side of truth and candor.

It is not only for the sake of my dear marriage ring, which I wear every day and shall wear while I live, but it is with indignation that I refuse to take the offensive and in this far away place.

The law cannot undo what is a fact, and alas! love and shame cannot undo it.

With this let me bid you farewell.

Willy.

Learning, towards the last I slept there, that I was with his parents, Mr. Wilcox came to me without warning. He picked me up from where I lay and took me in his arms. He treated me altogether as his dear wife, and after a time asked me if I ashamed go and call "our mother." He said not me at and about
you as the first — we never have — but all that sad, sweet day I was given to understand by every sign of affection and, as it were, relief that the past was past. More than that — I did not require. Happiness there could never be for us again while we endure, but a kind of comfort in one another there could be — because we were certainly not apart from all others, and we had lived together long and were already old — for this has taken every vestige of youth from us both. I trusted entirely to his honor, and came back here as his wife, without any questions and without any promises or guarantees. But from the moment of reaching this city all has been different. Perhaps he only came to me because his brothers had said that if his parents learned the truth (they do not know me now) the disgrace it would kill them. Perhaps he came thinking it would make you happy to learn that we were together. Apparently he took the step for anyone else but mine, for I came back to even worse than I went away from.
He says in his letter "if the relation has not always been a false one." Name and he guilty of such sacrilege but him himself. He refers later to his "unknown mistake." One may not know but I do that this is a reference to like meaning. How little because he had for being mistaken in his feelings. One may know from the fact that she was my classmate for five years, and told me he loved me "as clearly as he could." When I was only sixteen, and he eighteen. I refused him then as I continued to do. I never expected to marry him, just because of his love. I felt bound to him in a sense, and did not expect to marry anyone else. After leaving college he engaged himself to a new acquaintance whom he "did not love any more told that he loved." He broke this engagement while at Yale. I now knew of it until after we had become engaged. Five years after his graduation from Carleton College. No girl ever had a better right to suppose herself lost with a
wonderfully constant and untroubled and will yield to him. Nevertheless, when we had been engaged six months and he told me it would be three years before we could marry, and made no more to provide the means for our marriage even at that distant day, I broke the engagement, hurt beyond words, to say of his delay, I did this understanding well that his health was watched, that it was not in him to look out for the future, and that he was sober and philosophical at least, but though I had then come to love him with all my life, my pride was stronger, I am glad to remember. If our man had a good opportunity to retreat now at the last moment he did, but when he met me again after all the long silence, he completely ignored that I had done, and with characteristic assurance came to me as my accepted love. When he warned you against marrying unless you compelled it, his implication was—what you may judge it to be. Moreover, when we had been married a year and a half, he told me as though it were a sweet surprise to him, that the Lord me
better than when he married me.

My own feelings will not permit me to say what I mean. When you write from
here, considering what my last year with
Mr. Potter had been, I consider it best to go
so, and I did not dream that he would so
far depart from the wholesome traditions
I enjoyed fidelity as to seek your love, and
that he would turn back to
me. I asked him to promise, before I went,
that he would not correspond with you, and he
promised me. He always has laughed at my
jests on you or treated me roughly, but
it was he himself who opened the subject
by accusing me of it the night after I got
home that fall, when he wrote and found
me crying. But having become aware of my
contrition, you yourself can best judge how
far he considered my happiness and my rights.

In December after I went and he began to
address me once more in affectionate terms
and once wrote—“Remember the sweet
St. Mary's days, and keep yourself ready
to go back to them.” Very suddenly there
came a change, and I felt sure that he had been to see you or you had been here. Something bad had happened, and I lost everything by it.

In March he sent me "The Phantoms Visit", and left me to draw my own conclusions. Taking, I suppose, that I

made express these, and this gave him an opportunity to leave me "for my journey" without needing to make any confession;

but I did not do so. On the 25th April he confessed that which he had denied

with gratitude that it was impossible for me to imagine.

Mr. H. H. White

came to see Mr. Vedren on the day I left

girl. The agony that Mr. Vedren seemed

to suffer during that time, noticeable to me,

did me, in fact, to ask a question — White

you were engaged to Mr. White. His answer was

"I am under the impression that she is." He

had led me once before to believe that you were

engaged to Mr. X., in order, I believe, that I

should stop pontificating against his walking

with you, etc.
When he handed me the first volume of the
book I opened at once to the page which
(I thought from modesty) he had not
shown me. He had done what he did
knowing that it would almost kill me.
I had written it all out in manuscript at
his dictation. Our happiest hours for three
years had been spent in it. I had also read
all the proof once. I closed the book and
handed it back without a word, and he left
me in anger and did not come near me nor
speak to me until the following morning,
when I must to him, as I must have done
if he were ever to speak again. In your
rarity, in my heartbreak, I see visions of
miseryable loneliness.

I had never seen a Platonic friendship,
and I could not believe that you were necessarily
drifting toward what I supposed the your
first experience of love. It seems that Mr.
Viblen was also deceitful, for I can hardly
think that so proud a man could have
made the impression he did without hope, even
if unarmed. I thought him very wrong.
to permit himself to fall into and continue in such a temptation, but that it was an almost overwhelming temptation I could not see. And the sense of this tragic misfortune and of my horrible fate to be in the way of his happiness was what most filled my mind in those days. Since I have known that you did not care for him this tragedy has seemed more than ever all unnecessary to me. When I think of what your fatal friendship has done to us, I feel that you are him at least all that you can give to make his life tolerable. I suppose I love him still in spite of what moans else can begin, and this fact makes my present life with him not only singular to my self-respect but maddening. It could be thankful to see him happy with you in any relation whatever. My life is a nightmare to me, and any alteration of his condition could only be a relief. But what actually will come next I cannot foresee. He thinks he can ruin my life with impurity and that it does not matter—because it is mine. But if I understand myself I shall not long be despairing. And he would not hesitate to take my life.

Yours, D.N.
Chicago, April 1897

Mr. Gregory: — I enclose some letters which I should like to have you read. Although you know that which is behind, yet you are one of the few whom I can trust for assistance. The peace which you wished for us came now come. But even peace is the end of such a storm. It is pain. I do not know whether you have known that I returned here in the face. I wish you to know how I came to do so. Had my husband made this year tolerable for me, or tried to make it so, I could, for the sake of the old love, have borne what I had to bear in silence, and let my life, its ideals, ambitions come to naught as they must, and time closed close over them and bring them without a name. I have not much for the sake of that love. But regret, even, was impossible while love and not bitterness was in my heart. But the best
Six months have been for me what no human being should bear. Nothing but crime or madness could come out of such a life. My whole self did indeed revolt at the idea of merely seeing him again. I could not imagine it either in time or in eternity. It was to make me turn to a lie. The whole universe proclaims it an impossibility. Yet I let an impulse instead of my true instinct dictate what I should do at the moment when my own love and Mr. Viblen's honor were on trial. I trusted him whom I had no right to trust. I thought that not one he need dare to come back to me without having first turned away from the very thought of me. Such was not the case, and I believe he has deliberately treated me this year in such a manner as to compel me to leave him, in which case the odium falls upon me unless all is disclosed. Perhaps he took to my love to shield him to the last, even after this last wrong. I cannot yet be sure that every trace
I gentlemen have been destroyed in me, since I believe I was largely made up of that quality, judging by my own course. But as I now know that my heart has known its last touch of grief, so I also suspect that tenderness will here actuate me again. I am taking this step—writing you—I know that I not only take my life in my hands but that I cannot with myself to give them pain, for the first time. After his confession to me I refused to accept anything from him. As he does not met me with disfavor though I was as far as possible from wishing to share his life, I shall, if I hear him again refuse to allow him to contribute anything to my support. But I have long been thinking that I would not again, as I did in the past last year, by holding him, refuse myself to tenderness and insult. An occurrence of two or three days ago don bone confirmed me. When I was buying goods to take with me on my unutterably lonely voyage last year I bought
some days and nights of a man located near the University. When after many cutlaries, Mr. Veltue endeavored to go and look at them, it was in a manner to give that man the impres- sion - one single - that he cared neither about the deal, nor about me, nor about my lonely undertaking. I quite appreciated more that the whole matter was disgraceful. I have met this man twice on the street lately. He seemed surprised to see me back. The last time he said there must be in my face as he hurried past me - 'Are you walking the streets?' I did not understand or foolish a question and asked him what he said, and he repeated it and was gone. After some moments it came to me in what manner I had been addressed by a man who knew us and our position. This to, Mr.tesy, of Mr. Veltue our neighbors this man he will pretend not to recognize him.

Therefore if I take any action it will not be to get a degree in some distant state where none of my enemies can see me, but I shall know in my heart that I deserve this to rank my fame as a woman who had left her husband, but it will be among our friends and acquaintances where I can meet with respect. I will never...
again endure for his sake what I have in the past, for not even my own family knows that anything was amiss until that letter a year ago. My poor health has been made to cover all that seemed strange and has been used freely by me both, even though produced by the situation it was supposed to conceal.

I wish you to know that Mr. Vedder's health is entirely broken down. He says that he will not live through the year. I wish you to know that he & his two children were pleasant enough to me & I desired no ambitions. He spoke of resigning his position here, which means that he will drop out of university life, and do no more work.

I can give you no idea of how happy it made me. I was quite ready to easily look forward to this as I. Probably far more so, for Mr. Vedder was decidedly a comrade for some time when I married him. The beginning of his dissatisfaction was that he was ashamed of me, then after three years of country life, and living solely
upon what little money I had, spending all our time together in the most intimate and happy association, in a place where I and my family were well known, and had no need to keep up my reputation by outward appearances, went away into the West on a fellowship, and there I have lived ever since until this year when I lost them in poverty, nothing as I never had before, and having myself everything. My appearance in society had not creditable. To him I shall now have to support myself in what way I can not know. My search has so far been unsuccessful.
Chicago
20 July 1900

My dear Mrs. Gregory,

Lately, on returning from a tour of inspection of the Rockefellers iron mines north of Lake Superior, I had the pleasure of finding your note of the fourth waiting for me. You will pardon me if the spirit of indulgence moves me to protest against the work of superimposition of your returning the copy of Ward's review which you had honored me with requesting.

Moreover, it is not kind of you and scarcely relevant, to use irony and other allied figures of speech concerning the English of the patriarchal. Sociology in a case where laudable sentiment gets the better of his fiction. What you say is true—as it should be—and what you simply is perhaps more still—as is not surprising—when you speak of the magnanimity and positiveness with which Mr. Ward understands the "Leisure Class". I assume you, his review has been a great help to me in that respect. It has brought me to a sobering realization of the very great forbearance in my writing, and what I now understand to have been my thinking and my insight, have for the spread of knowledge among men.

I am unable to share your view, that the allegation of "too much truth"
is to be taken as an accusation. I find myself unable to meet it. It is probably to be construed as a supposition, and that being the case I should like to cross out the exclamation point with which you follow it, as well as the one which punctuates the expression “clear head”.

To continue this chapter of sometimes, it is not for me to define “too much truth,” partly because I disapprove responsibility for the expression and partly because my “next book” will have too much else to take care of. The “next book” has been named, as you may have noticed, by the Ward, and also by others before him. It is to be called “The Lust red of Workmanship” — a phrase which, perhaps without your knowing it, owes to you.

I have no doubt such a volume on the Inshind will be written before long, but I confess, though I should not like to have it go farther, that I don’t know what or what kind of things will go into this new book.

It is needless for me to say how sincerely I thank you, not only for your kindness in writing your congratulations, however equivocal, but even more for knowing better than the great man who have been good enough to criticise me.

Yours very truly,

P. S. By the way, dear Wright, and I not, in casting a kind of veil at your being no longer concerned in the Journal? Kindly bear in mind that the pages of the Journal are always open to you with an expectant and hungry Spencer.
Mrs. Warren C. Gregory
Sequoia
Tulare Co. California
July 20, 1900
June 27, 1903.
With many thanks I remain
one of your audience
S. W. H. Gregory

P.S. In your next book
will you kindly define
"two distinct truths" 1/27/06
S. W. G.
29 May 1901

Dear Mrs. Gregory,

After so long a time I hope you have not forgotten the half-promised set of papers on some one or the Pacific industrial or business enterprises of the Coast. I have not urged it in the interval, because you pleaded that you would be busy during the first few months of the fall and winter on account of the monings which was immediately ahead. If it should be possible now or in the near future for you to help us out with anything of the kind — whether it be fruit, wine, oil, fish, or what not, and whether it be as to industrial methods or results, or as to the business management, or both — it would be an act of charity to us and a service to the rest of the race. In any case, I beg you to let me know what chance there is.

There seems at present to be some chance of my making a visit to San Francisco this summer, probably by about the middle of July, if at all, and if you should then be in town I might, if I have your permission, find out
My dear Mr. [Name]:

It is not often that one receives so much pleasure as yours this morning, and I am very glad to see you at this time. It will be a great pleasure to see you at your convenience, and I am very happy that the presence of [Name] allows all the more time for pleasant conversations.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]
particularly what you think of this matter and what you would like to do. It is not certain that I shall have the pleasure of seeing either you or your country this summer, even with your permission, but there is at least ground enough to let me hope so.

Kindly convey my regards to Mr. Gregory, and let me know how you and your boy have passed through the winter. I was told, by your mother (to whom I should like to send a word of remembrance), that your health had been quite precarious the previous year, including a severe siege of illness. I hope nothing of the kind was befallen you this year.

I made time the other day, to send you a copy of a paper of mine, written since I saw you. This I direct to your old address, not being sure of the new. I trust it reached you, not so much because of your interest in it as because of my own.

This also I am directing to your old address, for the same reason as the last.

Yours very truly,

Thorstein B. Veblen
Long ago, a wise man taught me that
will make you healthy. Never do today what you can do but tomorrow. Remember, every action you take today will affect the future.

Friends, if I were sick, I would not ask you to visit me. Would you not return the favor of my visit on your part? I am writing these lines on your behalf, and I hope you will read them.

There is a saying that every action has its consequence. I wish I could fill my table with the good deeds of my past deeds. But the reason is that I know there is no such person as I wish I could fill my table with the good deeds of my past deeds.

There are several other things I wish I could fill my table with the good deeds of my past deeds. But the reason is that I know there is no such person as I wish I could fill my table with the good deeds of my past deeds.

Indeed, it will be a great pleasure to me to hear from you. I am glad to see at home, and I am sure you will write a letter to me about your plans. I am sure you will write a letter to me about your plans. I am sure you will write a letter to me about your plans.

My dear Mr. Stewart,

I am writing to express my gratitude for your kind invitation to visit me. I have reached the point where I can only appreciate the kindness shown. Upon its receipt, I am sending you my best regards.

Yours truly,

S. W. A. Gregory
Chicago 27 June 1903

My dear Mrs. Gregory,

Have I been over bold? Had I known that my pamphlet would disturb you and make you less happy, it should not have been allowed to do mischief. Yet you save me from much remorse with the remark that the reading has been a pleasure to you. Which encourages me to talk, as you know most things do. Majores honeste vidências, i.e. The pamphlet is a chapter out of a prospective book, which has this week gone out to seek a publisher. You may have seen enough to criticize in the pamphlet and in the journal article which you are kind enough to speak of, but the book, I am credibly told, is still more "beyond", or, as my friends who have seen it say, beside the point. Its name is "The Theory of Business Enterprise" - a topic on which I am free to theorize with all the abandon that comes of immunity from the facts.
I am more interested than you would readily admit in your excursion into English. Still, I am glad to say that so far there is no evidence of your English having suffered from the lessons.

The chance at present seems to be that I shall be in San Francisco sometime early in August. If this should come true, it should hope to call, if you are in town at that time, and see and hear how things are going with you.

Sincerely yours

[Signature]
June 27, 1903.

[Handwritten text not clearly legible]
Chicago 24 July 1906

Dear Mrs. Gregory,

I am not only with procrastinators, I have been delayed about getting away from here, so that I am known out of the chance of making use of your kind invitation to your house this summer. You will pardon the delay in acknowledging your invitation, I know, because you are in the habit of doing greater evills. I have not known from day to day, when I might get away. Speak for me as well as you can to Mrs. Gregory and to Donald. Better I hate it, does not remember and is in no way interested.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. Bell
accept our proposal to this effect.

We should note that your request is in line with our interests, and we believe that it will lead to a beneficial outcome for both parties. However, we would like to clarify a few points before proceeding:

1. The terms of the agreement should be clearly defined to ensure fair and transparent dealings.
2. We are committed to maintaining the highest standards of quality and service.
3. Our partnership will not affect our current commitments to other projects.

We are confident that these considerations will be met, and we look forward to working closely with you.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Date]
July 26, 1906

Mrs. Warren Gregory

Berkeley

(La Soma) California
13 November 1908

Dear Mrs. Gregory,

It was a great shock to learn of Jean's illness. I trust she is well along to good health again by now, and that the strain is over for you. I have had some notion of finding an opportunity to see you during your stay in San Jose, but it has not so turned out. Since coming back I have moved from the Cedro to the campus, – a tedious and long drawn matter, due to the slow and uncertain movements of the Business Office. Otherwise there is nothing to relate.

Lastly I have mailed to your Berkeley address a copy of the paper on the Scientific Point of View. I hope soon to see you in good health and spirits.

Sincerely,
Th. Brackett
Nov. 1908

Mrs. Warren Gregory
Care of Dr. Howard B. Gates
San José

Ponco Building
California
Dear Gregory,

Having not heard from President Woodrow as to the Carnegie appointment I have, since your letter of the 13th, written to inquire as you suggest.

I am very grateful to you for your kindness in all this matter, as well as to Judge Snowden, to whom I wish you would convey my thanks for his interest when occasion may offer.

I am seen no opportunity to make use of Mitchell, who kindly offered to do what he could as soon as he reached New York and found the letter from you carrying that suggestion.

Sincerely,

T. B. Veblen
My dear Mrs. Gregory

Your invitation to The Farm overtook me after I had made the mistake of coming away from California, and it has gone unacknowledged all this disgraceful time because I promptly got sick again—a sequel of last winter's "flu." When I went to California last spring I had already made up my mind to intrude on you, but then, unfortunately, came a call to return east and I had to forgo it. Still I have a confident hope of seeing you all at least once again before the curtain.

Kindly give my best wishes and my thanks to Mr. Gregory, and
to Beth and Don, who I hope may still remember me.

I am leaving here this week for New York, where I expect to go on with the lectures at The New School, on a reduced schedule for this fall. And where I shall be very glad to hear from you again.

Sincerely yours,

Thorstein Veblen
The New School for Social Research
465 West Twenty-third Street
New York City

Sept. 1920.

Mr. Warren Gregory
Box 213 - R. R. 1.
Santa Cruz
California

Fred R. I.
559 Corner Street Palo Alto California
10 May 1928

Dear Mrs. Gregory,

Thank you. I had been looking to see you again soon, but I take it that you no longer count on calling in on your way to the farm, as I once had hoped. Still, there is the chance when you get back.

I thank you for the check and for the goodwill that visibly underlies it, and I count on both to smooth the way to Greenbay.

Sincerely,
Thorstein Veblen
Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to inform you that I am unable to attend the 22nd Annual Conference on [Subject] due to unforeseen circumstances. I had planned to present my paper titled "[Title]" but must遗憾地取消 my attendance.

I regret any inconvenience this may cause and hope to reschedule our meeting at a later date. Please let me know if there is any other way I can contribute to the conference.

Thank you for your understanding.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
May 1928

Mrs. Sarah H. Gregory
Greenwood Terrace
Berkeley, California
Columbia University
in the City of New York
FACULTY OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

Jan 24, 1938

My dear Mr. Gregory:

For some reason, I was particularly pleased to receive your letter on the Veblen biography. I think a good part of your praise of it, should be given to Professor Mitchell. He pulled me through more than one trying situation, not only intellectually, but by me under circumstances that would have found most men wanting. He had a strong faith in me, which can hardly be explained in terms of the modern canons of worldly wisdom. A good deal of my patience and tact were had it been in a feeling that the book had to justify his opinion of me, as an opinion which he publicly expressed to doubters. On top of this, we two went on, and the two became saturated with Veblen, there arose a command of Veblen's spirit, that I do him full justice, and avoid all shortcuts. It was only after the book was completed, that I realized that
I had written the book in the spirit of Veblen. But I paid the penalty of losing a secure faith, and instead found the world more a puzzle than ever.

It seems to me that the "implications" of the book which you so clearly saw will not be noticed for a long time, if ever, particularly by the professional Veblenists.

I acknowledge you a great debt for listening over those letters.

Respectfully yours,

Joseph X. Steinman