



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1895-04-08

Letter from Eliza S. Hendricks to John Muir, 1895 Apr 8.

Eliza S. Hendricks

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book, with the "presentation-copy" - remembrance
added to its other charms, will always
be a well spring of pleasure to ^{me} I am looking
forward with interest to your Alaska book.
Mrs. Scobee is in the East now, lecturing
upon her work. She is a very interesting
latter, and, in going about, is acting under
orders from the Missionary Board. I met her at
the house of a friend who entertained her when
she recently visited Indianapolis, and was glad
to find she knows and admires you.

Yours, with warm regards
Elizabeth S.

Hendricks.

822

411 N. Meridian St.
Indianapolis April 8, 95

My Dear Mr. Muir: -

In a letter I wrote
you not long since in acknowledgment
of the receipt of your book, which I
presume reached you in due time, I
took occasion to tease you a little bit
regarding the somewhat "fishy" flavor
of your most interesting account of
the irreverent behavior of the Douglas
Squirrels when you sang, or whistled

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the "Old Hundredth" in their cars. Although I told you at the time that I entirely believed your statement, yet I have had a slightly uncomfortable feeling ever since, that you might not wholly understand that I was only using a friend's privilege in giving you for telling a wonderful story, which, told by a less truthful man, I might have doubted. Jokes are dangerous things to handle and are sometimes misunderstood even by good friends. I once knew a prominent ^{man} - ^{the late} Attorney General Quinn of Washington City - who said he rarely attempted a joke, without giving offence. Now do not think that I believed Sidney Smith when he said "a joke could not reach a Scotchman's brain without a surgical operation". You can both give and take gracefully. I only feared I had not made myself clear - hence this note, which is, perhaps a work of supererogation. Your

[Marked "Indianapolis letter"]

611 N. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, April 8, '95.

My dear Mr. Muir:

In a letter I wrote you not long since in acknowledgment of the receipt of your book, which I presume reached you in due time, I took occasion to tease you a little bit regarding the somewhat "fishy" flavor of your most interesting account of the irreverent behavior of the Douglas squirrels when you sang, or whistled the "Old Hundredth" in their ears. Although I told you at the time that I entirely believed your statement, yet I have had a slightly uncomfortable feeling ever since, that you might not wholly understand that I was only using a friend's privilege in guying you for telling a wonderful story, which, told by a less truthful man, I might have doubted. Jokes are dangerous things to handle and are sometimes misunderstood even by good friends. I once knew a prominent man, the late Attorney General Dunn of Washington City, who said he rarely attempted a joke, without giving offence. Now do not think that I believed Sidney Smith when he said "A joke could not reach a Scotchman's brain without a surgical operation." You can both give and take gracefully. I only feared I had not made myself clear - hence this note, which is perhaps a work of supererogation. Your

Your book, with the "presentation copy" remembrance added to its other charms, will always be a wellspring of pleasure to me. I am looking forward with interest to your Alaska book. Mrs. DeVore is in the East now, lecturing upon her work. She is a very interesting talker, and, in going about, is acting under orders from the Missionary Board. I met her at the house of a friend who entertained her when she recently visited Indianapolis, and was glad to find she knows and admires you.

Yours, with warm regard,

Eliza S. Hendricks.