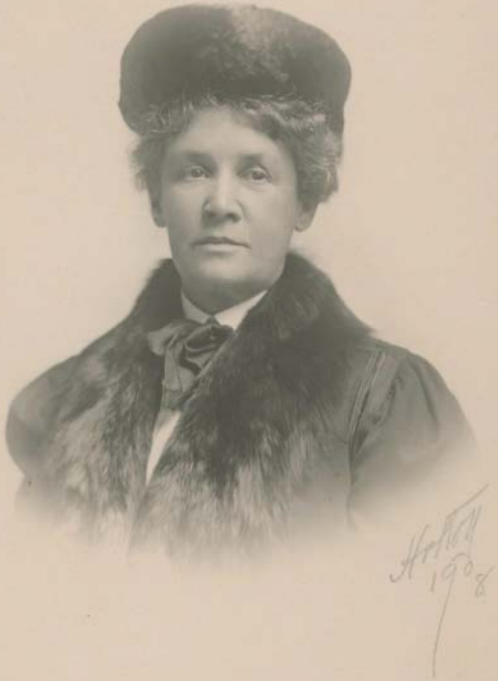
1908

Alice Brown.

50 W. Newton St., Boston.
Jan. 25, 1884.

Mr. Barrett,
Dear Sir, –

That I should have followed your publication of a successful novel by an unsuccessful one of my own would seem of itself to constitute no claim on your consideration. You made "The Pagans" and I wrote "Stratford" which succeeded it. You have apparently a means of earning your living and I have none. Has the The Courier any

work for me to do? I have done some reading of MSS. for Henry Hall; I think he would recommend me as a critic. I have done good work in the general literary department of the Christian Register, and I am sure Mr. Barrows would speak many words in my favor.

Will you not give me some newspaper work? I am equal to dramatic criticism, book notices and — in short, anything but fashion notes.

Yours very truly,
Alice Brown.

So Mr. Newton Ill.
Feb. 2.

Mr. Bates.
Dear Sir.

Let me thank you for the great kindness of your letter. Words containing such genuine sympathy do make one's bread sweeter, although, as you say, they may buy no butter for it. But the said butter one can live without longer for the encouragement.

Yours very sincerely,
Alice Brown.

250 Water Street
Newburyport
July 29

Dear friend! (Does it that sound like a "country" beginning? but I mean it.) Won't you tell me whether your foot got well? I was sorry about it. The garden and I are working hand in hand. Nothing

happens here but
buds blowing and
weeds chasing
us all. But
I do hope you
are having something
good.

Always warmly
and gratefully yours,

Alice Brown

Is Helena Richie
a "great book"?

11 Pinckney Street
December 4 -

But we can't regard this as the will of God and sit down under it! Have you asked George Barton? Could One have had such a fool book? But if I suggested the spelling of Louisa, I know I could it have been mentally moved by the aura of a book I never saw.

I feel like the man at the Zoo contemplating the camel and saying "There's no such animal."
Things are not as recent as this.
There must be an explanation.
What is it?

A.B.

Awful thought!
Are you playing a joke on me?

11 Buckingham Street

Dear AB: — Thank you so much for taking me on your Chinese trip. Some would have gone alone. Think how selfish that would have been! And I can say without conceit that I believe I was a right-companion because I should have picked out to enjoy just the things you did — the little things, the

snapshots that make one see.
I find I keep thinking about the
Chaucerian tempests of passion.
Why is it, when they grow into
such palatable calm?
I expected to bring this back
myself and ask to come in
and have a small gossip.
But I go to Newburyport
tomorrow for three days because
I can get a boy to dig.
But I do want to
see you before "last-day."
I wonder if you have read
The Heritage, by Valentina
Hawbry. I loved it. It
begins in 1352 and lasts
through to motor cars!
Yours, with many thanks
indeed for Chinese days,
A.P.B.
Sunday

to have wrecked him. What
a lot date of the book!
and oh, is it good stuff?
Yours loftily
AC

it — if it's verse —
good verse? Or
did George Boulat
put a name to him?
I know I did it,
and I fancy Laura
Hills did it, for
she was rather
quiet, I remember,
and afterwards
funnily thought
us wildly brilliant

I am crazy, too!
I had company or
Sunday and could not
find a minute to
tell you so. We
did create him. But
who named him?
Did you? Did Orie?
Was it a vestige
left in the brain
of one or other of you
by some time seeing
the book? Are
they poems? Is

The Outlook,
Arlington Heights.

Dear Mr. Bales:—

I know you would not suspect me of Polandizing for yours Oliver, and so I want to say a say I have been reviewing for weeks. When I first read the Puritans, it was with a befuddled brain. Yet I saw then how clever it was, and how good. Long after, when I was beginning to come out of my haze, I read it again, bits at a time, and

as if, so far as Art goes (and she goes very far, I believe more and more!) the world is before you. And I am so glad.

For two days I have dared to believe the gray cloud is lifting from my brain, and I almost dare say I shall work a little in a month. It's been a weary way; but I think I should know how to help anybody else who is there, and that's something. — And they've put me into specs! real specs, not proud pinchers like yours.

Cordially always,
Alice Brown.

Aug. 25.

I saw clearly how much more than clever and good it surely is. I was not surprised at the workmanlike construction or the ~~defi~~ deft character touches, but I am more than delighted at its moral depth and beauty. It seems to me a reverent and a profoundly religious book, — the religion that does not need to be formulated. I cannot yet write coherently and as I would, and this may sound to you pushing rather than critical, - but that we can't help! One thing, however, I beg you to believe, - that it gave me a strong impulse of hope. It seemed as if you had waded through doubt and misery of mind, and had, perhaps unconsciously, reached a point where you could do your very best work, - work better than you dream of doing. Unreasonably I feel as if "morning's at seven" with you, and

250 Water Street
Newburyport

Dear Olivia Baker: — Thank you many times over for your letter, which was very heart-warming indeed. One of the papers said I took a "childlike pleasure" in the prize. I should think I did. I feel like a very small insane person hugging the special

And this does it sound as if I liked your letter as much as I did!

boy for which I would gladly have spent all the pennies in all the bankes. Isn't just amazing to get the desire of the heart, is it? You know, you and mistress Hallea. I hope to find for her a little green parrot like mine, to sit all day on a candle-stick and peek at the candle. He is about an inch long and very convincing and beautiful. And believe me I am your truly grateful friend

June 10 Alice Astorm

A punctual Sitter
that saved Nine.
Was asked by the
Mayor to dine.
But he found himself
set
In an afternoon get-
up, and so was
obliged to decline.

Write like lightning,
because many reaches
me, Jamesfield, Co
Cork. Cordially yours
Alice Brown

There once was a cracked
Kitchen Pot

That grinned when the
others grew hot.

Said he: "What a fool!
Why don't you keep cool?
I've measured this world
to a dot."

over

acknowledging I can't have "put it over". The only thing I should "answer" would be "of course no woman is ethical", — but I'm pretty sure that's, as Patti said to Napleton when she'd become a Catholic & he caught her eating meat of a Friday & told her she must 'ile, "any one of your jokes."

— Ah, but dear AB., don't say there's anybody you'd "decline to know." (Except, of course, Milton!) I hate — and scorn — the infringements of the code as much as you do — but I always have to sew another wire into my hair shirt to the effect that "nothing is contemptible save contempt." Except, again, in the case of W.W.! I shall never attain the moral decency of being willing to know him. But I am a peculiarly yours, & I

I am willing, in a few humorous moments, to believe it's all a "bum joke" & that it's Thursday.

Yours
D. G.

1 Rean Avenue
Newbury port

Dear AB: — You move a deal too much humble and I ponder what you say. You see it all goes back to the strength or weakness of the work. I can only write people as I see them — each individual not conforming to the general laws of events but to the pressure on his own individual life. And if I can't make it apparent

that his individual life does not contradict the general logic of events, however it may seem to. Then, as the pump man said to me: "If it does run down, it's a bum job!" Because story writing isn't propaganda. It isn't saying through the mouth of a character: "I believe this & so." It isn't making a hero. It isn't making a man who comes through true to perfection. He is likely to come through true to what he may think is perfection, but hopeless scarred & atrophied in another side of his nature, through his sin. For Nemesis does not sleep because we get "converted." But, if the reader does not see that I mean to hoed up the imperfections in the goods as well as the original weave, then it is a "bum job" and I must try again! I begin to believe only the biggest can paint the picture — & in the confidence that nobody's need a catalogue. But this isn't really arguing my point. It's only

against staying is that I heard him making fun of several of their authors & betraying their secrets in his own house (Mrs. Crane being present!) now I may be betrayed by jackanapeses just as badly in New York, but I'm not so likely to hear it. Oh, one funny thing about the telephoning was this. I have said to several people that I think a neat way out of an embarrassing interview by telephone

Hill. N.H.

now see here Max, dear old B., what I think. I think this is right and that Greenslet is discourteous, not because he wishes to be but because he knows no better. He is a "dull ass" and he won't "mend by hearing." And he's cocky. And he's commercial. This is what I have done. I have left the ms.

he thought "would sell" with Mr. Booth, who thinks ephemeral well of it. Panel there it's going to stay for the present, and meantime I have gone to Macmillan with a girl's book (coming out this fall) and a book of short stories (next spring). I gave H. & M. no notice. I kicked up my heels and went. The first they heard of it was through Constables to whom I wished to go for English publication. Whether they will "queer" me with Constables, I don't know. I have lost my two persons. I want the change to be accomplished quietly. Ole, and Greenslet, hearing of it, telephoned me asking if I had gone and I told him I had been dissatisfied for a long time. (I did not tell him there — though I may sometime — that one of my cousins

Jenny hunt — his gifts and his luck. — I'm so sorry you hate the summer. And I'm sorry time heals you so helpfully that you can't have that. It is still here. The nights are solemn in their quiet. Only a few banks and an owl goes sweeping the whole length of the wood inquiring Who? Who? Who-who? in a way that makes me want to put my head under the clothes. My love to you, too. You are good to know & to have known. You always help me keep my pants in "armor brake".

Cordially always

would he to keep saying "I can't hear you", which would give you time to think. Well, when I talked with Greenslet, I really couldn't hear him very well, and had to keep telling him so, and I couldn't help wondering if he was one of the people it's passed my little recipe to. I find I took my opinion of Greenslet at second hand from Louise Ginney, but she is a catholic

sane who tolerates all conditions if they are clean and pleasant. But see no more of him! Another thing I have against him is that he tells what his wife thinks of me. Now she may be an Egeria, but she's not mine. — It's a disheartening thing, is it not, to have them praise a novel's substance and withdraw because it "wasn't well." Don't put yours away. One reason why I was so easily discouraged about mine was that Greenslet said his wife thought she recognized portraits of persons on Beacon Hill! That was the last remaining insult. If I wanted to "portray" I should go farther than Beacon Hill, shouldn't you? (Except for Mrs. Bell!. I think she'd make a good sitter if one cared to be. But actually who wants to do anybody when they've got that damn complex in their brain?) My love to Orie. Tell him

on Tuesday, because my eyes were twisted into knots, and I didn't dare use them further. But the tickets did good service to two people who wanted very much to go, who said it was deliciously and unintentionally funny, and that the audience went out glowing with intellectual puffed-up-ness, saying, "Oh, why can't we have more

67 Pinckney Street

Dear Mr. Bates: —

I read the play (I use the word advisedly) and then kept it to read again. It is, without Barbet, a beauty. The only flaw, to my mind, is Fairina's last speech on p. 73. That savors too much of feminine spite and railing for that pure soul to use. I would not have her

on the stage unworthily. She is a darling child — all youth and lightness, strength and innocence. I am willing to bet happiness Julia Marlowe would jump at her, — unless her present money-making clap-trap has spoiled her judgment. But — I'd never go to see Julia Marlowe do her, not for all Venice. (The double negative is not too strong.)
After all, I had to go to the cuckoo

perfect, but she is so delicate and wonderful that I want every single feature such as would turn to pleasure.
You saw Bernhardt.
Don't you? You will find that queen, too! And as for her — for Fiamma — I see quite plainly you mean to keep her hidden rather than

of this kind of thing!"
So you see I got a
great deal out of them
at second hand, though
I could not use them, —
and I thank you.
— I wish there were
something stronger than
"thank you" for this
play. Cordially yours,
Alice Brown.
Why it moves — like
Atalanta! Please print
it!

Hill, N.H.

Dear AB: I did come, and went all over to Newburyport and then came up here for part business and part pleasure. I shall be home in a couple of weeks, I think, and then I shall tell you and be so glad to see you. The summer was wonderful, but it's no joke to travel so fast! Still, I was greedy. I wanted every shred of the beautiful tapestry I could snatch.

Always cordially,

October 13 A.B.

of Greece that he could settle
her — in leading-strings — in
half an hour. ———
No, kind sir! I don't care
much for logic as it
appears in the mouth
of the brilliant talker.
(That's you!) for it seems
to me to amount to this:
That A is this and
so, and therefore B
must be something
else. Which would be
quite true if A were
this and so; but more
than half the time

67 Pinkney Street.

Dear Mr. Bates:

Thanks you very much.
Your letter makes me
feel the more that we
should do what seems
to us the inevitable
thing without listening
to outside voices. It
may not be the best
but it is the best for
us. For your complaint
of the lack of balance
in the books seems to
me quite just, as the

books stands. As I offered it to H&M. it was "The Letters of Francis Hume" edited by A.B." I meant it to have a fragmentary character, exactly as there would be if one tried to write a biography with insufficient materials. But H&M. insisted on another title, and then, to my amazement, they advertised it as a novel. That challenged an entirely different judgment from what the book is calculated to meet. It is not a novel. It's a little piece out of life as life seems to me. All which is not very coherent, but I'm incoherent and angry from having a butter-fit at the breakfast table with a red cheeked, fat society man of thirty (by years) and three (by intelligence) who knows so much about the motives

it's not, and we, with our "poor eyesight" never know it. It's my experience that the dogmatic logician is the one who dares to act on apparent conclusions: who does not sufficiently reverence the subtle, invisible influences which are always qualifying what he thinks he sees. But this is an older issue, and I am writing to thank

you for taking the trouble
to write me. Believe
me, I do thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Annie Brown.

Sunday.

11 Pinckney Street

Dear Arlo Bates:

I felt quite a glow of pleasure over this rosy book. Thanks you. I don't believe you know what a messenger you were to me, this other night. I had been darkening, evrans, bitter, this winter, as I never am. I think: and you were

so human and
wise and kind that
the ice in me broke
up and since then
I've smelled the
spring. Thank
you!

Sincerely always,
— and so friendly! —
Alice Brown.

April 14

Dear A. B.

Let me tell you that!
more than either of our
books (judging from the
one I have read!) do
I praise the unfailing
cleverness, the wild
invention, the romantic
license, the altogether
splendid comedy of the
superscription on the
flyleaf of my Intoxicated
Ghost! I thank you
for a merry moment
as well as for the
book. a. b.

96 Chestnut Street

I sometimes think we'd
better always use the
true story of things,
instead of merely saying
"Thank you. That was
very kind." And this
is the true story. I
came home the other
night, too tired, thinking
"The life so short
The craft so hard to learn"
and incidentally
mentioning to God that
He'd better do something

to cheer me up. And lo!, here was the little blue dish. I shall find it very easy to believe in big miracles, the little homely ones are so patent to me. For you see it was it merely a dish — though truly it is of the kind I want to touch and eat as well as look at. I am glad you've come home. I shall be here, I hope, Thursday afternoon of this week. If I don't see you,

I shall want to very much talk — and again I am glad you're here.

Gratefully yours,

Alice

Sunset

96 Chestnut Street

It is a beautiful book.
— so true, so sincere,
so sweetheartedness that
I feel great love for
it. And so will
everybody who has
lived at all.
Thanks you for it.
Yours gratefully,
Alice Brown.

Wednesday

96 Chestnut Street

Dear Mr. Bates: When I came home from Newburyport I found my Graceful Compliment awaiting me. (I have been reading Josephine Daskam's "Fables for the Fair", and I can't help imitating.)

Thank you heartily. I want and dread to read it, for it discourages me to have my faults formulated. Sometimes,

at least just after finishing a piece of work, I feel:

"Let us alone! Time driveth onward fast!"

If I can't write, I'd as soon not know it! Haven't that belongs to a woolly frame of mind which must not be encouraged.

Again, thanks you!

Cordially,

Alice Brown.

46 Chestnut Street

Dear Mr. Bates: I would exchange these for the reserved seats myself, except that I don't know whether you like the very front. Remember, I don't think of this as a play, but only a play for reading. I mean the lines are longer, it is simpler, more legato. — Miss Bangs said yesterday, unsolicited, that The Dream is one of the "sweetest"

books she has read.
And she added, musing
enough, "Why, young
girls ought to read it,
to find out what
goodness is."

Sincerely yours,
Alice Brown.

Sunday

'95

London, September 1.

Dear Mr. Bates:

It is good of you to tell me you like my stories, and I thank you. I appreciate it the more because you have known so many of my failures and so much of my discouragement.

Miss Guiney and I have had a long lovely summer here in England, gypsying, and

Probably this article to be addressed
"Professor Bates, but liking and awareness,
I object.
Sometimes I want to tell you as funny but
connected with our dear (and non-humorous)
Mrs. Malloch and your darling mislaid self.
It's too malicious to write; my remark
of a conference would last it up!
Mrs Gunning is at early Mass or Jim
sure she would send you greeting.

now the fair skies tell us
it is time to go home.
(Actually there has been a
sky, even in London, for
the past week!) we sail
on the twenty-sixth,
and already our long tramps
begin to seem like wonderful
dreams.

I hope the world has
been good to you. Indeed,
I always hope so

Cordially yours,

Olive Brown.

I prize your letter
very much.
Alice Brown.

Orie Bates Esq
4 Otis Place
Boston
Massachusetts