

## IX.

Sir you will find Stamp enclosed for which you will please write me immediately what Sum will be allowed me for a Love Story of Say Something over 10,000 words. this Story that I have almost Completed is a true one having Some experience in Same—I am prepared to relate the events just as they happened you will please tell me also how I am to send Story i e in what Style and how written you I presume fix all question marks and So on—as need be Shall I divide off chapters or will you do that this being my first experience in writing a Story you will be as Kind in aiding me as possible if Successful in this will make it a practice I am not compelled to use my real name in regard to the Story am I or am I not? I will sign my real name to this in order to be certain of reply you will please give this your immediate attention.

## X.

Dear. Sir.

I. have three short storys I. would like very much to sell the three weighed together weigh one pound and a half will you Kindly let me Know if you would like to examine the Mss. if so I. shall send it to you hoping to hear from you at an early date I. remain

Very Respectfully.

To the above we may add the following letter, which came to THE BOOKMAN a few mornings ago:

Dear Sirs:—Wont you please let me know why you kept my MSS so long and now return it? I simply wrote you thinking perhaps it had never reached you, or that you have forgotten it. Please sirs, if you intended to publish it wont you do so yet and how soon can you? Also under what terms? If you cant publish, wont you please tell me of some publisher who would help me? I enclose Sample of my Paper. Please dont take me for a freak, but a honest young man who trys to fight the battles of life senseable. . . . This I only mention as a part history of my life. If you accept, pay me a snug sum now and remainder years royalty. Then go to work and announce in the Patent Sheet and Associated Press Papers that you paid me \$100,000.00 for the MSS. This they will take up as a news item. I will keep all this strictly secret and so can you. Have a short history of my life with a large Picture of—. Under my picture have the words, "The handsome Young Hoosier Author who made himself famous and received \$100,000.00 for, "A Few Strokes of his Pen."

Hoping at least to hear from you again, I remain for business,

Sincerely,

If you cant allow me anything, put it out at least, so I will get before the Public. I will return the Story at request.

We may also add that the "handsome young Hoosier author" has favoured us with his picture.

## LAURELLED

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me.

He is my son, grown brown, with strange scarred hands;

The months of blood and death in alien lands

Are in his face; his boyish will to be

Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to see

The trodden meadow blackened with the bands

Of bearded, marching men whom he commands.

With being re-arranged he comes to me.

I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;

I, honored for the laurels that he wears!

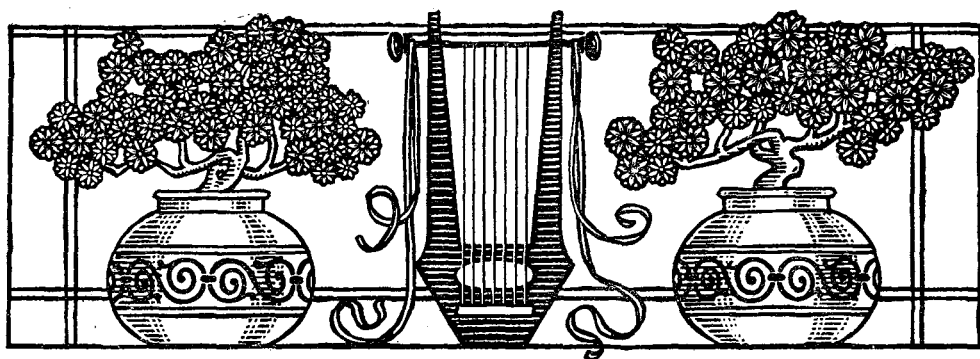
God knows, God knows I stand with empty hands,

And lonesome heart no meed of praises warms.

I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I miss

The soft-mouthed baby I can never kiss!

Zona Gale.



## JOHN FOSTER

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

### I.

It was late in April when John Foster's life, long sinking, like a flickering flame, suddenly went out. He was not an old man so far as years went, but he had lived his life as completely as if his three-score had been lengthened into four-score years and ten. Those who knew him best, and they were few, had marked a sudden change not long before; a relaxation of purpose in a face that had always reflected the man's mind and heart swiftly and unerringly. The quietude and acquiescence that followed a lifelong intensity of expression meant no surrender, but rather a fulfilment of purpose; the concentration of nature was no longer necessary; and the bow, long bent, sprung swiftly back. The neighbours, as they went silently into the darkened room, were awed by the victorious calm which touched the rugged features with something of supernal beauty. The face had been full of an inscrutable meaning, but it had never before borne such an expression not only of quiet acceptance, but of final peace.

Some of the older men, hard-handed and hard-minded farmers, whose life had been an unbroken struggle with reluctant soil and uncertain skies, instinctively resented the calm assurance of success which rested on John Foster's face like a decisive judgment on his life. These older men had looked askance at their neighbour for half a century, and they mutely protested against the irrevocable reversal of their judgment which the touch of

death had made clear beyond all questioning. To their unsympathetic glance there was something almost immoral in this assumption of success by one whose career had been an obvious failure. There had been no evil in John Foster; the hardest of the dry-eyed and sober-visaged men never laid any such charge at his door; but there had been a lifelong disregard of the traditional wisdom of the rural community, sometimes breaking into fiery contempt of its prudential philosophy and its toilsome surrender to the hardest conditions of its life. These men had never rebelled against the stubborn soil that seemed to bear nothing graciously, after the manner of Nature in kindlier climes, but had to be beaten and broken into fertility. There was no fellowship between them and their surroundings; there was rather an unbroken conflict; Nature must master them or they must master Nature, and they never stopped work to discuss the question of alternatives. They had conquered, and in the conquest they found the only evidence of successful living of which they took knowledge. John Foster scorned both the process and the result; he would live open-handed and open-hearted with Nature come what might, and this was the chief cause of his offending. "'Pears like as if he hadn't cum out so bad after all," was old Mr. Ferguson's comment as he returned to his neighbours in the hall, awkwardly holding his rarely worn, old-fashioned silk hat in his hand; and this seemed to be the general opinion, with an undercurrent of un-