

TO V. H.

MY dear: such as it is, take this story—for it is yours. I have worked at it harder, I think, than at any story I ever wrote, because it was to please you. And in proportion to the hardness of the work so I have the sense of its failure. But this I can say—and this you know to be true—that where it is yours by suggestion, it might scrape past, where it is mine, in the two-stranded idea of it, it is a futility. But if it goes out with the letters of your name upon its forehead it will give me at least as much pleasure as, in these days and years, I can get from the writing of books.

F. M. H.