

was a Bolshevik, on a former occasion spoke very kindly of my little rhyme, *Conscript Brown*, As long as I would write according to her views I would have her applause and support. But my dear lady I am not writing or trying to write what you think, I am writing what I think. If I tried to anticipate your thoughts, to write only for your applause, I would be cheap indeed. I would not be a clear spring. I would be a dirty foul muddy spring. So, I appreciate your applause but I am not afraid of your criticism. For after all what are the rewards? I have arrived at the conclusion that there are four natural rewards or satisfaction. Rest when you are weary. Food when you are hungry. The love of some good woman, and the conviction that you are right. As for the others, Fame, Riches, Applause, Success, bundle them up and remove them from my sight, they cloud my vision. they would attempt to bribe me. They are false and treacherous and to prove their treachery. If this very night I met on the public platform a man more eloquent than I (which would not be hard to find) the few humble friends whom I now have who favor me with their applause would at once desert me, and overcome in the debate, their applause would turn to condemnation, and my poor foolish friends would have a new hero until he in turn was replaced by another more eloquent than he.

So much for fame, applause, success. I strike them all dead with one blow. As for riches the most treacherous of the four, he would make of me an idle, useless, luxury loving glutton. He would bring to my feet a lot of fawning reptiles posing as friends but exhaling the venom of jealousy and envy. He would make me neglect my work myself and perhaps my God, he would rob me perhaps of each of the four satisfactions that I prize. I would be always weary but never could rest because the