

THE FABLE OF THE AUTHOR

It was Terrible. He had gone to College and spent a large amount of Money irrigating and fertilizing his Mind, and he had Dreamed of writing Something that would be Strong enough for Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Warmest Copy, in a Limited Edition of 20,000; but instead of landing with the Heavy-Weights he seemed Destined to achieve Greatness as the Author of a Boy's Size Poem, bearing about the same Relation to the Literature of the Ages that a May Howard Window Hanger does to Pure Art. He was Famous until he couldn't rest, but it was not the Brand he had Coveted.

He decided to Live It Down. He would Produce something Serious and Meritorious that would throw "Willie's Good Night" into the Shade. So he