

October 22, 1920

Dear Mr. Waldo:

One plods along, year in and year out, at one's writing and has moments of wondering whether it would not be better to go back to the farm and raise cabbages. I often say, I am perfectly sure about the value of a good cabbage. And then comes a letter like yours of October 15--but rarely, Oh, very rarely, one so appreciative.

If my Napoleon caught even one twelve-year old boy on a rainy afternoon and carried him into the realm of high deeds, I shall know it was quite worth all the work it cost me.

I am especially susceptible to appreciation of my "Life of Lincoln." I feel so sure that he is the best of us, and that young people particularly ought to get acquainted with him. So, thank you for telling me that you and your mother found interest in the book.

It is a real pleasure to have somebody of the old American days coming back to my desk. I am so far away from the American now, though not from all the groups with which I have been so long associated. Ray Stannard Baker, Albert Boyden and John S. Phillips are still my best friends, and, though scattered, we work together in a fashion. I had an opportunity to pass on to Mr. Phillips what you said about his letter of so long ago. I told him that you wanted to send him a copy of your new novel, and he was very much pleased. You can get him at his home address, 230 East 15 Street, New York. Mr. Baker's address is Amherst, Mass. I know he would be glad to hear from you. And for myself, I will be delighted to read your novel and write you about it.

With all good wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Harold Waldo,
Auburn, California.