

1139 Madison Ave.

Sept 1, 1919

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Well, there's a mess. I wrote you Monday evening, so that it would arrive the first thing in the morning. I have lost five letters, writing to addresses where the folk were not at home. I have now lost track of a bundle of old letters that mean much to me. Letters from George Gordon Battle, Young Alcott, the Gery Society etc, that clear me of the insanity charge and the later charge in which I was sent to jail. You can imagine how I treasure these. I could not trust them to the mail but took them myself, with Mrs Phillips as witness to Dr — Abrahamson, on 65th st. He was not at home. My first impulse was to stick the letters in my pocket and feel home. But the matter was of some urgency. He was treating me, and courteous Jew that he was said that some of my statements could not be true. Through my various experiences I have learned to make no statement unless I have a document back of it. I have learned to distrust almost every body, and I hope most sincerely that they distrust me. I am afraid I have

a tendency to feed and annoy the animals. So, after they call me a liar I hand them a paper with an agreeable smile. But my papers are gone. It is quite possible that this few skunk has destroyed them for his circumcised arrogance must have gotten an awful fact. If he read them I am waiting to get hurtly enough to go down there. Telephone brings no answer.

So, you see, I try to time letters to fall into the right hands at the right time. Damn the luck! At the same time, let's wait. I'm an old gambler, and I believe in luck. Those who call the Catholic Church a religion call this belief a superstition. The thing I do regret is that you might think I had let the thing go by default. It was not illness, ~~but~~ for the chance of getting into the game again is the best food I've had. If I win again this will be my fourth trip from down and out - completely down and out, to a moderate elevation.

I hope the meeting may be soon, but I know what a nuisance moving is, and that your time is full without that. I have a collection of short stories, submitted to Scribner last they said fully equal to old stuff, but time unpropitious. I want to write to you every once in awhile; and, you don't have to answer. I wish the privilege of using you for a mental waste-basket. You see, I can write again? H.W.P. (Henry Wallace Phillips?)