

.p259

{lh}To T. Fisher Unwin

Text MS Rosenbach; Unpublished

{lra}Pent Farm.

Stanford

N^r Hythe.

2 Ap. 1900

{lsa}Dear Sir.

{lb}My letter must have miscarried. I wrote you about the 25th ult. about contributing to M^r J. E. Nash's vol of short stories.² I also wrote him by the same post. From his letter enclosing Yours I see that neither of You received my note.

Will you consent to Mr Nash using one of the stories in the Unrest vol for his patriotic charitable publication. I've given my consent.

{lc}I am dear sir Yours faithfully

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 89

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

3 Ap. 1900

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}I am sending a fresh inst. of Jim and now I start to write the last chap.

I don't know how my answer was taken in Edinburgh and what they meant by this inquiry. As a matter of fact they have already--(considering the length of each inst^t). enough matter for two numbers.

.p260

I've been horribly disappointed by the shortness of the inst^t in the Ap. N^o1 the more so that the break just there destroyed an effect. If one only could do without serial publication! Don't think me an ungrateful beast. Jim is very near my heart. I don't apologise now for springing on M^r Blackwood such a long affair and for the unfortunate dragging manner of its production. Apologies butter no parsnips--to adapt the popular saying. It won't happen again.

My story in collaboration with H[ueffer] seems to have produced a very good impression on Heine:s and McClure's readers. There's something in it no doubt. What, exactly, I can't say myself.

I am always thinking of a long book for M^r Blackwood and, if the collaboration stuff goes well, the thing shall be managed sooner than I hoped for. The R[escue] shall be finished before long--and then we shall see what can be done for the House.

Meantime what I want M^r Blackwood to do is to advance me on completed delivery of Jim something like {bp}150. Of course that will over pay Jim a lot, but I shall at once write something that will reduce if not extinguish the surplus. Only I have pressing liabilities to discharge just now.

Please pardon this constant screwing. Fact is I can't help it.

Jim shall be finished by the 12th inst and I shall want the cash then.

Well this is the end for the present of the old tune. I shall certainly run up to see you directly Jim is finished.

Believe me

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 66

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

[spring or early summer 1900]²

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}I wrote you this morning but since a horrid bill came in. I am awfully sorry to bother you but if You could lend me another ten pounds till Jim is finished you would render me a service.

Pardon this In haste

{lc}Yours

{ls}Conrad.

.p261

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 90

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

12 Ap. 1900

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}Yesterday I sent off to Edinburgh proofs of Maga and book, together with an instalment of type-written matter, and to London a batch of further MS. I feel the need of telling you that I've done something anyway and to assure you that Lord Jim has an end, which last I am afraid you may be beginning to doubt. It has though--and I am now trying to write it out. A dog's life! this writing out, this endlessness of effort and this endless discontent; with remorse, thrown in, for the massacre of so many good intentions.

This by the way. The real object of this letter is to tell you that should you find Jim unconscionably long (for Maga--I mean) I am ready to shorten (what remains) by excision. I am however in such a state of mind about the story--so inextricably mixed up with it in my daily life--that I feel unequal to doing the cutting myself; so, addressing you in your character of Editor of Maga, I declare my readiness to make conscientious joints, if the parts that can be taken out are marked for me and the MS with such indications is returned. I would not keep it for more than a day or two--and, as (I trust) you will have the story complete in a week or so, there would be time to look through it before the copy is required for setting up.

Perhaps you've heard that Hueffer and I have finished a novel in collaboration. I did not show it to M^r Meldrum for two and even three reasons. First of all I did not wish to offer you a work in its nature necessarily tentative--an initial experiment, in fact. The second reason was my running actually singlehanded in Maga and of course my partner and myself are very anxious for serial publication. The third reason for you not having had the refusal of these first-fruits is that you have (virtually) a book of mine while poor Heineman[n] (who had been awfully decent to me)¹ has nothing to show for his decency but a few receipts for moneys paid out and half a novel which is hung up, to ripen--I trust. He seemed very anxious to see it. I am not enthusiastic about it myself but it seems to have hit Heinemann's readers in a soft spot, and M^r Stephen Gwynn (on behalf of McClure) has delivered a .p262

favourable judgment. Well--as our good friends the Russians¹ say--{op"}God give them health and the rank of generals." If this goes down well with the public we shall try our hand at an adventure story² of which the skeleton is set up--with some modelling here and there already worked up.

I hope your health does not suffer from this cold and blustering spring. I've had something in the nature of a slight relapse in March,

but am very fit now. Believe me dear M^r Blackwood always very
faithfully yours.
{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To Marguerite Poradowska

Text MS Yale; Rapin 171; G. & S. 101

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

16th Ap. 1900.

Translation

{lsa}Very kind and dear,

{lb}This morning I had your letter enclosing the one from Dame Odonie, and I have just now finished the one I am sending to her at the convent in Lille. Having thought about the word entretien for some time, I decided to write frankly to Dame Odonie that if the word was the equivalent of the English board, and only the tuition was to be free, my mother-in-law's means would not permit her to accept the Dames Bernardines' generous offer. In a boarding-school like Slough, it stands to reason that that could mean thirty or more pounds a year for each child: an unthinkable outlay for someone who has absolutely nothing. As for me, you know my situation. There will be quite enough difficulty with the outfit, however simple it may be. On the other hand, if entretien means minor current expenses, one could make do.

I thought it better to state the situation clearly in order to save Dame Odonie the time and trouble of a longer correspondence. Besides, it would be too painful for the children to go to Slough only to suffer a disappointment they would feel acutely. Have I done the right thing?

My dear Marguerite, you could not have been kinder to these children and to us all. It's impossible to tell you how much we miss you! Borys asked me this evening if you were coming back tomorrow. Every day he seems to wait for your return. We don't have that consolation.

It is very late. I have sent Jessie to bed and I have stayed behind to .p264

work. What a dog's life. One's exhausted by it. I don't even have the strength to tell you how much I love you, how much I am thankful for your firm friendship for us--for your fondness. Jess has told me to send you an abundance of kisses. The two little girls are full of gratitude and affection for you.

{lh}To Elsie Hueffer and Ford Madox Ford

Text Telegram, Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[17 April 1900]¹

{lsa}Hueffer Marine House Slade St Hythe

{lb}Félicitations affectueuses et notre bienvenue² à la jeune personne³

{ls}Conrad

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 92

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

26th Ap. 1900

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}I hurry up to catch this post. Fact is I only opened the envelope from Edinburgh this moment thinking it contained only the proofs. Somehow it did not occur to me it might have contained a letter from you⁴--still less the enclosure.

Many thanks for the cheque for £{bp}25. You need not for a moment

apprehend I would extend the story, but I am immensely pleased with what you say about there being no necessity for cutting down what remains.

Both my partner and myself would be delighted if our adventure story seemed to you worthy of Maga.

My wrist (left one thank God) is swollen to the size of an ordinary ankle. You may imagine how I enjoyed the process of swelling. This has
.p265

been a bad year for me. However as usual in such attacks my head is clear and having the use of my right hand I can manage to write, with a heavy paper-weight to hold the sheet. I've only lost one day.

Thanks for your kind inquiries. Believe me, dear Sir,
{lc}Very faithfully yours
{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To Ford Madox Ford

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Wednesday. [Spring 1900?]¹

{lsa}Dear Hueffer.

{lb}Why won't you believe that in any house in which I may live you are too much appreciated by the permanent and the floating population to be a nuisance to anybody--or even to suggest the thought of a nuisance. This is absurd and wounding. I went off with Hope on that Monday because I didn't think You would come. I am quite aware that many people I know can not be interesting to You. But frankly I would have gone even if [I] had expected you, for this reason that the poor man (whom I had known for over 20 years now)² was in a fearful state of depression. He must have been very unhappy to volunteer to come for four days--as it is very difficult for him to leave his work. There are states of mind when even one's wife is less of a help than a friend. I rushed him out on that rainy day because I didn't know what to do to prevent him giving away to something very like suicidal melancholia. If my manner displeased you in any way that evening this is the explanation. Si Vous avez cru que je m'amusai Vous Vous trompez e{a}trangement.³ You must have noticed I tried to make him talk of his mining days.⁴ I have heard these stories years ago and ever since, and did not think they would entertain you either. I couldn't attend to you because I was worried. Vous comprenez? That's all there is to it.

{lc}Yours

{lc}Conrad.

{lps}Love to you all. Shall be home Thursday of course.

.p266

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

5th May [1900]¹

{lsa}Dear Jack

{lb}Just a word to say I am going to morrow to stay a week with Stephen Crane.² Things aren't very bright. Still! ... And you?

I am anxious to see you and the book.³ Shall drop you a line as soon as I am back here

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad

{lh}To Marguerite Poradowska

Text MS Yale; Rapin 172; G. & S. 102

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

May 10th, 1900.⁴

Translation

{lsa}Very dear,

{lb}I add a few words, above all to talk to you about the book. I've read the novel for the third time, faithfully--from one end to the other. It's very good. It's very good! The characters are defined with a precision which I envy in you. The final scene could not be more touching, right up to the last line. I love the book. There is a very gentle charm and also power in the style. Everything holds together. There are no gaps. You know what I mean. My congratulations. As for success in the book-shops--we shall see. For me, however, it seems beyond doubt, but the public is a wayward beast that browses where it will and prefers to feed on thistles. You'll send me a word to tell me how the wind blows--won't you? Hueffer is particularly struck by the delicacy of your artistic method. He's right, there. Moreover, we have well and truly picked over the precious volume--for us, who refuse to discuss or even look at novels, that's an act of homage to your fine talent. He has just carried off Yaga and asked me to pay you his respectful compliments. I embrace you warmly.

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Conrad

.p268

{lps}PS The two girls are in seventh heaven. It is so fortunate for them. These children should be most grateful to you. I must say they are grateful, moreover, and Dolly, especially, feels a kind of worship for you. Jessie too. You've come as a kind and enchanting fairy and you have left your image in their hearts.

{lh}To Cora Crane

Text MS Columbia; Stallman 281

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

10th May 1900.

{lsa}My dear Mrs Crane.

{lb}Your letter distresses me beyond measure and confirms my fears as to your material situation.¹ It has been the object of my anxiety and of many sad thoughts. You may imagine that had it been in my power to render you any sort of service I would not have waited for any sort of appeal. I've kept quiet because I feel myself powerless. I am a man without connections, without influence and without means. The daily subsistence is a matter of anxious thought for me. What can I do? I am already in debt to my two publishers, in arrears with my work, and know no one who could be of the slightest use. It is not even in my power to jeopardise my own future to serve you. If it had been, such is my affection for Stephen and my admiration of his genius, that I would do so without hesitation, to save him.² But my future, such as it is, is already pawned. You can't imagine how much I suffer in writing thus to you. I have been almost distracted since I had your letter. Won't Stephen's relations come forward?

Pardon me for not saying more. I feel too unhappy.

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad

{lps}PS I am writing to the boatman.³

{lh}To Cora Crane

Text MS Columbia; Stallman 282

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Sunday. [13 May? 1900]¹

{lsa}Dear Mrs Crane.

{lb}What awful news you are giving me! And yet people given up by the doctors have been known to live for years.

Of course I will take the boat over. I didn't offer to come near your place knowing myself powerless to help you, not wishing to bring my barren sympathy and my helpless sorrow only to hinder You who are fighting the battle.

Believe, our hearts are with You. May Heaven give You strenght* and the supreme consolation of faith. I can't give you an idea how unhappy I am since I have received your letter.

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To Marguerite Poradowska

Text MS Yale; Rapin 174; G. & S. 103

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

16 May [1900]²

Translation

{lsa}Very dear,

{lb}How happy and proud I am! Yes! send the translation. I'm burning to see it.

Me--better. Jessie not very well. Borys very well but naughty.

Thanks for the particulars. We shall go to Bruges or to Nieuport. We shall see.

Postman waiting.

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad

{lps}Hugs from everyone.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; J-A, 1, 294

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Thursday. [17 or 24 May 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}Impossible on Monday, but shall let you know soon the day of my liberation.²

Went to see Crane yesterday at Dover. Been with him 20 minutes. Supported move from Brede pretty well. I was awfully shocked of course and had to put on jolly manners. He may yet escape.

The Frewens³ (owners of Brede) pay all his transit to the Black forest--rather more than {bp}100. A doctor friend goes with them. It is a long goodbye to England and Stephen seems to feel it very much. And it may be for ever! He is not too hopeful about himself. One lung quite intact at any rate.

Do tell me about the McClure interview

{lc}Yours Ever

{ls}Conrad.

.p271

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text Blackburn 94¹

{lra}Pent Farm

Stanford

Hythe.

19th May 1900.

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I enclose here the letter I received from Ed'gh last night.² I daresay you know all about it anyhow. I wired in reply {op"} Think arrangement suggested judicious. Conclusion in a few days--both statements being true enough. I think it judicious but can't profess myself pleased. I've felt that something of the kind would have to be done, though, and I am not unreasonably upset. Now the proposal has come from Mr Blackwood the thing seems unavoidable. Perhaps the story will please. Perhaps! I would like to know what you think. I am too fond of it myself to be very hopeful. It has not been planned to stand alone. H of D was meant in my mind as a foil, and Youth was supposed to give the note. All this is foolishness--no doubt. The public does not care--can not possibly care--for foils and notes. But it cares for stories and Jim is as near a story as I will ever get. The title will have to be altered to Lord Jim. A tale--instead of A sketch. And yet it is a sketch! I would like to put it as A simple tale A plain tale--something of the sort--if possible. No matter.

I think that the conditions of production should be altered a little. I wouldn't think about it, much less say anything, if it was not a matter of self-preservation almost. I must be enabled to draw breath or I will choke. I've been gasping for months now and doing my best all the time too. The question is what Mr Blackwood will do for me? What I suggest would be this:--

Lord Jim should be considered separately of course. It will be (it seems incredible) of, apparently, 100000 words³ or very little short of that. In fact it shall take the place really of that second book to follow 3 tales which

.p272

we have talked over and which was to be paid at the rate of {bp}5 p. 1000 (serial) with a shilling royalty but no advance on book form.¹ However the circumstances are not the same if only for the reason it is going to appear first--and besides Lord Jim was not meant when we settled the terms. On the other hand it is a long story--a novel--and this, I am told, is an advantage from the publisher's point of view. What I would propose then would be that Mr Blackwood should pay me at the rate of £{bp}5 p 1000 but that of the whole sum £{bp}200{s7} should be put as on account of a shilling royalty. This would make the serial payment (assuming 100,000 words) to be at the rate of {bp}3 p. 1000--10/- higher than the serial rate of the short stories volume that was to be. I engage myself to furnish between 30 and 40 thousand words to complete the vol: of stories at the old rate of £{bp}2.10 per thousand if Mr Blackwood should wish to use these serially. But as Maga has been pretty full of Conrad of late I would try to serialise them elsewhere reserving them for Mr Blackwood's vol without any further payment--naturally--since that volume has been already paid for.

I ask for these terms with the less hesitation because I know that Mr X... (pardon this discretion) would give me £{bp}200 on acc¹ of royalties for a long book.² Hang Mr X. The fact is I don't hesitate because if I hesitate I am lost--like many a better man; and if I AM worth anything I had rather be helped over the stile by Mr Blackwood than by any publisher in the three kingdoms. The long and the short of it is I want £{bp}300 to pay my debts (which are not great but very awful) and to go

abroad for a couple of months. I fear I must go, and that soon, or I shall become a complete idiot. My nerves are like fiddle strings. I think of going to Bruges directly I deliver the last of Jim. Hueffer is going too and we shall bring two-thirds of a novel from there or the devil's in it! Should the length of Lord Jim not cover my demands Mr Blackwood would always have that collaboration novel³ to fall back upon. (He said he would like to see it). But the crux is that I must have (from somewhere) the 300 in question. For L. J. I had already {bp}165 I think--maybe more; (my wife is out for the day and has locked her drawer so I am not certain). I had £{bp}65 this year and fancy a 100 (or 130?) last year.⁴

Of course I am aware that Mr Blackwood may with perfect fairness return to the original plan. In that case I say--very well. Let the whole thing appear in Septb^{er} or never appear. I am so utterly weary of myself .p273

(not of my work) that I verily believe I don't care. I ought to have been writing MS instead of this. There's a tidy pile ready and it seems good stuff too. Lord Jim brings me letters. From Spain to day! They take in Maga in Madrid. Where is it they don't take Maga! Believe me Always yours

{ls}Joseph Conrad.

{lps}PS I would be rather anxious to know the result of this.

{s7} The Nigger which seems to be selling yet has brought me (at 17 ½%) nearly that amount.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text Blackburn 96

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

22 May 1900

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I can easily imagine how awfully you must be bored with all these affairs; and yet my very good sir I even must have another go at you. You will perceive that I have no option and indeed I trust you are not angry with me for worrying you.

It is of course my earnest desire that you would communicate with Mr Blackwood in respect of the arrangements I propose.¹ Herewith I enclose a statement of the position as I see it; and the matter is pressing. I stated my view on a separate piece of paper so that you may forward it to Ed'gh if you judge it expedient.

And now I must go back to the MS. I write no letters to anybody. People think I am dead. Now the thing comes out alone I must modify the end a little bit.

Yes. Your remarks are just. The book would have been ill-balanced and I think I've good matter ({op"}First Command"² especially) for the volume of Tales. It will turn out to be a record of personal experience purely. Just as well--maybe!

{lc}Always most gratefully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

.p274

{lps}Draft of arrangements and payments for Lord Jim and Volume of Tales follows.

A Three Tales. Conditions: £{bp}2.10 p 1000 words for serial pub and £{bp}100 ad^{nce} for a volume (of about 70000 words.)

Youth--paid for } serial appearance. (about 50000 words).

H of D--paid for

(Lord Jim was included in this arrangement.) partly paid for as serial.

The book form has also been PAID FOR already.¹

B Then we planned another book of short tales 70,000 words for which the terms were: £{bp}5 per thousand words serially. Royalty 1/- per

copy.² No advance on publication.

Instead of which Lord Jim (of about 100000 words) is to appear as a long novel. Therefore let us leave the work A to be finished on the old conditions at a future time by one or two tales, to complete the number of words agreed upon, to make a 6/- volume. A is PAID FOR unless Mr Blackwood desires the balance of it to appear serially in Maga when he shall pay £{bp}2.10 per thousand of further copy.

A then remains unfinished for the time and Lord Jim takes the place of B with the following modifications of terms:--

£{bp}300 for appearance serially and £{bp}200 for the book form on acc^t of 1/- per copy royalty. Mr Blackwood on delivery of completed MS (for which

I've received already payments on acc^t to the amount of nearly (or quite) £{bp}200) shall pay me £{bp}300 as balance of serial rights and advance on book form. He shall publish the book at such date as he thinks best for his interests.

{lps}PS I engage myself to furnish balance of copy for Volume A within a year from Lord Jim's appearance in book form.

{lps}PS You see from the statement that in consideration of Jim being an unexpected development, I, by no means, ask for it to be paid at the rate of £{bp}5 per 1000 serially. The most I ask for is an increase of 10/- on the serial rate agreed for A. If you think that this is too much you may perhaps suggest a modification. The sum (£{bp}500) is the same (assuming 100000 words) which is important to me but £{bp}200 of it go to the royalties which is not so good for me as £{bp}500 for serial only even if I had to wait a year for my royalty.

As to Jim's expansion--well, I am sorry. Mr Blackwood must now forgive me and we won't let it happen again. But the story is good for all that.

.p275

{lh}To Marguerite Poradowska

Text MS Yale; Rapin 175; G. & S. 104

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Translation

{lsa}Very dear,

{lb}Yes, I have had the manuscript. Let me keep it for a few days, because at present I am very busy with my novel, and I want to be entirely free of distractions.

You are kind as ever.

In all haste

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Conrad.

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 100

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

4[5] June 1900²

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}I enclose here with many thanks a formal receipt for £{bp}100³ received on acct of Lord Jim.

Poor Stephen Crane died this morning. I am too upset by the news to touch to-day upon one or two matters I wished to communicate with you about. One is as to a MS (not mine)⁴ which I shall send off to M^r
.p276

Meldrum on Thursday for a preliminary examination. But that will keep.

{lc}Believe me always very faithfully

{lc}yours
{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 100

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Thursday [7 June 1900]¹

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum

{lb}I venture to send my friend's MS; Last post I had your good note and the typed matter. I hope You will enjoy Your holiday.

I've wired you of M^r B's remittance reaching me two days ago.

Thanks for everything you have done for me.

The news of Stephen's death had been a shock for I did not expect it so soon--at any rate.

Our kindest regards to Mrs Meldrum and yourself

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}Pent Farm.

19 June 1900.

{lsa}My dear Jack.

{lb}I did not want to bother you with correspondence and that is why I invaded Mrs Sauter's² leisure. In these influenza affairs one fears a relapse. I am inexpressibly glad to know you are out of the wood. I got nervous not being myself very well. Stupid of me.

Of course come; we wait with joy. I must tell you poor Montague is lame and an invalid in the stable for a month. An awful sell to have a lame horse. I am sorry for poor Jess. She isn't very bright either. What bothers me is how to get you from the station. Write in good time day and train so that I may try to make {op'}bundobast³ for Your transport to .p277

Pent. The outlook is gloomy because poor Divers (the fly owner) is in articulo mortis and the organisation of the business gone to pieces.

So on this comparatively cheerful note I end. Were I to write anything of myself I would depress You too much. I trust in you to put some little spring into me. Heavens! Who would like to have friends like me!

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad.

{lps}Brow ague I had myself every afternoon for a month when in the Archipelago.¹ It was rather fiendish. I do hope You will get rid of it soon. I had to take to whisky--medicinally!

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 102

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

29 June 1900.

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}I return agreements duly signed.² I would have much to say to you but the last words of Jim are waiting to be written and shall be before midnight if so God wills ...

Re Canadian proposals.³ I should say--{op"}Gage" unless Messrs: Copp Clark & C^o are much better--as I know M^r Fairholm Gage's agent here and hear that he is very (?) anxious to secure the book for them.

However I am perfectly content to leave all matters in your friendly hands.

{lc}Believe me always faithfully Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

.p278

{lh}To H. G. Wells

Text MS Illinois; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday [June? 1900]¹

{lsa}My dear Wells

{lb}Thanks for the vol. Chaffery is immense. The thing as a whole remarkable in its effects. The ease and the charm of execution have given moments of unalloyed pleasure. It gives a sense of the shallowness of life which yet may be made a deep hole for any of us. The light touch with which the story is fashioned is very clever. There is tact in it.

Upon the whole hurrah! These are things I want to talk over when we meet.

{lc}Affectionately Yours

{ls}J. Conrad

{lps}This is silly but is meant to express intelligent appreciation. I am stupid today.