My dear Sir:

I am glad to hear of your pleasant prospects, and think the recent character of the Cosmopolitan fully justifies them — as rather much better ones.

To be quite candid with you, I never "have anything" to send to any one. ~~I may what tip~~ I have not, ~~except~~ ~~since~~ ~~then~~ ~~two~~ on three occasions, sent a manuscript to any one, in twenty years. ~~Not that~~ Not I would not be willing to do so, but I always market my work before doing it. I have ~~never but once done~~ only once in that time completed a story until ~~it was~~ the printer was at my back, and this exception was my very poorest work. This is not the result of purpose, but habit. I like to know where my work is going; who are my auditors, &c, which I can only

So if you wait for me to have something," we shall always be hungry — I just can't.

I lay out my work a good many ahead and am a slender reader, but do little outside of my programme. As a part of this, I have a certain amount of periodical work which I engage ~~to do yearly~~ to do each year. I ~~have just closed an engagement~~ have decided to do no more ~~accompanying work for~~ regular journalistic work of an anonymous character and in future my chief work for next year which I intended to fill ~~[illegible]~~ by a New York engagement I do not care for occasional work. It does not pay. ~~at any price.~~ Book work and regular work are all I have

Dec. 12th 1880.

Mrs. Frank Leslie

New York

Dear Madam

Yours of the 8th received

Yours truly

Geo. Parsons Lathrop

DEAR MADAM

any fancy for.

I think I could do a good thing for the "Cosmopolitan" — I know it would increase its list — by doing for you a monthly literary article under some fitting title. While this would touch current literature it would not be a set of flip-pant book notices but would especially deal with the character and tendencies of the literary thought — especially taking issue with Howells and the so-called "realists"

This has, I think, several elements of advantage —

I have a large literary following which is of the sort that sticks by me and reads ~~in advance of~~ what I write. Further, the increase in the Culer-Osgood list.

I am perhaps the recognized antithesis in theory to the Howells-Tolstoi idea of "realism" in literature. ~~This~~ And such antithetical position would be of advantage to you because it would make a constant comparison with Harper which would make their circulation an advertisement for you.

positive and aggressive, in a literary point of view, and I think represent that sort of antagonism to your more powerful rivals which may be made to pay.

If you care to try it for twelve months, let me know.

3 — The aesthetic fad is dying out and it is always popular to kick a dying crage or fading folly.

Of course the value of such a department depends on its steady, reliable, vigorous and distinctive quality. I should expect to make such a set of papers valuable enough to justify publication in book form and would, therefore, desire to reserve the right to make a volume of them at the end of the year.

I do not know whether you would at all like such a bit of work or would think you could afford it. It seems to me you have reached the point where you ought as a matter of sound policy to make the Magazine positive and aggressive, in a literary point of view, and I think I represent that sort of antagonism to your more powerful rivals which may be made to pay.

If you can try it for twelve months let me know what you think about it and if we can get together I will find a good title — that is half the trouble, if not half the battle — and put it on my schedule.

Yours truly

Albion W Tourgée

DICTATED.

Mayville, N.Y.
Dec 25th 1889.

My dear Dole:

Returning yesterday from my accustomed autumnand winter wanderings as a lecturer at the West, your letter metme

If he had done so she would have thrown her arm about his neck and told him how jealous she had been of the tall handsome woman ~~who had talked with him so familiarly~~ with whom he had seemed to be on such familiar terms. ~~seemed so familiarly~~ She was ashamed to have doubted him and proud of his unswerving faithfulness. But Amanda Eastman saw none of this. ~~He smiled~~ The upraised hand and expectant eyes gave him no hint. He merely turned and led the way down the steps that led to the platform. She followed moodily. She could not help thinking that her old playmate would never have slighted her pretty mother. Yet he had never treated her since they were little children at dancing school together. What a quaint little lover he was then. She cared nothing for him now and she tried so hard to have her beloved head — but he was so — so blind. Yet how he loved her — so formally, so purely! She was very proud of him — very proud of his love — only she wished it were — well, a little different, some how. ~~So~~ She thought as she followed him down the steps.