Dear Sir: I have yours of the 7th inst. in which you say "I have been an interested reader of your "Home Acre" as well as of your "Driven back to Eden"; and ask if I will not give you "a little advice" concerning "seven acres of sandy pasture land in New Jersey." You wish to know what to do with it that will make it pay the interest on a $7,000. Mortgage and the services of a good man to do most of the work." You say "it has two houses on it, running water and is situated between Elizabeth and Rahway."

I am glad you have been interested in my "Home Acre." I knew somebody must be. When

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you get through with it please send it home in good order and fair condition, postage paid. I am getting interested in it myself. I have never seen it but have full confidence in its merits because of your recommendation. As to ~~being~~ "driven back to Eden," I don't care anything about it. I have been driven around enough in this world and don't care about trying any form of compulsory ~~transportation~~ locomotion in the next. If I can't get back to Eden without being driven I prefer to stay "out in the cold" a while longer. Besides that, I am always a little doubtful about the driver knowing

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the road and being precisely sure of his destination. Some of the Eedens I have seen described ~~an~~ hardly come up to the advertisement or if they do are not cut to fit the fellows who occupy them. I am of the notion than an Eeden, ~~is~~ like an almanac, ~~and~~ must be calculated for a "special meridian" and I should hardly be able to adapt one to the parallel of "Rahway and Elizabeth."

I am willing to give advice on ~~the~~ your situation however, and feel very competent to do it, because, I have tried

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to do just what you have adjusted your expectations to accomplishing. A man who expects to be on a seven=acre place "mornings and evenings" and in New York the rest of the time; who ~~expects~~ relies upon "one good man to do the most of the work" and expects ~~his Eden~~ an "Eden" of that size to pay interest on $7.000. must un=derstand in the first place that he has got a big job on hand.

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The beggar has often the excuse of want and always that of urgency for the found he practices on the public. What he receives is usually the minute surplus of those who have a sufficiency if not an abundance.

The man who imposes on the time and strength of an overtasked worker by a false and fraudulent appeal to his courtesy and kindness, however, selects as his victims those least capable of enduring such rapacity and has only the excuse of vanity. He knows that if he should

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frankly avow his wish to obtain an autograph
letter of two or three pages upon a subject
which an author had studied merely for the
sake of ~~encumbering~~ adding to the value
of his autograph collection, the fortunate
addressed would very naturally respond that
he found it difficult to steal now and then
an hour of time for his own amusement
and recreation and with therefore with the
very kindest wishes for you personally
must hold himself excused from complying
ing with your very flattering request.

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This would be only a just and reasonable view for a man to take. It is precisely the position a man takes who refuses a beggar's appeal because he has only a bare sufficiency for his own family. While you would regard almost any punishment light for the fraudulent mendicant or to one who by false pretences induced ~~other~~ you to part with a sum great or small, you will show your album of autographic letters secured by equally reprehensible practices and relate for the amusement of appre-

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ciative friends, as they turn the tinted pages of the richly bound volume, the tricks by which the various ones letters were obtained.

¶ A friend told me not long since a story illustrative of the morality of such transactions and how they are generally regarded "I was" said he "a guest at the house of ~~That letter" said~~ a well known "collector" as persons of your class delight to call themselves, "That letter," said the host to a company who were examining his collection of autograph letters, "is one of the last that Grant ever wrote with his own hand. I would not take a hundred dollars for it" he added with emphatic self-approval as if in response to the murmur of curiosity that ran through ~~around~~ the group of listeners ~~gathered in his~~ the ~~elegant parlor~~.

"How did you get?" asked one

"Well, you see," was the self-gratulatory response, "I became satisfied that he was feeling a good deal faster than the public imagined and cried to myself, now old fellow is your chance for something rare. How to be sure of getting it I did not know but it happened to think of his fondness for ——— and wrote ~~to~~ asking what he thought of his fitness for a certain position. I thought that would fetch him and it did."

I am sorry to say that the majority of those who listened seemed to look with renewed admiration upon the author

of this infamous rascality. If he had stolen into the house and stolen the hero's watch from his fob as he slept they would have been ready to tear him in pieces. But he had not done that. He was not content with any earthly treasure. He wanted a drop of his blood — not a mere ordinary drop neither but one of the drops his lusty heart-beat forced into his pallid veins. So he stole into his tent, disguised in a mask of friendship for an old comrade whom the great commander loved and acting through that love laid unholy and

fraudulent tribute on the fading life. I glanced
at the trembling uncertain characters which
the dying hero's hand had traced and the
air of that luxurious home grew thick
and choking in my nostrils. The man
who did this is a man of wealth, social posi-
tion and fair culture; in many respects
he is a most worthy and amiable gentleman,
but I can never see him again
without thinking how he stole an hour
of the dying general's life — a little of his
failing strength to gratify foolish vanity!

The case is an extreme one in all its aspects, but it differs from yours only in degree. The theft was more notable and the outrage more conspicuous, but the motive was no worse and the thief no more despicable than the conduct of many of your class who deem it no harm to obtain anything but money by false pretenses.

Now, sir, let me give you this bit of advice: If you really have any idea of trying to make sense out of what you "think", but are not certain, is "sandy pasture land" bay interest on $700, you will have to work it out more honestly than

you are apparently working the literary guild for a crop of autograph letters. Mother Earth is one on whom no false pretences can ~~be~~ be played and who gives of her abundance only in return for hard work and an honest equivalent. One might as well try to get into Heaven on a forged passport as to induce the earth to yield a harvest in ~~return for a~~ by a seeding of specious ~~[illegible]~~ pretenses. In dealing with pasture land believed to be "rather sundy," honesty is not only the best policy but the only one that will yield a cent. [illegible] believe to be ~~a~~ a universal truth which a[illegible] [illegible]ils whether situated in Jersey or in Spain [illegible]