

4 is getting it out & speak highly
of it. It is a venture at his
own risk - 500 copies. If these
sell, the publishers will bring
out another edition at once. The
first one will cost him \$4.00
and I think it is very sweet &
dear in him to spend his just
earnings in so touching a way.

The Duttons also show in
hand - what they say - and he
says, in his last work; some re-
productions of photos of Hotham
scenes for a book of Maurice
Hewlett, "The Craftsman" has
also taken him up. He is living

at Hotel St George Brooklyn
to be with a dear old Pri to
Yale Grad of mine in Class of '56,
Mr C. F. Catten. May is taking
advanced English at Chicago &
is greatly delighted. Of course, the
Herald of the Deaf, Bangs, she
knew here. He is the collaborator
with Max B. on the Bailey -

6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Dec 13, 1907

My Dear Deane,
A letter from you is ef-
ficient for ophthalmia, and it
is funny, too, considering how we
used to keep up a correspondence
like two school girls in the same
town! I've seen the time when to
receive no letter from you - was
"mischief, mischief" and meant
"mischief!" I do not know whether
the fault is mine - or any-
body's or "the fault of the times?" -
I do know
an old Cicero has it, I do know
that I am a good answerer, pro-
vident I reply at once, but I can no
longer trust my memory. It plays
me the oddest tricks, and these
are often to a degree painful. My
family laugh when I say this, but
it is not a visible matter, when
one urges his mind - and strains
it to concert pitch with no result,
it ceases to be a funny matter,
"But," as the old song says, "it's better

to laugh thou be e-i-i-ighing" &
and I suppose that is the
principle upon which my fam-
ily act, Brother within is
that sympathy is harmful
- but none of them know from
any practice, with my books
and my pen, and latterly,
with my brush, I spend the time,
I cannot work at all extensively
at my desk & have am that
fraction of the time on my back,
All my three prominent rises
these Hysterical pimple on me at
once - ~~opiates~~ - arthritis, cystitis,
and acute indigestion - this, if
that is the name for it, which
perhaps becomes gastritis - if
unchecked, "Something too much
of this!" Yes - Mrs B. is al-
most an authoress - and hopes
to be born of Ploughton & Millers in
January, she is, at the same
time, confined with a book for
Dr. C. H. Clark & Co, with W.I., she is

3 in the interesting part of thinking up
every invitation she recd, and asking to
let original publisher for permission to use
them, the replies vary from civility to gross
impudence, there is an answer to an 18
I had to day, showing its writer to
be something else than a gentleman -
"I shun the cheval, as I do not care
to use it," there are times to spend
with a man - and he has taken my work
off me unpaid about ten years, this first
book seems to be burning, this first
book was a year ago in the W. E. Clark, but
two years, you say you have also seen the
Hordman & Roberts, in a few weeks he'll have
out a little "Memorial booklet" "Society's
dedicated to our dear friend, this plan
I put - who will stand a moment off hand,
G. P. Putnam, 239 Street,

5 "Manky Speller!" She does not,
however, work under him, but
Prof Lovett (if that is the way
one spells his name), she is
just now writing a play; then
she is to correct a story, and
after that, I know not if she
shall not see her till June.
All the time, too, she seems
to be in a social mood - at home
and enjoying herself - as the
darkies say - "furze-class," as
antelopes to the hairy lion
herd - are admirers, more
or less sincere, to my glowing
daughter. You know when I
retired, or was e - or de-
merited, my friends gave me
a superb Bausch & Lomb mi-
croscope. We never seen a day
when I dared to actually use
it, and the neglect, no fault
of mine, is much on my consci-
ence. Then - I have heard of

6/ literary work I want to do,
but again, I just cannot stand
the strain on neck & back for
any time. And the days whig-
ly - and on Feb 22^d 1908, I shall
be 65; may give years more to
put me on Darwin's list;
Coleridge I passed 30 years ago,
hell; I must keep in with
you young, chestnut headed,
blond mustachial, youngsters -
or youkers, I would to me
hope of good to see you, May
Collins & Metcalf called the other
day - and our shouts, burned
at the centres at Fort Adams
and Grotto at the mouth of the
Bay, nothing helps like a chuckle
which is let go! By the 25th I
shall send you Max D,
a tuffe of my art, and a big
slice of my aspirated ditto,
his cheer - Lo! Lo!
Yours ever - Bailey



Bailey, William Whitman. 1907. "Bailey, William Whitman Dec. 13, 1907."
Walter Deane correspondence

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