

The Carrollton

981 Madison Ave.

Oct. 15: 1908

My Dear Mr. Meyer

embarrassingly I must say "No" for the
reason, a selfish one I admit, that I am
on the throes (better say say the death rattle)
of 2 new books; and my editorial work
must go or else no bread and salt; and
I'm walking at magazine spools and
pending proofs! Yes, I read the story you
wrote and admired it very much.
Your working power are prodigious. I envy
your will power, just as I congratulate Dr.
Meyer in the way he put through that
Tuberculosis matter. I have heard, and overheard,
of his tenacity in the business not once but
50 times in news paper and other offices.
I have had a bad, sad summer but Meyer.
Hay fever, heat and enough work to kill
all but a fat ox like myself. No vacation
not a day [The Mechanics & Traders built
travelled at my European trip.] So that my
nerves are in rags. I play Bach at the
dawn to soothe them. Don't bother about my
judgments. No critic alive can say whether
a play will be a success or no. If ^{anywhere}
you are set in your nation to let me
see the M.S. why not send it here
and let me read it after midnight, say
next Sunday? I am working hard so as to
get off for a little trip to Spain this Autumn.
Hopes? I'll return your play Monday morning,
sincerely
Homer Hammer