

London,
Monday March 3.

Dear Dad:

Off to Spain! –but not for long. I’ve been working pretty concentratedly on my book ever since I reached London, and I’m far enough ahead so I can sneak in a two- or three-week holiday. Gracie and I leave for Paris Wednesday morning—day after tomorrow—and go to Madrid, then south from there to Toledo, Salamanca, ect., and back in about three weeks. I’ll write you from there. Write me at the usual address in London.

I’ve had a letter from Haggard of the Designer saying that if the whole new novel is as good as the first 40,000 words, which he has now read, he is inclined to think it will be the best book I have ever done. He is, he says, more that satisfied with his bargain.

Last weekend we sneaked off to Bath, that stately old terraced city, for two and a half days, and had several good walks; among the crescents and circle of the city, almost unchanged since Beau Nash; out into the sharply rolling country. And we went into the Pump Room to watch the retired colonels and still more retired colonels’ widows solemnly sipping the warm and rather stinking waters; and to the Roman bath, with marble columns and lead lining just as the Roman conquerors left it.

During the week there has been no especial news except the George Slocombe, the Englishman whom we always seen in Paris, has been over, and we had him for dinner with Princess Sasha Kropotkin, daughter of the famous Russian philosopher; and one night I dined with Sydney Dark, and editor friend of mine, and the Dean of Windsor who, as such, is sort of the King’s minister—and agreeable, highly conventional, oldish cleric, wearing the proper silk apron with silk breeches, stockings and silver buckled shoes.

We’ll try to give you a little more highly colored new from Spain!

Love,

H

Have I ever written you that I vastly appreciated the good picture of you in the Pioneer Press? I have it pinned up on the wall of my office here. And of yes! –you remember dining or something with Fred Howe in Washington? He has just come abroad and we’re lunching with him this noon. Our going to Spain will, unfortunately, prevent our seeing any more of him.

You speak of my account of the opening of parliament being in the S.C. News and so on. Please don’t ever give any of the contents of my letters to any of the press, because I write to you most confidentially, and there might be things I should not want spread out for the general public. Showing them to people like Fay Sprague is, of course, different.