My dear Mr Hall Caine,

Please don't trouble about the "fads". A man in the office is going to write the article instead of myself. I am amazed at this curious phenomenon of petty spite and indiscriminate howling on the part of the literary jackals of some of the papers. Don't you see in it, the sort of conviction that they have that their own smallness and pettiness are brought home to them by force of comparison, as it were. No man likes to be shown the ulcers in himself; and it is this sort of feeling which has prompted a good many attacks on "The Christian"—the feeling that here is a man showing what life ought to be and what it is. The people who live life as it presents itself to their own narrow dirtiness naturally are enraged. They resent the suggestion of anything better. Hence, the outcry. Three American editions in four days is a very good answer to it.

I fancy, entre nous, that Leighton (who is a warm personal friend of mine) is very much distressed about the Beerbohm affair. He expected to have the book to review in the ordinary way and, indeed, I believe had begun it. I know not where the greater disgrace lies—with the writer of the article or the paper which published it.

I am tired, but I can't get away for a rest, as we begin with our books on the first. My own, "Fortune's Footballs", comes out next week. "Old Man's Marriage" was doing very well, when the Jubilee came along and nipped it. I've just finished another for the Spring, and then have to start on a serial for Tilletson. I wish I could take two years over a book. But that's enough about myself. With heartiest thanks for your letter,

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

Hall Caine, Esqr.
Geo Banger

Hall Caine, Esq.
Greeba Carte
Isle of Man.