Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation - M.R. Harrington: Correspondence, General, 1902-1926

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 05:36:42

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Russellville, Ark., Feb.17th, '26,

Mr. M.R. Harrington,

St. Thomas, Nev.,

Dear Friend:

Received your letter promptly, and had actually been thinking of writing to you, but couldn't think of your address and so put it off; saw in Museum Notes you had gone back to Nevada, but thought perhaps you were further along the river. Are you finding many interesting things? A new cave is being explored near Everton, Ark -- ashes 20 ft. deep in [[strikethrough]] i [[/strikethrough]] it and two skeltons already taken from it. But-- the relics will go the Okla. Hist. Society, as they do the exploring.

Glad to hear you've sold the [[illegible]] story and shall look out for it -nothing shabby about the price, is there?; now, hear that I've sold a third article to Everybody's for \$ 150-- that is, they offer that, but wish to make a minor change or two and the interviewed gentleman will have to O.K. it; what if he should queer the whole thing? Wouldn't I faint? Many a slip 'twixt the check and the bank.But here's hoping.

About the yarn-- Fair Sacrifice. I worked it out two weeks ago, just now getting at it; thought I'd send it to you, but hated to risk it being forwarded, so I've tried it out its first time on Century. Didn't really know whether you'd care to bother with it, but at least am hoping for C's comment that will help me know what is lacking. Meant to mail you the duplicate, but am waiting to let a teacher friend read it; she's had work at Columbia and is a very good critic. Did I tell you that I'm taking some criticism under Mr. Reeve? Like him, too. He thinks I'm doing a fine western story, but it isn't finished yet. Says I can offer it to the big fellows-- mebbe so.

Here is something you can smile over-- I've[[strikethrough]] e [[/strikethrough]] been foolish enough to try my hand on a little book, and today the first five chapters go ou[[strikethrough]] r [[/strikethrough]] t to Lippincott's, who have been kind enoughto tell me to send it in, after I sent them a synopsis of it. Red Brother, get me up a Sacred Pack containing the feathers of an owl, for wisdom, a wisp of deer-hide for speed, a bit of crow's wing, that my story may have length as a crow's flight-- and what, oh what, for style and merit! And having gotten together the sacred pack, chant an incantation to the Indian god of chance or fate, that Lippincott's may be in need of books. Selah

Just now, i'm in the throws of a burlesque play that I've written and am putting on for the music club deficit; have alove[[strikethrough]] I [[/strikethrough]] ly Indian song,popular, Indian Dawn, with beautiful rhythm taken from the blanket dance, I think; another,Omaha melody by Alice Fle[[strikethrough]] c [[/strikethrough]] thear at Lover's flute -- am to [[strikethrough]] s [[/strikethrough]] sing them for the club. Very nice, but they take time from my writing and home-work; am half starving now, account of indigestion; almost envy Mrs. H. getting to stay in San D .-- I fare much better in the west than here. My family takes two meals a day out, so it relieves me of quite a bit Russellwille, Ark., Feb.17th. 26.

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Am using new typewriter, and don't understand the margin very well, you see. Write again and tell me what you find. Adios J.P.E. Livingston

[[left margin]] P.S. Will send story in a few days. I didn't try to use much fact. Tell me frank-ly what you think of it. [[/left margin]]

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