

the pleasant fustian of two
delightful poems of Mr.
Whitcomb Riley. I've never
come across a volume of
his, & have only seen stray
fragments here & there, but
they always strike me as
among the most happy
things in modern verse —
breaths of the real open
air, without any of the
frippery of latter-day

"artistry," & as clean & wholesome
as pine-woods.

Many of the other poems I
knew before; but I've spent
a very pleasant time in
this reviewing of old
acquaintance-ship.

With my sincere thanks to
Mrs. Melville & yourself
all mine,

Believe me
very sincerely yours
Alfred Hayes.