

**HER CAVEMAN'S
LETTERS AND
HER'S IN REPLY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649475629

Her Caveman's Letters and Her's in Reply by Carol Steele & Lance Swift

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CAROL STEELE & LANCE SWIFT

**HER CAVEMAN'S
LETTERS AND
HER'S IN REPLY**

Xolin
611

Her Caveman's Letters and Her's In Reply

By
Lance Swift and Carol Steele

PHILADELPHIA
GILLAM'S SONS COMPANY
1908
D.C.

*"The little gods, light hov'ring in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings and their aims pre-
pare;
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart
With powers resistless to inflame the heart;
Their arrow heads they dip with soft desires
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain."*

FROM
"THE LUSIAD"
OF
LUIS DE CAMOENS

From Him

DEAR MADAM:—The day before yesterday Mr. Boynton and I were at luncheon together. "I have just received," said he, after we had considered a legal matter concerning which he wished a bit of advice, "some unusually fine sketches in oil from a lady whom Mrs. Boynton and I have known since she was a little girl, a lady who is as amiable as she is talented"—those were his words; prompted, his eyes revealed, by very happy reflections. "I am going to use the pictures," he went on, "in the mid-summer number of the magazine."

"I should," said I, "like to look at them."

HER CAVEMAN'S LETTERS

We went from the restaurant to Mr. Boynton's office and he placed before me your Cairo pictures. I spent a few weeks in that exceedingly interesting city not long ago. Of late years I have been a good deal in the studios of some of my artist friends here.

As a result, quite likely, of these apparently unrelated facts, I ventured one or two thoughts concerning your most unusual canvases.

"You are right," said our mutual friend. "A few strokes of her brush will suffice to make the changes. You must write to her yourself," he added, "and tell her exactly what you have told me. Yes, yes," he insisted, "you must do it—positively must, if not as my friend, then as my attorney."

And so it came about that I am writing, as Mr. Boynton's friend you may be sure, to a lady of rare ability whom I have never had the privilege of meeting. With

AND HER'S IN REPLY

my note I am sending to you a few type-written memoranda that I beg you will not consider as obtrusively offered even though you may deem them ill advised and not at all desirable to adopt.

Please let me add that your work is most admirable, most praiseworthy, and indicates a mental grasp of things possessed by few.

I am confident your winter's sojourn in Northern Africa and Palestine must have been a very delightful and inspiring season.

With the kindest regards, I am,
Most sincerely yours,

BRUCE MACMAHON.