

**THE EMBLEMS OF
FIDELITY: A
COMEDY IN LETTERS**

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The emblems of fidelity: a comedy in letters by James Lane Allen

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JAMES LANE ALLEN

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A Comedy in Letters

BY

JAMES LANE ALLEN

AUTHOR OF

"THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL,"

"THE KENTUCKY WARBLER," ETC.



There is nothing so ill-bred as audible
laughter. . . . I am sure that since I have
had the full use of my reason nobody has
ever heard me laugh.

—*Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.*

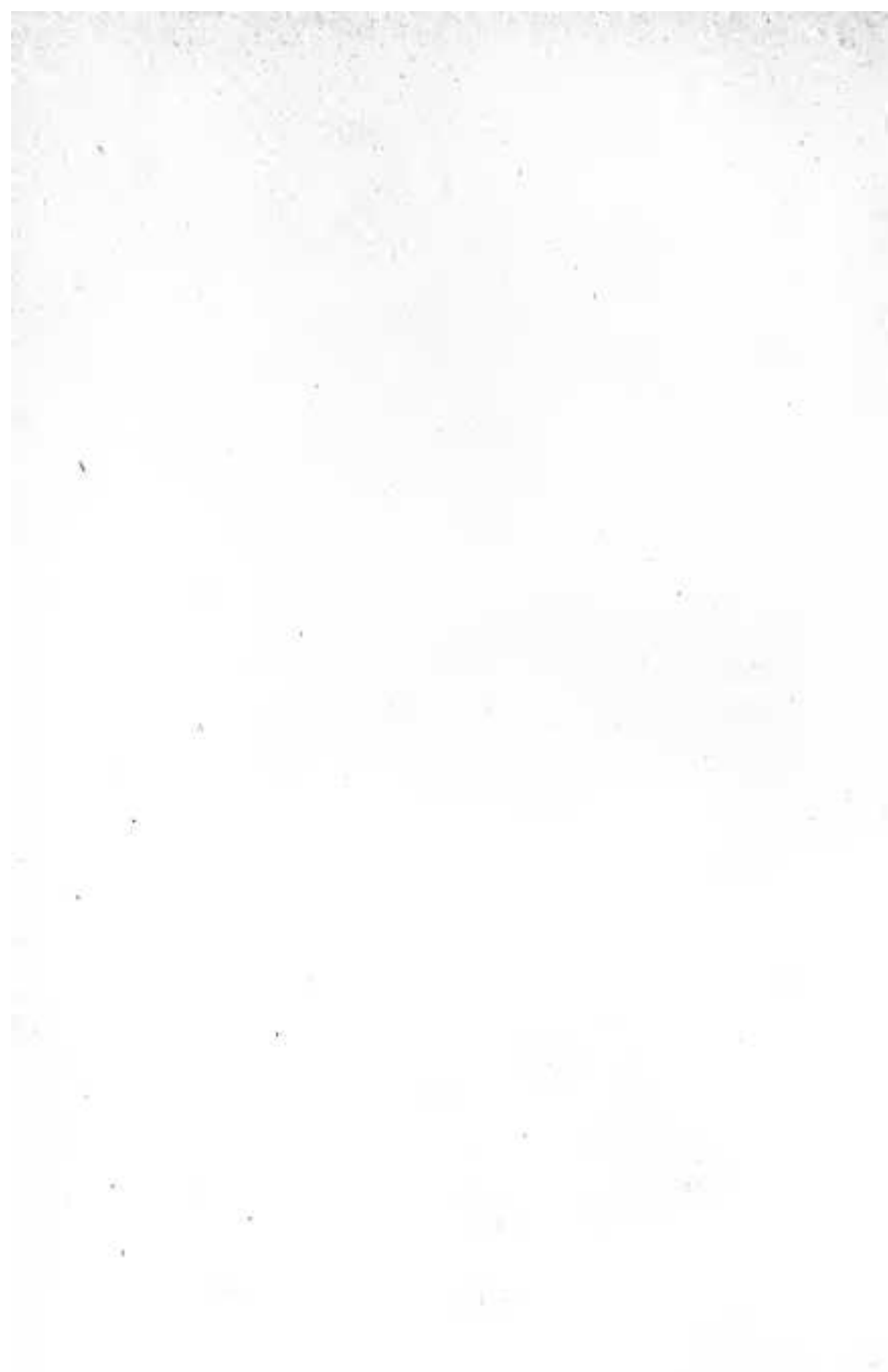
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1919

LIST OF CHARACTERS

- EDWARD BLACKTHORNE.....Famous elderly English novelist
BEVERLEY SANDS.....Rising young American novelist
BENJAMIN DOOLITTLE....Practical lawyer, friend of Beverley Sands
GEORGE MARIGOLD.....Fashionable physician
CLAUDE MULLEN.....Fashionable nerve-specialist, friend of
George Marigold
RUFUS KENT.....Long-winded president of a club
NOAH CHAMBERLAIN....Very learned, very absent-minded professor
PHILLIPS AND FAULDS.....Florists
BURNS AND BRUCE.....Florists
JUDD AND JUDD.....Florists
ANDY PETERS.....Florist
HODGE.....Stupid gardener of Edward Blackthorne
TILLY SNOWDEN.....Dangerous sweetheart of Beverley Sands
POLLY BOLES.....Dangerous sweetheart of Benjamin Doolittle,
friend of Tilly Snowden
CLARA LOUISE CHAMBERLAIN....Very devoted, very proud sensitive
daughter of Noah Chamberlain
ANNE RAEBURN.....Protective secretary of Edward Blackthorne'

THE EMBLEMS OF FIDELITY



EDWARD BLACKTHORNE TO BEVERLEY SANDS

*King Alfred's Wood,
Warwickshire, England,
May 1, 1910.*

MY DEAR MR. SANDS:

I have just read to the end of your latest novel and under the outdoor influence of that Kentucky story have sat here at my windows with my eyes on the English landscape of the first of May: on as much of the landscape, at least, as lies within the grey, ivy-tumbled, rose-besprinkled wall of a companionable old Warwickshire garden.

You may or you may not know that I, too, am a novelist. The fact, however negligible otherwise, may help to disarm you of some very natural hostility at the approach of this letter from a stranger; for you probably agree with me that the writing of novels—not, of course, the mere odious manufacture of novels—results in the making of friendly, brotherly men across the barriers of nations, and that

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we may often do as fellow-craftsmen what we could do less well or not do at all as fellow-creatures.

I shall not loiter at the threshold of this letter to fatigue your ear with particulars regarding the several parts of your story most enjoyed, though I do pause there long enough to say that no admirable human being has ever yet succeeded in wearying my own ears by any such desirable procedure. In England, and I presume in the United States, novelists have long noses for incense [poets, too, though of course only in their inferior way]. I repeat that we English novelists are a species of greyhound for running down on the most distant horizon any scampering, half-terrified rabbit of a compliment. But I freely confess that nature loaded me beyond the tendency of being a mere greyhound. I am a veritable elephant in the matter, being marvelously equipped with a huge, flexible proboscis which is not only adapted to admit praise but is quite capable of actively reaching around in every direction to procure it. Even the greyhound cannot run forever; but an elephant, if he once possess it, will wave such a proboscis till he dies.