

FCM Penicuik

Nov 13<sup>th</sup> 1893

Dear Mr Unwin,

Please forgive my ignorance of les [ ]. I might have known that it was not form to ask for such a statement. I write somewhat hastily, but Wylie was settling with me and returned what I thought was a ridiculously low sum for my royalty on his copies. But this he has since explained by reminding me that he was to pay me when he got in his money. His report up to date has been  
Nov 1893

Royalty on Stickit Minister Gross sales to date £85.8s less Review copies £3  
£82.8 10% of same £8.5.0

As I had forgotten all about the verbal agreement of which Mr Wylie afterwards reminded me in his explanation, and as I knew that he had taken 500 of the first edition, it is not much wonder that I wrote off hastily to ask for facts – which I know now that I ought not to have done.

But it is all right.

You asked me once if you might print the little note about the warning to Parents and Guardians which I threw off one night before going to bed after being pestered out of my life by the youngsters. Of course, where and when you like. I hear that you are to publish Conways??? Book on the Himalaya's – I shall want a copy of that when it comes

With kind regards and apologies

Ever truly yours

SRC

The note:

FCM

Penicuik

Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1893.

A warning to parents and Guardians

Paterfam: (warming his toes, last person seen, last MS dispatched, last proof read)

'Now, I shall read for an hour.

Sweetheart: (sweethearting) No father, tell us a story, come Baby Brother?

Baby Brother (hammering on chair with spoon) Shan't!

Sweetheart: Well then, father dear, read me a story out of a St Nicholas book.

Paterf (does it weakly) 'Once upon a time...

Sweetheart (with the guile of her relentless sex) Isn't it about time another Nicholas book was coming. It's such a time since I got the last.

Paterf (endeavours to change the subject) Go and see if your mother is asleep.

Sweetheart: You promised you would buy one from the man that has them to sell as soon as they were out - now you did!

Materfamil: (not asleep, far from it) And you said you would get me all the Pseudonymns as they came out and Oillie was the last I had – and there's the Independent library and a lot –

Pater (early grey and sinking into an untimely grave) O certainly, anything else you would like?

Curtain falls on the poor man feeling wistfully at an empty purse. He has his want to and they run in expensive directions such as Tennyson Friends and other things, but he is obliged to sit down and write to his publishers to send him Nicholas new volume and recent Pseudonyms and trust that one day in the far future he may get paid. But not yet – not yet – if he had a steeple at his meeting house he would go and fall off it in the approved manner. As he has not, well, he does as he is told.