

TRAINING OF A NOVELIST

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HAWKINS" AND "NACHETTE"

Robert A. Watson was a clerk in a country store, tramp, farmer, chicken raiser before a lucky thing happened to him: His theories of writing books.

"I have heard of people who wonder what kind of people editors were," says Robert Alexander Watson, the author of "Happy Hawkins" and the survivor of as many and varied experiences, trades and professions as may be found within the cover of a single author even in these days. He is telling how "Happy Hawkins" came to be.

"I had wanted a good many of them, but I was not getting any letters," he goes on, "but my first letters did not explain their meaning. I refused to write them easily or to pay for them so economically, and I decided to go down to New York and pry some things out of them. I had managed to keep control of my money and with this and a typewriter I went down to the metropolis, intending to stop at the Mills Hotel until I found a room for the editors.

"Thinking that the rules of the Mills Hotel were not adapted to my temper, I got up at the York and concluded to be sorry. It did not take me a great while to find out plenty of excuses for myself not being accepted, but by this time I had become a matter of principle with me and I had to see it through.

"When funds began to dwindle I took a room on West Fifty-fifth street, and there I fell into the midst of a real drama as interesting as I could not do better with fiction. Near the close of my first month I admitted that it would be necessary for me to move to less expensive quarters or hold some one up, but in the lobby of the York one evening I came across Ned Nye.

"He was busy at his usual pastime of entertaining the idle, and before the evening was over I managed to start an argument with him. In the course of it he mentioned the fact that he had lots of ideas, but hated to bother with working them up, offering as evidence the outline and gags of a story which had come to him over two years before and were still in an undeveloped condition. One of the group who knew that I wrote suggested that Nye let me finish it. He said that he would give me \$25 for the job and I took it.

"He immediately discovered that it would be necessary to his comfort to have it finished on the following night. I finished it before I had time to sleep and brought it down before he awoke. He read it and proposed that we go into partnership. As any one who could afford to pay me \$25 for a night's work had certain of the qualities I was in search of I agreed. That night we began our first vaudeville sketch, and as soon as my month at my boarding place was up we took an apartment on Lexington avenue.

"This was one of my high places, where a shimmer of romance about it until it had all the atmosphere of Bohemia and Latin Quarters and Art coming into her own, and certain other relishes for which I had yearned. We soon opened a studio on Twenty-ninth street, and began to do some business. But it was the pipe dreams we indulged in that most appealed to me. One night when Nye was filling the air with them I said to him, 'You've forgotten the biggest thing of all, a novel worthy of the name.'

"I've got you," he answered, and began to tell about Nachette.

"In our dealings I was always the pessimist and he the optimist. We fought over the details all night and had a pretty fair outline by morning. From that on we worked at Nachette as much as possible, and as the disturbance in vaudeville circles hampered that department we left town and went to Asbury Park.

"When the crowd there got thick enough to bother me I came back to Delhi and finished Nachette with the original ending, which was too horrible for words. We tried various devices to get it accepted with this ending, but it was impossible at any of the houses we were willing to have published it.

"The fatal illness of my sister called me to Chicago at the time Nachette was in the hands of a concern that is more deliberate than evolution. I returned to Delhi to grind out some short stories which had gathered, and during the summer this concern returned Nachette, but asked me to submit all the Happy Hawkins stories I had, with a view to working them into a novel.

"The stories were returned to me by mistake, so I had the chance of seeing what the readers really thought of them. I sent them back, but they returned officially with a pretty discouraging report, but I had an idea that they had elements. As Ned Nye was in Paris, I went up to Michigan and wrote about three-fourths of Happy Hawkins, returning to Asbury Park in the fall to finish it. It was accepted after three weeks consideration.

"In the meantime a new ending had been worked out to Nachette and Nye had returned to New York with a piece of paper which he called Nachette. He went to a music publisher and was introduced to me by the manager, who was collaborator in the greatest novel of the age.

"After a little kidding the manager proposed that we let him read the novel. The manuscript was in a frightful condition, and from the last three chapters had a page had been rewritten and the rest had been made with different ink and ink until it looked like a mess after a storm. But we submitted it without apology.

"At that time we had no idea that this had been on the watch for a novel good enough to make a stir with, and that particular methods of working had aroused their curiosity, so we found our work at least we reached a satisfactory agreement.

"Mr. Watson has much to say about the way he practices his writing.

"I have a good many theories about writing," he says, "but they are hard to teach. There is just one kind of nature as far as I have been able to find it, and it is a primitive thing and it is environment, kindness and sharp never destroys it, and there it is, and it is the secret maze, and it is the conventional, but always finding its own individuality and its own escape at any moment.

"As I am concerned, I have long removed or countless experiments, but as to the truth of this premise, my writing has been done from the standpoint. I never worry about the situation, all my creative force goes into a character and this is true, and it is the back part of my brain. There comes a flash some

strong character in the midst of an action and then the work begins. I have to hold a focus on him until I can see every line in his face, and every tone of his voice becomes audible.

"I put him in a dozen situations with which I'm familiar and watch his actions until I know what he will do under any circumstances; then I must wait for him a chance to amuse me—not the reader, nor an editor, nor a religion, nor a faction gets consideration; I'm selfish then.

"The hard part of writing, I find, is to keep the pictures in the back part of my brain from exceeding the speed limit. I write those words on Nachette in one day, but as a rule I write rather slowly; that is, there is often a long interval between words, as I don't try to influence the characters, and much they do is commonplace, so that it resolves into writing. What shall be set down and what discarded?

"Character development is the river; situations and incidents make up its banks, and plot is merely the force of gravity which produces action. Where the banks are of granite the current is deflected, where the rush is stronger the banks are washed away, but according to my theory plot should be an unceasing irresistible force.

"I was always given to day dreaming, and before I tried it I fancied that writing would be much the same. But it is entirely different. In the first place I have a little control over my characters as my parents had over me. If a man is too certain about where they must touch, but their own individuality colors everything; it is holding that focus that makes hard work of it.

"As near as I can come to it it is as though the subconscious part of me lives in a separate world behind that little window in the back of my head I mentioned and the conscious part of me looks in and describes what it sees. I write on a typewriter direct, and before I begin I get my body as comfortable as possible for as soon as the show opens I'm sure to forget everything else.

"I seldom revise and am never well suited when I do, for all normal people have peculiar twists in their makeup and I hate to cut these perfectly normal twists out of my fictionalized characters to suit some one who probably is not well acquainted with himself. If a man is thoroughly acquainted with himself he knows the entire race. We are all murderers, heroes, martyrs, thieves, cowards and explorers at heart, but we live like ordinary, respectable people until we think that we are ordinary, respectable people to the core and we come to believe that custom is character. It often produces a severe shock to expose his own nature to a person who never knew that he possessed one.

"Another thing to be counted on is the breadth of heredity. In counting back forty generations we perceive that we must have drawn the clay of our makeup from a central bank. The man who weeps the crossing had a king for ancestor if he goes back far enough, but the poison of it has long since been filtered from his blood.

"But best of all in estimating humanity I think is the ability to take of the hat to nothing before intrinsic personality, regardless of outward position. I remember once I went out of Chicago during a storm, the wind of the brake beam of a cattle car. The beam was about eight inches wide about a foot above the track, and the roar of the wheels was a thing beyond the imagination.

"A man sitting on a porch caught sight of me and I saw him point me out to a boy who sat beside him. I've no doubt he gave a fitting sermon about my sufferings having been caused by idleness and debauchery, and that I was getting my just deserts. But I was singing as contentedly as a kettle.

"I'm determined to draw the thing as I see it with truth, at least, even though I can expect to see only a small portion of it.

"Despite this assertion most people would consider that the author has managed to obtain several viewpoints of his intended authorship, when his father took him at the age of 7 or 8 to Delhi, Ind., to live in a house which he did not attain its present proficiency in the penmanship of writers; so my father is freed from all Delhi in which to invest a foothold, but I doubt it.

"Dear Creek flows through it and empties into the sea, five miles below the tip; the Tippecanoe is five miles distant, and these streams still retain a fringe of forest, Indian trails, pirate dens, secret caves and the other necessities of the primitive life. The boys were divided into gangs, which maintained incessant warfare, swimming, camping out, hunting, fishing, fruit raiding, each did his best so that the boy was not forced to miss any of the more important details of the early stages of evolution.

"I started to school in the second grade and was whipped at the close of the first day's session for innocently twirling my hat on a stick. I was never afterward permitted to do so, and many teachers were made to suffer therefor.

"Teachers were my first character studies. I studied school teachers, and I studied the stars, as an astronomer studies the surface of the earth, and I studied the sea, as a fisherman studies the bottom of the sea. The first whipping was responsible for it.

"A school teacher makes a spelling study than a schoolbook. Spelling is never could learn, but I now know that this proved me to possess a logical mind. Over twenty million years are wasted every generation in the vain endeavor to teach a child to spell a word which he knows how to spell a language which cannot be spelled.

"It can be memorized. We had to stay in after school and study each word a hundred times, which kept my revolutionary spirit in training, but utterly ruined my penmanship. For I soon discovered that my teacher would go to the bother of reading a thousand or so words, and I formulated a new writing which I used on all but the first ten words. In the end my writing became a free hand, and now no one, not even my own, can read my script.

"But after leading this striving life and managing to do all to lead his class for two successive years in the grammar room, the future author's teachers hailed in him a prospective writer because, he says, 'they were convinced that my peculiar gifts were not in harmony with a scholastic or business or professional life; writing the unknown was the last resort of a man who had no other way out.'

"I was filled with noble sentiments, but it is strange how different they sounded coming from the lips of my eldest brother, who had written a masterpiece. When my hero had spoken then I had thrilled like an eagle hawk, but when my brother delivered them I felt the manuscript, a couple of commandments and my intention of becoming an author.

"I had a job in a shoe store at \$3 a week, blasting my parents' hopes of a college education for me and served a term in a general store, and there met the least assortment of characters that could be found outside of Delphi. Who customers have been trading at one store for forty years they lose any difference with which they might have started, and I saw them mostly as they were, and they were good people to know. I fear I made a poor clerk and let lots of money escape, my mind was busy weaving the customers into stories.

"Some tramp stories in a magazine had awakened a desire on my part to go tramping, and during the winter I spread a propaganda until at one time there were a dozen of us enlisted. As the date set grew closer, the domestic arrangements in my village grew more complicated, until at last I started forth alone.

"I knew by this time that I was going to be a writer and there was no feeling of being a time waster in my mind. My first comrade was Philadelphia Slim, who had not worked for thirteen years and who assured me that he would never work again. He knew his own mind, and he proved a pleasant traveling companion until he proposed to rob a post office.

"He had the plan worked out to the last item and all I had to do was to climb in through a small back window and open the side door, but I resigned. About thirty miles we rode, and I was enough to make a hole. You get the look and also much of the philosophy, which is pretty well worked out and quite logical.

"He tried some more, but I was a professional bicycle rider, enlisted in the army, thinking himself well qualified by having broken during a long, a toe, an ankle, a finger, an elbow, two collarbone and a nose; worked with bridge gangs in the Southwest, where he met Buck Edgerton, who was later involved into Happy Hawkins; invented a roulette system, worked in a San Francisco furniture factory, became a street car conductor, ran an auto and peddled, became a doctor's office boy, during which time he wrote three short stories and one set of verses which he sent to his brother to have typewritten and to peddle for him.

"Those verses were written during a teamsters' strike," he says, "when scabs were trying to drive four horse teams up hills, which were not only discouraged a goat—and they came from the heart." It was after he came back to Indiana that he started to become literary.

"I was much elated to learn that the set of verses and the short stuff had been accepted," he says. "This was the first thing I had been paid for, and I had smuggled some stuff into a San Francisco paper, but another man had got the credit and most of the cash.

"I had a firm conviction that all that was necessary to be recognized as one of the select was to have something appear in a magazine and it would immediately be recognized as the work of a master. The amount paid for these short stories seemed to be grotesquely minute as recompense for genius. I still had a little money which had accumulated during one of my periods in the store and I had a respectable family with credit at the bank, so I bought a farm on which to raise chickens, mornings and short stories afterwards.

"I did have certain vague theories about short stories, but with the chickens it was a case of accident. All the real farmers about used to drive miles out of their way just to enjoy a hearty laugh. If it had been possible for me to take a hint I should have ceased to write from that moment.

"The hogs and the short stories were nearly making me a fortune, but I had decided to get a divorce from the farm; it was not my plan in the first place. My family had held a secret caucus, had gathered all the neighbors, and had about ancient crannies amassing princely fortunes out of sixteen hens on one corner of a city lot, etc. But I wrote a circular describing my farm and offering it for sale.

"It was a convincing document. After reading it I could not see how any person could part with such a treasure, and it had the desired effect. After I sold the farm I came down to New York to investigate the editors. After that Happy Hawkins evolved.

"My father's people were Scotch-Irish and my own character is more Irish than that of any of the rest of the family. I am also about the only one of the bunch who ever got familiar with manual labor during a long string of generations, although one of my uncles went after gold in 49 and achieved a romantic death.

"As a family I took little pride in the family tradition that one of my great-uncles had been a pirate. I still take pride in him, although I wish he had applied his peculiar energy to oil or steel.

A BIOGRAPHY OF O. HENRY.

His Literary Executor Collecting Material A Sample Letter.

Harry Peyton Steger of Doubleday, Page and Company, the literary executor of the late O. Henry, is collecting copies of letters and documents with a view toward compiling from them a sort of "posthumous biography." Mr. Steger is desirous of hearing from any one with material to contribute or who is interested in the matter.

Interesting lights are thrown on the characteristics and methods of O. Henry by his letters. One written from Asheville, N. C., to Mr. Steger says: "LAND OF THE SUN, Monday, 1909. MY DEAR GONZALEZ: As I wired you today I like 'Man About Town' for a title. But I am sending in a few others for you to look at, and if you think any of them are 'greenable' here they are, in preferred order: The Venturers Transfers Merry-go-Rounds Babynotes Breakfast from Babal Babes in the Jungle

If none of these hit you right in the eye, I will get busy again. I think 'Man About Town' is about the right thing. It gives the city idea without using the old, hackneyed words. I am going to write you a letter in a day or so, touching on an appointment, other matter and topics. I am still improving and feeling pretty good. Col. Ringham has put in a new ash after and expects you to come down and see that it works all right. It will seem to you as if you seem to have made quite a bit down here for a Yankee. Salutations and good wishes. Yours, O. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Marion Harland in her "Autobiography" gives a picture of life in Virginia before the war, and in the course of it says: "In those same dark ages strong men, whom acquaintances never accused of cant or suspected of sentimentality, went to evening prayer meetings and accounted it a delight to hear two sermons on Sunday, laid pulpits teachings to heart, practiced self-examination and wrote love letters to their own wives. If this were not the 'Simple Life' later day philologists exploit as a branch of the New Thought movement it will never be lived on this low earth."

Two new books, just published by Hargers are "The Way to Peace," by Margaret Deland, the story of an episode in the life of a husband and wife of a Shaker community, with drawings by Alice Barber Stephens, and "Amelie Rives a Pan's Mountain," a story of the love of an English poet for an Italian girl who is half Greek and half Italian—a worshiper of Pan.

Marion Harland tells a story of before the war political life as manifested at a Whig rally in 1841, the year of Clay's defeat. The orator had just come to John Tyler's name. Up rose Capt. Cooke, clad in the scarlet English hunting coat he invariably wore.

"The Lord have mercy on the nation!" he cried, his voice solemn with wrath and sonorous with mint juleps. "Fellow citizens! I always cry to high heaven for mercy upon this country when John Tyler's name is mentioned! Amen and amen!"

A man who admits that he has never suffered any serious ill health nor enjoyed any miraculous recovery, Herbert W. Fisher, writes in his new book, "Making Life Worth While":

"I recovered my health before losing it. To lose it all I had to do was to go the gait of an average man. I have changed that gait myself—almost imperceptibly, but enough. In other words I deliberately chose to change in advance of punishment. Whoever did that before I say that to obey before you are punished is a more unique achievement than that of Columbus when he stood the egg on end."

Frank Blevy Paradise's "The Church and the Individual" is an interpretation of the Church as a social institution in the midst of a new order of things and of the relation of the individual as a social being to the Church, stating the place of organized religion as a structural part of civilized life. While it recognizes that the Church was originally adjusted to another form of society and government, it maintains that it is not fixed by condition at any moment of history or of an system of philosophy, either in its formularies or its polity. The Church is rather the organism in which all human interests are synthesized and by which they are spiritually interpreted—the moral leader in all the social and intellectual movements of this age.

Popular new editions from the Macmillan Company include Zona Gale's "Friendship Village," "Friendship Village Love Stories" and "The Loves of Pelias and Ekarre," in a uniform binding of lavender and gold; E. V. Lucas's travel companions, "A Wanderer in Holland," "A Wanderer in Paris" and "A Wanderer in Rome," bound in limp green leather with gold decorations, and the two volumes of Alice Morse Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume," now published in one volume.

By direction of the board of trustees of Cornell University a memorial tablet to Golden Smith will be erected in the hall bearing his name on the university campus. The inscription will be these words from Prof. Smith's will:

"All the rest and residue of my estate I give, devise and bequeath to Cornell University, in the State of New York, United States of America, absolutely, to be used by the board of trustees for the promotion, especially of liberal studies of the languages, ancient and modern, literary or philosophy, history and political science, for which provision has been made in the new hall which bears my name and to the building of which my wife has contributed.

"In confirming this bequest my desire is to show my attachment to the university, in the foundation of which I had the honor of taking part, to pay respect to a citizen, memory of whose name I wish to show my attachment as an Englishman to the union of the two branches of our race on this continent with each other and with the common mother."

This week Doubleday, Page & Company announce the following new publications: "Burning Daylight" by Jack London, is a story with a strong, masterful character in the golden, frozen North setting for a hero, Elkan Harnish, known as "Burning Daylight," as "King of the Klondike," as "Hero of the Arctic" and as the "Thirty Million Dollar Millionaire of the North," passes through obstacles apparently insurmountable to ultimate triumph.

Mabel Osgood Wright's "Princess Flower Hat" is the story of a young girl who decides to adopt gardening as her profession, and it also records a romance.

"Just Folks," by Clara Laughlin, pictures the slums of Chicago, the title being taken from a remark by Mrs. Casey, one of the characters, to the effect that lots of things would be easy to understand if people would stop calling them problems and remember they were "just folks." The humorous is blended in the book with the pathetic.

"Horsemen of the Plains," by Joseph Altschuler, is a story of the West, of Indians, of scouts, trappers, fur traders and, in short, of everything that is dear to the imagination of a healthy American boy.

William Dean Howells reveals one of his earliest literary enthusiasms in the introduction he has written to "The Children's Plutarch," recently published. "This little book for the children out of Plutarch's great work is very well done indeed, with feeling for the original," he says. "As I read these wonderful

fair and thrilling of the heart, which the Italian poet Alfieri records with his fire-frenzy. The book of books for me and the one which caused me to pass hours of bliss and rapture was Plutarch, his lives of the truly great, and some of these, as Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, Cato and others, I read and read again, with such a transport of grief, tears and fury that if any one had heard me in the next room he would surely have thought me mad."

Colonel Roosevelt figures not only in the press despatches and magazines of the day but in at least one of the fall novels. In "The Men We Marry," by Lewis E. MacBryane, and published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, the following picture is drawn:

"Laurin Flinders in this brief but intimate contact with a tremendous personality had gained the impression of the strength of a magnificent tiger, confined and directed toward a lofty purpose. The eyes, half veiled in repose, but piercing in action; the teeth exposed by a sudden drawing back of the lips when the man was aroused; the pose at all times of the head and shoulders, like the crouch preceding the spring, all combined to create an impression of sublime animal force, directed, however, by a higher intelligence."

"Bob Carleton, American," on the current list of the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, was written by a lawyer, Herbert Grayson Laing, who died in 1907. The story is of the career of an American of the gritty and determined type, who as a farmer lad strikes out in the West, goes into a rough mining country and masters his destiny and incidentally wins the girl he loves.

Smoking, and in particular a brand of Italian cigars known as toscano and defined as "a kind of stogy one soon learns to fall back upon when the last Havana from home has been puffed away," formed the first topic of conversation when Philip S. Marden, author of "Travels in Spain," met Elihu Vedder, author of "The Digression of V," in Rome.

"It was Vedder," says Mr. Marden, "who insisted on my smoking a toscano with him, under the impression, no doubt, that it would finish me. He little knew that I had been addicted to the habit for a year or more, but I soon convinced him of it by confessing that I often treasured up the unsmoked residue of my toscano to be relighted the next day.

"Vedder's eyes shot fire. 'The man who would relight a toscano,' he shouted, 'would infallibly smoke a corpse!'"

New Books Now Ready

THE BETTER MAN

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Author of "The Island of Regeneration," etc.

A novel about two clergymen and one woman. They are rival candidates for election to a bishopric, and until the last chapter they are rivals for the hand of the same lady. An absorbing, rapidly moving story, full of human nature and heart interest.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ELEANOR CUYLER

By KINGSLAND CROSBY.

There is a mystery, and a big one as readers of detective stories will find to their delight when they follow the intricate, ingenious, puzzling and baffling story of the vanished Miss Cuyler.

A RECONSTRUCTED MARRIAGE

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Box of Orange Ribbon," etc.

The sweetness and nobility of Mrs. Barr's characters are so well known to her many readers that this, her latest novel, needs no words of recommendation to insure its popularity. The story relates the triumph of an exalted love over selfishness and arrogance.

MARY MAGDALENE

By MAURICE MAESTERLINCK.

Author of "The Blue Bird," etc.

Maurice Maesterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene," is perhaps his finest effort, regarded as a piece of sheer literature.

A GARDEN OF GIRLS

By HARRISON FISHER.

Beautifully reproduced in color.

"A Garden of Girls," as its name suggests, is a collection of Mr. Fisher's latest pictures of girls, and his latest pictures are his best. With its bright and clever short poems and its bewitching pictures of feminine loveliness it is just the book for a Christmas gift.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers, New York.

Just Published

MASTERS of the WHEATLANDS

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Author of "Aton of Somanos," etc.

Full of the vigor of rising fortunes in a new land this novel tells of a girl who finds herself in love with one man and engaged to another, of a wholesome daughter of the plains who through sheer strength of character is the making of a man, and of a more idyllic affair.

Published by STOKES. \$1.30 net.

THE YARDSTICK MAN A NOVEL A story of vigorous idealism, much humor, and of cumulative action, through all the tense situations of which runs an idyllic love story. A struggle between the settled, conventional East and the untrammelled, imaginative West. ARTHUR GOODRICH Spirit Frontispiece Wrapper in Colors 12mo Decorated Cloth Cover D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

"AN ANALYSIS OF AN AMERICAN GIRL" Leonora BY FRANCES RUMSEY A brilliant novel of present-day American life—not "society muck-raking"—making use of none of the hackneyed hall-marks of the "smart set"—presenting the lives of well-to-do people of a position so assured that they can afford to follow their natures and desires in their mode of life. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

New Books Now Ready THE BETTER MAN By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. Author of "The Island of Regeneration," etc. A novel about two clergymen and one woman. They are rival candidates for election to a bishopric, and until the last chapter they are rivals for the hand of the same lady. An absorbing, rapidly moving story, full of human nature and heart interest. THE STRANGE CASE OF ELEANOR CUYLER By KINGSLAND CROSBY. There is a mystery, and a big one as readers of detective stories will find to their delight when they follow the intricate, ingenious, puzzling and baffling story of the vanished Miss Cuyler. A RECONSTRUCTED MARRIAGE By AMELIA E. BARR. Author of "The Box of Orange Ribbon," etc. The sweetness and nobility of Mrs. Barr's characters are so well known to her many readers that this, her latest novel, needs no words of recommendation to insure its popularity. The story relates the triumph of an exalted love over selfishness and arrogance. MARY MAGDALENE By MAURICE MAESTERLINCK. Author of "The Blue Bird," etc. Maurice Maesterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene," is perhaps his finest effort, regarded as a piece of sheer literature.

The Girl who lived in the Woods By Marjorie Benton Cooke What a troublesome thing to be the possessor of "complex emotional machinery!" So Cecelia Carmé thinks, and the realization that she does possess it, has driven her to cut herself off from all contact with the world, and to bury herself in the heart of the woods. There, where she thinks she will be alone with her Art and the myriad wonders of nature, Love and Life hunt her out, breaking down her most cherished convictions, and changing the mapped-out course of her existence. You will find this a most fascinating story with its thrills, its flashes of humor, its joys and its heartaches. A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers NOW ON SALE AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

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