GERTRUDE ATHERTON TELLS HOW SHE STUMPED CALIFORNIA FOR WILSON

Had to Bluff Hectorers, but Quickly Learned Democratic Platform.

"Take Subject Seriously, but Never Take Self Seriously," She Says.

Disgusted With Treatment of Women in Washington Last Monday.

Sails Next Week to Genoa and Will Write New Novel in Switzerland.

ONE telling stump speaker for Wilson during the recent Presidential campaign sat quietly in New York while the inaugural activities were going on in Washington this week. It was Gertrude Atherton, one of the most effective figures in the California campaign and who is now in town preparatory to sailing for Europe, where her new book is destined to be written.

Mrs. Atherton was asked why she hadn't gone to Washington along with the rest of the faithful, and answered characteristically:

"Why should I? I've met Wilson, and that is enough. If I'd gone he would wonder what I wanted for myself or some one else."

And any one who knows Mrs. Atherton could not imagine her even being in the position of asking favors or appearing to ask favors. She would never need to.

She told of her experiences in stumping California, some of them very amusing. Mrs. Atherton's name is a household word there, and the campaign managers did not neglect opportunities. Mrs. Atherton has kept for a souvenir one poster in which her name, in tall black letters, flaunts at the top, followed modestly by that of her fellow speaker, a distinguished jurist, in much smaller type; while the name of the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, in whose behalf they were speaking, trailed very inconspicuously after in letters of most economical size.

"I had never been on a platform before," said Mrs. Atherton, "and never imagined I'd do it for any human being. And I don't think I would have done it for any one besides Woodrow Wilson; I've always admired him and what he stands for. I thought it a privilege to go out to California and give interviews and exert my influence in making the women use their right to vote. I called them frightful names because they didn't register. Then I was 'buffaloed' into making a speech before 500 women, and they were extraordinarily nice to me considering the way I had gone after them. I had never made a speech before, but trusted to luck and said whatever came into my head. I thought it very bad, but Josephus Daniels telegraphed next day asking me to write a pamphlet for the campaign. This was printed and illustrated with photographs of the Wilson family; about a million copies were distributed.

"Then they wanted me to make another speech—there was to be a supporter of Debs and one of Roosevelt and one of Taft. I hadn't read the Democratic platform nor got the subject up at all. The others were really profound. Once more I had to bluff it out. So I said all the absurd and amusing things I could think of. That succeeded—for you can know everything there is to know about your subject and still not be wildly interesting. I thought I was going to be terrified, but when you are on the platform your brain is a pitch above the normal and it is surprising what you can do.

"But a Roosevelt supporter began to hector me. 'That is not the Democratic platform,' I was informed. 'The platform don't matter,' I returned superbly and went right on. The stimulation carried me through and I won my audience, but when I got home I read and read and read. Then I prepared a new speech. I found it helped to keep making new speeches. The others used their old ones and they fell flat. I should have flattened out myself without some sense of adventure.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

"They told me I had to go on. I was drawing crowds. But I found I was being used as a decoy duck to draw on the crowds and then let the local candidates speak. I did not fancy that and it soon stopped.

"I learned several things and so am glad for the experience even though I hated it all the time. My mother was a Southern woman and had always impressed it upon me that women must save themselves. So I did until I got the vote. Until I got that vote I was a free woman and rested at my pleasure, but after I got it I was the slave of men; up at 5 in the morning, catching a train to this or that God forsaken spot, making a speech, catching another train, making another speech, and so on. The first thing I learned from this campaign was that I have an enormously strong constitution. The discovery was entirely new to me.

"The second thing was getting over my fright and dread of appearing in public. I learned that as soon as I was on my feet my brain was stimulated with the excitement; the rest would do itself.

"The third thing was that secret that I suppose all actresses know, the secret of magnetism, of charm, of 'getting over' to the audience. It is a mere matter of physical vitality and is secured by saving up for the moment of appearance and then literally pouring yourself out to the audience.

"The fourth thing I learned was a good deal about politics and the way they are conducted and the men and women that were running for office.

"And then I learned a lot about my State. I saw it as I never saw it before. Wherever we went we would be taken for drives, and then we went to places where I would never have gone otherwise, and, I sincerely hope, I'll never go again. Mrs. Strong, the stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, who travelled with me, used to laugh at my expense. I would get off some beautiful sentiment about Democracy and what a privilege it was to serve it, and then the next day we would get on some little way train full of dirty men eating lunches in their shirt sleeves and dirty children playing all over the cars and all of my Democracy would leave me.

"'I don't blame anybody who can afford it for having a private car,' I'd say. And if it hadn't been for Wilson and his principles I'm afraid my Democracy might have left me for good and all."

Mrs. Atherton told an amusing story about Mrs. Strong, the step daughter of Stevenson and sister of Lloyd Osbourne.

"In one town," she said, "Mrs. Strong and I had to address a meeting of about 1,000 women. The wife of a local commercial magnate, or something of the sort, all upholstered out of the store's best, presided. She was very anxious to say something complimentary, and evidently knowing that Mrs. Strong had some claim to distinction, leaned over to her and whispered a request for particulars. Mrs. Strong told her that she was the Belle in the 'Vailima Letters.' So the upholstered lady got up and impressively announced that we were to have the privilege of listening to the daughter-in-law of Stevens the poet, a lady who is widely known as 'the Vailima belle.'"

There was another amusing incident in which Joaquin Miller figured.

"I was to speak in a theatre in Oakland," said Mrs. Atherton, "and they made poor old Joaquin Miller introduce us. It was a shame, for he was very feeble; but he looked beautiful in a long tan gown and his long silvery beard and hair, a little red cap on his head. Despite his feebleness he insisted on making an opening address. He launched into an elaborate eulogy of me, telling them how they were to listen to the writer with an international reputation, the brains of California, the woman whose name was a household word; then turning with a gesture toward me he stopped short. He had forgotten my name. 'The lady will now make a speech,' he concluded. The audience shouted. It waked them up and was a good beginning."

Mrs. Atherton said that a man gave her in the beginning a good piece of advice and she passes it on to others who would be successful as public speakers. "Always take your subject seriously," she said, "but never take yourself seriously. I took myself as a joke all the way and I think that helped carry me through."

Mrs. Atherton sails next week for Europe to spend a few weeks in Genoa and then to go on to Switzerland, where she may stay two years. She will write her new novel while gone. The idea is already pretty well in her mind, but, following her custom, she won't tell anything about it until the book is finished. For with Mrs. Atherton plots and characters change very radically in the process of development and she herself cannot forecast accurately.

She has some very interesting views on the white slave question and thinks that a book might well be written on the other side than the one usually presented in these days of oversentimenalization, one showing certain types of character that are not generally taken into consideration. But she says that the next novel will not deal with this subject.

She was disgusted with the treatment of the women in Washington, but ascribed it to the old fashioned Southern man's attitude to women. Men of the old school profess to idealize women, but secretly despise them.

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SPRING BOOKS ISSUED BY YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The spring publications of the Yale University Press include the following titles: "Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought," being the John Calvin McNair lectures for 1912, fifth series, delivered by Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, at the University of North Carolina. "The Economic Utilization of History," by Henry W. Farnam, M. A., R. P. D., professor of economics, Yale University. "The Conservation of Water," being the Chester S. Lyman lectures delivered at Sheffield scientific school of Yale University by Walter McCulloh, C. E., with maps, diagrams and illustrations. "Stellar Motions, With Special Reference to Motions Determined by Means of the Spectrograph," being the Silliman lectures for 1909 and 1910, delivered by Willam Walter Campbell, Sc. D., LL. D., director of the Lick Observatory, University of California, with diagrams and illustrations. "Problems of Genetics,' by William Bateson, director of the John Innes Horticultnral Institution, Surrey, England, with two color plates, diagrams and illustrations. "Irritability, a Physical Analysis of the General Effect of Stimuli in Living Substance,' by Max Verworn, professor at Bonn Physiological Institute, with diagrams and illustrations. "The Fram- of the Constitutioon of the United States," by Max Farrand, professor of history in Yale University, editor of "The Records of the Federal Convention." "A Landsman's Log," by Robert W. Neeser, with an introduction by Admiral Charles J. Badger, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic fleet, with over forty illustrations. "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel, the Sensuous in Hebbel's Lyric Poetry," by Albert Gubelmann, Ph. D., assistant professor of German in Yale University. "Catalogue of Early Printed Books," given to Yale University Library in 1894 by William Loring Andrews, M. A.

Books Received.

"San Francisco," two volumes. John P. Young. (The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, San Francisco.)

"The Story of the Civil War, Part III.," two volumes. John Codman Ropes and William Roscoe Livermore. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition." D. A. Winstanley. (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"A Keeper of Royal Secrets." Jean Harmand. (Brentano's.)

"The Married Life of Anne of Austria." Martha Walker Freer. (Brentano's.)

"Man and His Future, Part II.," Lieut.-Col. William Sedgwick. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Principles of Prussian Administration." Herman Gerlach James, J. D., Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"My Russian Year." Rothay Reynolds. (James Pott and Company, New York.)

"Rahel Varnhagen." Ellen Key. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Francesco Petrarca and the Revolution of Coladi Rienzo." Mario Emilio Cosenza, Ph. D. (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.)

"The Drift of Romanticism." Paul Elmer More. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"An English Cathedral Journey." Kate F. Kimball. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

"A Handbook of Norse Mythology." Karl Mortemsen, translated by A. Clinton Crowell. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

"The Nature of Woman." J. Lionel Tayler. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Different West." Arthur E. Bestwick. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

"The Amateur Gentleman." Jeffery Farnol. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The Flirt." Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"Jean Christophe. Journey's End." Romain Rolland. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"Jean Christophe in Paris." Romain Rolland. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"Jean Christophe. Romain Rolland, translated by Gilbert Cannan. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"The Daughter of Brahma." L. A. R. Wylie. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"Tackling Matrimony." George Lee Burton. (Harpers.)

"Miss Mystery." Etta Anthony Baker. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"A Song of Sixpence." Frederic Arnold Kummer. (Harpers.)

"The Candid Adventurer." Anna Coleman Ludd. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"A Superman in Being." Litchfield Woods. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

"Red Harvest." Newman Flower. (Cassell and Company, New York.)

"Crooked Trails and Straight." MacLeod Raine. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"Veiled Women." Marmaduke Pickthall. (Duffield and Company.)

"The Daughter of a Rebel." G. Vere Tyler. (Duffield and Company.)

"The Debt." William Westrup. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

"Waking Up Bolton." William Ganson Rose. (Duffield and Company.)

"Jack Norton." E. Hofer. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"The Most Beautiful Book Ever Written." D. A. Hayes. (Eaton and Mains, New York.)

"Religion and Life." Thomas Cuming Hall. (Eaton and Mains.)

"Rudolf Eucken's Message to Our Age." Henry C. Sheldon. (Eaton and Mains.)

"The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders." Paul Dubois, M. D. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"Mind and Health." Edward E. Weaver, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"The Old Law and the New Order." George W. Alger. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Harper's Household Handbook." (Harpers.)

"Success in Business." William Ganson Rose. (Duffield and Company.)

"Common Diseases." Woods Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Stropah, the Indian Boy." James Willard Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Daughters of Dawn." Bliss Carman and Mary Perry King. (Mitchell Kennerly, New York.)

"Peterll am Lift." Niklaus Bolt, edited by Frederick Betz. (D. C. Heath and Company, Boston.)

"A Shorter French Course." W. H. Fraser and J. Squair. (D. C. Heath and Company.)

"Representative Essays in Modern Thought." Harrison Ross Steeves and Frank Humphrey Ristine, Ph. D. (American Book Company.)

"Household Science and Arts." Josephine Morris. (American Book Company.)

"Rights of Citizenship." (Frederick Warne and Company, New York.)

"An Expensive Experiment." Reginald Pelham Bolton. (The Baker and Taylor Company, New York.)

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She was born in Grayson county, Kentucky, and went to the public schools, in which her father and mother were continuously teachers, until she was 10 years old. Then with her parents she moved to the town of Doniphan, Mo., where she stayed for four years. But at the age of 14 she herself became a teacher in the backwoods of northwestern Arkansas, a region of hills and streams.

Through these years she had always hoped for a college education, but when she became 18 her mother died; her father, now an invalid, returned to Kentucky and her chance seemed lost. She was determined, however, and finally obtained a Peabody scholarship, which took her to the university of Nashville, Tenn. Two years later she was graduated and went back to teaching, this time in Missouri and then in Texas.

But her appetite for education was strong and she found means to take a year at Radcliffe in 1894 for the study of English and philosophy. A year later she turned again to teaching and got a place at the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Later she worked as a stenographer in Boston, and then married a young South Carolinian, a Harvard student, whom she had met while at Radcliffe.

Not long after she came to New York, and bent upon her literary work, remained for some years. She is at present travelling abroad.

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NOTES AND FANCIES ABOUT AUTHORS AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

Mary Austin, whose "The Green Bough" has just been published as an Easter booklet, has been spending the winter in California, in which State she made her home before coming to New York. She spent some time in San Francisco and later went to the writers' colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where she has a bungalow.

Maurice Leblanc, creator of "Arsene Lupin," lives in an atmosphere that is the very antithesis to that in his books. He spends most of his time in his beautiful and historical chateau near Paris and his personal tastes are those of a country gentleman. He is frequently seen in company with his brother-in-law, Maurice Maeterlinck, whose chateau is not far from that of M. Leblanc.

Lawrence J. Henderson, author of the recently published "The Fitness of the Environment," is professor of biological chemistry at Harvard University, from which institution he holds an A. B. degree, 1898 and an M. D., 1902. He has studied at the University of Strasburg and has been successively lecturer, instructor and assisting professor at Harvard.

Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, has just returned from Bermuda where he met many old friends of the late humorist. Mr. Paine spent his time bathing and reading some of those books, he says, that he had always meant to read when he found the leisure moment.

It is interesting just at the present to note that Woodrow Wilson writes in his "George Washington" how our first President was affected at his inauguration. "Washington," he says, "was profoundly moved, and, with all his extraordinary mastery of himself, could not hide his agitation. He visibly trembled, strong and steadfast man though he was, and 'several times could scarce make out to read'; shifted his manuscript uneasily from hand to hand; gestured with awkward effort; let his voice fall almost inaudible; was every way unlike himself except for the simple majesty and sincerity that shone in him through it all."

Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, whose "The Candid Adventurer" Houghton Mifflin are bringing out this spring, is well known as a sculptor. One of her most notable works is "The Water Sprite," which she did for the gardens of the estate of Mrs. E. S. Grew at West Manchester, Mass. The lower figure of the piece leans backward, balancing delicately and supporting the upper figure, which has one foot on the shoulder of the lower and the other in his hand. Mrs. Ladd achieved this by using as models two acrobats, who posed through days and days of strenuous labor, holding the position only twenty seconds at a time.

Prof. Hiram Bingham of Yale University recently delivered a lecture before the Patria Club of New York on "Climbing and Exploring in the Peruvian Andes." Prof. Bingham is the author of "Across South America."

Maria Thompson Daviess says that since "Sue Jane," her latest juvenile, was published she has heard from most of her fifteen boarding school classmates, who recognized or thought they recognized themselves in the book. One wrote that the hint of a romance in the fiction had almost blighted a budding romance in real life. Miss Daviess was graduated from Science Hall in Shelbyville, Ky.

Nathan Haskell Dole, the well known Boston author, is engaged in writing a book on Switzerland, which will be added during the year to the "Spell Series," published by L. C. Page & Co.

After George K. Stiles, author of the recently published "The Dragoman," was graduated from Johns Hopkins, in search of a position he went to see an influential relative connected with a well known railway company. "Have you your diploma with you?" the older man questioned. When it was shown him with pride by the young graduate he seized it and threw it into the waste paper basket. "The best thing you can do is to forget it," he advised, "and then start at some real work." And with this end in view he appointed his relative to a dollar a day job on a road gang.

Stephen French Whitman, author of "The Isle of Life," is a graduate of Princeton, 1901. In his senior year he was editor of the *Princeton Tiger* the humorous undergraduate publication, and discovered how the same old jokes had the habit of coming back from year to year with striking regularity. His theory is that the same recurring incidents of college life have the same effect upon minds of the same sort. "There was the one about wearing paths on the campus, I remember," he says. "You know that one which comes with spring and the Keep Off the Grass signs, and derives its mirth from the idea of a path as a costume. Some time back in the early youth of the *Tiger's* existence a student thought of that line, and every year the little stranger was welcomed home again. I used it, of course, and I suppose they are rewriting it again this spring."

Elizabeth Robins would seem to have a journalistic sense, because of the timeliness of her literary hits. "Votes for Women" was published in 1907 at the beginning of the period of worldwide interest in the suffrage movement. And "My Little Sister" now appears at the moment of quickening of public sentiment against the white slave traffic.

E. F. Benson, whose new book, "The Weaker Vessel," has just appeared, is the member of a famous family. His father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was well known as an author, and so are his two brothers, Arthur C. Benson is a Cambridge professor. The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, or Monsignor Benson as he is called, is a Catholic priest and this spring has brought out a new book also, a historical novel of Queen Elizabeth's time, entitled "Come Rack! Come Rope!"

It is said that Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner, author of "With the Victorious Bulgarians," had more than ordinary difficulty securing his reports of the battles. The Bulgarian authorities exercised rigid censorship over the press reports, so Lieut. Wagner, familiar with the country and language, made friends with the officials. This, it is said, aroused suspicion and jealousy among the other correspondents, but Lieut. Wagner gained the assistance of M. Gueshoff, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria.

ARE AMERICAN AUTHORS PRONE TO SICKLINESS?

One of our most prominent woman authors not long ago complained that she was handicapped from reaching the topmost heights because she was so disgustingly healthy. She said she noticed that literary lights were always travelling hither and thither to Bermuda, to recuperate after a season of strenuous labor, or to Europe, or Egypt, or some other foreign place.

In the current number of the *Bookman* Bailey Millard discusses seriously the question of the ailing author, pointing out some interesting examples, and shows that there is a common reason for the complaint.

"The case of the carping Carlyle," he says, "whose writings, like his conversation, were a succession of scoldings, albeit noble ones, has often been pointed out. Dr. Herman Partsch, a German dietary expert who studied Carlyle's case closely, found the seat of his irritability in his diet and chiefly in the fact that he wrote and studied too soon after the ingestion of large quantities of food.

"This physician declares that the diversion of energy from stomach to brain directly after eating made Carlyle unnaturally low spirited and pessimistic; furthermore, that he did not vary his diet, and that as monotony of food is particularly harmful to writers, it is no wonder that he suffered as he did, and made those nearest and dearest to him suffer from his choleric moods."

George Eliot, Francis Parkman, Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Darwin and Kant are famous writers who suffered from chronic ailments. But the ailments still hold good in the profession.

"A well known novelist," says Mr. Millard, "who thinks so little of his digestive apparatus as to have his luncheon served on his desk, and who plunges into his work immediately after dining, has often expressed his wonder as to why he is ill so much and unable to write. After every meal he takes a dyspepsia tablet in a glass of water. When a friend advised him to write only in the morning and to walk three or four miles every day, he said, 'Oh, you health faddists make me tired.'"

The British writers take a different view of their work from that of most American writers. They work more leisurely and live a more normal sort of life in other regards. In consequence, they are apt to enjoy better health than the most of their confreres on this side of the ocean.

"The beauty of it all is," says Mr. Millard, "that the Briton takes his healthy condition as a matter of course. If you ask an English author, as I once asked the ruddy faced H. G. Wells, why the writers of his country are such a healthy lot, he is likely to reply as did the author of 'Marriage': 'I don't know, really. Are American writers unhealthy?'

"When I remarked that I feared many of them were, he said he thought that it might be from the practice of chewing gum while they wrote. And while he was on that subject he said:

"'Everywhere I go in America I see the people chewing gum—in the street, in the trams, in the motors, in the shops. I have seen well dressed men and women sitting in hotel parlors chewing while they conversed. How undignified.'

"It would have been unwise to take the trouble to assure Mr. Wells that American authors were innocent of the habit ascribed to them, for it would have been a pity to upset such a picturesque idea and I hoped he would put it into a book, but he didn't."

The brief life story of Frank Norris, with its long and intense periods of overwork and little play, his disregard for the rules of health, which every man must obey, should be a warning to all writers who would see the game through to its logical conclusion, for the author of 'The Octopus' dropped out of it at an age when the reading public expected most of him and when, indeed, he promised most."

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