

though he always intended to, he found it practically impossible not to dictate to his wife things about himself, such as how he could not lecture here; or where he had been born, or how much he would take for this; and why he would not consider that; together with those letters which began:—

"My dear —,

"Thanks tremendously for your letter about my book, and its valuable criticism. Of course, I think you are quite wrong. \* \* \*. You don't seem to have grasped \* \* \*. In fact, I don't think you ever quite do me justice \* \* \*"

"Yours affectionately,

When his wife had copied those that might be valuable after he was dead, he would stamp the envelopes, and exclaiming: "Nearly eleven—my God!" would go somewhere where they think.

It was during those hours when he sat in a certain chair with a pen in his hand that he was able to rest from thought about himself, save, indeed, in those moments, not too frequently, when he could not help reflecting: "That's a fine page—I have seldom written anything better;" or in those moments, too frequently, when he sighed deeply, and thought: "I am not the man I was." About half-past one he would get up with the pages in his hand, and, seeking out his wife, would give them to her to read, remarking: "Here's the wretched stuff—no good at all;" and taking a position where he thought she could not see him, would do such things as did not prevent his knowing what effect the pages made on her. If the effect was good he would often feel how wonderful she was! If it was not good he had at once a chilly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and ate very little lunch.

When in the afternoons he took his walks abroad he passed great quantities of things and people without noticing, because he was thinking deeply on such questions as whether he were more of an observer, or more of an imaginative artist; whether he were properly appreciated in Germany; and particularly whether one were not in danger of thinking too much about oneself.

But every now and then he would stop, and say to himself: "I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel," and he would passionately fix his eyes on a cloud, or a flower, or a man walking, and there would instantly come into his mind the thought: "I have written twenty books—ten more will make thirty—that cloud is grey;" or: "That fellow X—is jealous of me! This flower is blue;" or: "This man is walking very—very—, D—n The Morning Muff, it always runs me down!" And he would have a sort of sore, beaten feeling, knowing that he had not observed those things as accurately as he would have wished to.

During these excursions, too, he would often

reflect impersonally upon matters of the day, large question of Art, Public Policy, and the Human Soul; and would almost instantly find that he had always thought this or that; and at once see the necessity for putting his conclusion forward in his book or in the press, phrasing it, of course, in a way that no one else could; and there would start up before him little bits of newspaper with these words on them: "No one, perhaps, save Mr. —, could have so ably set forth the Case for Baluchistan." Or, "In the Daily Miracle there is a noble letter from that eminent writer, Mr. —, pleading against the hyperspiritualism of our age."

Very often he would say to himself, as he walked with eyes fixed on things that he did not see: "This existence is not healthy. I really must get away and take a complete holiday, and not think at all about my work. I am getting too self-centered." And he would go home and say to his wife: "Let's go to Sicily, or Spain, or somewhere. Let's get away from all this, and just live." And when she answered, "How jolly!" he would repeat, a little absently, "How jolly!" considering what would be the best arrangement for forwarding his letters. And if, as sometimes happened, they did go, he would spend almost a whole morning, living, and thinking how jolly it was to be away from everything; but towards the afternoon he would feel a sensation, as though he were a sofa that had been sat on too much, a sort of subsidence very deep within him. This would be followed in the evening by a disinclination to live, and that feeling would grow until on the third day he received his letters together with a green-colored wrapper enclosing some mentions of himself, and he would say: "Those fellows—no getting away from them!" and feel irresistibly impelled to sit down. Having done so he would take up his pen, not writing anything, indeed—because of the determination to "live," as yet not quite extinct—but comparatively easy in his mind. On the following day he would say to his wife: "I believe I can work here." And she would answer, smiling: "That's splendid;" and he would think, "She's wonderful!" and begin to write.

On other occasions, while walking the streets or about the countryside, he would suddenly be appalled at his own ignorance, and would say to himself: "I know simply nothing—I must read." And going home he would dictate to his wife the names of a number of books to be procured from the library. When they arrived he would look at them a little gravely and think: "By Jove! Have I got to read those?" and the same evening he would take one up. He would not, however, get beyond the fourth page, if it were a novel, before he would say: "Muck! He can't write!" and would feel absolutely stimulated to take up his own pen and write some-



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