

LITERATURE



WHEN AT THE LAST.

When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And of the morrow's dawning reckon not,
When night no more, no more may vigil keep,
And love's brief moon is but a dream forgot,
Back to the Past, its sad and variant ways,
Be thou the wanderer of my yesterdays.
Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late,
Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,
If there be one that lieth clear and straight—
Unseen perchance forgot—Thou mayest find.
Even to that perverse, perplexing maze,
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.
So oft hath love's torch wavered, love's
Held come out about me, and I have
Blind to the light by memory assailed,
When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways
Grown to some moment in my yesterdays!

—Harper's Bazar.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

One day in huckleberry time, when little
Johnny Plunk was a boy,
And half a dozen other boys, were
Starting berries, Johnny's pail, in talking
With him said,
That he could tell him how to pick so
Many as he wanted.
"First find your bush," said Johnny's
pa, "and then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go
chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's
picking tells me, Johnny,
To look at fifty bushes doesn't count
like picking one."
And Johnny did as he was told; and
sure enough, he found,
By sticking to the bush while all the
other boys were picking,
In search of better picking, 'twas as his
father said.
For while the others looked, he worked,
and so came out ahead.
And Johnny recollected this when he
became a man.
And first of all he laid him out a well-
determined plan;
So, while the brilliant triflers failed,
With all their brains and push,
Wise Johnny went on his way,
"Sticking to his bush,"
—St. Nicholas.

NOTES.

A new edition of "Elizabeth and Her
German Garden" has just been issued
by Macmillan.
This little book, with its fragrant per-
fume of nature, its delicate in-
sight into the subtleties of human na-
ture, captured an audience fit for
its first appearance. Gradually it
made its way into the larger world of
those who try to admire the sort of
thing which people who they admire
tell them is admirable.
In a small way it grew a fad, as
Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," in a
large way, has grown a fad. It threat-
ened to become something worse, as
"Omar Khayyam" has become something
worse.
Let me quote from Andrew Lang, in
the current Critic, to explain what I
mean:
"It is just what 'Elizabeth and
Her German Garden' was coming to be.
The problem was the sublimely elu-
sive. It was whispered at first and
then openly said that the book had been
written by the Princess of Wales, who
has married a German. For Lady Randolph
Churchill the title of the 'Youth's
Companion.'
Let but a lord once own the happy
lines,
How a style ripens, how the wit re-
fines.
So sane Pope more than a century
ago. What is true of a lord is ever
true of a princess.' 'Elizabeth and
Her German Garden' is a book which
will be appreciated by the higher
intelligence, because a textbook for the
man and the woman."
It may be a shock to moderns and
modernism to discover that the book is
not the work of a princess but of a
man, the work of a man.

It is not surprising to learn that the
authorship of "Elizabeth and Her
German Garden" is now disclaimed in the Daily
Chronicle. Having been authorized to
give the denial the Daily Chronicle
advises:
"Now for the next pretty bubble to
give some color to the drab literary
world."
A correspondent writes to that paper:

from St. Moritz, in the Engadine: "I
am minded to demolish the foolish fa-
ble that Princess Henry of Pless did,
or could, write 'Elizabeth and Her
German Garden.'"

"The authoress is Countess Arnim, an
Austrian, married to the son of the
famous ambassador whose encounter
with Hismarck are matters of history.
This may be accepted as positive and
not as the invention of any New York
critic."

Those who study the literature of
psychology and attach considerable im-
portance to the proceedings of the
Psychical Research society will wel-
come the promise of a book on the hu-
man personality and its survival after
bodily death, which the president of
that association, Mr. F. W. H. Myers,
has in preparation for publication.
The book, I believe, aims at pre-
siding in continuous form a bulk of evi-
dence, experimental and otherwise, be-
low the threshold of ordinary con-
sciousness during life on earth and to
a human faculty continuing to operate
after the body's decay.

Among the subjects treated are
alternating personalities, hysteria, gen-
ius, sleep, dreams, hypnotism, apparitions,
ecstasy, and life after death.

The author's object is to bring within
the purview of experimental psychology
many topics as yet unfamiliar to sci-
ence, but nevertheless ripe, and he be-
lieves, for scientific experiment and dis-
cussion.

Among the art publications of the au-
tumn will be issued a portfolio of six-
teen pastels, reproduced in colors, by
William Nicholson, of celebrated char-
acter from romance.
The characters represented are Don
Quixote, Miss Fotheringay, Captain
Costigan, Mr. Weller, Rochester
Madge, Wildfire, Jorrocks, Chet, Com-
modore Truncheon, Vansly Perkin Mul-
vaney, Gargantua, John Silver, Sophia
Western, Baron Munchausen, Miss Ha-
venham and Puss.

English publishers are quite envious,
in these dull times of the enormous edi-
tions of certain works of fiction which
are sold in America. It is a puzzle
to one of those which has attracted no
little attention over there, is Mr. Cas-
sio's "When Knights Were in Flower."

Referring to that work the Academy
remarks:
"Visitors to Suffolk may come across
a curious, not altogether agreeable, mem-
ory of Brandon, the hero of the story,
when they visit Leiston or Levenshoe
Abbey. This Abbey was consecrated by
Henry VIII at the time of the surren-
der of the monasteries, and was given to
his favorite and brother-in-law, the
Duke of Suffolk."
"Tradition has it that a special Papal
curse upon the destroyers of monas-
teries demanded that God might exact
them in all their days till He finally
blotted them out of the earth."
"Tradition goes on to insist that
Brandon's family died out in the second
generation, that the last two surviv-

ing sons were victims of sweating sick-
ness, and that his granddaughter, Lady
Jane Grey, met death on the scaffold."

Mr. Winston Churchill has aban-
doned the visit to the United
States which had been fixed for this
autumn owing to a fear that the Presi-
dential election would interfere with
the success of his lecturing tour.
It is likely, however, that Mr.
Churchill will pay a visit to the United
States early next year.

The following appeared in a recent
issue of the New York World:
"With regard to your notice of my
forthcoming new book, you kindly
permit me to point out that your ob-
servation, 'Marie Correll herself thinks
the book is her masterpiece,' is one of
those obvious and foolish statements
which, unfortunately, have the effect of
making the journalist who writes them
look ridiculous to the public? Marie
Correll—that is, myself—is not such a
fool as to think anything she does or
ever has done ever approached the
shadow of a 'masterpiece.' She, more-
over, thinks that if there is any man or
woman living who judges himself or
herself capable of creating 'master-
pieces' such as she might be on the
fair road to an asylum for idiots. One
other word. It is true I have not ad-
vised the fact. It is true I have met
death face to face, but I have not
cubled over my temperature or my
pulse beats. I suffered, recovered, and
took up my work again quietly, as soon
as I could do so, and 'The Master Chris-
tian' and 'Boy' are the result of
fifteen months' work only. No en-
thusiastic friend has read the manu-
script of 'The Master Christian.' What
few incorrect and garbled state-
ments have appeared concerning it
have emanated from the American
publisher's office, much to that pub-
lisher's annoyance and to mine. No one
has read the manuscript but the pub-
lishers and the printers. As regards
advertisements, allow me to say that
having said my books I am not respon-
sible for the way in which the firms
who have bought them announce what
they consider to be the value of their
wares."
The Master Christian's publisher
very slight effort to express certain
thoughts which are in the minds of
many and it is quite as inadequate and
unsatisfactory to the mind of its author
as the most dyspeptic reviewer can
possibly find it when he efforts to
express the same thing in a paragraph
between two whisky sodas.

Yours faithfully,
MARIE CORRELL.

"The comments of Miss Correll
compliments were largely based upon a
printed circular sent out in regular
course to the newsagents and other
retailers to give the verdict of a friend
who had read the manuscript of 'The
Master Christian.' The epithet en-
thusiastic was used because that friend
did betray a lively fervor of enthusi-
asm."

As to the word masterpiece it may be
that Miss Correll more severely self-
repressed in her use of it than some of
the careless and the unthinking.
There are people who consider "The
Order of Richard Evelyn" a masterpiece.
The "Sorrows of Satan" a masterpiece.
As I am sorry to infer, Miss Correll
would not agree that it is a masterpiece.
As a critic, I am charmed to perceive,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

from St. Moritz, in the Engadine: "I
am minded to demolish the foolish fa-
ble that Princess Henry of Pless did,
or could, write 'Elizabeth and Her
German Garden.'"

"The authoress is Countess Arnim, an
Austrian, married to the son of the
famous ambassador whose encounter
with Hismarck are matters of history.
This may be accepted as positive and
not as the invention of any New York
critic."

Those who study the literature of
psychology and attach considerable im-
portance to the proceedings of the
Psychical Research society will wel-
come the promise of a book on the hu-
man personality and its survival after
bodily death, which the president of
that association, Mr. F. W. H. Myers,
has in preparation for publication.
The book, I believe, aims at pre-
siding in continuous form a bulk of evi-
dence, experimental and otherwise, be-
low the threshold of ordinary con-
sciousness during life on earth and to
a human faculty continuing to operate
after the body's decay.

Among the subjects treated are
alternating personalities, hysteria, gen-
ius, sleep, dreams, hypnotism, apparitions,
ecstasy, and life after death.

The author's object is to bring within
the purview of experimental psychology
many topics as yet unfamiliar to sci-
ence, but nevertheless ripe, and he be-
lieves, for scientific experiment and dis-
cussion.

Among the art publications of the au-
tumn will be issued a portfolio of six-
teen pastels, reproduced in colors, by
William Nicholson, of celebrated char-
acter from romance.
The characters represented are Don
Quixote, Miss Fotheringay, Captain
Costigan, Mr. Weller, Rochester
Madge, Wildfire, Jorrocks, Chet, Com-
modore Truncheon, Vansly Perkin Mul-
vaney, Gargantua, John Silver, Sophia
Western, Baron Munchausen, Miss Ha-
venham and Puss.

English publishers are quite envious,
in these dull times of the enormous edi-
tions of certain works of fiction which
are sold in America. It is a puzzle
to one of those which has attracted no
little attention over there, is Mr. Cas-
sio's "When Knights Were in Flower."

Referring to that work the Academy
remarks:
"Visitors to Suffolk may come across
a curious, not altogether agreeable, mem-
ory of Brandon, the hero of the story,
when they visit Leiston or Levenshoe
Abbey. This Abbey was consecrated by
Henry VIII at the time of the surren-
der of the monasteries, and was given to
his favorite and brother-in-law, the
Duke of Suffolk."
"Tradition has it that a special Papal
curse upon the destroyers of monas-
teries demanded that God might exact
them in all their days till He finally
blotted them out of the earth."
"Tradition goes on to insist that
Brandon's family died out in the second
generation, that the last two surviv-

ing sons were victims of sweating sick-
ness, and that his granddaughter, Lady
Jane Grey, met death on the scaffold."

Mr. Winston Churchill has aban-
doned the visit to the United
States which had been fixed for this
autumn owing to a fear that the Presi-
dential election would interfere with
the success of his lecturing tour.
It is likely, however, that Mr.
Churchill will pay a visit to the United
States early next year.

The following appeared in a recent
issue of the New York World:
"With regard to your notice of my
forthcoming new book, you kindly
permit me to point out that your ob-
servation, 'Marie Correll herself thinks
the book is her masterpiece,' is one of
those obvious and foolish statements
which, unfortunately, have the effect of
making the journalist who writes them
look ridiculous to the public? Marie
Correll—that is, myself—is not such a
fool as to think anything she does or
ever has done ever approached the
shadow of a 'masterpiece.' She, more-
over, thinks that if there is any man or
woman living who judges himself or
herself capable of creating 'master-
pieces' such as she might be on the
fair road to an asylum for idiots. One
other word. It is true I have not ad-
vised the fact. It is true I have met
death face to face, but I have not
cubled over my temperature or my
pulse beats. I suffered, recovered, and
took up my work again quietly, as soon
as I could do so, and 'The Master Chris-
tian' and 'Boy' are the result of
fifteen months' work only. No en-
thusiastic friend has read the manu-
script of 'The Master Christian.' What
few incorrect and garbled state-
ments have appeared concerning it
have emanated from the American
publisher's office, much to that pub-
lisher's annoyance and to mine. No one
has read the manuscript but the pub-
lishers and the printers. As regards
advertisements, allow me to say that
having said my books I am not respon-
sible for the way in which the firms
who have bought them announce what
they consider to be the value of their
wares."

Yours faithfully,
MARIE CORRELL.

"The comments of Miss Correll
compliments were largely based upon a
printed circular sent out in regular
course to the newsagents and other
retailers to give the verdict of a friend
who had read the manuscript of 'The
Master Christian.' The epithet en-
thusiastic was used because that friend
did betray a lively fervor of enthusi-
asm."

As to the word masterpiece it may be
that Miss Correll more severely self-
repressed in her use of it than some of
the careless and the unthinking.
There are people who consider "The
Order of Richard Evelyn" a masterpiece.
The "Sorrows of Satan" a masterpiece.
As I am sorry to infer, Miss Correll
would not agree that it is a masterpiece.
As a critic, I am charmed to perceive,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

from St. Moritz, in the Engadine: "I
am minded to demolish the foolish fa-
ble that Princess Henry of Pless did,
or could, write 'Elizabeth and Her
German Garden.'"

"The authoress is Countess Arnim, an
Austrian, married to the son of the
famous ambassador whose encounter
with Hismarck are matters of history.
This may be accepted as positive and
not as the invention of any New York
critic."

Those who study the literature of
psychology and attach considerable im-
portance to the proceedings of the
Psychical Research society will wel-
come the promise of a book on the hu-
man personality and its survival after
bodily death, which the president of
that association, Mr. F. W. H. Myers,
has in preparation for publication.
The book, I believe, aims at pre-
siding in continuous form a bulk of evi-
dence, experimental and otherwise, be-
low the threshold of ordinary con-
sciousness during life on earth and to
a human faculty continuing to operate
after the body's decay.

Among the subjects treated are
alternating personalities, hysteria, gen-
ius, sleep, dreams, hypnotism, apparitions,
ecstasy, and life after death.

The author's object is to bring within
the purview of experimental psychology
many topics as yet unfamiliar to sci-
ence, but nevertheless ripe, and he be-
lieves, for scientific experiment and dis-
cussion.

Among the art publications of the au-
tumn will be issued a portfolio of six-
teen pastels, reproduced in colors, by
William Nicholson, of celebrated char-
acter from romance.
The characters represented are Don
Quixote, Miss Fotheringay, Captain
Costigan, Mr. Weller, Rochester
Madge, Wildfire, Jorrocks, Chet, Com-
modore Truncheon, Vansly Perkin Mul-
vaney, Gargantua, John Silver, Sophia
Western, Baron Munchausen, Miss Ha-
venham and Puss.

English publishers are quite envious,
in these dull times of the enormous edi-
tions of certain works of fiction which
are sold in America. It is a puzzle
to one of those which has attracted no
little attention over there, is Mr. Cas-
sio's "When Knights Were in Flower."

Referring to that work the Academy
remarks:
"Visitors to Suffolk may come across
a curious, not altogether agreeable, mem-
ory of Brandon, the hero of the story,
when they visit Leiston or Levenshoe
Abbey. This Abbey was consecrated by
Henry VIII at the time of the surren-
der of the monasteries, and was given to
his favorite and brother-in-law, the
Duke of Suffolk."
"Tradition has it that a special Papal
curse upon the destroyers of monas-
teries demanded that God might exact
them in all their days till He finally
blotted them out of the earth."
"Tradition goes on to insist that
Brandon's family died out in the second
generation, that the last two surviv-

ing sons were victims of sweating sick-
ness, and that his granddaughter, Lady
Jane Grey, met death on the scaffold."

Mr. Winston Churchill has aban-
doned the visit to the United
States which had been fixed for this
autumn owing to a fear that the Presi-
dential election would interfere with
the success of his lecturing tour.
It is likely, however, that Mr.
Churchill will pay a visit to the United
States early next year.

The following appeared in a recent
issue of the New York World:
"With regard to your notice of my
forthcoming new book, you kindly
permit me to point out that your ob-
servation, 'Marie Correll herself thinks
the book is her masterpiece,' is one of
those obvious and foolish statements
which, unfortunately, have the effect of
making the journalist who writes them
look ridiculous to the public? Marie
Correll—that is, myself—is not such a
fool as to think anything she does or
ever has done ever approached the
shadow of a 'masterpiece.' She, more-
over, thinks that if there is any man or
woman living who judges himself or
herself capable of creating 'master-
pieces' such as she might be on the
fair road to an asylum for idiots. One
other word. It is true I have not ad-
vised the fact. It is true I have met
death face to face, but I have not
cubled over my temperature or my
pulse beats. I suffered, recovered, and
took up my work again quietly, as soon
as I could do so, and 'The Master Chris-
tian' and 'Boy' are the result of
fifteen months' work only. No en-
thusiastic friend has read the manu-
script of 'The Master Christian.' What
few incorrect and garbled state-
ments have appeared concerning it
have emanated from the American
publisher's office, much to that pub-
lisher's annoyance and to mine. No one
has read the manuscript but the pub-
lishers and the printers. As regards
advertisements, allow me to say that
having said my books I am not respon-
sible for the way in which the firms
who have bought them announce what
they consider to be the value of their
wares."

Yours faithfully,
MARIE CORRELL.

"The comments of Miss Correll
compliments were largely based upon a
printed circular sent out in regular
course to the newsagents and other
retailers to give the verdict of a friend
who had read the manuscript of 'The
Master Christian.' The epithet en-
thusiastic was used because that friend
did betray a lively fervor of enthusi-
asm."

As to the word masterpiece it may be
that Miss Correll more severely self-
repressed in her use of it than some of
the careless and the unthinking.
There are people who consider "The
Order of Richard Evelyn" a masterpiece.
The "Sorrows of Satan" a masterpiece.
As I am sorry to infer, Miss Correll
would not agree that it is a masterpiece.
As a critic, I am charmed to perceive,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

from St. Moritz, in the Engadine: "I
am minded to demolish the foolish fa-
ble that Princess Henry of Pless did,
or could, write 'Elizabeth and Her
German Garden.'"

"The authoress is Countess Arnim, an
Austrian, married to the son of the
famous ambassador whose encounter
with Hismarck are matters of history.
This may be accepted as positive and
not as the invention of any New York
critic."

Those who study the literature of
psychology and attach considerable im-
portance to the proceedings of the
Psychical Research society will wel-
come the promise of a book on the hu-
man personality and its survival after
bodily death, which the president of
that association, Mr. F. W. H. Myers,
has in preparation for publication.
The book, I believe, aims at pre-
siding in continuous form a bulk of evi-
dence, experimental and otherwise, be-
low the threshold of ordinary con-
sciousness during life on earth and to
a human faculty continuing to operate
after the body's decay.

Among the subjects treated are
alternating personalities, hysteria, gen-
ius, sleep, dreams, hypnotism, apparitions,
ecstasy, and life after death.

The author's object is to bring within
the purview of experimental psychology
many topics as yet unfamiliar to sci-
ence, but nevertheless ripe, and he be-
lieves, for scientific experiment and dis-
cussion.

Among the art publications of the au-
tumn will be issued a portfolio of six-
teen pastels, reproduced in colors, by
William Nicholson, of celebrated char-
acter from romance.
The characters represented are Don
Quixote, Miss Fotheringay, Captain
Costigan, Mr. Weller, Rochester
Madge, Wildfire, Jorrocks, Chet, Com-
modore Truncheon, Vansly Perkin Mul-
vaney, Gargantua, John Silver, Sophia
Western, Baron Munchausen, Miss Ha-
venham and Puss.

English publishers are quite envious,
in these dull times of the enormous edi-
tions of certain works of fiction which
are sold in America. It is a puzzle
to one of those which has attracted no
little attention over there, is Mr. Cas-
sio's "When Knights Were in Flower."

Referring to that work the Academy
remarks:
"Visitors to Suffolk may come across
a curious, not altogether agreeable, mem-
ory of Brandon, the hero of the story,
when they visit Leiston or Levenshoe
Abbey. This Abbey was consecrated by
Henry VIII at the time of the surren-
der of the monasteries, and was given to
his favorite and brother-in-law, the
Duke of Suffolk."
"Tradition has it that a special Papal
curse upon the destroyers of monas-
teries demanded that God might exact
them in all their days till He finally
blotted them out of the earth."
"Tradition goes on to insist that
Brandon's family died out in the second
generation, that the last two surviv-

ing sons were victims of sweating sick-
ness, and that his granddaughter, Lady
Jane Grey, met death on the scaffold."

Mr. Winston Churchill has aban-
doned the visit to the United
States which had been fixed for this
autumn owing to a fear that the Presi-
dential election would interfere with
the success of his lecturing tour.
It is likely, however, that Mr.
Churchill will pay a visit to the United
States early next year.

The following appeared in a recent
issue of the New York World:
"With regard to your notice of my
forthcoming new book, you kindly
permit me to point out that your ob-
servation, 'Marie Correll herself thinks
the book is her masterpiece,' is one of
those obvious and foolish statements
which, unfortunately, have the effect of
making the journalist who writes them
look ridiculous to the public? Marie
Correll—that is, myself—is not such a
fool as to think anything she does or
ever has done ever approached the
shadow of a 'masterpiece.' She, more-
over, thinks that if there is any man or
woman living who judges himself or
herself capable of creating 'master-
pieces' such as she might be on the
fair road to an asylum for idiots. One
other word. It is true I have not ad-
vised the fact. It is true I have met
death face to face, but I have not
cubled over my temperature or my
pulse beats. I suffered, recovered, and
took up my work again quietly, as soon
as I could do so, and 'The Master Chris-
tian' and 'Boy' are the result of
fifteen months' work only. No en-
thusiastic friend has read the manu-
script of 'The Master Christian.' What
few incorrect and garbled state-
ments have appeared concerning it
have emanated from the American
publisher's office, much to that pub-
lisher's annoyance and to mine. No one
has read the manuscript but the pub-
lishers and the printers. As regards
advertisements, allow me to say that
having said my books I am not respon-
sible for the way in which the firms
who have bought them announce what
they consider to be the value of their
wares."

Yours faithfully,
MARIE CORRELL.

"The comments of Miss Correll
compliments were largely based upon a
printed circular sent out in regular
course to the newsagents and other
retailers to give the verdict of a friend
who had read the manuscript of 'The
Master Christian.' The epithet en-
thusiastic was used because that friend
did betray a lively fervor of enthusi-
asm."

As to the word masterpiece it may be
that Miss Correll more severely self-
repressed in her use of it than some of
the careless and the unthinking.
There are people who consider "The
Order of Richard Evelyn" a masterpiece.
The "Sorrows of Satan" a masterpiece.
As I am sorry to infer, Miss Correll
would not agree that it is a masterpiece.
As a critic, I am charmed to perceive,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

Indeed, if Miss Correll will pardon a
kindly personality, I believe that her
own little masterpiece in her own
right is the "Master Christian." In
small compass it contains some of
the most notable of literary qualities—
dignity, reserve, a certain gracious un-
derstanding, a calm and noble sense,
Miss Correll agrees that the second is
wrong.

But in a general way I believe that
an occasional masterpiece is turned
out, and that it is not necessary
to await the verdict of the centuries
in order to declare that some living
authors are masters of their craft.

from St. Moritz, in the Engadine: "I
am minded to demolish the foolish fa-
ble that Princess Henry of Pless did,
or could, write 'Elizabeth and Her
German Garden.'"

"The authoress is Countess Arnim, an
Austrian, married to the son of the
famous ambassador whose encounter
with Hismarck are matters of history.
This may be accepted as positive and
not as the invention of any New York
critic."

Those who study the literature of
psychology and attach considerable im-
portance to the proceedings of the
Psychical Research society will wel-
come the promise of a book on the hu-
man personality and its survival after
bodily death, which the president