



EDITORIAL ROOMS

EDITORIAL ROOMS NO ADMITTANCE PRIVATE

THERE ARE EIGHT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY WHO WANT TO WRITE LETTERS OF TRAVEL

ONE day about 60 years ago a young printer called upon and introduced himself to an editor, a man somewhat older than himself. The editor was busy and not disposed to listen to whatever business had brought the printer to the office.

After a while, however, the editor was made to understand that the young man wished to go to Europe, where he proposed spending as long a time as possible traveling on foot—tramping, studying the countries he visited and making the close acquaintance of the people.

"Want to write articles of travel, etc.?" finally queried the editor in a queer high voice, forced to make some kind of answer. "So do all the other fools!"

Then he tried to make it clear that he was too busy to give the matter any further attention. But this time it was the young printer who was slow to comprehend. He didn't allow it to be beaten into his head at all that his project wasn't acceptable, and he hung round, till out of sheer weariness perhaps, the editor listened to his plans. The result was that the young printer had the satisfaction of leaving the office assured that he was to be allowed to tramp on foot in Europe and write for that particular editor, instead of for some other editor as had seemed likely when they began to talk.

The editor who figured in this incident was Horace Greeley, then comparatively a young man, in the early flush of his success with the New York Tribune. The young printer was Bayard Taylor. He was not yet 21. The letters which he sent to the Tribune as the result of his European tramps were published under the name of "Views Afloat." Later they were put between covers.

Few more entertaining books of travel have ever been published. It sold extensively, it is selling still, though first issued in the '40s, and while the name of Bayard Taylor may not stand the test of immortality, it is more widely known today, though he has been dead nearly 30 years, than the names of many a writer who receives more money for his work in a week than Taylor did when beginning to make his way in six months.

**Why Bayard Taylor Succeeded.**  
There is no editor of any success today who is not bothered every day of his life by the sort of untrained, would-be writers Mr. Greeley characterized as adjectival "fools" on the day Bayard Taylor called to see him.

He had found out what the people like to read about, he knew how to tell it to them and he wanted to do it. He could have told them things about their own country which they would have read as eagerly as letters of foreign travel, and he knew it, but he wanted to learn about other countries and the inhabitants, and so preferred to go across the ocean for his material.

He had found out what, for lack of a better term, is denominated "of human interest." Though the term has been so overworked, so often applied to all sorts of the so-called literature of the modern paper men call "trash," as to be somewhat in disrepute as a descriptive term. Unless you are a specialist, capable of writing technically on your chosen specialty so informally that other specialists in the same line will pay you for your writing, you must find out what is of "human interest" and learn to put it on paper well, or abandon all thoughts of successful writing.

**Travel Letters by the Ton.**  
There are many editors who have read and re-read "Views Afloat" who are sometimes almost sorry Taylor ever wrote the letters. That is because of the vast army of imitators their success called into being.

A PERSONAL APPEAL

dependent desires to be factious, he says he wishes to travel "on Shanker's horses." On the whole, he says, it is about the most sorrowful sort of reading matter ever put before the eyes of the suffering manuscript buyer.

For he knows, as Greeley knew, by bitter experience, that to give the average aspirant traveler permission to do as he wishes is to insure the reception, later, of a lot of the dullest, dreariest copy imaginable, utterly worthless for publication purposes, and fit only for the waste basket or for a foolist would-be-contributor to pay return postage on. He said, and he knows, that you would be surprised by the wide variety of people who seek, without ever having the slightest training for the task, to imitate Taylor. Some of them have no idea that they are trying to imitate him; there are those among them, as my editor learned by questioning them, who have never heard of Taylor, incredible as this may seem. Invariably, however, when he has questioned him further, he has found that the aspirant knew all about the work of some later literary tramp, and was planning to work along the same lines.

Not all the varieties of the letters of travel type need the money that might be got from the sale of their writing. Many of them declare they wish to write solely to fill up the time while on their travels, and they keep themselves from becoming homesick, from dying of ennui.

A large percentage of them, however, want to pay the expenses of the trip by their writing. Some plan to make their travel letters, like Taylor's, stepping-stones to a literary career. Many of them are women, some rich, some poor, and, of course, the number of these, both from the "would-be" contributor, the sort that the editor will never publish, and from the aspirant, who always learns to write with respect and often with enthusiasm.

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"THE LOVE THAT GLORIFIES"

By Lilian True Bryant

MORNING, ma'am, mornin'. Yes, I'll stop and wipe my feet first, for they're kind of muddy, and I'm afraid I'll track up the house. My wife Mary says a man oughter think of those things mornin' he does, wadin' as how his shoes are like corn-silk, and the town that glistened in the sun like white pebbles, and then off at the blue mountains. She ails, and they were the words of God, attendin' there solemn and unchangin', and watchin' to see if we made the right use of the world he'd put us in.

"One night I went down to swap a horse-rake with Mary's father, and that's when I first began to take notice. She was settin' in the doorway, pickin' out yarn for a cardboard matter, so I set there, too, for a while, till it began to be dark enough to light up inside the house, and then after that I kept goin'. She looked just like a flower, Mary did—one them fern-epot in the woods, and she was generally had a ribbon on, or something that made me think of blossoms. I bought her one one night, and she said, 'Thank you, Rael, jest as ladylike. And then I knew that I wanted to keep right on buyin' things for her, though I didn't tell her so."

"We used to take walks together along in the early evenin'. There was a brook that crossed the road a piece down from her house, and we'd stand on that bridge and watch the water rattle down over the stones and slip off through the fields, and I used to say, 'Now, Mary, what do you want most?'  
"And she'd say, 'Oh, a melodeon, Rael.'  
"And I'd say, jest as gruff-like, 'A horse-rake's what I want.'

"That was the difference between us; and yet there wasn't no one that understood Mary as well as I did.  
"Sine'd read out of the weekly paper sometimes, and I'd get and whittle and look at her, and then we'd discuss. We was great on discussions that year, and I used to carry her over to the school-house to hear 'em go in at Dycume. One night they was discussin' whether Lincoln or Washington was the greater man, and got tired of it, for I'd heard that summe season before, so I got up and says: 'Think's been talked about long enough. I think there's wouldn't probably be more'n half as much to them as there is in them, but I've been for their women folk's behalf then.'  
"Then I sat down, and they began to laugh and snigger, and the thought come to me that they thought I was shinin' up to Mary. It struck me all of a heap, and I looked over, and there she sat, lookin' down into her lap, with the color stealin' up into her face.  
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So quiet and kind of gentle; but I got my breath again, and I says slowly, 'Would she be ashamed of me for a husband, Mary?'  
"She never said a word, and I set there, my heart a-thumpin' and the bells a-rangin', and then she jest slipped her hand into mine, and she says, 'You're a good man, and I'd be glad to be your wife, Rael, jest as ladylike. And then I knew that I wanted to keep right on buyin' things for her, though I didn't tell her so."

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FOR REMOVING A WRINKLE

Big Price a Society Leader Paid to Be Made Beautiful.

Just think of paying \$1000 for having one wrinkle removed! That's what a well-known New York society leader has paid, and without a doubt there are many others who would be willing to pay just such an exorbitant price if they had it for the same purpose.  
Authorities along these lines are demanding large sums for beautifying women's faces. It is not an easy task and means much suffering for the woman. The injection of paraffin is one of the well-known remedies for this shortcoming. The process is painful, the paraffin being injected underneath the skin by the same needle, and allows it to remain there, harden and become a part of the membrane tissue, which it does in time.  
It is a good remedy, and there are more women than one would surmise who are undergoing such a treatment.

Some of the society leaders who have gone What for'd rest, as they say, have in reality secluded themselves for a time with doctors of beauty and upon making their reappearance in society are indeed creatures of beauty. Their complexions are beautiful, white and pink, without a blemish, and they have regained their good humor and look like young matrons just entering their second year of married life, instead of contemplating the longer they'd go out there and putter around.

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