

Hints To Those Who Would Write



WOULD-BE writers have a better chance today of getting their stuff into print than at any time in history. One look at a well-stocked news or magazine stand will tell you why. Where one magazine held forth twenty-five years ago, two or three are in the rack today. And, despite the wall of publishers, more books are launched and sold today than ever before.

Consequently, with all this space to be filled, there is a continued and increasing demand for filler. Realizing this demand, nearly everyone who can compose a grammatical sentence—and many who cannot—feel deep within themselves a strong desire to contribute to the supply. In most persons this desire rarely gets beyond the "want to" stage. To sympathetic ears they will confess their desire, adding perhaps that they "know they could write if they but took the time."

If they do take the time and compose something which at least has a beginning and an end, their troubles start. The manuscript generally comes back with the rejection slip. This great demand begins to seem not so pressing after all.

According to George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, the young writer is the victim of no conspiracy, nor are there any secrets, which, once learned, will land him on the royal road to fame. Mr. Lorimer is the hope of thousands of strugglers after fame, who "feel that they could do much better than anyone who is writing at present if they could only attract his attention."

"Learning to write is more difficult, perhaps, than learning other professions," said Mr. Lorimer in an interview published in the International Book Review, "because it is a lonely process. The thing most young writers fail to realize is that they must serve an apprenticeship. To be a doctor or a lawyer one must also serve an apprenticeship, but it is less painful, because it is laid out along prescribed lines. The young student of medicine must have years of training at school. Then he becomes an intern and finally starts out to build up a practice for himself—which is a long, arduous proceeding."

"The best thing for the would-be author to do is to take a position on a newspaper. The training he receives there is invaluable. He is probably pretty young when he goes there, and the first thing it does for him is to give him experience and a perspective on life. He learns to write every day about what he sees. He begins to write for magazines, and he sends out things which promptly come back to him. Now, the difference between learning to write and learning other professions comes here. When a young doctor begins to practice, he does not come to a personal affront if people do not come to him at once. He tells himself that he is not well known as yet. He has not made enough acquaintances. But the young writer who creates something—a story, a poem, an article—has put something of himself

into it. He draws upon his very soul for his material. And when it comes back to him with a printed slip of rejection, he cannot help feeling that it is a reflection upon himself. This is natural. There is a feeling of hurt, however sensible he may be, which affects him deeply. Writing is, after all, the expression of one's ego, and the ego is a sensitive affair which is easily wounded."

"When we get a manuscript which we think shows promise, we try to get in touch with the writer. If possible, we send a man to see him. We talk the thing over with him and make suggestions. We try to help him to develop his own talent. For, despite impressions to the contrary, we welcome new writers. We want the fresh point of view of the young person. It is like injecting new blood into an old body."

The public is not made up of fools. It is an enthusiastic over the good work of an unknown author as it is over that of the man with a big name. Big names sell stories, of course. That is because the public has liked some previous work of the well-known man and looks for something as good again. But if his work falls below the standard he has set for himself, if it does not measure up to what the public has learned to expect of him, it is worse for him—and for himself, if he had been an unknown, because there is the element of disappointment."

My advice to the young writer is that he serve his apprenticeship, knowing that for what it is. Learn all you can about life, about men and women, about history and the affairs of the world, about literature and the conflict of ideas. Learn to think. Make your self a master of words. Develop your individual style. Then, when you are ready, if you have anything to say, you will find your market."

Another authority on the writer's art who was caught in the far South-west and interviewed for the same magazine is John Galsworthy. Asked to tell how he got the ideas for his stories, he said:

"Really, no idea, as such, comes to me at once for a story," he began. "Usually some little, ironical incident, some occurrence, some character, appeals to me and takes form so that I see it in the shape of some kind of a story. I do not deliberately shape it to carry out an idea; it seems naturally to shape itself. It is impossible to give you a rule for this."

One can indicate it by taking some definite example. In 'The Broken Road,' in 'Caravan,' you will find short stories that grew out of an ironical incident. Ironical situations, somehow, always happen to me most."

"It happened that I met an actor in a country town where I was stopping. led to the opinion that it was erected during the period of the Antonines (138-180 A. D.). It is said to have suggested to Thomas Jefferson the plan of the state capitol at Richmond, Va."

Here It Is Again

A nervous passenger on the first day of the voyage asked the captain what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog. "The iceberg would move right along, madam,"

I knew him slightly many years before. He had acted in one of my plays. I talked with him not more than two minutes. I noticed that his foot was slit across the toe twice between lace and toe-cap. The irony of it occurred to me. He was making the best of things, putting on the air, almost, of a swell! The incidents that follow in that story are pure invention—not incidents of his life at all. I assure you, for I knew nothing of it. I have not seen him since that brief conversation. But the broken foot suggested the irony of his life. The rest is imagination."

Writers are a lazy lot, according to Henry L. Mencken, editor of the American Mercury. Their conversation is just as banal as that of the Babbitts of which some of them write, he declared recently. Proceeding on the theory that they are lazy, Mr. Mencken took it upon himself to point out some of the opportunities which have been staring American writers in the face.

"The republic swarms with creatures who are infinitely national and immensely amusing, and they cry for the services of the novelist. Yet our writers neglect them all, from the university president to the police captain, and from the go-getting pastor to the realtor. Worst and most incredible of all, they neglect the American of Americans, to wit: the malignant moralist, the Christian turned cannibal, the snoring and preposterous Puritan," he said in a copyrighted article in the Chicago Tribune.

"I know of no American novel in which this most typical and gorgeous of Americans is even half hinted. What a great novel is in him! Indeed, what a shelf of novels! For he has as many forms as there are varieties of human delusions. Sometimes he is an evangelist, sweating to transform Oklahoma City or Altoona, Pa., into the New Jerusalem. Sometimes he is a stilet Sabatarian, bawling for the police whenever he detects his neighbor washing bottles on Sunday morning."

"I throw off the guess that there are at least forty novels in him. What are the springs of his peculiar frenzy to harass and punish his fellow men? What is his typical life history? Here is the work for the novelist, which is to say for the professional anatomist of character."

The captain replied courteously, "Just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady was greatly relieved.—London Tit-Bits.

Fuchsia's High Place

The fuchsia is one of the gardener's most valuable plants, not only for the beauty of its flowers and graceful form of the plant but also because it is adaptable to flower beds and borders and grows with such freedom and such little care. As a house plant it is very desirable.

Go Long Without Water

When crossing the desert camels are expected to carry their loads 25 miles a day, for three days, without drink. The fleet breeds carry their rider and a bag of water 50 miles a day, for five days, without drinking.

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



LOOK AT THE NEW CARS
AND SEE—BODY BY FISHER

The new car announcements of General Motors have swept Fisher into the greatest eminence in motor car history.

Everywhere you see the emblem—Body by Fisher. In all price classes, it is the inescapable badge of quality. The leaders, such as Cadillac, Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile and Pontiac, all display as one of their proudest assets the symbol—Body by Fisher.

It is their assurance of public satisfaction—in safety, in charm of line, in beauty of color and appointment, in comfort and convenience.

Fisher—the greatest body builder in the world—stands head and shoulders above all others in quality. The new General Motors cars all should prove Fisher leadership.



The ancient Egyptians had zoological gardens containing large collections of wild animals.

GET-AWAY

You must try Champion Spark Plugs to prove how the hotter, more intense spark they produce increases the rapidity of your get-away. Why be left behind when the traffic signal flashes when a set of Champions will put you out in front?



CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine
Toledo, Ohio

CLEAR YOUR SKIN

of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use

Resinol

LADIES: WE PAY \$7.00 PER HUNDRED to gold greeting cards. Free particulars for address envelopes. YORKVILLE CARD Dept. R, 354 Lexington Ave., New York.

DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES
MITCHELL EYE SALVE
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure, Safe, Speedy. 25c at all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, N. Y. C.

BOILS
There's quick, positive, relief in

CARBOL
At All Druggists—Money Back Guarantee

Buddy Knew Price He'd Have to Pay

Their parents were giving an elaborate luncheon and little Buddy and Harriet had been told that when they came home from school they should come in quietly through the back door, leave their books and go out again.

This they did, and on the kitchen table saw the glittering array of frail cups and saucers, the best china plates, and silvery baskets of iced cakes, all yellow, made with special thought to carry out a color scheme.

"Oh, the chickens!" exclaimed Buddy in disgust. "No chocolate ones!" and he started to go outdoors.

Harriet's face fell. "Aren't you going to take any?" she wanted to know.

"I am not," declared Buddy. "I ain't afraid to, but they don't look good enough to be whipped for."

No matter how careful you are, your system needs a laxative occasionally. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills help nature gently, but surely. 213 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Rabbits and Frogs "Game"

For the first time in history cottontail rabbits and frogs are to receive protection in Washington, the commission having fixed an open and closed season for each.

Rabbits are now considered as game in most states, and some eastern states annually purchase thousands of them for stocking purposes. Frogs are of great commercial value as a food product, for bait and are useful as insect consumers.

Feasted on Giant Catfish

Some of the employees of a chair company near Owensboro, Ky., had a feast of catfish at their homes, after a 30-pound fish was found swimming about in a small pool of water in a hollow log, taken from Green river to the chair factory to be sawed into chair stock. The fish was discovered just as the timber was about to be cut up.

A single dose of Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is enough to exterminate Worms or Tapeworm. Why not try it? 213 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Classes in Churchyards

In London the vogue of open-air classrooms has become so prominent that secluded corners in parks, abandoned churchyards and all manner of available open spaces are being used for the 137 open-air classes that the London council plans to operate during the summer. The council provided about \$25,000 for this work this season.

Lands Shark on Line

While fishing at Tampico, Mexico, a sailor, surprised at the violent tugging on his line, discovered he had hooked a shark and "played" the line long enough for the arrival of a friend with a six-shooter. The shark measured 14 feet.

Thomas Gray and Sir Walter Scott declined the poet laureateship of England. Wordsworth also refused, but changed his mind.

The All-American Menu

Irish stew, chop suey, goulash, chile con carne, ravioli, knackwurst mit sauerkraut, Yorkshire pudding, Welsh rabbit, bortsch, gefüllte Fisch, Spanish omelet, caviar, mayonnaise, antipasto, baumkuchen, English muffins, gruyere, Danish pastry, Canadian bacon, curry, hot tamales, weinerschnitzel, petits pois, spumoni, bouillabaisse, mate, scones, Turkish coffee, minestrone, filet mignon.—Life.

Educational Bequests

The total amount of gifts and bequests given to colleges and universities, excluding grants by the United States, by the several states and the municipalities, reported for the year 1923-24 is \$81,722,887.

Affection's Clear Eye

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are not to be fixed but by those that are real.—De Moy.

HOTEL RIALTO

325 Sutter St., San Francisco
Strictly Modern—Right in Town
Handy Garage for Tourists

\$1.00 UP
TAKE CAR NO. 1, 2 OR 3 FROM FERRY

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 32-1926.

Little Audrey's Acumen

While little Audrey was spending the afternoon in the country her aunt called to the pet pig. "Here, Hortense! Here, Hortense!"

Little Audrey just laughed and laughed, for she had learned some time before that the piggy was not a "Hortense," but a "Eustace."—Kansas City Star.

Shocking, This

"The terrible dialect kills all the interest in this story."
"Dialectrotted, so to speak."



Movie of an awful night.

NO longer need your nights or days be ruined by mosquitoes. Flit destroys these pests.

Flit spray clears your home in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It is clean, safe and easy to use.

Kills All Household Insects

Flit spray also destroys bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where they hide and breed and destroys insects and their eggs. Spray Flit on your garments. Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes.

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. It is harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old methods because it kills all the insects—and does it quickly.

Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)



DESTROYS
Flies Mosquitoes Moths
Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

"The yellow can with the black band"

Famous Roman Temple

The Maison Carree is a Corinthian temple at Nîmes, in southern France, erected during the time of the Roman occupation of the country. It has been carefully restored, and is used at present as a museum. The structure is rectangular in shape, measuring 85 by 45 feet. The Maison Carree was at one time attributed to Augustus (27 B. C.-14 A. D.), but a closer study of its architecture has

Fish That Cries

In Hongkong harbor, a strange fish, of the size and appearance of a baby's head, has been caught. It is like a big orange, with eyes, mouth, nose, ears, and two small uncommon-looking fins. This curious creature, resembling what the Chinese describe as a "kwal" fish, is popularly known as a merald's child, and utters a sound like the cry of a baby. The possession of this fish is said to bring good luck.

Three American Flags

In the office of the secretary of war at Washington are three American flags that are of great historical interest. They are the garrison flag, which floated over Fort Sumter, South Carolina, during the bombardment of April 12-13, 1861; the flag which enveloped the body of President Lincoln on the journey from Washington to Springfield, in April, 1865, and the garrison flag flown over Fortress