

"Cary was then superintendent of the West Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind and I was able to study these appealing, handicapped children at close range. It opened a new world to me, and I tried to open it, in turn, to the reader." The stories were republished under the title "Closed Doors", and were welcomed by teachers for the deaf and blind all over the country.

Miss Montague is not a rapid writer. Many of her plots have been forming in her brain for years. But "Uncle Sam" was an exception:

"All winter I had been viewing with deep concern the melting away of the country's high ideals in party squabbling, and turning over mentally the private individual's responsibility for the situation, together with the idea of an atonement of some kind, when, quite suddenly, this old 'Uncle Sam' came marching up out of the depths of my mind, and apparently, having the same idea of atonement that I had, presented himself for the sacrifice, and I accepted his offer."

BERNIE BABCOCK

By Emma S. Forster

IN the tremendous output of Lincolniana that has been given to literature, it seems strange that no adequate story has been presented of one of the greatest loves in history."

Thus, in a word, does Bernie Babcock characterize the inspiration which led her to produce "The Soul of Ann Rutledge". If, in course of time, she should put her own life within the covers of a book, there would be inspiration and encouragement on every

page. It is a story of triumph over obstacles apparently insurmountable. She was born of orthodox Huguenot ancestors, protectingly reared, married at eighteen, and a widow with five children—one a baby a year old—at the mature age of twenty-nine. Her life had been one of easy tranquillity until her husband died from the result of an operation. Then, thrown face to face with the world, she found herself with a family of little ones, about \$2,000 in cash, and a comfortable modern home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Investing half of her capital in a tiny, incomplete house, into which she removed her household, she used the rental from her former home to support herself and the children.

Then she began to write. During the first year every child succumbed to a different illness. The mother, stricken by an accident, was forced for weeks to direct the care of the afflicted from her throne upon a pillow. When she resumed her household work, doing her own cooking, washing, ironing, and darning, she wrote and wrote. For seven months her output was steadily returned. Then two stories and some verses were accepted in New York; and the receipt of the check was a wonderful occasion. Encouraged, she plodded on. She combined, she says, one portion of ability with nine portions of perseverance. While sitting up one night with a sick child, the kitchen table the base of her activity, she wrote a temperance story which sold in book form, shortly afterward, a hundred thousand copies in six months.

Thus was the Rubicon passed. A position on the editorial staff of a daily newspaper was accepted, followed by the publication of "The Arkansas Sketch Book", the most daring venture ever attempted in the literary field of her native state. Without a cent of

capital she made a success where men before her, amply equipped, had failed. Then she published an art magazine, printed in three colors, which flourished for five years, paying the expenses of her home and family and making possible the graduation of two daughters. Amid these day-by-day activities she found time to write "Mammy", a drama which has been read at Chautauqua and used extensively on lyceum circuits. Meantime, too, the story of "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" was forming in her mind.

Twenty years of burden-bearing have laid light hands upon her. She

looks the sister of her daughters, rather than the grandmother of three sturdy grandchildren, ranging in age from nine to five. Soft brown hair frames a sweet oval face from which steady grey eyes shine forth, bright with the courage that has shaped her life. As she sits in her cozy library, with the oil portraits of her austere ancestors looking down on the little hands that have steered six lives to a successful conclusion, she embodies the words of Elbert Hubbard—"She is a beautiful woman—a woman who works".

THE METICULOUSNESS OF IMPRESSIONISTIC REALISM

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

WHATEVER be the claims of the pre-Raphaelites, it must be admitted that the Romanticist movement cannot be dismissed without a survey of the expansive forces, particularly with reference to the encyclopædists, and the realism that stresses resultant action which came into being with the renaissance. It is indeed true that we must begin to evaluate the supreme classicism of the entire standards; the doctrines of Flaubert may not be dismissed. For example, naturalism has been defined as a state of nature; but if this is purposeless, then we must revert to the Parnassian school, and certainly tradition is not without its great moments in this respect. M. Prudhomme needs also to be considered. His well-known saying "J'avais tu avais il avait" is not without an im-

mense significance, especially at this time, when the pseudo-romantic pessimism of La Fontaine cannot be overlooked. Both Molière and Maupassant seem to be involved here. Maupassant indeed, in his view of external objects, though it may reveal alas! the true banality of the mediocre, yet has a certain bleeding force. The immense precision of the Goncourt brothers, with their lapidary constructive complexes, is revealed by the following well-known conversational gesture:

"J'ai tu as il a, nous avons vous avez ils ont!"

"Allons."

"Chantez-vous?"

"Dis donc!"

"Bonsoir oui très bon combien parlez-vous français. Mon Dieu!"