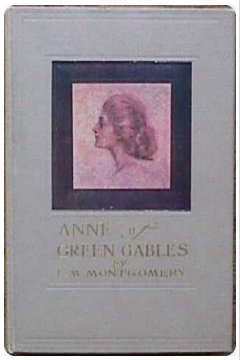
THE SHINING SCROLL

newsletter for the

L.M. Montgomery
Literary Society
2004

Founded in 1991
by Carolyn Strom Collins
and Christina Wyss Eriksson



Photos from M. Cavert

L.M. MONTGOMERY'S
INTERIOR/EXTERIOR
LANDSCAPES
Sixth Biennial International Conference
University of Prince Edward Island
24-27 June 2004

Sponsored by the L.M. Montgomery Institute

Several L.M. Montgomery Literary Society members attended the 6th L.M. Montgomery Conference at the University of Prince Edward Island in June. Carolyn Collins and Mary Beth Cavert have attended all the conferences since they began in 1994 and have presented several papers. Ann Johnson has attended almost all of them and always brings someone with her to introduce to Montgomery (this time she brought her sister Lucy). Sarah and Patricia Riedel, Emily, Anne, and Christy Woster have also been frequent attendees at the LMM conference.

Before the conference opened, the L.M. Montgomery Institute had a convocation ceremony for Her Imperial Highness Princess Takamado of Japan to award her an honorary degree and name her as the International Patron of the Institute. The conference keynote addresses were by Rachna Gilmore and Rosemary Ross Johnston. As always, there were many excellent presentations, including our own Emily Woster and Beth Cavert.

Beth presented information and photos about Arthur John Lockhart, known as Pastor Felix, who was Montgomery's pen pal from Nova Scotia and Maine (see *The Shining Scroll* from 2003 for an article on Pastor Felix).

Emily's paper was called *The Readings of a Writer: The Literary Landscape Created by L.M. Montgomery's Love of Literature*. Emily was featured in the alumni magazine of St. Scholastica College this spring because of her research. Great job, Emily!


THE COLLEGE OF ST. SCHOLASTICA

The ambitions of Emily

LMMLS members also enjoyed hearing Bev Hayden's presentation on new insights into Montgomery's courtship with Ewan Macdonald in her paper on the Cavendish Literary Society. Watercolor artist Carolyn Epperly (sister to Dr. Elizabeth Epperly) shared her paintings and Montgomery's influence in her work. Anne-Kathleen MacLaughlin captivated the audience with a one-woman play about Montgomery at age 60 set during a fictional interview about her award of the Order of the British Empire.

George and Maureen Campbell welcomed Kindred Spirits at the Campbell farm in Park Corner with good food, carriage rides and camaraderie on a glorious evening and Jennie and John Macneill took us on a torchlight walk around the old

Homestead grounds after sunset. When the conference was over, Carolyn Collins treated us to a gathering at her cottage, "Hill O' the Mist." It overlooks the Lake of Shining Waters, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Montgomery and Campbell farms at Park Corner (see photo on page 1 for the view from her porch).

John Macneill by the Macneill Homestead bookstore.

Father Bolger was photographed being George's backseat driver.

This fall, Father Bolger and Carolyn Collins were guest presenters for a class at the University of PEI on L.M. Montgomery. Carolyn's presentation was called: "Beyond Cavendish: the Story of the Montgomerys on Prince Edward Island.

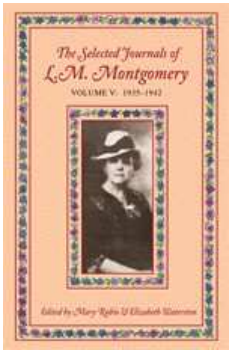
THE READINGS OF A WRITER

Emily Woster

After surviving the long flights and forgetting part of my project at home, I did manage to make it to the Conference so that I could present on Saturday, June 26th. I had spent the previous semester at school working with a trustworthy professor on an independent study of Canadian Literature, which quickly evolved into me asking her to edit my project. Thanks to the McNair Scholars program I received lots of help as far as formatting and professional standards goes, and the end result was, I think, successful.

My presentation evolved from an interest in seeing what it was that Lucy Maud read. Though I knew many of her book mentions were edited *out* of the journals, there were still plenty of literary works mentioned in the first volume of the journals to base some good research on. Once I had compiled a list of these works I set to work finding their common bonds, and the best way to fit them all into the Conference title, "Interior and Exterior Landscapes." In doing this, I decided to use one of my own little pet theories: that everything you read becomes a part of you, and all those books create a place in your mind that you draw from, visit often, and look to for inspiration. I decided to call this place a "literary landscape" and started researching.

In the end my paper spoke about the unusual things Montgomery decided worthy of reading, the varied kinds of authors she identified with and the different ways she criticized these works. It seems that just as Lucy Maud has become an important part of my literary landscape, she learned from the books she read and allowed others to see them in her journal.



NEW BOOKS

The Selected Journals of L.M. Montgomery Vol.V: 1935-1942

Edited by Mary Henley Rubio, Professor of English, University of Guelph and Elizabeth Waterston, Professor Emeritus, University of Guelph

Price: $ 37.95 CDN
ISBN: 0-19-542116-7
Publication date: October 2004
474 pages

The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery
Edited by Irene Gammel
Toronto: University of Toronto Press, Fall 2004.

$27.50 CDN
ISBN 0-80-208676-4
Pub date 1/22/2005

Publisher's Synopsis:

Who ultimately is L.M. Montgomery, and why was there such an obsession with secrecy, hiding, and encoding in her life and fiction? Delving into the hidden life of Canada's most enigmatic writer, The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery answers those questions. The eleven essays illuminate Montgomery's personal writings and photographic self-portraits and probe the ways in which she actively shaped her life as a work of art. This is the first book to investigate Montgomery's personal writings, which filled thousands of pages in journals, and a memoir, correspondence, scrapbooks, and photography.
Using theories of autobiography and life writing, the essays probe the author's flair for the dramatic and her exuberance in costuming, while also probing the personal facts behind some of her fiction, including the beloved Anne of Green Gables. Focussing on topics such as sexuality, depression, marriage, aging, illness, and writing, the essays strip away the layers of art and artifice that disguised Montgomery's most intensely guarded secrets, including details of her affair with Herman Leard, her marriage with Ewen Macdonald, and her friendship with Nora Lefurgey. The book also includes over 40 rare photographs taken by Montgomery and others, many of which have not previously appeared in print.
One of the highlights of The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery is the inclusion of a secret diary that Montgomery wrote with Lefurgey in 1903. This hilarious document is a rare find, for Montgomery's teasing banter presents us with a new voice that is distinct from the sombre tone of her journals. Published here for the first time, more than 100 years after its composition, this diary is virtually unknown to readers and scholars, and is a welcome addition to the literature on this important figure.
This volume fills in many of the blanks surrounding Montgomery's personal life. Engaging and erudite, it is a boon for scholars and Montgomery fans alike.

2004 MEETINGS

Our first meeting of the 2004-2005 season was held at the Eagan home of Peggy Yaeger. Peggy and her mother Joan O'Brien provided wonderful refreshments and a beautiful setting for us to get together and share news of our summer activities. Several members brought new LMM "treasures" to show. Christy Woster brought a postcard she found by accident, signed by LM Montgomery. Thanks to Peggy and Joan for a perfectly delightful afternoon!

Our December meeting was held at the St. Anthony Park Library. Carolyn presented the talk she had given earlier in the summer at the Bideford Parsonage Museum on LMM's year at Bideford, illustrated by pages from the scrapbooks.

"A Tangled Web" was the topic of the third meeting, held at the Edina Library in March. We discussed the book, its nearly 200 characters, and the original Woolner jug (see Carolyn's article in this issue).

Beth Cavert hosted the last meeting of the year at the Creek Valley Elementary School library in Edina. Beth presented a fascinating paper on "Pastor Felix" (aka Arthur Lockhart) to whom LMM dedicated "Emily Climbs." This paper was the basis for Beth's presentation at the June symposium on LMM at the University of Prince Edward Island. (We had hoped Emily Woster might be able to attend this meeting and give her symposium paper as well, but her busy college schedule kept her in Duluth.) Both Beth and Emily's papers were received with great enthusiasm at the Symposium, by the way.

THE WOOLNER JUG: CENTREPIECE OF "A TANGLED WEB"

Our May meeting of 2004 featured a discussion of L. M. Montgomery's "A Tangled Web." The main "character" in the book is an heirloom jug that members of the Dark and Penhallow clans are desperate to inherit from old Aunt Becky Penhallow Dark.

History of the Woolner jug:

As students of L. M. Montgomery's work know, she frequently used items from her own experience in her books and stories (i.e., "Gog and Magog," the rosebud tea-set, the blue chest, etc.). In "A Tangled Web," she uses her own heirloom jug as the model for Aunt Becky's jug. (Even though Montgomery uses the English term "jug" to describe it, many people today would call it a "pitcher.")

In reality, the jug was actually known in Montgomery's family as the "Woolner jug." It was made in 1826 for Harriet Kemp, Montgomery's great-grandmother's sister, as a gift from her fiancé. The fiancé died and Harriet, unable to bear the memories the jug evoked, gave the jug to her sister Sarah. Sarah brought it to Prince Edward Island from England in 1832. Lucy Woolner Macneill later inherited it from her mother, Sarah Kemp Woolner, and passed it on to her granddaughter Lucy Maud Montgomery in 1911. Maud took it with her to Ontario when she and Ewan Macdonald married and moved to Leaskdale. Although it is now in pieces, the jug is part of the Montgomery archive at the University of Guelph in Ontario.

This is not the first time the Woolner jug has been in pieces, however. In her journal entry of Oct. 24, 1911, Maud says: "Once it met with an accident and was badly fractured. Great-grandmother Woolner mended it with white lead and, though the mending is not very artistically done, being all too evident, it was at least done thoroughly and holds good to this day." Maud would never have the jug professionally repaired because the white leading showed a fingerprint of her great-grandmother.

Maud was photographed with the Woolner jug for an interview after the book was published [see *The Selected Journals of L.M. Montgomery*, Vol. IV, Sept. 18, 1932].

Maud remarked in her journal that Sarah Kemp filled the jug with black currant jam before leaving England and then used it in her home on PEI for cream. Maud's grandmother Macneill placed it on the top shelf of the china cupboard at the Macneill home in Cavendish. Maud displayed the jug in her parlour at Leaskdale, near the china dogs Gog and Magog. She commented in her journals that the jug was her most prized possession.

Description of the Woolner jug:

While at the archive in 2003, I asked to see the Woolner jug. The archival box containing pieces of the jug was brought out and I proceeded to investigate the contents. After unwrapping 29 individual pieces of the pottery jug and arranging them in an approximate re-creation of the original, I was surprised to note that

many pieces of the jug are missing. However, enough of the pieces remain that show the dimensions and shape of the jug and the two "mottoes" and the personalization can still be read.

The jug (or pitcher) would be about eight inches high; the base is four inches in diameter. There is a pouring spout and a sturdy handle. The "mottoes" are on either side of the handle and the personalization, "Harriet Kemp. Albro. 1826," is on the front of the jug, under the spout. [The white-lead mending runs horizontally through the middle of the jug and the personalization panel.] The mottoes are the same as those Montgomery quoted in "A Tangled Web," chapter I, part ix. The personalization, however, was changed to "Harriet Dark."

The motto to the left of the personalization reads:

> "The man is doom'd to sail
> With the blast of the gale
> Through billows attalantic [sic] to steer
> As he bends oe'r the wave
> Which may soon be his grave
> He remember's his home with a tear."

This motto is a slightly paraphrased verse from Lord Byron's poem "The Tear."

The motto to the right of the personalization reads:

> "Thus smiling at perils at sea or on shore
> We'll box the old compass right cheerly:
> Pass the grog, boys about & a song or two more
> Then we'll drink to the girls we love dearly."

This motto is illustrated by a comical sketch of two drinking sailors and two flags: the British "Union Jack" and the British Ensign.

The jug is mostly creamy white with decorations of dark brown leaves, pink and green borders and swags, and a few red and blue flowers. Violet stripes around the top rim and the base complete the design. There is a lustrous quality to the finish of the jug, especially in the violet striping.

Even if the existing pieces were to be re-glued, there would still be gaps in the jug. However, it might be worth having the jug repaired to ensure that the remaining pieces are not lost or stolen.

According to a brief article on lusterware jugs by Ralph and Terry Kovel [Minneapolis Tribune, January 28, 2004], this sort of jug was made in England "to sell to seaside visitors as souvenirs" in the early 19th century. I ran across a picture of an almost identical jug on an antique pottery website recently; the caption suggests that the jug is "possibly" Welsh. Circa 1820." The luster glaze so popular in this period would reflect the light of the candles and firelight that were the only sources of light in homes at the time.

Brief History of "A Tangled Web"

"A Tangled Web" was published in 1931 by MacClelland Stewart. There was a bit of difficulty over naming the book but Maud's title was finally chosen [see *SJLMM*, Vol IV, June 1, 1931]. However, in England, the book was published under the title "Aunt Becky Began It" to differentiate it from another book already on the market entitled "The Tangled Web" [see *SJLMM*, Vol. IV, July 11, 1931].

There was also some disagreement over the book jacket. Maud objected to the original Stokes design of a "figure in poke-bonnet and crinoline" because it would "suggest a sentimental novel of the Victorian Era, which is the last thing I want people to think it" [*SJLMM*, Vol. IV, Aug. 21, 1931]. On Sept. 10, she writes: "Stokes have got a new jacket for the book after all. They have gone to the other extreme and the

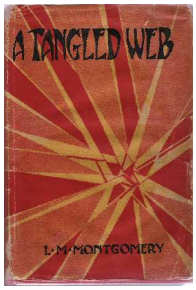
design looks like a head-on collision between two comets. However, it is much more "striking" than the other and better suited to the book." The Hodder-Stoughton dust-jacket shows a girl holding a jug.

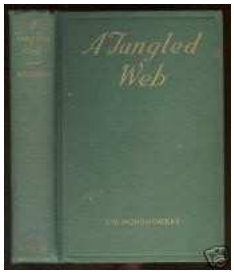
Maud remarks in her journal entry of Oct. 10, 1931, on a reviewer's opinion that she must have got material for the stories in the book from "old folks in P.E. Island:"

"There are just two anecdotes … that I got from anybody. The rest is purely my own invention—incidents, dialogue and plots. G-r-r-r!"

She does not elaborate on which two anecdotes she meant.

As a matter of curiosity, I decided to count the number of characters mentioned and came up with 197. A tangled web, indeed!





Society member**, Joan O'Brian,** brought this poem to our attention, which was written by a friend of hers:

A Question of Geography

Aching for affection,
Lucy Maud Montgomery
on the Island of Prince Edward
in the Straits of St. Lawrence
Wrapped her arms around her favorite trees,
birch, young and fine,
a spruce and maple intertwined.

Had she been raised in the Sonora
Found comfort in arms of the saguaro
forgiving its barbs
leaning on its patience –
Instead of *Anne of Green Gables*
Would she have penned Dawn of Brown Adobe,
Meg of Red-tiled Roofs?

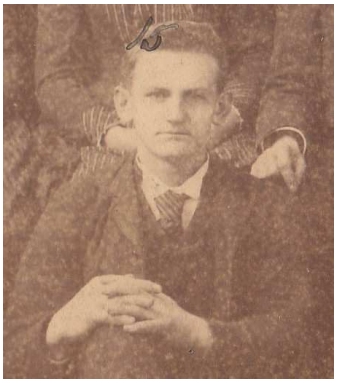
Well, she wasn't and she didn't and she won't.
But swirling with the sand somewhere
between the yucca and prickly pear,
Is there one who will?

~ Phyllis Thompson Harris

What Happened to Nate Lockhart?

© by Mary Beth Cavert

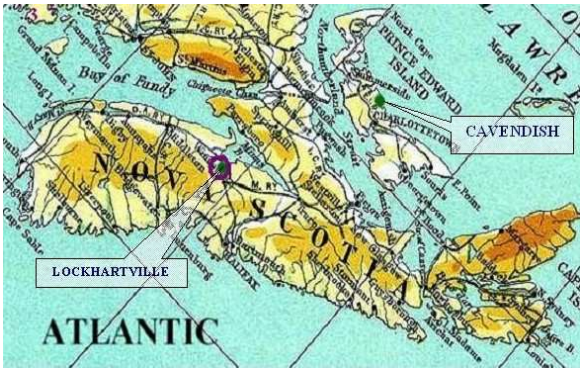
photos provided by Archives and Special Collections Acadia University



Nate Lockhart was one of L. M. Montgomery's best friends in her late childhood and early adolescence on Prince Edward Island. Their close friendship was the envy of their Cavendish School classmates and it was inevitable that it would blossom into young love, but only for Nate – Maud succumbed to young "like," as was her fate with some of her favorite suitors.

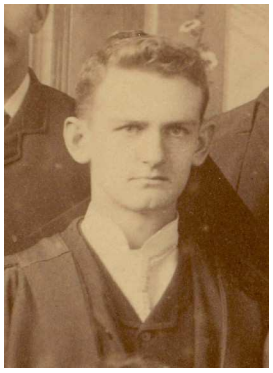
In Montgomery's late fifties, she revisited the letters and her memories of Nate Lockhart and recorded his history in her journals. After writing a long entry about the unwelcome and persistent attentions of Isabel Anderson, an intrusive admirer, she returned to recollections of her long-ago friendship in "another happy time." The 1932 journal juxtaposition of Isabel and Nate places the last person to write a love letter to her next to the first person to write "… the one whom I love … is L.M. Montgomery…" (SJI: 16)

Nate's parents were Nathan Joseph Lockhart and Nancy Jane Whitman. Nathan was born at Cow Bay, near Halifax, Nova Scotia in December 1851. He was the younger brother of poet Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix) and grew up in the land on the Minas Basin. Nathan's middle name was in honor of his uncle, Joseph Bezansen who, according to Pastor Felix, died at sea. Nancy was born in October 1850 at Aylesford, Nova Scotia near the Minas Channel. Nancy was a teacher and was descended from early settlers in the Massachusetts Colony who later came to Nova Scotia as Loyalists in 1761. Nathan and Nancy were married in January 1874. Like his father, Nathan was a sailor and left his new wife to go on a voyage to South America nine months after their marriage. Montgomery notes that Nathan was washed overboard near Cape Hatteras (it is called the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" and is near North Carolina, USA). She wrote "… Mrs. Lockhart was expecting Nate's birth and went home to her mother's for it. On the train she picked up a paper and read in it an account of her husband's death!" (SJ4: 168)



Nancy gave birth to a son on February 16, 1875 in Aylesford and named him after his father, Nathan Joseph Lockhart, Jr. Four years later, she married John Church Spurr who was born in Cow Bay in 1846. John adopted Nate and he and his wife had a baby in 1883, Edith May Spurr. A few years after their daughter's birth, when Nate was probably about 10 years old, they moved to Cavendish, Prince Edward Island where Rev. Spurr was placed as the new Baptist minister. Maud Montgomery liked Mrs. Spurr and became better acquainted with her when she took music lessons in the Spurr parsonage. In 1887 or 1888, Nate received a copy of his uncle's first book of poetry (*A Masque of Minstrels and Other Pieces* – Arthur John Lockhart). This alone elevated him to a "romantic" status in young Maud's eyes because she loved poetry and idolized published poets. After this, Nate started using his Lockhart surname in place of Spurr. Montgomery describes sweet impressions of the freckled boy who was just as ambitious, intelligent and competitive as she was. Montgomery recounts how much fun she had attending the Baptist church on Sunday nights for social reasons and enjoying Nate's glances. She wrote about their common interests, humor, and passion for reading and books.

When Nate turned 15 and declared his love for Maud, she "retreated," as she called it, even though she tried to persuade herself to love him. As it was, she offered him friendship and, being proud and gallant, Nate backed away graciously. Montgomery left home to stay with her father in Prince Albert for a year and Nate entered Acadia College (Acadia University) at Wolfville in 1891. He played sports and earned a BA



in 1895 and an MA in 1896. Nate and Maud corresponded during those years and saw each other briefly just a few times. His family left Cavendish in 1896 and he stayed in Nova Scotia to teach. He entered Dalhousie University in Halifax and earned a law degree in 1902. Montgomery had unexpectedly seen him at Dalhousie in 1901 but he did not contact her after that, though she asked him to call on her. Montgomery regretted the loss of his friendship and was hurt that he never wrote to her again, even after her dream of publishing a book, a dream she shared with him, came true.

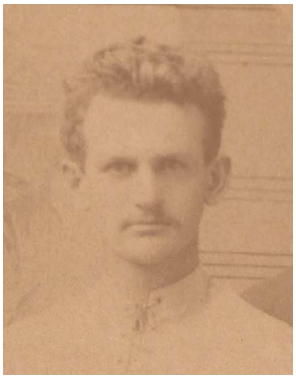
Nate Lockhart practiced law in Sydney, NS from 1902 to 1906 and became engaged to Mabel Celeste Saunders of Wolfville. Mabel was born in Bridgetown, NS in 1870 and was a graduate of Dalhousie University. She taught school in Nova Scotia and then married Nate in North Sydney on February 6, 1906.

In a published history of Estevan, Saskatchewan, *A Tale That is Told: Estevan 1890 – 1980,* Mabel's family history is described. "Mrs. Lockhart was a direct descendant of Sir William Parsons, the Earl of Ross. She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welton Saunders, who were descendants of John and Priscilla Alden of Longfellow's *Miles Standish*. Her great grandmother, Catherine Parsons, was born at the Castle of Birr in Ireland. Catherine Parson's father, Col. Parsons, fought in the battle between Montcalm and Wolf [1759] on the Plains of Abraham. Following the battle he remained in Canada, settling in Nova Scotia, then he sent for his wife and family."

Nate and Mabel moved to the young western town of Estevan in 1906. It is located at the south end of Saskatchewan only a few miles from the border of North Dakota, USA. Estevan had no running water but it had electricity until 1:00 am and telephone service until midnight. Nate set up a law practice -- "He was the first agent of the Attorney-General of Saskatchewan in this judicial district when it was originally established and was one of Estevan's first lawyers." When Montgomery achieved her great success with *Anne of Green Gables* in 1908, Nate may have been too busy to acknowledge his old friend. His first son, Hugh Walter Spurr Lockhart, was born on January 11, 1908 and his second son, Alan Nathan Lockhart, was born on November 25, 1908.

It is somewhat unlikely that Nate was unaware of Maud's success in 1908, even though he was located in a frontier town. He corresponded with his uncle, Arthur Lockhart, who became Montgomery's pen pal in 1908, and he appeared to have retained his passion for books because he used his position as a civic leader to help start the local library. Nate and several other citizens met in his office on February 12, 1908 to plan and organize the Estevan Public Library. He served on the board for several years. We would hope that *Anne of Green Gables* found its way to the shelves of the Estevan Library.

Nate was appointed King's Council in 1914. He was a lawyer who represented the government in criminal prosecutions. In 1913 he was the crown prosecutor against a man charged with trying to kill a family by putting "poison in the soup pot, contrary to the Criminal Code of Canada. … The accused was found not guilty." In 1916 he shared his law offices with E. J. Campbell, W. J. Perkins, and A. J. O'Connor.



Montgomery knew only a few details of Nate's life through his uncle, "Pastor Felix." On December 13, 1921 she noted that she had received a letter from Pastor Felix in which he wrote that Nate's son was killed in a gun accident. He said that Nate "felt it deeply." Alan had died on May 14, 1921 and he was twelve years old. In 1932, when she wrote about it again, she explained her old feelings of hurt because "The boy might have been *my* son – if only I could have loved his father. I have always been sorry I couldn't – because Nate *was* such a jolly comrade." (SJ4: 172)

Nate and Mabel and Hugh Lockhart lived all their lives in Estevan and Nate was known to his friends as "Judge." He retired in the early 1930s, about the time that L.M. Montgomery was writing about him in her journal. The Lockharts spent their retirement winters in St. Petersburg, Florida until Nate's death in May 1954 at the age of seventy-nine. His wife died in 1966 at the age of ninety-six.

Who Is Isabel Anderson?
© by **Mary Beth Cavert**

L.M. Montgomery was accustomed to receiving fan letters which were full of enthusiastic hero-worship like the one addressed to "Dear Wonder Person." Montgomery was proud of her accomplishments but she was uncomfortable with the adulation of strangers. "It is well that my young worshippers don't know what a very clay-footed creature their divinity is," she wrote in 1928. At worst she characterized some of her fans as "freaks" (*Green Gables Letters*, 76) but more often as sweet eager admirers who made her feel useful and important.

She may not have felt that she was unworthy of others' attention, but she did feel at times that some people were unworthy of hers. L.M. Montgomery was an intensely guarded person in public, keenly attuned to social status, propriety and codes of behaviors well before she became famous. Her intimate circle of friends was established early in her life. Few new people were admitted into it as she grew older. Then, in 1926, a "fan" tried to enter this private circle, seeking from Montgomery an exclusive friendship that she was not prepared to share.

Isabel Anderson was young woman who, having found love and acceptance for the creative spirit in the fiction of *Anne*, sought love and acceptance in the person of Anne's creator. She was an elementary school teacher in Acton, Ontario, just a few miles from Norval where Montgomery, her husband, Ewan Macdonald, and their two sons, ages 14 and 11, moved in the winter of 1926. Isabel, 30 years old, had loved L.M. Montgomery's books since she was young and was thrilled when the 52 year old author moved so close to her. Ironically, Montgomery first mentioned Isabel as a self-appointed protector of her privacy. In an effusive letter from the summer of 1926, Isabel vowed she would guard Mrs. Macdonald like a "saint in a shrine" from all "annoyances." In the years to follow, Montgomery came to view Isabel as a complex annoyance from which she had no protection.

http://news.halinet.o

At first, Montgomery enjoyed Isabel's letters and considered them brilliant, witty and delightful. Isabel kept writing, encouraged by Montgomery's responses. An unusual correspondence began between the famous author and the smitten fan. Whether as a casual "girl" friend, or a daughter-like protégé, Isabel gained an emotional access to her hero, which was otherwise unavailable to all but a few of Montgomery's family and friends. In addition to the frequent letters and some gifts, Isabel offered repeated invitations for visits, which Montgomery found hard to turn down.

Their first meetings were conventional and unremarkable. When Isabel was recovering from surgery, Montgomery went to her home to have dinner with Isabel and her sister, Mary Ellen (Nellie), and mother. When Isabel's mother, Matilda Anderson, died in April 1929, Montgomery went to the funeral. She felt sorry for Isabel who had to move from her mother's home into two rooms in another house.

In the summer of 1929, Montgomery spent a day with Isabel and her sister at a regional park. Isabel did not talk much in the company of her sister, or any other person with whom she had to share her own Mrs. Macdonald. But she began to write impassioned letters to "my darling" or "my beloved" after each visit and the intensely personal tone in these private written conversations began to unsettle Montgomery.

In her first dramatic confession in the summer of 1929, Isabel wrote that she felt she was losing her mind and could only find relief if Montgomery would allow her to come to Norval and stay overnight with her. Montgomery was repelled by the idea, although she had shared sleeping quarters with many relatives and some strangers over the years, but she could not bring herself to tell Isabel her misgivings. Instead, she gave Isabel hope by telling her that she was unavailable because a friend was coming to visit and then she was leaving for the Island in September. When Montgomery returned in October, she made more excuses. In November and December, Montgomery begged off again, explaining that she was healing from problems with her teeth and Ewan was healing from an accident on the train with a snowplow. Isabel waited for a convenient time.

LMM Montgomery Collection , Guelph Archives

In January 1930, Montgomery was too ill to see Isabel. At the end of the month, she grieved for the eleventh year, as she did every year, on the anniversary of the death of her friend and "soulmate," Frederica Campbell. It felt like "she died yesterday." A month earlier, in a moment of sad intimacy on Christmas Day, Montgomery placed a favorite picture on the wall above her bed. It was a large photograph, newly restored, of Frede standing in a birch grove near her home on PEI. "… Frede is watching just above me and … if I just knew the exact magic to make, I could step up into the picture and clasp hands with her."

There was no magic that either Isabel or Montgomery could make to bridge their worlds and that of their loved ones. Montgomery could not step into the picture and an era of romantic friendships and walk away with Frede, nor could Isabel step into Montgomery's life with her expressions of passionate friendship and clasp hands.

By February 1930, in spite of months of excuses, Isabel still hoped to be allowed to see Montgomery in person. She countered Montgomery's delays with claims of her own illness and loneliness. Montgomery relented and spent an evening, a night and a day with Isabel. Now that she had the author all to herself, Isabel was still quiet and shy, except to say that she was "perfectly and entirely" happy and intended to lie awake all night beside Montgomery to "revel" in her happiness. When Montgomery left by train the next day, Isabel cried. Isabel's enraptured response to her overnight visit prompted Montgomery to begin recording this saga in her journal three years after it started.

Isabel's letters in the spring and summer of 1930 were forthright declarations of love. She was unable to be circumspect in any way about her affection for Montgomery and hoped for a return of her feelings, no matter how small. Although Montgomery had told her young friend that she did love her, and had given her gifts, she began to feel persecuted by Isabel's candid letters and awkward phone calls in the winter of 1931. However, the correspondence continued. In the summer of 1931, Isabel pleaded to see her again. Eight months later, in February 1932, Isabel came to Norval again and the relationship reached a turning point. Montgomery decided that she must copy Isabel's most recent outpouring into her journal so that readers could understand her dilemma. But a reader could also see that Isabel was aware of Montgomery's feelings and felt her "scorn. " She claimed that her own feelings were not "unnatural" and mourned the imbalance in the friendship. Isabel wrote a direct impassioned letter, speaking more forthrightly about Montgomery than anyone else had probably dared to do. Montgomery copied this letter into her journal. In May 1932, she also noted that she had learned that Isabel had a history of "falling in love" and was known to have pursued her married minister until his wife made her stop.

In the summer of 1932, their conversations were very frank. Isabel was insulted that Montgomery referred to her love as "Lesbianism." The cycle of persuasion continued. Montgomery wrote tempered and direct rebuffs, then called the obsession unacceptable and decreed that communication must end. She repeatedly acquiesced to a limited friendship but, when Isabel reverted to the language of love, Montgomery admonished her and began the cycle over again, unable to fulfill Isabel's desire for a closer relationship yet incapable of severing their ties all together.

She echoed the words of Phillipa Gordon to Anne Shirley in *Anne of the Island*, accusing Isabel of creating a person out of her imagination to love--"a person so utterly unlike the practical elderly woman I am." (*SJ*

4:184) She accepted, with doubts, Isabel's promise to be friends. Montgomery's condition for their friendship was that Isabel could not express her love.

Montgomery finally shared her problem with one of her oldest friends, Nora Lefurgey Campbell, who had moved to Toronto in 1928. Nora's urgent counsel was to end the potentially scandalous association. Perhaps Montgomery had not fully considered the consequences of her "friendship" with Isabel, who, after all, had a collection of letters and gifts from Montgomery. Together, Montgomery and Nora contrived to make Isabel uncomfortable in the summer of 1932, by using their own familiar banter, when she was invited to visit. Nora and Montgomery were quite skilled at "insulting" each other and Montgomery guessed that if Isabel ever heard them do it, she would think them both insane. She wrote: "And we think her insane! 'All the world is queer etc.'" Montgomery was referring to a quote attributed to Robert Owen in 1828, "All the world is queer save thee and me, and even thou art a little queer."

When Isabel heard them tease each other, she retreated into her usual protective and self-conscious silence in the presence of Nora, who was a strong and confident person. Isabel lacked the essential characteristics of all of Montgomery's closest friends—the ability to be at ease, generate laughter, and most of all, to talk. Nora wrote in her diary: "The pervert Isabelle Anderson visited Montgomery a whole day while I was there. Her ability for complete abeyance of all speech is phenominal [sic]... How can Montgomery stand her? Is not even pretty." Montgomery expected a dramatic letter from Isabel after such treatment, but instead received a gracious thank you letter.

In November 1932, after reading books on psychiatry, Montgomery told Isabel that their visits must end because they only fed Isabel's obsession. To which Isabel replied, "Please show me what is meant by friendship and love and I'll sincerely try to learn."

By January 1933, Montgomery was forced to re-examine what friendship--casual friendship--meant to her. She was simply not open to new friends of the deeper sort. She expected girlfriends to be content with two to three letters a year and a few visits. She didn't have time for the kind of commitment that Isabel needed. Finally, in February 1933, she told Isabel that she couldn't see her anymore. Her personal life was too upsetting at the time and she wanted to be left alone. Isabel asked to begin anew and astonishingly, Montgomery relented, again.

By the end of 1933, her despair over the burden of Isabel's love felt like hatred, although she admitted that sometimes she felt she hated everyone and could only dispel her bitterness by escaping into a dream world. Montgomery believed that the walks she took with Isabel and the flowers she received from her would have been pleasant memories if only they were with someone else. Montgomery demeaned her, lamenting that beloved and worthy friends died while Isabel yet lived. Isabel's overtures of friendship were always doomed because they were rooted in Montgomery's fame and success and not in the "olden days" which bound her closest friends to her.

Montgomery continued to visit Isabel at least once a year in 1934 and 1935 -- her sons took turns driving her there -- until her move to Toronto. When Isabel came to Montgomery's home, Chester drove her back to Acton. In the last years of Montgomery's life in Toronto, Montgomery's reaction to Isabel began to dull. She still recoiled at her letters "full of crazy ideas of 'going to P.E. Island with me, '"and yet she hosted Isobel in her new home – they went to a movie, had tea, and walked by the ravine the next day. She also continued to stay with Isabel in Acton until 1938. Montgomery included some of Isabel's gifts in her will and gave them to Chester, probably because he had become well-acquainted with Isabel by shuttling his mother and Isabel during visits over the years. On June 24, 1941, Montgomery added these things to her will to be given to her first son: a "tall black vase given me by Isabel Anderson" and a "painting of owl, given me by Isabel Anderson of Acton in 1931. It was painted by an aunt of hers."

Why did Montgomery endure this attachment for so long when she did not want it?
At first, Montgomery may have been tethered to Isabel by conventions of politeness and patience. Doubtless the attention of a bright woman was flattering and she may have been intrigued by this intense personality, but she did not seem bewildered by it. Isabel might have managed (briefly) to touch the same deep connection she had always felt with her closest female friends. She might have feared a scandal in the

event that Isabel should choose to share Montgomery's letters as Montgomery had shared hers. But, in March 1928, the stage was already set for Isabel's rejection. Montgomery made a point in her journals of stating her aversion to physical contact with her friends, no matter how much she loved them – when Frede Campbell was dying, Montgomery held her hands for the first and only time.

Isabel's overt desire to be physically close clearly crossed Montgomery's personal boundaries. She believed she had given all she could to this friend, short of physical expression. She was deeply insulted by Isabel's judgment that she could not love. In answer to this charge, she found solace in her love for Frede (but not Herman Leard). While ensnared in the continuing drama of Isabel, Montgomery grounded herself in several ways. She embraced a renewed friendship with the return of the trustworthy Nora Lefurgey in 1928. In 1930, she reread all of her own books. In the fall of 1930, she visited two intimates from her youth, Alexina MacGregor and Laura Pritchard, reminding herself of the feelings of first love between female friends. And, after reading Isabel's letter in the winter of 1932, she read old letters from her first sweetheart, Nate Lockhart.

Montgomery's own personality, so feisty in her journals, was more passive when it came to being confrontational. At times in her life, conflicts (or aversions) dragged on, such as those with her unwanted suitors, her maids, her estranged fiancé and even with her sister-like cousin Stella, while she fumed in private (until the relationships wilted).

Montgomery recast Isabel from an enthusiastic bright young woman to an obsessed, insane and child-like creature. Unable to dismiss Isabel in person, she diminished her on the journal pages as an unsophisticated, pitiful "girl" who had an empty life aside from her connection to L.M. Montgomery. She wrote herself as the heroine who steadfastly refused to let the girl self-destruct, taking her theatrical "I can't live without you" literally. It became her altruistic motivation for continuing appeasement.

Montgomery conscientiously used her journals to craft a memoir and an image of herself, not so much as a writer, but as a lover, as a mother, as a wife, as a friend and as a "wonder person." Decades earlier, she had recorded her unexpected involvement with Herman Leard, revealing that she could love passionately, even irrationally. In the last decade of her life, she wrote dozens of pages about Isabel, showing she could be loved passionately, although not willingly, in a way that not many people could claim.

Montgomery tempered her frustrations with Isabel in 1935 by creating the fickle Hazel Marr in *Anne of Windy Poplars/Willows*. She wrote the character (who had a “notorious crush” on Anne Shirley) sympathetically, even affectionately. Like Montgomery's friend Nora, Anne's friend could not understand how she put up with Hazel. But Anne saw in Hazel someone who was a reflection of herself, who recalled her own youth with all its "raptures and ideals and romantic visions," and Anne confessed that she liked being worshipped. Isabel might have written as Hazel did, "I'm so different, …Nobody understands me, …But when I saw you, some inner voice whispered to me, 'She will understand … with her you can be your real self.' "

It is difficult to know the real self of either Montgomery or Isabel. But there are some facts of Isabel’s life that help readers to see more than the caricature that the Montgomery journals record.

Isabel stayed in her hometown all her life. She continued to teach for decades and was known as a writer and clever speaker. She was born in 1896, and named Isabella, in Crewson’s Corners, which was settled by Gaelic-speaking Scots. Her father, William, was 58 years old when Isabel was born to his second wife, Matilda Cripps (after the death of his first wife). He was a blacksmith and worked on the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway around 1856; he was a musician and played in the first band in the area in about 1864. He became the town’s first postmaster three years before Isabel was born. Like Montgomey’s relatives, William was also a farmer, until 1906, when he moved his family to nearby Acton. He died in 1924, two years before L. M. Montgomery moved to Norval. He left three daughters from his second marriage, eight children from his first, twenty-six grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

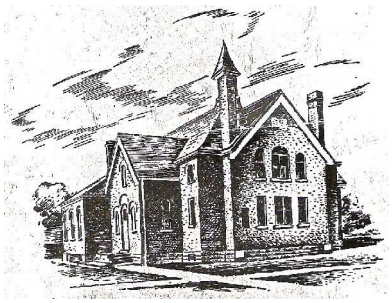
Isabel was extremely close to her two sisters. Emma was three years older and married. One of her daughters, Wilma, was invited to have lunch with Aunt Isabel and L.M. Montgomery. Isabel’s younger

sister, Mary Ellen (Nellie), was a schoolteacher. When her mother died in 1929, Nellie started training to become a missionary. She finished in June 1930 and left home to become a missionary in Japan. Isabel missed her sisters and her mother and was left to live alone in the summer of 1930.

But Isabel's life was not as "empty" as Montgomery saw it. After she earned a degree at the Ontario College of Education in Toronto, she taught school for forty years and filled her time with summer travel, writing, and church work. In her obituary, her colleagues and students characterized her as a respected teacher: "Her interest in her pupils, her dedication to having each achieve his/her personal best and her keen sense of humour (shared with the children at appropriate times) made her room a superior place of learning. Discipline was firm but fair, and respect for good morals was taught by example as well as words."

Her family printed some of her poems in a booklet and included this one about her students:

Good morning, good morning when
Day will be done
We hope we can say that our work
Has been fun
So let us begin with a ready good will,
Our pencils at work, but our tongues
Lying still!

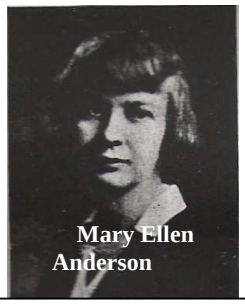


Isabel became a member of Knox Presbyterian Church in 1913 and sang in the choir for 72 years. She wrote a history of her "Kirk" for its 100th anniversary (which was reprinted for its 150th anniversary) and was active in the Young People's Society and taught Sunday School.

Her poetry is often humorous but most of it reflects the creative life of a poet, the importance of her family, her church and faith. When her sister left for "yet another term on the mission field," she wrote "To My Sister:" In this poem she acknowledges a "troubled heart," and an "impetuous will."

….
Thy nearness breathed a welcome peace
That brought my troubled heart release,
Erased the fret of petty strife,
Restored the elixir of life.

Thy calmness, undiminished still,
Curbed my impetuous will;
Thy radiance made a light to shine
Within this clouded sphere of mine.
….



Mary Ellen Anderson

From *Our Kirk: 1845-1995*

Nellie died in June 1959. Isabel wrote a poem about her little sister called "Reverse:"

Through the gloomy silence and the falling snow
Comes a plaintive echo from the long ago;
"Wait for me," it's calling in a childish tone
And I slack my footsteps till they match her own.

Life brings many changes with the passing years
Sunny days and shadows, joys and bitter tears,
And my cry goes winging forth to Heaven's gate,
"Wait for me, dear Sister, just a little, wait."

A poem called "Insight" may also refer to the comfort the three sisters gave to each other:

Three times aloud I called your name –
I'm sure I was not dreaming –
And instantly in love you came
To calm the dark's dread seeming.

What satisfaction just to know
That you were there beside me.
Let lurking shadows come and go,
No danger would betide me.

I reached to take your hand in mine –
I know I was not sleeping –
But ere our fingers could entwine
My joy was changed to weeping.

For suddenly – a stab of pain,
The chill of grim December,
Empty the place where she had lain –
Dear God – I did remember.

Isabel Anderson died on July 6, 1994, "in her 99th year," after "a long and exemplary life." Isabel never became one of L.M. Montgomery's best friends or even a friend, as Montgomery defined it. But she did emerge as one of the most interesting personalities in the pages of Montgomery's journals. The creative young woman, excessive, unrestrained, and impetuous in her letters but muted in the presence of L.M. Montgomery, lived a long life as a beloved member of her family and a distinguished contributor to her community.

(This essay was first completed in July 2000 for part of a chapter on the dedication in Montgomery's book, *Anne of Windy Poplars*. It is part of a larger book proposal, *To the Friends of Anne: L. M. Montgomery's Book Dedications*. Some of the information appears in *The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery*, University of Toronto Press. Poetry and later photo were provided by the Hansen family.)

From EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, APRIL 1915
On War and Writing

L. M. Montgomery's Thoughts on World War I and Her Advice on Authoring Books
as related in two rediscovered articles from 1915

By Carolyn Strom Collins

While searching recently for some of L. M. Montgomery's "lost" stories, I came across a magazine with two items of interest to those who want to know more of what L. M. Montgomery wrote and published in her career. Both articles appeared in the April 1915 issue of "Everywoman's World" (Toronto), a monthly magazine that published a number of Montgomery's stories and poems through the years, most notably her autobiographical series of essays she called "The Alpine Path" (1917).

The first Montgomery contribution in the issue is part of a lead article spread across pages six and seven (with continuation later in the issue). It is entitled "What Twelve Canadian Women Hope to See as the Outcome of the War." This article is cited in the Russell/Wilmshurst bibliography (#1673).
The editors of the magazine had written to "several prominent Canadian women with the object of getting a national expression of Canadian women's feeling on the result of the war [i.e., World War I], and of giving this symposium to Canadian women, to all Canadians, to the world, as a representative expression of what Canadian women hope to see as the outcome of the greatest, and, as they all hope, the last world war."

It was felt that "the thought of Canadian women would pretty well represent the general thought of Canadian, of American, of women throughout the world on the subject of the war."

The editors went on to point out that "no one has asked or perhaps thought of what she hoped would be the outcome of the war" and, so, "this expression of personal desire is for that reason all the more valuable."

L. M. Montgomery was one of the twelve Canadian women who submitted her opinions for the article. Others included writers Nellie L. McClung and Katherine Hale, Marshall Saunders, suffragist Flora MacDonald Denison, artist Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, Helen M. Merrill, Lady Laurier (wife of Prime Minister Wilfred Laurier), historian Janet Carnochan, A. J. Jameson, Murphy, and Constance L. Hamilton.

L. M. Montgomery's portion of the article, "A Place for War," is on page 7, accompanied by her photograph, and consists of three paragraphs along with an introductory sentence by the editor. It followed four other women's comments. Here is what she had to say on the subject:

"A Place for War"

"War has many aspects. L. M. Montgomery, writer of graceful romances, strikes a sterner note in her message to the readers of Everywoman's World:

"You ask me what I hope to see as the outcome of the war, (1) for the world at large, (2) and for women in particular. I am not of those who believe that this war will put an end to war. War is horrible, but there are things that are more horrible still, just as there are fates worse than death. Moral degradation, low ideals, sordid devotion to money-getting, are worse evils than war, and history shows us that these evils invariably overtake a nation which is for a long time at peace. Nothing short of so awful a calamity as a great war can awaken to remembrance a nation that has forgotten God and sold its birthright of aspiration for a mess of pottage.

"But I do hope that, as a result of the war, humanity may re-learn its lesson so thoroughly that it will not need another such drastic schooling for many generations. I hope that the heroism and fortitude evoked may leave a rich legacy of character to races yet unborn; and I hope that a great awakening to high issues, moral, spiritual and intellectual, may follow the agony of conflict.

"In regard to women, I do not expect that the war and its outcome will affect their interests, apart from the general influence upon the race. But I do hope that it will in some measure open the eyes of humanity to the truth that the women who bear and train the nation's sons should have some voice in the political issues that may send those sons to die on battlefields

"'Where thousands die
To lift one hero into fame.'"

[The quotation Montgomery finished her piece with is from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 1874 poem "The Hanging of the Crane." Montgomery misquotes the first line: it was originally "Where thousands bleed".]

In January of 1915, Montgomery had just learned that her half-brother Carl was going to the front with the Second Contingent. Although she had never met him (he was born in 1893, after she had left Saskatchewan), it upset her that he was to be a part of the conflict.

For two weeks in March and April, Montgomery -- in the first stages of her pregnancy with her third child, Stuart – was in Montreal caring for Frederica Campbell, her cousin and dearest friend, who was critically ill with typhoid. Montgomery was also still grieving the death of her second child, Hugh, who had died at birth in August 1914. Her oldest child, Chester, was about two and a half years old.

Despite all of these circumstances, Montgomery had continued "to work and hold my dread at bay" (Journal entry, December 12, 1914). At least six short stories were published during the first four months of 1915 (some of them repeats from earlier publications), and a few poems. She had just finished her seventh novel "Anne of Redmond" (finally entitled "Anne of the Island") in November 1914 and likely would have been reading proofs and galleys during these months. The book was published in July 1915.

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On pages 24, 26 and 27 of the same issue, is another article by L. M. Montgomery. It is on a completely different subject – she entitled it "The Way to Make a Book." For some reason, this piece was not cited in the Russell/Wilmshurst bibliography.

Montgomery's article would have taken up about three-quarters of a page if it had been published straight out but it is set amongst advertisements for such products as "O-Cedar Polish" (Made in Canada); "The Easy (Made in Canada) Washer;" a remedy for "Catarrh" that involved "no apparatus, inhalers, salves, lotions, harmful drugs, smoke or electricity; "Panshine" Kitchen Magic Cleanser; the Maple Leaf Washer (Made in Canada); "Maypole" Straw Hat Polish (from Montreal); "Ioco Liquid Gloss" (Made in Canada) that polishes, cleanses, and disinfects furniture and floors; and "Lux" soap flakes that promises to "dissolve readily in hot water" that "cannot injure the finest garments or the smoothest hands", "coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes," "won't shrink woolens," and "adds a new note of refinement to wash-day work." And it, too, is "Made in Canada." Reading the ads is almost as entertaining and instructive as reading L. M.'s article, reprinted here:
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"The Way to Make a Book"

by L. M. Montgomery
Author of "Anne of Green Gables", etc.

An old joke will probably be familiar to all who read this article. A woman who had one child was anxious to train it properly. Feeling herself to be very ignorant of such a subject, she appealed for instruction to a friend who had seven children.

"My dear," said her friend, "there is no use asking me how to bring up children because I really don't know anything more about it than you do. But just ask the first old maid you meet and she will be able to tell you all about it."

And it is just so in regard to the writing of books. Those who never write books can so easily tell how it is done and how it should be done. It is as easy for them as rolling off a log. For those of us who HAVE written books it is an exceedingly hard thing.

My own experience is that books—real "live" books—are NOT written. Like TOPSY, they "grow." The function of the author is simply to follow the growth and record it.

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

[From "Epistle to a Young Friend," by Robert Burns, 1786. Montgomery also used this quotation on the first page of her first scrapbook , 1893]

Never mind what it turns out. As long as it grows out of your life it will have life in it, and the great pulse of humanity everywhere will thrill and throb to that life.

Before attempting to write a book, be sure you have something to say—something that DEMANDS to be said. It need not be a very great or lofty or profound something; it is not given to many of us [to] utter

"Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever." [From Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem "The Princess," Canto II, 1847]

But if we have something to say that will bring a whiff of fragrance to a tired soul and to a weary heart, or a glint of sunshine to a clouded life, then that something is worth saying, and it is our duty to try to say it as well as in us lies.

A book, to be worth anything, must have a good central idea. I do not say a plot, for many very successful books have little or no plot. Certainly, a logical and well-constructed plot adds strength and charm to any book and increases the chances of its success. But a central idea—a purpose of some sort—a book must have. It is not to be flung in the reader's face; it is not to be obtruded in every paragraph or chapter; but it must be there, as the spine is in the human body, to hold the book together; and all that follows, characters, incidents and conversations, must be developed in harmony with this idea or purpose.

One should not try to write a book impulsively or accidentally, as it were. The Idea may come by impulse or accident, but it must be worked out with care and skill, or its embodiment will never partake of the essence of true art. Write—and put what you have written away; read it over weeks later; cut, prune, and rewrite. Repeat this process until your work seems to you as good as you can make it. Never mind what outside critics say. They will all differ from each other in their opinions, so there is really not a great deal to be learned from them. Be your own severest critic. Never let a sentence in your work get by you until you are convinced that is as perfect as you can make it. Somebody else may be able to improve it vastly. Somebody will be sure to think he can. Never mind. Do YOUR best—and do it sincerely. Don't try

to write like some other author. Don't try to "hit the public taste." The public taste doesn't really like being hit. It prefers to be allured into some fresh pasture, surprised with some unexpected tid-bit.

An accusation is often made against us novelists that we paint our characters—especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters—"from life." The public seems determined not to allow the smallest particle of creative talent to an author. If you write a book you MUST have drawn your characters "from life." You, yourself, are, of course, the hero or heroine; your unfortunate neighbors supply the other portraits. People will cheerfully tell you that they know this or that character of your books intimately. This will aggravate you at first, but later on you will learn to laugh at it. It is, in reality, a subtle compliment—though it is not always meant to be. It is at least a tribute to the "life-likeness" of your book people.

But no true artist ever draws exactly from life. We must STUDY from life, working in hints gathered here and there, bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncracies, humorous remarks, tales, or legends, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But our own ideal must be behind it all. A writer must keep his eyes open for material; but in the last analysis his characters must be the creations of his own mind if they are to be consistent and natural.

Right here, let me say that a writer of books must cultivate the "note-book habit." Keep a blank book; jot down in it every helpful idea that comes your way, every amusing or dramatic incident or expression you hear, every bit of apt description that occurs to you. Be all eye and ear in your daily walks and social intercourse. If you meet a quaint personality write down its salient characteristic. If you see a striking face of feature describe it for future use; if you hear a scrap of native wit or unconscious humor or pathos, preserve it; if you see some exquisite, fleeting effect in sky or sea or field, imprison it in words before it can escape you. Some day you may create a character in whose moth the long-preserved sentence of fun or absurdity may be appropriate—you may stage your story in a landscape where the bit of first-hand description furnishes exactly the necessary touch of reality. I have, time and again, evolved some of my most successful tales or chapters from the germ of some such 'bit,' hurriedly scribbled in my note-book when I heard or saw or thought it.

Write only of the life you know. This is the only safe rule for most of us. A great genius may, by dint of adding research and study to his genius, be able to write of other ages and other environments than his own. But the chances are that you are not a Scott or a Cooper. So stick to what you know. It is not a narrow field. Human life is thick around us everywhere. Tragedy is being enacted in the next yard; comedy is playing across the street. Plot and incident and coloring are ready to our hands. The country lad at his plough can be made just as interesting a figure as if he were a knight in shining armor; the bent old woman we pass on the road may have been as beautiful in her youth as the daughters of Vere de Vere, and the cause of as many heartaches. The darkest tragedy I ever heard of was enacted by people who lived on a backwoods farm; and funnier than anything I ever read was a dialogue between two old fishermen who were gravely discussing a subject of which they knew absolutely nothing. Unless you are living alone on a desert island you can find plenty of material for writing all around you; and even there, you could find it in your own heart and soul. For it is surprising how much we are all like other people. Jerome K. Jerome says: "Life tastes just the same, whether you drink it out of a stone mug or a golden goblet." There you are! So don't make the mistake of trying to furnish your stories with golden goblets when stone mugs are what your characters are accustomed to use. The public isn't much concerned with your external nothings—your mugs or your goblets. What they want is the fresh, spicy brew that Nature pours for us everywhere.

When you have shaped out your central idea and brooded over your characters until they live and move and have being for you, then write about them. Let them have a good deal of their own way, even if it isn't always your way. Don't try to describe them too fully; let them reveal themselves. As somebody has said, "Don't tell your readers that a certain woman growls; just bring the old lady in and LET HER GROWL." See to it that your incidents and chapters grow out of one another naturally, as they do in real life. Don't drag some event in, however dramatic or amusing it may be in itself, if it has no real connection with your plot or your idea. This doesn't mean that you must never indulge in any pleasant little by-way

excursion to pick primroses. But your by-ways must always lead back to your main road. They must not stop short, leaving you and your readers to jump back.

Write, I beseech you, of things cheerful, of things lovely, of things of good report. Don't write about pig-sties because they are "real." Flower-gardens are just as real and just as plentiful. Write tragedy if you will, for there must be shadow as well as sunlight in any broad presentment of human life; but don't write of vileness, of filth, of unsavory deeds and thoughts. There is no justification of such writing. The big majority of the reading public doesn't want it; it serves no one good end; it debases a God-given talent. Never mind if some BLASÉ critic sneeringly says that your book will "please the Young Person." You may be justly proud if it does. The Young Person's taste is well worth pleasing because, thank God, it is generally pure and natural, delighting in simplicity, not demanding salaciousness to spur a jaded appetite that has been vitiated by long indulgence in tainted food.

Don't spin your book out too long. The day of the three-volume novel passed with the crinoline skirt and the stage-coach. Don't make anybody too bad or anybody too good. Most people are mixed. Don't make vice attractive and goodness stupid. It's nearly always the other way in real life. Don't be content with writing pretty well; do your best; if you are only describing a stone wall, make your readers SEE that wall, see it yourself first; cut and prune, but—don't make things TOO bare. If you were a genius of the first rank you might present stark facts fascinatingly; but ordinary writers need a few branching sprays of fancy. Study and observe life that you may paint it convincingly; cultivate a sense of dramatic and humorous values; FEEL what you write; love your characters and live with them—

AND KEEP ON TRYING!

When you have your book written—what then? Send it to any publishing firm of good repute and standing you prefer. Don't worry over the fact that you are unknown and deduce therefrom the conclusion that your manuscript won't be read. It will be read; it may, and—if it is your first—very likely will, be sent back to you. Don't throw it in the fire; don't sit down and cry; just do it up and send it to the next firm on your list. If there is anything in it, it will find acceptance finally. Don't have anything to do with firms that offer to publish your book if you will pay half the expenses. Arrange to have it published on a royalty basis. On your first book you can't expect more than a ten per cent royalty. Some firms offer to purchase a manuscript for a certain sum cash down. It is rarely advisable to accept this. If a book is anything of a success it will bring you in more on the royalty basis, and publishers seldom offer to buy a book outright unless they are strongly convinced that it will be a success.

When the book is published your publishers will send you half a dozen copies free. If you want more to present to admiring friends you have to buy them, same as everybody else. But what a day it is when your first book comes to you between covers!

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print—
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."
[From George, Lord Byron's satire "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," 1809.]

But if you have written it "for the joy of the working" there WILL be something in it, and the praise of the Master of all good workmen will be yours.