

FOREWORD

ix

too strong to be always palatable, whose principal character may be described by any other name than that of "hero," a book whose only humour is that of the relentless realist, whose love element is hardly more than a sketch, and whose sinister story marches mercilessly to its inevitable and amazing conclusion! A first book of a hundred and twenty thousand words of such material! Where was he to find a publisher willing to print it? While he was writing it, he knew he should fail — that the work of those weary, endless hours in "47 Gray's," grinding the manuscript out page by page, was of no avail. One wonders if years later he remembered those hours when he wrote: "I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now."

CHARLES G. NORRIS.

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