



going to see. That fact accounts for these books. I have tried to tell in plain words what an ordinary person would see there."

"Let me add," he went on, "that I did *not* go for material. I never go anywhere for material; if I did I should not get it. That attitude of mind would give me merely externals, which are not worth writing about. I go places merely because, for one reason or another, they attract me. Then, if it happens that I get close enough to the life, I may later find that I have something to write about. A man rarely writes anything convincing unless he has lived the life; not with his critical faculty alert; but whole-heartedly and because, for the time being, it is his life."

The last volume to come from Mr. White's pen is *Gold*, of which some very interesting things may be said. This is the beginning of the epic of California, which Mr. White plans to tell in three stories. Each book is to stand by itself, the only unity being the presentation in successive volumes of the wonderful story of California. The three periods to be covered are: 1849 to the Civil War, or the building days; 1884 to 1890, or the days of Eastern immigration; and the present time when, the material foundations established, California has at last an opportunity to turn its energies toward the reconstruction of its government.

*Gold* is a picture of the madness of '49 when thousands rushed West by way of Panama and