



thousands to whom it is an unknown thing, the actual lives and surroundings of people in the open, as opposed to the distorted and twisted versions presented by those who strive merely for so-called "literary effect." And one finds this same object held in view in his other books. Thus *Arizona Nights* is an attempt to portray the average life in the cattle country; *Bobby Orde* is the small boy stripped of sentimental twaddle; *The Riverman*, while not a sequel to *The Blazed Trail* is supplementary to it; *The Rules of the Game* is of the mountain life of California, telling the beginnings of the Forest Service and pointing out the injustice of judging long-past affairs by modern and altered standards of criticism. The two recent volumes on Africa, *In the Land of Footprints* and *African Camp Fires*, while at first glance so far removed from the West he has always pictured, are yet quite in the spirit of his best work for the simple reason that he has written neither travel books nor big game books, but faithful accounts of a very wonderful country which he really knows and is able to interpret.

In reply to a question as to what drew him to Africa, Mr. White said: "My answer to that is pretty general. I went because I wanted to. About once in so often the wheels get rusty and I have to get up and do something real or else blow up. Africa seemed to me a pretty real thing. Before I went I read at least twenty books about it and yet I got no mental image of what I was