

upon which Mr. Caine said something very nice, but scarcely for publication.

"Your new story will be out soon, I believe?"

"I am working on it very hard."

"What is the theme?"

"The clash of passions in one human heart. The scenes are laid in London and the Isle of Man. I have just returned from the slums of the East End where I lived for several weeks for the

"I think they are peculiar to myself," was the novelist's answer.

"It is not easy to find pens or ink in Greeba Castle," I remarked, smiling.

"Because most of my writing is done with a stylographic pen"—drawing it out—"which I always carry in my pocket."

"And your desk?"

"Is my knee. I write in my head first, and afterwards, from memory,



MRS. HALL CAINE.

purpose of studying subterranean London."

"You generally go to the places you write about?"

"Always. I believe in absolute accuracy, both as to facts and atmosphere. That work is my pleasure. I live for literature, for my art—not society or its view of me."

"It would be interesting to know something of your methods of work."

scribble it down on any scrap of paper that happens to be near."

"How do you begin a novel, Mr. Caine?"

"First I get my central motive."

"Which you do easily."

"No. It usually takes me a very long time."

"But the incidents—"

"Oh, they come quickly!"

"Then?"