

authorship has been found at last, and it will bloom with the flowers of poesy that else might be born to blush unseen, and be paved with cold slabs of weird dialect and uncanny spelling, but the literary tyro shall wander down it with a gay heart, contentedly twanging his lyre and absorbed in his own music, and fame itself can give little more than that.

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AND now we hear from England that Florence Marryatt is going to open a "School of Literary Art," where she intends to teach her pupils how to handle a theme and develop it into a plot; how to construct the plot and render the characters natural and consistent; how to compose and write short stories, serial stories and essays; how to construct a drama; and all the technique of reviewing, reporting and criticising. "I shall make it a point," says Miss Marryatt, "of ascertaining the capacity of each pupil, and the phase of literature for which he or she is best adapted." Young writers may be assisted by instruction in the practical details of preparing manuscript, but beyond that mechanical part of the course of tuition, there seems little that could be imparted to them. In literature each aspirant must work out his own salvation. As for the phase of letters that he would best pursue, no one can tell him that but himself: he fumbles around, blunders and fails often, until at last he finds the way. That is part of his education. At last he hammers out a style for himself—sometimes even without conscious knowledge of the rules of rhetoric: he practises them without knowing the theory thereof. Not that intellectual training is unnecessary to a writer, or that it ever acts as a check upon his originality, if he has any; for a really original mind cannot be subdued to a dull formality. One cannot imagine an author being anything but the better for the mental exercise and habit of concentration necessary in the acquirement of the higher education. But whether he possesses book-knowledge, or is devoid of it, the young writer must find his own way in

literature. In one of Emily Dickinson's quaint verses she speaks of persons who go to heaven but once, whereas she is "going all along." So it is with the author; he does not attend a school of literature and pay for a few terms of instruction; he is "going all along," even when he is old and grey-headed. Life, whose school never closes, has always something new to teach him. For one who with ease makes use of the wisdom thus acquired, there are a hundred who "toil terribly" in utilizing it. If we turn to their own record of their work we find one of them saying, "I have beaten out my metal by brute force and patient repetition." And another set himself such tasks as would surely never be given to any school of literature: "I wrote novels for mere study; one to break myself into dialogue; another to practise description; a third to group my personages; and so on." Whether or not the young writers of the present day intend to follow toilsome methods, they cannot complain of want of attention. The several periodicals conducted in their interests keep them informed of the state of the literary market, and warn them against those sharpeners of literature who would fain bunco the experienced scribe. With these periodical sand that handy manual, "One Thousand Places To Sell Manuscripts"—it might more appropriately be entitled "One Thousand Places to Offer Manuscripts"—it seems as though it must be the aspirants own fault if he does not "get on," especially if schools of literary art become established facts. If an increase in the number of writers proves anything, authorship must certainly be in a flourishing condition. "Only the great should tell their dreams," remarked someone recently; but then the great have multiplied at such an alarming rate during the past few years! And what is it they do not tell us?—not only their dreams, but their deeds—their past experience as well as their future aims. In fact, during this general unbosoming, the thought sometimes occurs whether anything will be left to disclose at that great day when all hidden things are to be revealed.