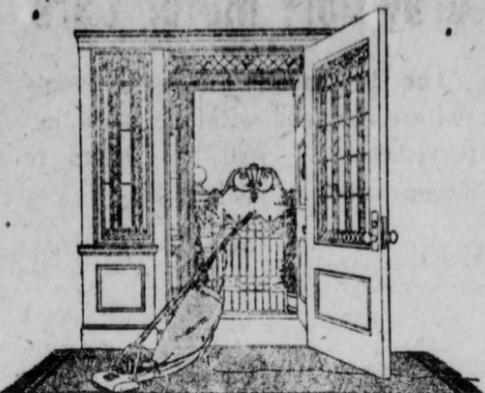


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**HOW AUTHORS WORK.**  
Find Inspiration Under Many Different Conditions.

Various are the adventitious aids to inspiration of which the novelist or poet avails himself. Not the least of them, perhaps, is tobacco. Tennyson and Charles Kingsley were prolific smokers, and Sir J. M. Barrie has confessed that when at work on a novel he smokes seven ounces during the course of a week.

Maeterlinck, too, always works with a pipe in his mouth, though he has long since given up the use of tobacco. According to his biographer, M. Gerard Harry, "in lieu of ordinary tobacco, he fills his bowl with a denicotinized preparation, tasteless indeed, but harmless. His pipe is still always alight when the pen is busy, but it is hardly more now than an innocent subterfuge intended to cheat and so satisfy an irresistible mechanical craving."

D'Annunzio is a night worker, and plies his pen when the rest of mankind are asleep. He works throughout the night, generally retiring to bed at about nine in the morning.

Dizraeli always worked in evening dress—a habit that was not, perhaps, without influence on his elaborate and highly-artificial style. That industrious scribe, the late Dean Farrar, used to write his books standing. Maurice Jokal always used violet ink, and when unable to obtain it he found the flow of thoughts considerably impeded.

Upon the writing-table of Henrik Ibsen there was a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among which were a diminutive devil, some cats, and some rabbits. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas," admitted Ibsen, "without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table. I could not write without them."

Of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," it was said that "he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over in his way what he was to correct and write out next day." Thomson was in the habit of seeking inspiration in long walks in the open air, during which his thoughts would arrange themselves in ordered sequence.

Browning, too, did much of his work in the open air, and it was while walking in Dutch Wood that the thought occurred to him which was afterwards to find artistic expression in "Pippa Passes." The title of Thackeray's great novel, "Vanity Fair," on the other hand, suddenly flashed into its author's mind one night when he was lying in bed at the Old Ship at Brighton.

**If the Sun Went Out.**  
Wonderful things are constantly happening in the universe; but what if the sun were suddenly extinguished?

The earth and every living thing upon it would be doomed in a very short time.

Why, at the end of the first week the frost would have destroyed all but the hardiest of the vegetation. Our lakes and rivers would freeze solid. Even our oceans would be soon turned to ice. And the ice, by its greater bulk compared with water, would encroach upon and overwhelm the land, until only the tops of the highest mountains would show above the glacial sea. These mountain summits would themselves be covered with deep snow, or ice crystals, which had fallen because of the water vapor in the atmosphere having frozen.

Mankind would be destroyed to the uttermost ends of the globe. Neither would the very lowest forms of organized creatures escape the icy death.

The stars would be always looking down upon our derelict earth, for it would be one long night. No bright-shining moon would ever rise, for our satellite borrows its splendor from the sun.

The earth would not stop turning round on its axis, nor would it cease to revolve about the dead sun.

There are believed to be many dead suns in the universe, all traveling through space at a great speed.

Would our dead sun be doomed to an eternal night? Perhaps not. Perhaps, in the course of its wanderings—at a speed of about twelve miles a second—it might meet with another celestial derelict.

If so, then appalling would be the impact. Its light and heat would be revived. The sun, in brief, would be born again.

And what of that icy tomb, the earth? It would melt as a flake of snow in the fire.

**Vessel Made of Corrugated Plates.**  
Using ships' bulkheads to build an entire vessel seems an extraordinary proceeding, says Popular Mechanics Magazine; yet it has just been successfully accomplished in England, where a 6,000-ton tanker was so constructed with nearly 400 tons less material than would ordinarily be used. The secret lies in the curious form of the newly-invented bulkhead plates, which are made with vertical corrugations, so strengthening them that the usual horizontal and vertical stiffening brackets are dispensed with. The oil ship built in this manner, with its straight lines and corrugated sides, naturally offers a most peculiar appearance. It is to be used as a floating reservoir at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, for supplying oil-burning ships with fuel, and is equipped with pumps that have a capacity of 200 tons an hour.

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