



SINCLAIR LEWIS Author of "Main Street."

"MAIN STREET"

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This story will be published in The British Whig as a serial, beginning MONDAY, DECEMBER 19th. In "MAIN STREET" Sinclair Lewis has pictured people as they are. In its characters we see all our neighbors. In the life he describes we see life as it is lived all about us. We are giving to our readers a story which combines unusually large, popular interest with real literary merit.

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Read It

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Books And Their Authors

IMPRESSIONS OF BASIL KING

Canadian Author of "The City of Comrades," "The Street Called Straight," "The Empty Sack," And Others.

During one week of November, the public of a number of Canada's large cities was treated to an entirely new interest in her writers. "Canadian Authors' Week" was the magic few days when people who had and loved books, could at least meet in person their authors, discuss anything they chose with them in bookshop, lecture-hall or drawing room, and carry away autographed trophies for the treasure bookshelf. Perhaps the most outstanding figure, among the big Canadian masters of the pen, was the presence from across the border of that world-famous writer of fiction and inspirational work, Mr. Basil King. He has endeared himself to every layman, man, woman or child to whom he spoke during the period of his stay in Canada, and clamor for more information concerning this great Canadian, whom many had not known to be a native of the Dominion, until his appearance during Authors' week, has led the British Whig to publish this article.

Basil King was born "on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence" as the American papers have it, or as we know it, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Basil King is a cosmopolitan, however, as most writers are wont to be, and he is planning to spend this winter in Rome, if conditions permit. His permanent place of residence, is a historical place in the United States for he occupies the famous one-time home of William Dean Howells, "Dean of American letters" at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The circumstances by which Mr. King became an author are related by him as follows: "I am sometimes asked how I 'broke into print.' I never broke to it. I fell in. Early in the nineteen hundreds, at a time when I thought all yearning for authorship dead, an idea came to me, while on a train, which I thought might make a good short story. Falling before the temptation I began writing 'the story that night, finishing it in two or three days later. On sending it to 'The Atlantic' I was amazed to find it accepted and paid for at once, and publishing within a few months. A writing career was further precipitated by the fact of partially losing my sight. On the day when I realized that my eyes were 'going' I bought a typewriter. If the worst came to the worst I knew I could manage to work it as a blind man plays a piano. The worst didn't come to the worst, though it came to pretty bad. During years of living as a semi-invalid, the House of Imagination proved a refuge from all troubles."

From the first his inspirations, trend of mind has colored his work, and hand in hand with his great pieces of fiction have come from those truly insubstantial books and articles of his on the life of the eye, his ways to accomplishment, strength and conquest. "The Street Called Straight," "The City of Comrades," "The Abolishing of Death," "The Thread of Flamingo" and his latest great novel, "The Empty Sack" are those of his works which have brought him the greatest fame. That the trend of his writing, differing as it does from the usual path of suc-

cessful fiction, had a remarkable popular appeal, is demonstrated by the phenomenal success which his stories have received when dramatized for the motion pictures. His best work has been used for the screen and his name upon any scenario practically ensures its enthusiastic reception by exhibitors as well as the public. As someone said, "as long as people are as interested in the writers of film as the actors, there is no danger of the movies becoming undesirable." The showing of Basil King's pictures in Canada last year proved that there was no danger of cinema-deterioration here, at any rate! The popularity of "Barthbound" will not soon be forgotten. But Basil King himself says, as someone told him when the first undertook writing as a serious thing that like Jacob — he must serve seven years for his master, and seven years for Rachel, or success, and only now he is enjoying the fruits of his labor in the company of his bride — recognition.

In an interview especially secured for the British Whig Mr. King made many references to his life and work interesting to his large public.

It was during a gathering of friends in the bookworld, and although Mr. King talked with spirit on almost every aspect of current events, it was not until a young woman present, who had recently recovered from a serious illness turned the conversation that the author spoke of anything concerning himself.

"Mr. King, I personally owe you a great debt," she said, drawing her chair toward him. "You have saved my life twice. Once when I had lost my father, a few years ago — and just a month ago, when I faced death myself. The first time, I read your articles on 'The Abolishing of a Magazine' (they have appeared in a book form) and they practically 'killed' when they were running in gave me the courage to go on when I had thought to go under completely. The second time, during my illness, I was given a copy of your last novel 'The Empty Sack' and the quotation you made a theme of in the book, carried me through my worst hours not only suffering but actual fear, and, I think, saved me from that worst enemy of an ill person, self-pity. The quotation I mean is the one remembered from the bible by Bob when he lay wounded in hospital. 'Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

The talk went on. "I have received criticism of that character of Bob," said Mr. King, "but in reality he is not an inspired creation of my own brain, but a typification of what I have come to call the 'post-war young man.' He is not to be found on every street corner by any means, but he is not lacking in any group of men who have been through the war. He has acquired a faith, an understanding and maturity of mind not to be exaggerated, and an idealism, that in a strong young person, very nearly baffles those who have not actually seen the influences which have produced him. Also the comment that it is unnatural that such a type should desire mating with a personality so much removed, and a seemingly lower nature as Jenny's. This is not unnatural. I have always found that men of his type choose the less thoughtful type of woman. As George Elliot says, there is something in the stronger nature which invariably needs the weaker."

"The Empty Sack" deals with the question of sentiment and what part it should play in business. Through the dismissal of an elderly employee, a banker is indirectly responsible for that man's son becoming a thief and a murderer, and the marriage of the boy's sister to his own only son. The character of this boy and the combination of lack of guidance, an impulsive nature and overpowering circumstance which affect his actions, is taken directly from life, Mr. King says.

Basil King's interest in people for themselves for themselves, as well as

his work as a humanitarian and student of life in every aspect, often takes him to the great prison in the United States, "Sing Sing." He has two great friends who have been murderers — and as he naively put it, "a murderer is just like any other man." The two men whom he particularly visits are exceptionally well-bred and educated persons, but Mr. King admits that to speak, as he is often called upon to do, in the general assembly, is terrific. The constant association with each other, he is convinced, is the most thorough punishment the criminals confined in prison suffer, and he adds "perhaps the nearest thing to hades on earth."

The sight of a conqueror is always an inspiring thing — but the sentiment of the people of Toronto "owes" this outstanding Canadian or Canadiana, who has so quietly and so nobly fought his good fight against failing health and blindness, must be great. And the picture of the now famous author not only pressing his own fine feeling of optimism and endeavor, but from his own preoccupations crying courage and comfort to all corners of the English speaking world, is tremendous and uplifting. Canada pays tribute to Basil King.

ANNE MacLEAN.

THE FLAMING FOREST.

By James Oliver Curwood. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York, publishers, 236 pages, Price, \$2.00.

If Mr. Curwood is not a syndicate, he is a most prolific producer. "The Flaming Forest" is the twenty-first volume to bear his name as author. It is the third the scenes in which are laid in the Three River country — the great north land watered by the Athabasca, the Slave and the Mackenzie rivers, and about which he writes as one who knows and loves the silence, the distances, the forests, the beauty, the vast flower-covered areas, the myriads of birds, and the hardy, courageous, strong men — and their women — who serve the commerce of the country as agents or workers for the world's fur merchants. In this northern land the Hudson's Bay Company factors ruled with strong hands, maintaining order, helping the Indians, being fathers in their communities. Then, when the transfer of the territory to Canada came, the scarlet police appeared, took over the duty of maintaining law and rose to almost world fame for the manner in which they did their duty. The cold, detailed, official statements of their achievements are as stirring as anything fictionists conceive.

The chief actor in "The Flaming Forest" is Sergt. David Carigan, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Sent to bring in Black Roger Audenard, alive or dead, wanted for half a dozen murders perpetrated fifteen years before, his adventures began early and did not close in the last chapter. He is shot by a woman, Carmin Fanchet, whose brother he had brought to the gallows. He thinks the act was done by Jeanne Marie-Ann Boulain, who helps to restore him to strength. She is a sister of the Roger Audenard for whom David was in search, and who dies a man's death trying to save from the flaming forest the graves of his parents. There are family mysteries and old feuds and many adventures in the record, which holds the attention till David and Jean find themselves betrothed, and David makes up his mind that the north-land will be his home, and with deal Roger's brother as his friend.

VITUS, "KONK'RIN HERO."

His Further Adventures With Lady Luck in a New Wiley Book. The further adventures of Hugh Wiley's "konk'rin hero," Vitus Marsden alias The Wildcat and his goat, Lily, are continued in "Lady Luck." (Alfred A. Knopf). The Wildcat would probably describe himself as the "crappshootinest nigger in the A. B. F. or after," and those who enjoy the language of the galloping dominos need go no further.

Through all the ups and downs of an adventurous Western tour, starting from "Memphis, Ten-o-see" and home again, the story depends on the relation of Lady Luck to a crap game and it is punctuated with the picturesque patter of the devotee. Mr. Wiley "shoots a hundred and

leaves her lay" when it comes to describing the colored brother who "craves action." The adventures are ingeniously contrived and amusing.

Fair warning! Those who prefer the game of duplicate whist are likely to echo the "Blaaa!" of Lily the goat. Lady Luck teaches no lesson and points no moral. It is a treatise on the conversation that accompanies the rolling of the bones.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME. By Fanny Runcelle Poole. I love to think at holy Christmas-time

The patient kine may share our joy's increase; Oxen and cow, with eyes of a deep peace, So reminiscent of that Night sublime.

When near them lay the Child in manger rude, With Maid Divine who pondered in her heart The voices and the glory, all a part

O! the eternal bliss each year renewed.

I love to think the sheep have memories Of when the glory fell upon their sight,

With that of shepherds, on that Christmas night — Visions — for such do through their tender eyes

Comfort to all God's creatures, lead of them As greatest comfort we will vow to bring.

Henceforth, sing, the while we Noel sing, And claim heaven's peace, our spirit's diadem.

Glimpses. Edward G. Lowry, author of "Washington Close-Ups," held one of the most trying posts in the field of diplomacy from the time the United States entered the conflict. He went to England on an assignment from the state department in the summer of 1914, intending to return shortly to the United States but was drafted by Ambassador Page for the work of looking after the German interests which had been turned over to the embassy. This work was exacting and required rare tact. Although untried in diplomacy, Mr. Lowry succeeded in the work so well that he was commended both by Germany and by Great Britain. Immediately after the United States entered the war Mr. Lowry volunteered and was commissioned as captain in the American army, serving for more than a year at the front.

A friend recently asked Sarah Coomstock, the novelist, who was her most helpful critic. "I really believe," she answered, "that the most inspiring one is Zoe Beckley's black cat. That cat knows how literature is made and when she purrs at my work I feel that it is a good omen. This apartment house has always seemed to attract pen-pushers and has many literary traditions. It now harbors in its east tier Zoe Beckley and her husband, Joe Gollomb, the special writer of the New York Evening Post; Anna Cogswell Tyler, whose last book is just out, and Arthur Ruhl, who has just written a book based on his experience as a war correspondent. And that cat is the helpful critic and friend of each one of us. While I was working on 'The Daughter of Helen Kent' she often sat on the sill and read the typed sheets over my shoulder. Once or twice she even attempted a little editing, but I had to discourage that. She confided to me that her sympathies are all for the flappers and that she really couldn't understand the attitude of Helen's mother at all."

He Knew Them All. Women fresh from a club gathering, chatted at tea in an upper Broadway restaurant, differing over the women and children of the White House in the last fifty years. A pink and white vigorous looking sexagenarian at a nearby table intervened. He told them who were the mothers and children, the aunts and nieces that lived in the White House from Grant to McKinley, how they dressed, what was the color of their hair, if they were fat or thin, what they did to the furniture arrangement. The club women listened rapt.

"Excuse me, sir, but how do you happen to know all this?" one of them asked.

"I took them all," was the reply. "My name is Prince. I was the photographer. No woman ever stopped overnight in the White

House without trying to have her picture taken there."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON GETS \$2,000 DIAL FUND

The Dial magazine announces that its annual award of \$2,000 in recognition of the service to letters rendered by a young American writer, author of "The Triumph of the Egg," "Poor White" and other novels and stories of Middle Western American life.

Sherwood Anderson's first published work was "Windy McPherson's Son," in 1916. "Marching Men," the stories in "Winesburg, Ohio," preceded "Poor White" and "The Triumph of the Egg." The author lives at Palos Park, near Chicago, and has for some time been writing copy for an advertising agency. He was born in Camden, Ohio. His wife, Tennessee Mitchell Anderson, provided the series of clay models which are used as illustrations for his latest book.

The Dial, originally founded by Ralph Waldo Emerson and reestablished in Chicago by Francis F. Browne, changed from a political fortnightly to a monthly journal of art and letters, with its offices in New York, in 1919. The policy of the magazine is to publish the work of Americans and Europeans, with no prejudice for or against the new or the traditional forms of expression. In the past year it has published "La Vie en Fleur," by Anatole France, winner of the Nobel prize for literature this year, and "Four Years," by William Butler Yeats.

Rod and Gun. The Christmas issue of Rod and Gun in Canada is particularly attractive and is replete with many stories which will appeal to the heart of the true sportsman. Allen H. Kerr's

"Trout Hunting on the Kenogami and Kenogamesis" as the opening article will prove a realistic tale, while the ever popular F. V. Williams' and Bonnycastle Dale's narratives are of the usual high standard. The article by A. F. Wallace entitled "Clam and Pearl Fish" will undoubtedly be of vivid interest as well as instructive. Guns and Ammunition, Along the Trap-line, and Fishing Notes, contain several articles valuable to the various readers. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

A Perfect Tribute. "I think Dickens is one of the best friends mankind has ever had," wrote G. Santayana in last month's issue of the Dial. "He has held the mirror up to nature, and of its tragedies has composed a fresh world worth knowing, just as one's neighbors are, for their picturesque characters and their pathetic fates. Their names should be in every child's mouth; they ought to be adopted members of every household in every English-speaking home. In the four quarters of the globe, parents and children will do well to read Dickens aloud of a winter's evening; they will love winter, and one another, and God the better for it."

A Secret Worth Knowing. Asked at one time how he accounted for his success, Theodore N. Vail, great captain of the telephone industry, replied: "By never being unwilling, when young, to do another man's work, and then, when older, by never doing anything somebody else could do better for me."

Remember. Remember — not the Maine, but the poor clerks who stand behind book counters day after day, hour after hour, answering your innumerable queries: "Can you tell me three or four good books for Christmas presents?" "Do you think this one would make a suitable gift," etc. Do your Christmas book buying carefully! You can save yourself many hours of wrangling and lessen the wear and tear on the overworked clerks by consulting some of the Christmas catalogues.

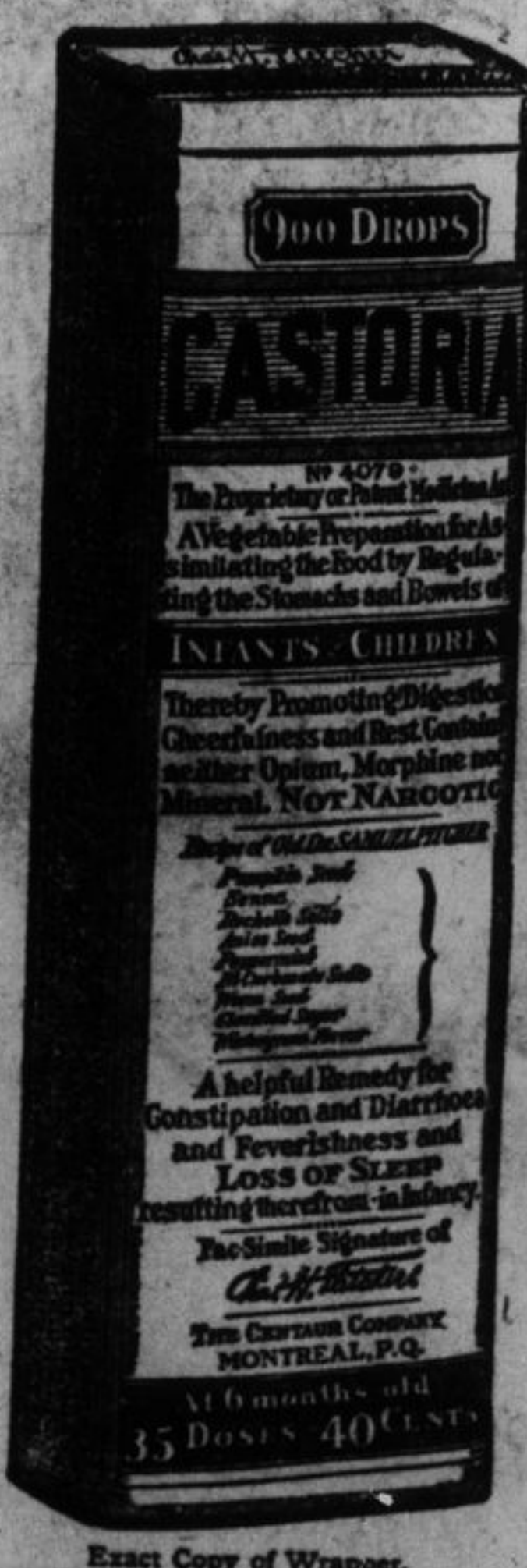
Wisdom may come with age, as the wise man claimed, but no young scatter-brain ever makes quite as big a fool of himself over a woman as some of the old birds do. Another reason why life is so hard is because the shop girls now think they have to dress like millionaires' daughters.

From Father To Son. In "The Making of a Man" (Thomas Seltzer) Mr. Joseph H. Ap-

Making History.

INFANT MORTALITY in past ages has been something frightful, something almost beyond belief, and even today it occupies the time and the mind of leading physicians in all countries. The death rate among infants is being gradually reduced through new methods of hygiene, new preventatives and new remedies for infants. This reduction in the death rate has NOT been accomplished by adapting the precautions taken and remedies used by adults. Rather has it been to keep clear of the old methods, and choose after long research the precautions and remedies specifically applicable to infants.

This being so, is it necessary for us to caution mothers against trying to give her baby relief with a remedy that she would use for herself? Will she remember that Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for infants and children?



Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Of Course You Love Your Baby.

You love it because of its very helplessness, because it can't tell you what is the matter when it feels bad. It can only cry and look to you for help. But the more you love baby, the more you want to help baby, the more you ought to realize what a wonderful remedy Fletcher's Castoria is. It has been used for babies' ailments for over thirty years.

An experienced doctor discovered Fletcher's Castoria especially for babies' use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Doctors who know what is safe and best for babies have only good to say of it.

Don't neglect your baby. Get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria and give baby a few doses of it. See how the little one smiles at you as if trying to thank you for helping it. Soon you will learn to depend on Fletcher's Castoria, made just for Infants and Children, and of course you would not think of using anything for them that was not prepared especially for Infants and Children. So keep it in the house.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Make This a Book Christmas

Here are a few suggestions. Your bookseller will show you others of our new Fall Books.

THE MASTER OF MAN — By Sir Hall Caine. One of the "biggest" books of the year, in strength and interest. — \$1.75.

MARTIN CONFESSOR'S VENGEANCE — By Jeffrey Farwell. A story of the Sea in Elizabethan days. — \$2.00.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE — By Harold Bell Wright. Probably the most popular book this fall. — \$2.00.

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