

シヤパン、タイムス學生號 第八號特別附錄

THE JAPAN TIMES
STUDENT EDITION
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

時
文
教
材

第
四

明治四十四年十二月十五日發行

HOW ANTHONY HOPE WRITES

TELLS THE SECRETS OF HIS WORK
IN CHARMING MANNER

The following "disclosure" of the way he dashes off a great story was made by Anthony Hope [Hawkins] in *Harper's Weekly* some time ago:

Mr. Anthony Hope has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work. "Let us suppose," he says, "that I am bidden to write short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45, and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11.15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45. Hullo! Will that do?

12. Hang it, that's no use!

12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.

1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh, yes, I *do*! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4.15. Oh, confound it!

4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5.03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25. Pretty smart ending!

5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I sha'n't touch a pen again today.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By One who has done it. . . . That remark about the 'dozen men in England' represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion."

EUROPE AND CHINA

(*Pail Mail Gazette*)

The continuous entraining of the Imperial troops for the south and the disappearance of some of the Wuchang rebel troops in a northward direction indicated a desire on both sides to get at each other, and as we write news arrives of the beginning of fighting at Hankow, the rebels attacking. We are not disposed to hazard any confident prophecy as to the immediate future. On paper the odds seem distinctly in favor of the loyal troops—supposing they remain loyal. Their numbers at present are no doubt greatly superior, and the naval force on the Yang-tse is on the same side. Very probably, however, the rebel attack upon the Imperial forces at Hankow before the bulk of the troops from the north have arrived is in hope that a rebel success may spread disaffection among the later comers. How difficult it is to form any estimate of the probabilities worth anything appears from the fluctuations of opinion among European communities in China itself. The other day we noted that Peking was pessimistic (that is to say, inclined to believe that the rebellion would not be easily suppressed), Shanghai optimistic—but yesterday's cables show that the position was by that time reversed. Fortunately, there is no reason whatever for this country or other European Powers to take either side at the present stage, and no sign that any of them intend to do so. No doubt in China "non-intervention" has to be interpreted with certain limitations. Representations against operations unduly inconveniencing or endangering foreigners are strictly in order, and we observe that the British captain's protest against the bom-

bardment of insurgents by a Chinese cruiser was promptly acceded to on this ground, and even now that bombardment has been forced it is similarly hampered. Landing parties, again, may be called for at any moment, as we are reminded this morning by the rather mysterious news of street-fighting between a Hankow mob and landing corps of German sailors, reinforced by a volunteer corps of German residents. It would be a grievous mistake, however, precipitately to conclude that there is here any deliberate exercise of the Mailed Fist. There are said to have been incendiary fires and other incidents near the German settlement which might well necessitate a landing, and a later despatch from Berlin says that it is "understood" there that parties from other foreign warships as well as the Germans were engaged. This is reassuring, whether there is actual information to back this version, or even if it only represents a natural and proper desire on the part of responsible persons in Germany to disclaim any intention of hasty action. It is surely obvious that Germany has certainly no more reason than anybody else to involve herself needlessly in a Far Eastern complication at this time, since possible trouble with Japan and the diversion of German strength to the Pacific would scarcely improve her position nearer home. No Power is likely to entangle itself alone, in this Chinese question if it can help it, and we are convinced that for Europe as a whole non-intervention is the only prudent and just line at the present time. There are many now who doubt whether, in so far as foreign assistance contributed to the suppression of the Taiping rebellion, that may not have been a case of backing the wrong horse.

W.C. RUSSELL'S LAST VOYAGE
NOTED WRITER OF SEA STORIES
DIES IN ENGLAND

LONDON, Nov. 8.—William Clark Russell, the novelist and author of such famous sea stories as "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Lady Maud" and "A Sailor's Sweetheart," died here today. He was born in New York in 1844.

W. Clark Russell went to sea for the first time when he was thirteen years old. It was an accident, however, that he did not try life afloat at even an earlier age. When he was at school at Boulogne he conspired with another little boy, a son of Charles Dickens, to run away to Norway and make a fortune shooting eider ducks. The two lads were on the point of putting their plans into operation when young Dickens got a letter from home which held out prospects of a more alluring character. What they were does not appear, but Clark Russell had to postpone having the sea experiences which should serve him later as the background for his novels.

His father was Henry Russell, an Englishman and a song writer. Among his compositions which have come down to these times are "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." The novelist's mother was Isabella Lloyd, who knew Coleridge, Southey and Charles and Mary Lamb. William Clark Russell was born in New York on February 24, 1844. He got his first sea experience as an apprentice on board one of the ships owned by Duncan Dunbar. He made many voyages—to India, Australia, the South Seas, China. One day he fell into a dispute with the captain over a trifling matter, was "logged"

and sent below. That voyage was his last as a sailor.

Once ashore for good, he went into a stock broker's office, but the routine wearied him and he set himself to write. He wrote a five act tragedy in blank verse, "Fra Angelo." It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in midsummer but proved a failure. Not long afterward Walter Montgomery, the man who produced it, killed himself. Russell then wrote a three volume novel. He sent it to publishers and after a wait of eight months it was returned. "It was dumped at my lodgings," said Russell, "in a basket, like a leg of mutton."

But he kept at writing. He became a contributor to the *London Review* and worked on the *Newcastle Chronicle*. His novel "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" was written at Ramsgate after another adventure in newspaper work had proved disastrous. The reader for Bentley, the publisher, declared against it on the ground that it was a mere catalogue of ship's furniture. But another publisher took it and it was a great success. It was followed by "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," "A Sailor's Sweetheart," "The Frozen Pirate," "The Lady Maud" and other novels. They were true to life, though Russell was careful not to go too strongly into details for fear of incurring again the same censure which the reader had applied to his first published novel.

He made many short journeys on all sorts of crafts, partly for amusement and partly for the instruction which the experience afloat would yield. The name of his printed works make a long list. Besides his novels he wrote a life of Lord Nelson for the "Heroes of the Nations" series and a life of Lord Collingwood.