

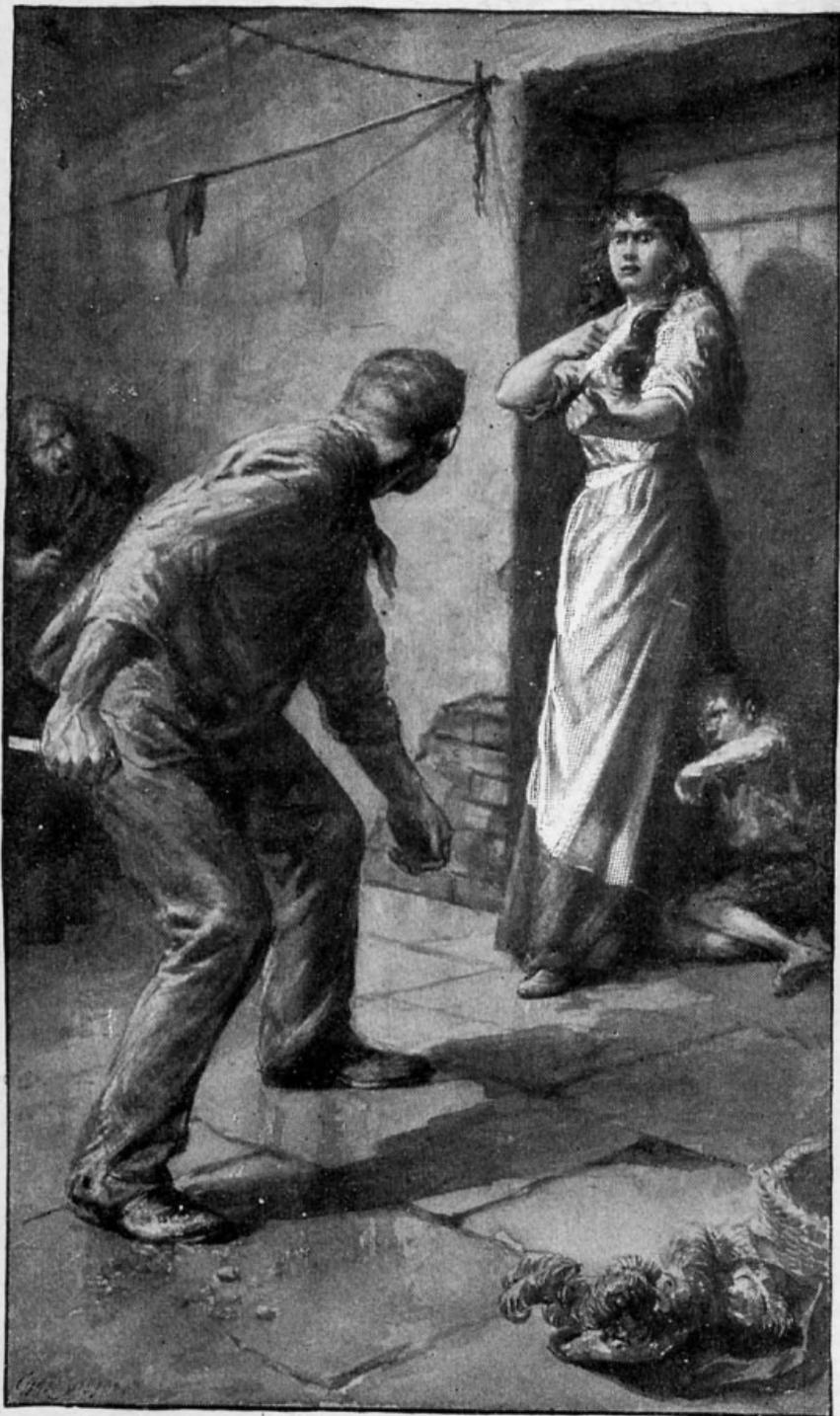
UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

- OUT OF THE WRECK I RISE. *Beatrice Harraden.*
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BARLASCH OF THE GUARD. *H. Seton Merriman.*
THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND. *Mrs. Garnett.*
EDWARD BARRY, SOUTH SEA PEARLER. *L. Becke.*
TALES OF TWO PEOPLE. *Anthony Hope.*
THE GIRONDIN. *H. Belloc.*
CROSSRIGGS. *Mary and Jane Findlater.*
A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. *E. W. Hornung.*
THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. *Sir Gilbert Frazier.*
RED POTTAGE. *Mary Cholmondeley.*
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. *Stanley J. Weyman.*
THE WAR IN THE AIR. *H. G. Wells.*
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A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. *Jack London.*
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HETTY WESLEY. *"Q."*
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TRISTRAM OF BLENT. *Anthony Hope.*

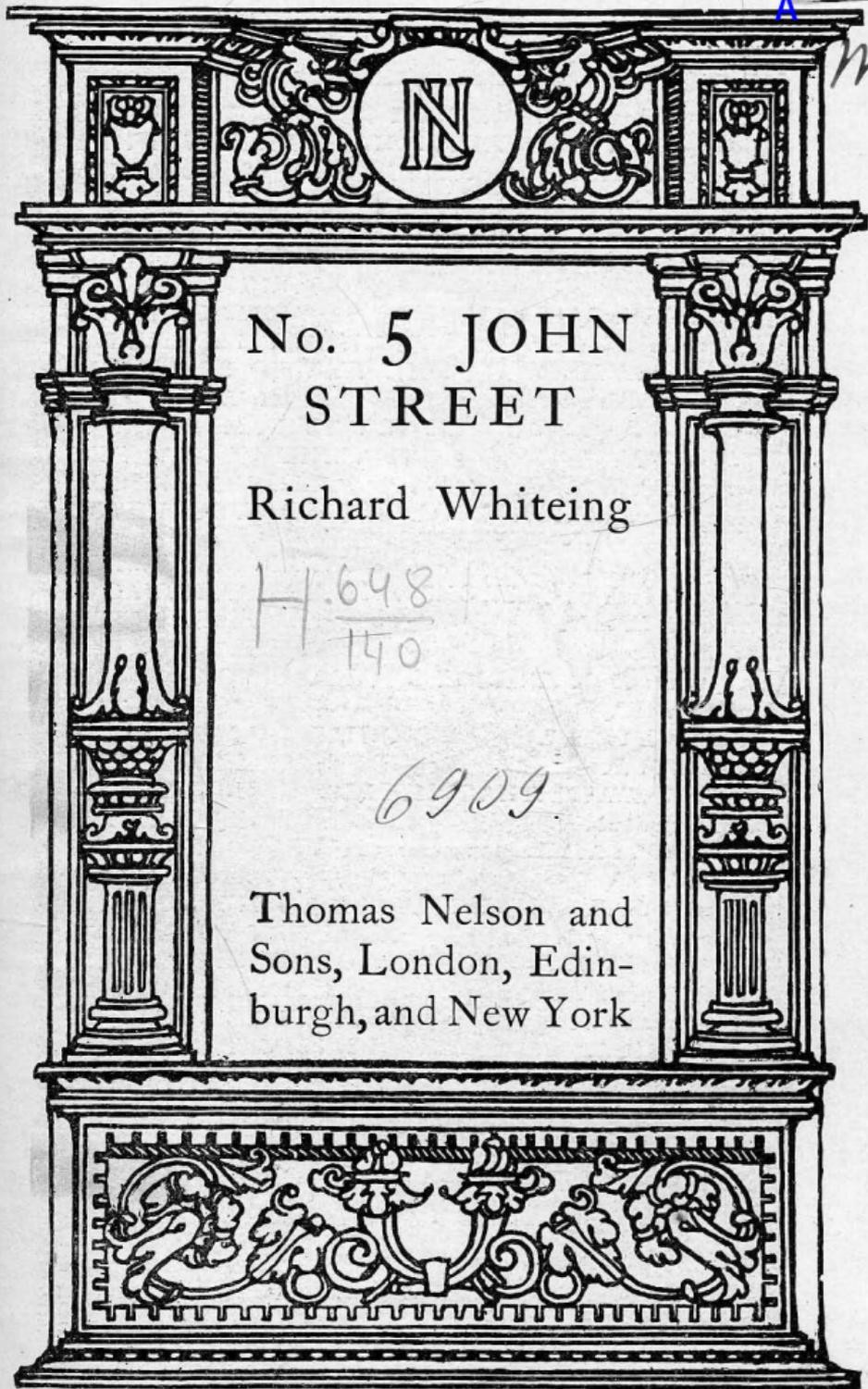
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P R E F A C E.

THE publication of this book has brought me many questions as to aims, purposes, and lesser things. The book should, no doubt, answer all of them worth answering for itself. But this is high doctrine, and I have ofttimes been compelled to stand and deliver to the interviewer. Now comes my Publisher with a more authoritative request for a Preface to a new edition.

The questions of general interest, as I find them in the reviews, and in the letters of correspondents, turn mainly on three points. How much of the book is "real"—in the sense, I take it, of a mere photographic verisimilitude? Why was it written? What should we do?

The more realistic interrogatories are sometimes singularly bald. Is the house known to the London Directory? In which of the innumerable John Streets does it stand? Did the writer actually live in it? Would Low Covey like a situation? Was Tilda the young person who broke the window at a Girls' Club in Seven Dials? Is Nance's employer to be indentified with the firm of ——? It is needless to say that all this is much beside the mark. The book, I take it, is only the ~~more~~ more truly real by virtue of its freedom from such entangling niceties. Everything related in it is as true as I could make it, but its "photo-