

# THE NECESSARY INSPIRATION

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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You and I know very little about great successes. We have deserved them, of course, but we have not had them yet. Therefore it will be extremely difficult for me to describe and for you to understand the feelings of Mr. Roland Blake in the early part of the current month.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth," was the way he expressed his sentiments to me when I offered my congratulations.

The new heaven must have referred to the winning of Emily Woodruff and the new earth to the fact that she had great possessions. It struck me that this allusion to his fiancee's money was



BLAKE CAME TO THE DOOR.  
very delicate. The young lady is the granddaughter of the late Horace Woodruff, in whose shop on Broadway the silks of the orient were transmuted into crude, unhandsome, occidental greenbacks. Nearly all his wealth was bequeathed to Emily, whose father holds it in trust until she shall be 25 years old, when she will own it as she owns the glove in her hand.

This father of hers is a man whom one would expect to seek a mate for his daughter among the much maligned aristocrats of Europe or the almost equally unpopular millionaires of our own country. He is a hard headed man of business and one who would have his own way despite obstacles.

While Emily is precisely the girl who would view with favor a handsome, romantic, unpractical writer of stories, her father is the last man to consent to such a folly. All who knew of Roland Blake's infatuation regarded his matrimonial chances to be as bad as possible. It was generally understood that he had been forbidden to call. Then suddenly the engagement was announced.

"It was as much a surprise to me as to any one," said Roland when I ventured to approach that subject. "I can hardly realize it yet. The fact is that Emily is a great girl, wonder. It seems that she has cared for me all along."

This idea put Roland into a trance, from which I had to wake him somewhat rudely.

"Is Mr. Woodruff cordial?" I inquired.

"Tolerant," said Roland. "I could hardly say cordial. We had long talk about my business affairs."

"Inexhaustible subject," said I. "How much do you owe, my son?"

"Oh, a thousand dollars or such a matter," he replied. "But there were a few personal debts that I forgot to mention to Mr. Woodruff. He said I had done mighty well considering the miserable business I was in. Mr. Woodruff has not, I fear, a high opinion of literature."

"But what does all that matter now?" he continued, his eyes lighting up with the glow of energy and hope. "Look at this, old man! I've made a decent success in literature. My stories go into the good magazines, and there are a couple of books of mine which by their sales remunerate the publisher even if I don't get anything out of them, and I've done this against the worst possible odds."

"Worry? Heavens and earth! Why, any time in the last five years when an idea has got into my brain I've had to put my hat on to keep the voice of the creditor from chasing it up through the top of my head. The luck has been against me—bad luck in small matters, which is more dire than calamity."

"But now fortune has relented. I've got what I deserve, as Heine remarked when he dreamed that he was the ruler of the universe. Happiness is inspiration, and I am full of it. I'll bet you a hundred dollars to a cent that within this very week I write incomparably the best story of my life—something that will really make a hit."

His eager hands reached out to clutch paper and pen, and I rose hastily. Far be it from me to stand idly with his work.

"Speaking of Emily," he said, "of course you understand that we're not to be married for a year or two. She's only 20, and—and—honestly, old man, is there another living creature like her?"

early expressed, because I've taken time with it. I've cut it down and worked it over, and I've viewed it always in the new light that has come to me. Bless the dear girl! Let's talk of her for awhile and let criticism rest. As for your opinion, I pity and forgive you. Let that suffice."

So we talked about the dear girl and, as before, wound up with a game of billiards. And, by the way, Blake made a Roman holiday of it. His billiards had improved a hundred per cent within the week.

It was agreed that I should drop in upon him at his lodgings after dinner. Miss Woodruff was not to be at home, and an evening in his bachelor quarters was the best that Blake could hope for.

It may have been 8 o'clock when I arrived. Blake came to the door of his little parlor in response to my rap. He had on an old red "sweater" with a faded H on the front of it. An old pair of trousers and a straw hat with no round as if they were cogwheels in a piece of machinery.

"Of course, as to her money," said he, "it's very unfortunate."

I laughed. "You know what I mean," he protested. "People will say that I am seeking money, whereas heaven knows that if she were as poor as—I am, by Jingo, it wouldn't make the slightest difference!"

"People will lie, whatever you do," I replied, "so don't let that worry you. Money is a good thing, and I'm glad you're to have some."

"I wonder how it will seem?" he said, and then cautiously, "Hush!"

A shadow appeared upon the ground glass panel of the door. A hand was laid upon the knob vainly and then came a loud, aggressive rap.

"It's Crowley!" whispered Blake. "He's collector for a confounded tailor! See the villain stand there and wait!"

The shadow fell darkly on the door. Obviously Crowley was a person of magnificent proportions.

"I used to be a good deal afraid of him," whispered Blake. "He's an offensive beggar, with a voice so carefully cultivated that he can run a man on the ninth floor and make every word audible to the engineer in the subcellar. But those beasts won't bother me much longer. Why, my dear fellow, with this new happiness, this tremendous inspiration, to help me, I'll write enough stuff in the next three months to pay every debt and live like a prince besides."

"Go right ahead and do it, then," said I. "Don't waste precious time talking to me. I'll read a magazine till Crowley's feet get tired, and then I'll slip out."

Presently I heard his pen scratching on the paper, and it was pleasant to think that the words he was writing in the first flush of his happiness might live for centuries in the hearts of men. I felt proud to be present on such an occasion.

It may have been two hours later when I rose to go. Crowley's shadow had vanished. Blake, with the tip of his penholder pressed against his lips, was looking upward to the ceiling and through it to the clouds. There was a fine light in his eyes.

"Written much, old man?" I said.

"No," he replied. "I haven't put any thing on paper yet."

"But I thought I heard your pen."

"That was while I was writing a little note to Emily," said he. "I can't go to see her this evening, and there were a few things that I wanted to say."

He folded half a dozen sheets of paper and put them into an envelope, upon which he wrote an address.

"Would you mind handing that to the fellow in the passenger office down stairs?" said he, giving me the envelope and half a dollar to pay for the message. "Thank you. Goodby. I'm going to work now."

The last glimpse I had of him he was still looking aloft, with the expression of a cherub about to sing a new song.

On Thursday I looked in upon Blake again. He was drawing little profiles of Miss Woodruff on a sheet of paper, for Blake is clever with the pencil as well as with the pen.

"How does the story come along?" I asked.

"What story?" he demanded.

"The masterpiece you began when I was here last," I replied.

"Oh, that's hanged!" he exclaimed.

"It was rot. I threw it away."

"Haven't you started another?"

"Well, I've been getting my ideas together," said he. "There are one or two big things that I may start upon when I can get hold of them by the right end."

Then we had a nice long talk about Miss Woodruff, and, having decided in the course of about two hours that she was an incomparable angel, we adjourned the meeting and went out to play a game of billiards.

Sunday forenoon Blake and I took a bicycle ride together. I had never seen him so happy or so full of fine fancies. He told me that he had begun a story and asked me to come to his den the next day and see what I thought of the introductory chapter.

I couldn't call on Monday, but I found the time Tuesday afternoon. Blake had written about 1,000 words substantially as they were to stand in the finished story, and I want to say here in strict confidence that they were far from good.

The style was quite different from Blake's ordinary. As a rule, when he attacks literature he cuts off a piece with a battleax and presents it to the public on the end of a spear. That's what I have always liked about his work.

I told him frankly that if the beginning of the new story gave any idea of what it was to be like throughout he had made a mistake.

"Sentimentalism isn't your forte," said I.

"This isn't sentimentalism. It's genuine feeling," said he. "And it is prop-

## STOCKMEN IN SESSION

Fourth Annual Convention  
Opens In Salt Lake City.

### ADDRESSES BY DELEGATES.

**Resolution Providing for Associate Members Referred to Executive Committee.**

**Favor Federal Inspection—Omaha Practically Certain to Get Next Convention.**

Salt Lake, Jan. 16.—Assembly hall was crowded to its fullest capacity at the opening of the fourth annual convention of the National Live Stock Association. During the assembling of the delegates music was furnished by the Colorado cowboy band.

The convention was called to order by President Springer at 10:30. Governor Heber M. Wells was introduced and delivered an address of welcome.

An address of welcome was then delivered by Acting Mayor Buckle and a response by R. M. Allen of Nebraska.

A telegram was read from Vice President-elect Roosevelt sending "congratulations and best wishes to the boys."

President Springer then delivered his address and a recess was taken.

The first business of the afternoon session was call of the states for five minute addresses by delegates regarding the condition of live stock industry in their respective states.

Several resolutions were presented by members of the executive committee,

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