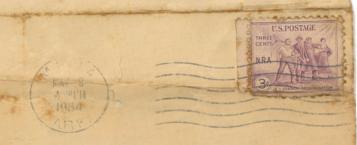
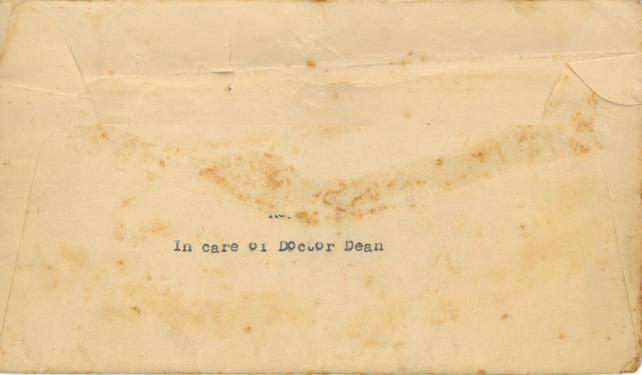
Eleanor Klaley



Mr . and Mrs . Paul Nichels Fairnepe

Alamama



## BOOK BY POLK CO. WRITER ATTRACTS **ENGLISH ATTENTION**

## "Morning Post" Reviews Eleanor Risley's "The Road to Wildcat"

English lovers of good books are showing a big interest in Eleanor Risley's book, "The Road to Wild-cat," and one company has asked for new photographs of the Polk county writer. A most complimentary review recently appeared in The Morning Post, one of the leading London publications. This great paper with the traditions of a century and a half to maintain, had this to say about Mrs. Pickeys back tury and a half to maintain, had this to say about Mrs. Risley's book:
"Why is this writer not more widely known and read and talked about? She has more to say and says it better than nine novelists out of ten! Also she has the gift of humor pressed down and running over. She perhaps hardly claims to be a novelist. It is hard to tell which is literary convention and which is fact when an author seems to give a straightforward acseems to give a straightforward account of personal experiences. Her gallant story of the apple orchard, worked by a woman alone among worked by a woman alone among incredible difficulties and odds rang drastically true; so does most of the present tale of the married pair, one of them threatened with an early death, who push their wheelbarrow along dangerous ways and meet all kinds of human begings most of whom are vent to kind.

ness by their personalities.

"A more delightful pair one could hardly meet in fact or fiction. One reviewer has a strong desire to make their personal acquaintance—how rare such a desire among reviewers can only be known to themselves."

ings most of whom are won to kindness by their personalities.

selves."

Also Mrs. Risley is in receipt of the following from the Portraiture company of Berkeley Square, Pic-cadilly, London:

"I have been approached by the editors of the leading illustrated journals to furnish them with exclusive portraits for publication. I should esteem it a favor if you would kindly consent to a complication of the complication mentary sitting in order that I may secure a series of special studies for the purpose mentioned." Dear irlends:

A new address you will observe . Plotso and jotsam ags we are. The mountain home which we expected to get beside our friends the Coopers was suddenly vlaimed by the owners who have been away for years - so also was the lovely cooper house by their owners . (Both suffering from the depression ) So both of us had to seek other quarters . Three miles from Mena our friends the Deans live in a rather pretty place. -he is a retired physician - Next them is a little house which they never rent because it is so near them . Mrs Dean urged us to camp in this house for the summer . So here we are . There are many pleasant features about it . Mrs Dean belongs to the clubs which I frequent -Drives her own car , gives us milk for our coffee etc . She is a handome woman -a radical a spiritist - a driver (Peter grives over her working her maid to death . But she is kind though a dominating personality and I have to hang on to my identity . Peter's is in no danger . The Doctor is seventy and a grouch . The laten string is still on the outside if you can come up this summer . Scenically It is not so beautiful as our own camp - but it is in the mountains and my little pansy bed blooms under the window where Miss Maatthews petunias are also planted . I had a letter from her last week . As ever she speaks of you . We are glad to get away from Mena . Too hectic ! But yesterday we had a day all too full for me . Drove to church - a little car trouble but the old Hup has behaved beautifully all winter - . Coopers home to dinner with us . Company at Mrs Deans in afternoon Drove in town in evening . All this that you may visualize us .

The Womans were out afterward . Tired and read myself to sleep with an Anarchist book . (I think I am an anarchist this morning . ) Peter has gained a gew pounds since we came to the country three weeks ago . Our nouse in town ( which the Coopers have taken, was all too urban for him . ) I am none too well . Mrs Nichols I have just read Powys "Philosophy of Solitude . I thought of you all the time . It was loaned me by the man Who edits a little "Back to Nature Magazine in Fayetteville . He asked me for an essay which I sent him and I asked for the loan of the book . He sent it but asked for return postage . My word We were at the College Mayday . A very interesting groupe there now . A Japanese - from universities and others from Eastern cities . Refined and interesting . I dont see any teachers ! They spoke to hundreds of farmers in the evening about the immediate meance of fascism . Me I dont mind it myself . Being an anarchist this morning I feel that Syndicalism , Guild Socialism (IN Italy -in prospect ) leads rather tto anarchy than to communism - a delication after all of the State . Selah Peter is out gathering greens for poke sallet "om which with hoe cake we subsist . Oh for a bit of fish . None in the markets here . John is very old now and sleeps most of the time . Sometimes he almost stops breathing . I try to prepare myself for the seperation -with ill success . Uncle Henry still in La . Letter from him last week .Be sure to come to us if you decide to come to Arkansas . We have room for you . And you will enjpy our friends I am sure . Now one of you steal time and tell us all about your friends . I see Martha pless her has developed into a singer . Atmospher. How are the dear children and is Marvin at home? This is a dull lette r. Energy dissipated . Thank heaven the Womens Literary Club has 1ts last meeting tomorrow. After a tea in the country Wednesday

I mean to rest and court Solitude Love Eleanor

For Mrs . Nichol s

by Lizette Woodworth Reese

When I consider Life and its few years 
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;

A call to battle, and the battle done

Ere the last echo dies within our ears:

A rose choked in the grass; and hour of fear s:

The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat

The burst of music down an unlistening street,

I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,

Chieftans, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,

By every cup of sorrow that you had,

Loose me from tears, and make me see aright

How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:

Homer his sight, David his little lad!

The author is a very old lady and lives in Baltimore.

The whole sonnet is carved on a marble shaft in a public park in the city. I never tire of this sonnet Eleanor.