

**BEEF,
IRON, AND WINE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649072187

Beef, Iron, and Wine by Jack Lait

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JACK LAIT

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By
Jack Lait



Garden City New York
Doubleday, Page & Company
1916

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INTRODUCTION

In announcing Jack Lait as a new contributor the *American Magazine* called him "The Human Arabian Nights." A pat, illuminating phrase, for he has One Thousand and One ideas and rarely two alike. Lait is a marvel to those who work with him. His versatility—even mechanically—is wonderful. To those who read his output in the *Chicago Herald* of 75,000 words each month divided into from 30 to 35 stories, each with a plot, a theme, cameo-cut characters, seductive introductions and crashing climaxes, that versatility must appeal; to those who write it is little short of marvellous.

I do not, however, believe fecundity plus originality, plus power of expression, plus the artful art of suspense are the real elements of Lait's success. I always think of him as the Human X-ray. He is the interpreter of the subcutaneous of life. He seems to divine in all manner of folks the exact emotions which generate there. He surprises, even embarrasses us, often, by his frank, plain exposition of what we have