

# **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

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Booth Tarkington by Robert Cortes Holliday

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**ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY**

**BOOTH  
TARKINGTON**





**N. BOOTH TARKINGTON, 1917**

# · BOOTH TARKINGTON ·

BY  
ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY



*Illustrated*

GARDEN CITY      NEW YORK  
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1918

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TO WHOM  
APPROPRIATE





## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Curiously enough, just about the time that Mr. Tarkington began to be of serious critical interest practitioners of literary criticism beyond the compass of a "review" of one book left off with him. Thus this little study is able to arrive at ultimate conclusions quite different from any estimate of Mr. Tarkington that I have ever seen in print. I have, however, in the course of my thought drawn very liberally upon a number of "sources." Where I have been in accord with the opinion of writers of earlier, much briefer, studies, I have not hesitated to adapt their ideas to my purpose. I am beholden in particular, for information, suggestions, and stimulation, to the following excellent books and articles:

"Some American Story Tellers," by Frederick Taber Cooper; "The Advance of the English Novel," by William Lyon Phelps; "Representative American Story Tellers: Booth Tarkington," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice, in the *Bookman*, February, 1907; "The Hoosiers," by Meredith Nicholson; "John-a-Dreams," Personal and Critical Sketch, *Pearson's Magazine*, March, 1903; "The Development of the English Novel" (though it has nothing about Mr. Tarkington in it), by Wilbur Cross; the little maga-

zine *John-a-Dreams*; an article by C. H. Garrett in the *Outlook*, 72:817; and personal sketches in *Current Literature*, 30:280; *Critic*, 36:399; *Harper's Weekly*, 46:1773.

For the record of my first view of Mr. Tarkington I have, by the courtesy of the Indianapolis *Star*, drawn upon an article of mine, "Impression of Literary Celebrities Gathered by a Returned Native," which appeared in that newspaper. The little story about Mr. Tarkington and the professor was one time contributed to the New York *Evening Post*.

R. C. H.

New York, December 15, 1917.

## FOREWORD

*What a joke it is now, that gay old affair, which was all about a few years ago, the gift book, stuffed full of straw and bound in tinsel. Happily it is as dead to-day as the horsehair sofa, the wax flowers of the old mantle, and bisque statuary. And its place has been taken by something not unworthy of the name of book.*

*It would be, as they say in England, "a jolly good job, too," if all our flood of "blurb" tales about living authors, as florid and as empty as the gift book, could go the way of that quaint memory. In other countries, indeed, there is nothing new about the idea of considering a literary figure of the day with an effort at honesty and intelligence. In England it seems to be quite the fashion to get up all the while very respectable little biographical and critical affairs about Mr. Wells and Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy. And we do have knocking about over here admirable little books about foreign writers such as Conrad, Anatole France, and the one-time American Mr. James. But certainly we have rather neglected to pry into living home talent.*