

**AT
CLOSE RANGE**

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At Close Range by F. Hopkinson Smith

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F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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"You're 'it,' I'll git the trunk at Kalamazoo."

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ILLUSTRATED

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To my Readers:

On my writing-table lies a magnifying-glass the size of an old watch crystal, which helps me to understand the mechanism of many interesting things. With it I decipher at close range such finger-work as the cutting of intaglios, the brush-marks on miniatures, or perhaps the intricate fusions of metals in the sword-guard of a Samurai.

At the same close range I try to search the secret places of the many minds and hearts which in my nomadic life cross my path. In these magnifyings and probings the unexpected is oftentimes revealed: tenderness hiding behind suspected cruelty; refinement under assumed coarseness; the joy of giving forcing its way through thick crusts of pretended avarice.

The results confirm my theory, that at the bottom of every heart-crucible choked with life's cinders there can almost always be found a drop of gold.

F. H. S.

150 E. 34th Street, New York.