

**THE MASTER: BEING IN
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THE MINUTES OF THE
SCHOOL FOR NOVELISTS**

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The Master: Being in Part Copied from the Minutes of the School for Novelists by Irving
Bacheller

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IRVING BACHELLER

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THE MASTER

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THE MASTER

BEING IN PART
COPIED FROM THE MINUTES OF THE SCHOOL FOR NOVELISTS
A ROUND TABLE OF GOOD FELLOWS WHO, LONG
SINCE, DINED EVERY SATURDAY AT THE SIGN
O' THE LANTHORNE, ON GOLDEN
HILL, IN NEW YORK CITY

By
IRVING BACHELLER



New York
Doubleday, Page & Company
1909

FOREWORD

I WAS talking one day with my friend, Mr. Willis Brooks Hawkins, of the many careless nights we had known together at the old Lanthorne Club, which held its sessions in a very odd and ancient house on Monkey Hill, and later in the old tavern farther south, where once the redoubtable Captain Kidd loved to light his pipe and drink his grog and coffee. We spoke of the boys and men who had sat with us at meat before its ample fireside — of Crane, Field, Masson, Nye, Tarkington, Garland, Gaines, Gilder, Howells, Stedman and Stoddard, some of whom were then beginning their work. As our talk went on I told of my plan for this tale, and particularly of a quarrelsome old sea "Cap'n" who had pushed into my study at odd times and bullied me, busy as I had been with better people, into hearing him. I told how his rough fist had whacked my best mahogany in the midst of unwelcome tales and opinions; how once he had broken into my task with a ribald song and boldly winked at me when I turned to protest, and begun to fight the wind, as one may say, in a long talk about "lady cooks"; how at

last I had thrust him into my plot and slain the wretch to get rid of him. I did not fail to speak of my suspicions that he might have been a deep one, the ghost of Kidd—or some one of his other relatives—sent by the gods themselves to destroy me for the public good.

We weighed these possibilities and wrangled over my plan quite in the fashion that prevailed at the old Sign of the Lanthorne. The Brotherhood of the 'Toilers' Chain was born of our talk, and I am indebted to my good friend for information as to Condon and his methods.

The few who may have read my first and least-known tale, "The Master of Silence," will recognize herein one of its incidents and a trait of its leading character.

I have dared to hope that the reader would find amusement and something better in these singular adventures and observations of "The Pippin."

IRVING BACHELLER.

Robinwood, July 30, 1909.

THE MASTER



