

ZONA GALE

Miss Lulu Bett. 1920. APPLETON.

Friendship Village. 1908. MACMILLAN.

Birth. 1918. MACMILLAN.

From a writer of sentimental stories of village life, she has turned to stark and penetrating realism with a touch of sardonic humor that is her own.

Zona Gale was born at Portage, Wisconsin, where she now lives. At an exceedingly early age she commenced to write poetry, novels, short stories. After much discouragement, her stories began to be accepted. Following graduation from Wisconsin Uni-

versity, she spent some years in journalism, first in the west, finally in the east, where she worked on the New York "Evening World". Her novel "Birth" was the first step toward an artistic and rigorous achievement. This was followed by "Miss Lulu Bett", which both as short novel and play was widely recognized and praised. Since then, she has published a volume of poetry, "The Seeret Way" (Macmillan, 1921). Interested to the point of passion in elements of new philosophy and social problems, she is yet one of the most gentle women in appearance. Primarily the poet, her sense of drama and irony have made her more important in other fields. A new play of hers is to be produced shortly.

M. F. E. says that "Miss Lulu Bett" "is distinctly as admirable a contribution to universal literature as 'Maria Chapdelaine' or 'Madame Bovary'."

"Here was an occasion to arraign Warbleton as Mr. Lewis was then arraigning Gopher Prairie; Miss Gale, instead of heaping up a multitude of indictments, categorized and docketed, followed the path of indirection which, by a paradoxical axiom of art, is a shorter cut than the highway of exposition or anathema. Her story is as spare as the virgin frame of Lulu Bett; her style is staccato in its lucid brevity, like Lulu's infrequent speeches; her eloquence is not that of a torrent of words and images but that of comic or ironic or tragic meaning packed in a syllable, a gesture, a dumb silence. Miss Gale riddles the tedious affectations of the Deacon household almost without a word of comment; none the less she exhibits them under a withering light." — C. V. D.

REFERENCES:

Contemporary American Novelists, p. 164.
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 377.