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# The Threshold

A Magazine of New Names and  
New Things in Literature

VOLUME 1

SEPTEMBER 1916

NUMBER 1

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"It ain't so much to lose said to the girl, as the bank and looked out over it's a piece of earth, 'un"

Katherine Starr, the greatest interest in Eric's her chin in her hand, and over the bay. "Just why Eric?" she asked, quietly.

"I ain't never had nuthin' to say apologetically. "No edidin' 'un a feller like that cuse fer livin' if he owns brag on."

With a shade of impatience back the braid of brown

## Mars---A Typewritten Photograph

By R. B. Vail

Merry hell, red and gloating;  
And soldiers.

In long blue lines they marched abreast, singing—  
Even gay.

Next to the end; who is it?  
A boy, a mere stripling.  
The down upon his chin tell us;  
He has never voted!

His country commands him;—  
"Go!"

Boom!  
Boom!! Boom!!  
B-o-o-m!

His entrails lie scattered in the mud.  
The sun, sickly, jaundice-like, and a buzzard!  
These two will feast!—to-morrow.

Next to the end; who is it?

My son,  
Frederick.

And I—  
I am a patriot!

*Also read Page 35*

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Eliminating a few occurrences of my youth, such as a ten-round bout with yellow fever; a lasting impression made by "lock-jaw"; four years in a boys' school, for animals,—or so I then considered them; and the gentle pastime of existing in a country town on a two figure salary and a three figure expense account, I will get back to modern times and say that I'm a Democrat, though I've never been indicted; a Presbyterian by preference; and a bookkeeper by force of circumstances. Though the people I work for call me cashier—and take it out of my salary.

I get the literary bug each fall, then when spring and hook-worms come, I file said bug away among the "late, lamented" and there it rests, until frost falls on ambition again and that latent spark of genius gives me a kick "somewhere in Alabama" and I start one more season of editor-pestering, a very profitable pastime—for Uncle Sam.

They say hundreds of magazines are failing, one after the other, and those that do not fail are not making any money. And yet, with all that, none of them will buy my stuff. Of not a single published story has it been written, "perpetrated by R. B. Vail," though some of my efforts are so travelled that Frank Carpenter's expeditions are as a jaunt to the county site in comparison. But I have Perseverance and Hope hitched to the same cart, so the above named name is going to be a household word in every editorial office yet, Yessir! That is, if the price of postage doesn't follow the trend of the other luxuries of life.

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Since starting this note I've come to the conclusion that to write about oneself, a story that he himself will appreciate, one must forget ability, throw modesty to the winds, trample consideration for other people under foot, and substitute the pure, unadulterated, 100 per cent. ego. You bet your life, I like this story!

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