The Fascination of the Imagined World.

WHAT entrancing figures come crowding forward when we think of the world of imagination!

Ivanhoe, Jean Valjean, Macheth, Becky Sharp, Robinson Crusoe, David Copperfield, d'Artagnan, Tom Jones, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Maggie Tulliver—what a vast and varied company!

Many of that company are more real than the actual personages of history than dusty kings, fusty generals, dull statesmen, stupid soldiers of fortune.

Because the imagination of the story-teller has seen into life, got hold of its essence, created human beings who not only interpret past ages and all time, but illumine our own lives now.

That is the reason for the eternal fascination of good fiction. It broadens the horizon. It widens the sympathies. It opens the doors of time and space into lives and experiences otherwise closed to us. But above all it helps us to understand ourselves.

And that is why you see the executive as well as the mechanic, the banker as well as the ranchman and the miner, the clubwoman as well as the rancher's wife, reading fiction.

These authors write for Cosmopolitan

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James Oliver Curwood
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