When anybody knows nothing about literature looks at the word "George Eliot" it is a man's name. But it is a great error because it is an anachronous pen name. Her real name is Mary Ann Evans, a great writer of the nineteenth century.

One reason why she took that name was that she had a strong desire of writing books when she was young, but it was the custom of the society in the nineteenth century to despise women, to think women could do nothing else besides looking after the house, so when Mary Ann Evans finished her first book "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," she took "George Eliot" as the writer of the book in order to make her seem to be a man, not a woman, so that her book would have a good circulation.

Besides the book mentioned above she wrote many other books, such as "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner." The following is a short account of her life:

She was born in the morning of 23rd November, 1819, in Warwickshire and died on 22nd December, 1880, in Germany. When she was young, she was fond of reading, and was a girl of imagination. Her openness to teach her, but her father was a learned man. Thus, when she had a question, she went to her father and Mr. Evans explained her, and her father explained it to her. She was sitting on his knees. Her father loved her so much and encouraged her so carefully that she had only to say, "My father's name is menkind, people will respect me."

When she was twenty, she went to look after the house because her mother was dead. So far she had done nothing that would have been admired. But at the age of thirty-seven she attempted her first strike. She published "Blackwood's Magazine," all who had taste for good literature went to one of the new writer of great power had risen, for the living characters which she made use of in and about Windsor. She was too remarkable genius in the book so true and strong that she was chosen in another edition. Her novels were among the greatest pieces of English literature. It was said that she enlarged the outlook of English novel, and modified the way to the more of English nature.

PICNICS IN ENGLISH

When I was sitting on the bench, there came out from her eyes and she could not see clearly. She whispered to herself, "Oh so sad, so fresh, that day that is gone now."

She put up her suncook down. "It is so hot, I am so tired," she said, and so slowly home. Her long shadow disappeared when she entered the door and her voice was a large, old, wooden box which seemed to come from the symbol of her heart.

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

Lena Lee (St. Mark's)

I am unable to tell whether all the things I had gone through were but a dream or something that had really happened.

AN AUTHOURED WITH A MAN'S PEN NAME

Wells (C. F. Primacy)