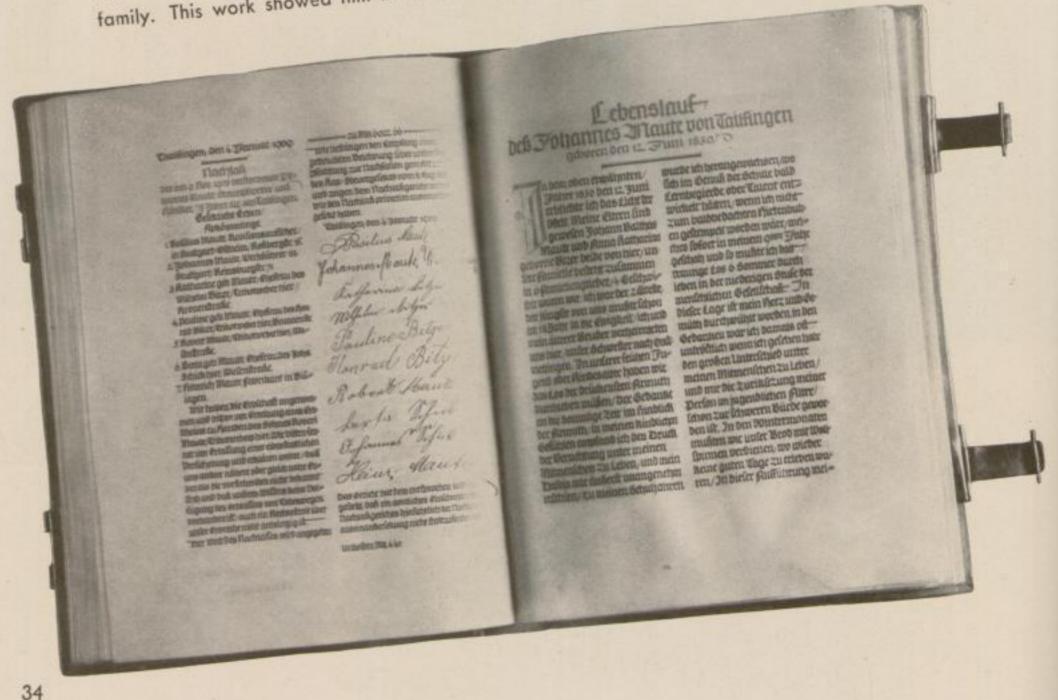


Adolf Hartmeyer, a Swabian by birth and of a reflective cast of mind, a man never satisfied with his work is an old maker of books and a type-setter by profession. He was nearly fifty, however, before he could give free rein to his long-cherished wish to write. Some eight years ago he gave up type-setting and turned his attention to ancestral history and began to write the chronicle of his own family. This work showed him in what direction his creative urge could best find expression, and from



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