LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE MASTER'S FACE.

In dreams I may behold the Master's face,
As He saw God's alone in Galilee:
But such supernal vision do I see
Only afar in other time and place.
When fancy fain would know His gentle grace
In this our land and ruthless century,
It seems the Christ of mystic love must be
For the warm East, not this cold alien race.
Perchance He may, through sympathy divine,
Come to our clime in patient toil's disguise:
Or else in modest knighthood, with high powers
To Lowliness transfigured, past surmise,
So might we see His matchless glory shine,
As His disciples saw—were their faith ours.

—Henry Tyrrell.

WIDE MARGINS.

Print not my Book of Days, I pray,
On meager page, in type compact,
Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
Skippingly through from fact to fact.

But let there be a liberal space,
At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
That I with tempering hand may trace
A word to dull the edge of it.

And save for me a margin wide
Where I may scribble at my ease
Elucidative note and guide
Of most adroit apologies!

—From "Poems" by Meredith Nicholson.

AS THEY DRESSED IN '47.

Group of the Daughters of the Pioneers as They Will Appear in the Celebrattion at Calder's Park on Monday Next.

This snap shot shows a group of the Daughters of the Pioneers as they will be dressed in Monday's unique celebration at Calder's Park. All the lady participants have solemnly agreed with each other to appear on the scene dressed as their mother's dressed in Pioneer days. Those in the picture are Miss Emma Lucy Gates, seated on the ground in the center, and the others, reading from left to right are: First row—Mrs. Libbie Pratt, Mrs. Zina Y. Card, Mrs. Susa Young Gates; second row—Miss Annie Lynch and Miss Emeline Wells.

NOTES.

Paul Elder & Co., who shared the common lot of San Francisco business firms in the late disaster, are taking active steps to resume business. Their San Francisco retail store will be located on Van Ness avenue, corner of Bush street, a former residence neighborhood that promises to be the center of the new shopping district. Instead of putting up a merely temporary shack, they have secured plans from B. R. Maybeck for an attractive building with interesting details of construction, that promises to afford them a more appropriate home even than their former permanent quarters, and will serve as a distinctive note in the art interests of the New San Francisco.

Their publishing business, however, owing to the entire loss of their manufacturing facilities, will be moved at once to New York City to enable them to reprint and bring out their new publications for the fall season.

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Paul Elder & Co. announce the immediate publication of a work on the San Francisco disaster by Charles Keeler. Mr. Keeler writes from the standpoint of a participant in the scenes he describes, as he came to the stricken city from his home in nearby Berkeley the morning of the earthquake, to take active part in the relief work, and stayed through all the days of the conflagration and first reorganization. His "San Francisco and Thereabouts," published recently, was devoted to San Francisco in the days of her prosperity, and the present work will be a strange and unusual complement.

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McClure, Phillips & Co., out of justice to the author of "The Four Million" and to themselves, make public the following letter: "If you have any application from publishers of anything for photographs of myself or 'slush' about the identity of 'O Henry' please refuse. I want the book to be by 'O Henry,' and my individual self kept out of the matter. Nobody but a concentrated idiot would write over a pen name and then tack on a lot of d—— twaddle about himself. You will please me very much if you will refuse all information and description of that sort—especially photos!"

* * *

The fact that Mr. Winston Churchill has been for several years the most popular novelist in the United States lends special interest to the announcement by the Macmillan company of his new novel, "Coniston." Primarily a love story, Mr. Churchill's new book derives part of its interest from politics, but much more from its superb character drawing. Those who have read it pronounce it by far the most vigorous, attractive, and engaging novel that Mr. Churchill has ever written. The volume is freely illustrated from pen drawings by Florence Scovel Shinn.

* * *

At a recent sale of rare books in New York, a copy of Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," specially illustrated and extended to three volumes, brought the highest sum paid, selling for $300.

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The fears that Mr. C. L. Brownell, author of "The Heart of Japan," published by McClure, Phillips & Co., lost a considerable quantity of manuscripts, has unfortunately been realized. He writes from San Francisco: "My Japan book, the manuscript of another, excepting the introduction, and six or seven stories, are now part of Mother Earth. But if I hadn't lost something I'd be ashamed to appear in public." Mr. Brownell was a witness of the fire: "I saw the Palace smoke for two hours, and then burst grandly into flames as I had seen the Call building earlier. And I saw much more, so much that my mind told me not to look any more. It was beginning to ache. I heard many say they could not take in what they saw—hadn't the capacity to realize. It was magnificent, fascinating, bewildering—awful.'

* * *

Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose "Lady Betty Across the Water," just published, reflects with engaging grace her impressions on her recent visit to her home country, had intended, on leaving America, to head for Japan in search of novel scenery for a motor-car story. To a friend's inquiry about that plan, Mrs. Williamson answers from Cape St. Martin: "I have such a growing disgust for that big, wet, gray thing, the sea, that I 'funk' Japan: so we will—I suppose—spend our summer in England, and perhaps go to Venice for next September and part of October, till it's time to come back here." Some of the book ran serially in the Ladies' Home Journal. Arrangements, moreover, have already been made for the appearance of a second of Mrs. Williamson's stories in the Journal and later for still a third in one of the other large magazines.

* * *

An interesting experiment in conducting a book store along original lines is being attempted by James D. Blake, formerly with A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. Mr. Blake, who has opened the first new bookstore in San Francisco since the fire, is devoted to the dramatists, and believing that there are a number of persons in San Francisco whose tastes coincide with his own, will specialize on the works of Shaw, Wilde, Ibsen, Pinero, Hervieu and the modern playwrights. At present the stock is practically limited to the contents of Mr. Blake's own library, which escaped the fire and contains many rare items of Oscar Wilde, first editions of H. G. Wells, autographed copies, and some now, rare books of "Californiana."

The store, which is located at 643 Turk street, is finished in old mission style. The interior work is along the line of simplicity and economy, and many original ideas have been applied to the arrangement of shelving and fixtures. "At the Sign of the Lamp" has been adopted for the firm name and the lighting effects will be in keeping.

* * *

The forthcoming volume of Maeterlinck's plays, which will include "Joyzelle" and "Monna Vanna," is the only authorized English translation of the Belgian dramatist's work. Its publication has been postponed until the fall by Dodd, Mead & Co.

BOOKS.

Those whose attentions has been attracted by reviews and advertisements of "Nicanor, Teller of Tales," and who would like to know what a "teller of tales" is, (perhaps before buying the book), are referred to the following paragraph from Miss Taylor's romance: "This was what he loved—to fare forth at night and come upon some group about the fire; to begin his chant abruptly, in the midst of conversation; to see his listeners draw close and closer, gazing wide-eyed, half in awe; to sway them as the marsh winds swayed the reeds. At times, when his sense of power shook him, he took a savage delight in seeing them turn, one to another—simple-hearted children of moor and forest, whose emotions he could mould as a potter moulds his clay." Nicanor is not a collection of short stories as some have supposed from the title, but a complete romance.

The succession of beautifully made books started by A. C. McClurg & Co., with 'The Thrall of Leif the Lucky" has received notable additions. In "Nicanor, Teller of Tales," they offer a novel which may be described as true romance. Nicanor is a "story teller" and the slave of a Roman lord living in Britain, and the tale is decidedly mediaeval in coloring and atmosphere. It is a fine, strong story, with characteristic decorations in tint and some very striking illustrations in full color by the Kinneys.

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While Nicanor resembles the previous successes of Messrs. McClurg & Co. along this line, in "For the Soul of Rafael," an entirely new scheme of decoration is offered. This story of old California represents the best work of Marah Ellis Ryan, and it has been deemed worthy of a setting of exceptional beauty.

Marah Ellis Ryan is one of the most interesting among creators of American fiction. She has to her credit a considerable list of novels of decided popularity, the most generally admired being of course, "Tedd in the Hills." It seems quite likely, though, that this new story of hers, 'For the Soul of Rafael," will prove equally successful. She has had the discernment to take a little-used life and period for the story—California in its Spanish days—and one with which she is thoroughly familiar. She has lived for some time in San Juan Capistrano, and this accurate knowledge of the place has been most effectively used. "For the Soul of Rafael" attracted imemdiate attention form newspaper reviewers, and already comparisons by no means unfavorable have been made with Ramona."

* * *

Under the direction of the author a number of photographs from tention from newspaper reviewers, San Juan Capistrano, the scene of the story. Every detail of character, background, and accessory is correct, and the result is a notable triumph, for photographic illustration. Nearly 20 are used and they are so reproduced and printed as to suggest in no way the typical illustration made by the camera. Border decorations and end papers by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, complete a volume that is creating a sensation.—A. C. McClurg.

MAGAZINES.

Even Gabriele D'Annunzio's detractors admit that the famous Italian is a master in the art of short story writing. "The Death Watch," by D'Annunzio in July Young's Magazine, though it may substantiate the claim of decadence and ultra-modernism brought against D'Annunzio, is nevertheless a brilliant, forceful story. A passionate love scene outlined against a wierd background of flickering candles and death-bier, constitutes a tale, bizarre, but intensely interesting. His pen pictures are vividly realistic, painted in severely simple, convincing words.

"The solemn stillness of the night . . . the perfumed air . . . the distant song of the threshers . . . a blooming woman with a clear complexion . . . her skin with the perfume of choice fruit," you see it, hear it, feel it all—and in the wavering light of the tapers you shudder at the close touch of life and love and death.

* * *

The midsummer fashions with a wealth of illustrations in color and in black-and-white are attractively portrayed in the Delineator for July. Helen Berkeley-Loyd tells how the summer girl will be frocked and furbelowed, and the dress of Paris is discussed by M. Edouard La Fontaine, one of the best known critics in Paris. In the literary section the most notable feature is the opening chapters of "The Chauffeur and the Chaperon," a new story by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, authors of deals with a group of interesting people cruising in a motor boat over the quaint waterways of Holland, promises to be the brightest and cleverest novel that these renowned writers have yet produced. Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel contributes a chapter on "Flies and Food" in the Delineator's campaign for safe foods, and Clara E. Laughlin opens a series of "Stories of Painters' lives," with "Millet—the Peasant Painter." Burton E. Stevenson has the second part of the tale "The Rose of Sharon," and there is a short story entitled "The Baby," by Zona Gale. "The President of Quex," Helen M. Winslow's entertaining club story, is concluded. For the children, there are stories and pastimes, among them the first ofthe series and "Tales of the Mountain Giants" and a clean story by Edmund Vance Cook, "Down the King's Chimney." For the housewife there are many articles of timely interest, including novelties for summer feasts, strawberry favorites and new vegetables cleverly served.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Ellis Parker Butler is one of the recent successful men to graduate from the ranks of advertising writer to pure literature. Into his story making he has carried the same brevity, directness and keenness of expression that make the success of the publicity man. "Pigs Is Pigs" is the refined essence of comedy, a side-splittingly funny tale, in which almost every sentence contains an unexpected turn of affairs. "When is a pig not a pig?" (to paraphrase the Sphinx.) is the important problem that involves the characters in their troubles, and the solution of it proves unexpectedly full of difficulties as well as pleasantry prolific of laughs and chuckles for the reader.

Mr. Butler is possessed of a very real and original vein of humor, from which much may be expected in the future.

At the Age of Eighty.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 13.—It is a rare thing, and perhaps an unexampled one, for fame to come to a man after he has reached the age of 80. Such, however, was the experience of Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, the celebrated impressionist painter who died in London this week, for it was after half a century of work that attracted practically no attention whatever that this venerable watercolorist awoke, one morning, to find himself worldrenowned.

His pictures, which formerly could be bought for the traditional song, began to command fancy prices, and Mr. Brabazon Brabazon would have found himself rich as suddenly as he had found himself famous, had he not already been possessed of a handsome private fortune. This fortune, which the artist inherited from his father, together with a considerable position as an English country magnate, enabled him to spend his life in wandering from one European country to another, seeking subjects for his brush and studying the best example of continental art, and although his existence was apparently that of a dilettante, Brabazon was slowly but surely amassing the experience which one day was to bear such golden fruit.

Up to the time, however, some six years ago, when the era of impressionism set in, and Brabazon's wonderful watercolors brought him worldwide recognition, the veteran artist had received only the scantiest encouragement. Half-a-dozen of his intimate friends, including Madame Bodichon, the foundress of Girton college, admired his "blobs of colors," as Brabazon called them, but they, no more than himself, foresaw that he would become famous, and the painter often declared that the only really high compliment that had been paid him, previous to his "boom," came from a total stranger. This was some 20 years before his artistic recognition and happened when, at the old Cloche hotel at Dijon, Brabazon was showing some of his sketches to a friend. An unknown visitor begged for a glance, and instantly predicted fame for the artist. "A second Turner," he cried, enthusiastically, and Brabazon afterward declared that this spontaneous admiration from a stranger meant much to him.

Almost immediately he had attained his majority, the artist who had become the owner of Oaklands park, a magnificent estate in Sussex, handed over the responsibilities and privileges of this position to his sister and brother-in-law, and he was once described to Coventry Patmore as "the gentleman who lives with Mr. and Mrs ——at Oaklands." Thus freed from foxhunting, leases and quarter sessions, however, he was able to follow the cult of beauty (but was finally—though belatedly, to place him in the front rank of British artists. A musician as well as an artist, he was intimately acquainted with Liszt at Weimar, although, strange to say, he never heard him play. Their acquaintance, in fact, took place in Liszt's late years, when not even his most intimate friends could ask him to sit down to the piano.

Brabazon's travels took him to India and Egypt, as well as all over the continent, and like all artists he had a passion for Italy. "Nothing delights me more," he once said to a friend, "than to be locked up in an old Italian church when the sacristan goes home to dinner." The artist to whom fame came so late in life wished, however, to be buried in England, and accordingly was laid to rest—in the presence of a great number of distinguished folk, in the quiet churchyard at Selsdiscomb, the Sussex village near which his country seat was situated.

* * *

Mrs. Humphrey Ward must have found uncommon interest in a sale of pictures which she attended in London the other day, for it afforded some striking evidences of the way in which the works of the painter Romney, upon whose life Mrs. Ward based her last novel, have increased in value, not only since the artist's death, but even in the last quarter of a century.

At the sale, which took place at Christie's, a portrait of Mrs. Mungay, which Romney painted in 1787, and for which he received exactly $200, was sold for $32,550, and some really sensational profits were realized on other works by the artist whom Mrs. Ward drew for us as "John Fenwick," as well as those of two other early English artists. For example, Romney's portrait of the Stanhope children, which was bought by a private collector in 1875 for $140, was knocked down at the Christie sale for $23,000, while for a portrait by Hoppner, originally bought by the same collector for $115, no less than $31,500 was obtained. For this picture, by the way, there was a spirited struggle, the first bid being $500, and the price rising by leaps and bounds thereafter. The picture is of Lady Waldegrave, and shows her in a gray dress, and a large straw hat, with blue ribbons.

At the same sale one of Romney's 33 portraits of Lady Hamilton, which originally cost its owner $50, was sold for $1,500, but as usual, the actual purchaser of this and the other portraits thus disposed of, were not disclosed.

* * *

Under the operation of the English copyright law, which gives an author no power to assign beyond a 42 years' lease the creations of his imagination, legal protection has just been withdrawn from the last of Thackeray's important works. It is just 42 years ago that there was published in the Cornhill Magazine the last instalment of the great novelist's uncompleted work, "Denis Duval." It is interesting to recall that Charles Dickens, who was destined also to leave behind him an unfinished book, wrote of his great rival's splendid fragment: "In respect to earnest feelings, farseeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain living picturesqueness blending the whole I believe it to be much the best of all his works."

The extent to which Thackeray based "Denis Duval" in actual history, is shown by the scraps which have been published from his notebooks and correspondence. Beginning among the "freetraders" of the eastern corner of Sussex it was to have carried its readers into the romantic actions of Paul Jones. Had he lived to finish it there can be little doubt that at the present time, when there has been such a revival of interest in the founder of the American navy, it would be the most popular of his works in America. It is to "Esmond" that popular taste now awards first place judging by the number of reprints of it that have been issued.

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