LITERATURE

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The top o' the world and an empty morning,
Mist sweeping in from the dim Outside,
The door of day just a little bit open—
The wind's great laugh as he flings it wide!
O wind, here's one who would travel with you
To the far bourne you alone may know—
There would I seek what some one is hiding.
There would I find where my longings go;
To some deep calm would I drift and nestle
Close to the heart of the Great Surprise.
O strong wind, do you laugh to see us?
We are so little and oh, so wise!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

TREMBLING POPLARS.

By Suzanne Lebeau.

Have you seen the poplars quiver
In the evening by the river,
Where the torch of twilight glances,
And the twilight wind is cool?
Where the fireflies beside them
Hail the high stars and deride them
Till the high stars cast their lances
Of reflection in the pool?

There the rushes lean and listen
To the silver leaves that glisten
As they toll their knell unceasing
Up and down the lonely shore,
And the waters grieve at gloaming
When they hear the wild birds homing.
For the poplars find releasing
From their vigils nevermore.

Oh, and if the night be dreary,
Still the poplars may not weary;
Though the wind should sleep forever
And the waves forget its loss,—
Though the stars be quenched tomorrow,
Still the poplars in their sorrow
May forget, oh, never, never,
Him who bore the poplar cross.

NOTES

Will N. Harben, whose "Ann Boyd" has just been dramatized for production this winter, has four novels on a list of special editions which the Harpers have had to send to Australia—"Ann Boyd," "Abner Daniel," "The Substitute," and "The Georgians." A special printing for Australia of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" has also been demanded.

* * *

"The Moccasin Ranch" is the title chosen for Hamlin Garland's story which the Harpers are planning to publish soon. Mr. Garland's readers of earlier days, those who knew him by such a book as "Main-Travelled Roads," will be glad that he has gone back for the setting of "The Moccasin Ranch" to those same plains of Dakota whose primitive desolation invested his first stories with their peculiar force.

* * *

The recent dramatic production of Arsene Lupin, the gentleman-thief story by M. Maurice Leblanc, of which the Harpers published De Mattos' translation in this country exactly two years ago, has won a New York approval so unqualified that it was immediately afterwards speedily presented in London, and will shortly be played by other companies elsewhere in America. In Chicago the burglarious role will fall to Guy Standing, who played Charley Steele in the dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." Temperament is said to be the charm of this French pilferer Lupin, and it is believed that Sherlock Holmes' professional joy in his crimes could not compare with Henry James' brooding pleasure in his psychology.

* * *

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story "Jonathan and David," which the Harpers have issued in a small volume the size of the Lincoln story "The Toy Shop," is a plain village tale of an impoverished old man and his faithful dog. It is not an extraordinary story—it doesn't try to be—but the reader of it will fall a ready victim to its gentle pathos. The old man, Jonathan, lives alone in a cottage, rent free, with little besides his vegetable-garden to keep him alive. Over his head hangs the threat of the poorhouse. The only possession he has left in life is an extremely intelligent collie with a repertoire of fancy tricks and an adoring devotion to his master. One day a village collector comes to claim taxes for the dog, which his owner cannot pay. Heartbroken, the old fellow sells him to the coachman of one of the summer visitors, and grieves himself ill. Comes a rare woman, described as "a philanthropist of unorganized impulses," the same who has allowed the old man the use of the cottage, and unsuspectingly bought the dog from the coachman. About this time David happens to come running away home, and between the two of them Jonathan is turned into a self-supporting and thankful old gentleman. The style and method of Mrs. Phelps were never better exemplified than in this story.

* * *

In "The Men of the Mountain," just published by the Harpers, S. R. Crockett has written a tale of the Franco-Prussian war in the "Year Terrible"—1871. The German army's presence in Switzerland occasions a charming picture of Swiss family life, even in the stirring scenes of war. The hero, a young Swiss, French-naturalized, of the Geneva church, deplores war and goes about unarmed, giving help to distressed families in the village. When the novel opens he has been taken by the Germans, the Colberg Grenadiers, and is about to be shot, at which moment the valorous and choleric chaplain of the regiment rushes in and forbids the men to fire. A manly fellow, this chaplain, a bachelor of middle age, with a mighty sense of humor, one of the most winning characters in the story. He goes home with young David and is hit by an inhospitable Swiss bullet as he is entering the house. David's pretty half-sister, Noelie, saves him from further violence and attends him while he is recovering, to the damage of both their hearts and the angry despair of her mother. This mother of David and Noelie is a masterful figure, of the stuff that makes warriors, and is almost the heart of the romance. There is also a pretty school-teacher living all alone in a little Swiss cottage, and in this little Swiss cottage is love a-plenty for David. Mr. Crockett's plot has rousing developments, and its soldier humor is very good fun indeed.

* * *

An unusual number of important novels are to be brought out this fall. In itself the announcement of a new book by Winston Churchill is as interesting a piece of news as can well be given to the reader of modern fiction, but in addition, there are to be new novels by the late Marion Crawford, Jack London, Robert Herrick, Zona Gale, Charles Major, C. G. D. Roberts, and Putnam.

Not only does Mr. Churchill enjoy the reputation of being probably the most popular novelist in the country today, but his reputation has also crossed the Atlantic. "The American, Mr. Winston Churchill," says a prominent London daily, "has finished a new novel which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are to bring out shortly. We do not grudge the Americans many of their writers of fiction, but Mr. Churchill is kind that will allow themselves to be hustled by the publishers. He writes because he has a story to tell, a story with a meaning and a purpose and he tells it with a spaciousness and a command of literary craftsmanship which remainds us of the best work of the best period of the Victorian era." The title of the new novel has not yet been determined.

* * *

"A Life For a Life," is the name of Mr. Herrick's forthcoming book. The seriousness of Mr. Herrick's work has been thoroughly recognized for some time by the most careful critics, and the new book will deal with subjects as large and as important as his previous novels. In many ways Mr. Herrick is the foremost portrayer of actual American life.

* * *

In "Martin Eden," Jack London has also achieved a triumph of realism, many readers will see more than a touch of autobiography in the vivid description of Eden's rise, inspired by an idealistic love, from a forecastle hand to fame and riches. The story of Martin Eden's development is told with all of Mr. London's well known vigor and force.

* * *

The manuscript of a new book by Sir Gilbert Parker is in the hands of the Harpers, who will publish it early this fall.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Mason Fairbanks has prepared a book of sayings from Thackeray, which the Harpers will bring out in September under the title "The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray." Mrs. Fairbanks has based her selections, all of which have been kept brief and quotable, upon the whole of Thackeray's writings, including the novels, essays, and ballads, and the letters. Such a book must owe its claim to literary value upon the most exhaustive knowledge of Thackeray's work, and a decidedly more than ordinary sympathy with his spirit, and the assurance is given that Mrs. Fairbanks on both scores has been rarely gifted for her task.

* * *

Of Henry Hudson's name, now on every one's lips, Mr. Thomas A. Janvier points out in his book "Henry Hudson," just issued by the Harpers, that it is the best known excepting only that of Columbus of all names of explorers by land or sea. "From Purchas' time downward," writes Mr. Janvier, "it has headed the list of Arctic discoveries, in every history of America it has a leading place; on every map of North America it twice is written large; here in New York, which owes its founding to his exploring voyage, it is uttered—as we refer to the river, the county, the city, the street, the railroad bearing it—a thousand times a day." Hudson won this glory. Mr. Janvier points out, because of his full accomplishment of what others accomplished only partially.

* * *

Charles Rann Kennedy took passage for England on Aug. 21, to remain there probably for a year. Mr. Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," which achieved such notable success on the American stage, and was much talked of also by a literary audience when the Harpers printed it in book form, will be produced in London at the Adelphi theater this fall, Mr. Kennedy said upon sailing. "I love America more than ever—which is saying much."

* * *

Mr. W. D. Howells, who sailed recently for a brief sojourn abroad, took advantage of a "a voyage without a wrinkle on the sea" and completed some manuscript which has just reached his publishers. After a fortnight spent in Carlsbad, resting and renewing old acquaintance, Mr. Howells plans to return at once to England, there to remain until he has finished to his satisfaction certain work on which he has been engaged since the spring. Mr. Howells' friends will be glad to know that notwithstanding newspaper reports to the contrary, he is in excellent health and spirits.

* * *

Just what is it that makes a book like "Pa Flickinger's Folks," a new story by an unknown writer Bessie R. Hoover, so different from scores of others that attempt the same thing? On the face of it, Miss Hoover has made a study of a family of factory folk in a little lake town in Michigan, but she has done more than this. There is something reassuring about "Pa Flickinger's Folks," something which hints that that former American institution, the family, may, after all, be alive and well, in spite of reports to the contrary. Pa, the mild-mannered foreman in the factory, Ma, the vigorous housekeeper, the eldest married daughter with her twins, the schoolgirl sister who takes care of them, another daughter besides that, two lusty ambitious boys, and a dusky-eyed French girl who marries one of them—these are the "folks." The succession of incidents in which they all figure—the picnic on the other side of the lake, the surprise party to Pa Flickinger when he becomes foreman—the home-coming of the husband of one of the married sisters who has come back from the Klondike—are treated with humor of a most refreshing sort. In its lack of affectation, and its humor without a strain, the book is unique. Miss Hoover has gone for her first book to a section almost unexploited, and found there people whom it is very, very good to know.—New York, Harper & Bros.

MAGAZINES

Joaquin Miller has an interesting article in the September Sunset in which he describes the practically unknown Marble Halls of Oregon. These wonderful caverns of marble lie under the line between Oregon and California and, according to the writer, will some day be listed among the wonders of the world. A timely article by F. D. Cornell tells of the utility of the eucalyptus. There are several very good articles in this issue together with the usual fiction and poetry.

Prof. Albert Perry Brigham discusses the capacity of the United States for population in the September number of the Popular Science Monthly. Other articles of interest are "The Theory of Individual Development," "The Origin of the Nervous System and Its Appropriation of Effectors," "The Necessity for an International Language," and "Abandoned Canals of the State of New York."

Some of the items of interest in the September issue of the Photo-Era are "The Rochester Convention," "Landscape Photography," "The Selling End and Enlarging Without Condensers." The magazine is well printed and illustrated.

Some of the very timely and interesting features of the September issue of Technical World are contributed under the following headings: "To Europe by Balloon," "More Butter for the Bread Slices," "The End of the World," "To Save Our Roads from Our Motors," "Killing the Salmon," "How to Make Fence Posts Last," "Electricity to Dispel Fog," "Liquid Lighting Gas," "Progress of the Trackless Trolley," "How Metals Affect the Nervous System," and besides other articles the departments of Engineering Progress and Science and Invention.

Harper's for September contains the first part of Rudyard Kipling's new story, "The House Surgeon," which is illustrated by F. Walter Taylor. The magazine has an unusual number of stories this month including "The Suitable Child," by Norman Duncan; "The Castle on the Dunes," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "The Fakir," by Mary Austin, a California writer; "The Venetian Beads," by Jennette Lee; "The Little Dress With the Blue Ribbons," by Margarita Spalding Geary; "Sleepyhead," by Muriel Campbell Dyar, and "The Other Way," by Justus Miles Forman. There is the second part of Amelie Rive's story, "Trix and Over-the-Moon," and some good poems. Holman Day writes of "The Queer Folk of the Maine Coast," William Edgar Geil of "Along the Great Wall of China," and James Champlin Fernald of "The Simplicity of English." There are the usual departments filled with interesting matter.

The September issue of Country Life in America makes its appearance with a very beautiful and unusual cover design, being the first actual photograph of a sunrise taken in color on an autochrome plate. The magazine itself contains an especially interesting article in which Blanche Bates tells of "An Actress and Her Farm." The article shows how Miss Bates, who is well known in the theatrical world, lives the genuine country life on an old farm that pays for itself. The article is illustrated with interesting portraits. In the first article A. W. Dimock tells of "An Alligator Hunter in the Making," and James Watson has an interesting article on "The Old English Sheepdog." Ernest Thompson Seton continues "The Story of Wyndygoul," and there are any number of other good articles. The magazine is beautifully illustrated.

Place of prominence is given in the current number of the Progress Magazine to a discussion of "Electric Railways vs Steam." The article is contributed by Jewett R. Ricker, Jr., and is extensively illustrated with pictures of electric trains. There are many other interesting articles and departments in this magazine.

Among the more important articles in the September McClure's are "Farthest South," in which Lieut. Shackleton tells the story of his antarctic expedition, "A Remedy for Industrial Warfare," by Charles W. Eliot, and "Beer and the City Liquor Problem," by George Kibbe Turner. "The Parlor Back Home" is a very human story by Eugene Wood. Percival Gibbon contributes "The Martyrdom Lottery," and George Allan England has a story called "A Question of Salvage."

The first place is given in the September issue of the Success magazine to H. Addington Bruce, in which he tell of the remarkable educational experiment which has made Master William James Sidis a mathematician, scientist, linguist and author at 11 years. Nelson Swett Marden writes of "The Passion for Achievement." Asaye Omoulle tells how Japan manages to do so much on so little, and why she is the little "Thrifty Old Nippon," and there is a series of traveling sketches and stories by Charles N. Crewdson in "New Tales of the Road." There are a few good stories and the departments, "The World in a Nutshell," "Point and Pleasantry," "The Editor's Chat," "Mrs. Curtis' Corner," "Business Hints and Pin Money Papers."

"The Children Theater" is discussed in an interesting manner in Harper's Bazar this month by Olivia Howard Dunbar. The place of prominence is given to Julia Ward Howe in which to write of "The Future Life," a theme to which she has given considerable thought. A Mere Man discusses "Women and Food" and Virginia Van de Water writes of "The Struggles of the Half-Way Poor." The usual attention is paid to affairs of dress, fashion and the household and there are some good stories.

Henry M. Hyde has a story, "Mr. De Puster Intervenes," in the Red Book for this month which is presented with illustrations in tint and margin border in color. Following this is a story of Ottilie Liliencrantz, "In Ye Olde Print Shop," presented with appropriately quaint margin designs. The other stories are of the usual popular variety of fiction and there are photographic art studies of well known actresses, "Some Dramas of the Day" are discussed by Louis V. De Foe illustrated with pictures of successful actor folk.

* * *

Everybody's for September appears with an artistic cover design entitled "Study in Black and Green," by John W. Alexander. A place of prominence is given to "Happiness" by Mary R. S. Andrews, with attractive illustrations in color by Blanch Greer. Among the features of this number are "Lodgings for the Rich," by Arthur McFarlane, and "What Shall We Do With the Old?" by Richard Washburn Child. As usual, Everybody's contain a variety of short stories and verse, little stories from real life, talks on pictures and books, particularly attractive and interesting being the article on art by Sir Casper Prudon Clarke, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This issue also contains a foreword by Harvey J. O'Higgins to a contribution on "The Best and the Jungle," the first installment of which is to appear in the October Everybody's.

* * *

In the current issue of the World's Work magazine Van Wyck Brooks writes of "The Highlands of the Hudson as a Playground for the People" and tells of the plans for the preservation of the most beautiful and accessible public park in the Eastern states. Dr. Frederick Van Eeden tells of "Curing by Suggestion" and what has been done in Europe along this line. In "The Gateway of a Nation" C. M. Keys tells how New York handles half the foreign commerce of the country and of the greatest traffic problem in the United States. There is an article with unusual illustrations in which Frances Maule Bjorkman tells of "A Nation Learning to Play." The department of health this month deal with "The Dangers of Typhoid and How to Avoid It." There are many very valuable articles in this magazine and the "March of Events" is an editorial interpretation of the timely events of the month. Among the interesting features in this department are photographs of the "Insurgent" senators who voted against the tariff bill as reported by the finance committee of the senate.

* * *

There is a very interesting article in the September number of The Outlook in which George C. Sikes tells of the proposed new Chicago and shows, with the aid of illustrations by Jules Guerin, what that city will be like if the dream of its citizens is realized. There is another interesting article in which Charles S. Olcott writes of "Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Her Work."

* * *

The first article in the September Craftsman is of special interest, being a discussion by Parker H. Sercombe of "The Evils of American Schools Systems; Archaic Methods of Education Condemned and Practical Remedies Suggested." Natalie Curtis writes of "The Peoole of the Totem Poles; Their Art and Legends," the article being illustrated with interesting studies. Hanna Astrup Larsen has an article of local interest in the discussion of "California Landscapes," in which the vigor and wild beauty of the Golden State are manifest. This article is illustrated by reproductions of paintings by Eugene Neuhaus, William Keith, John M. Gamble and Elmer Wachtel. Ernest A. Batchelder contributes a discussion of London municipal arts and crafts schools, where the unskilled laborer is trained to become a craftsman, and another article along the same line is contributed by Joseph F. Daniels on "The Need of Manual Training in the Development of Our Nation." The magazine is filled with articles of value and interest.

* * *

"What Ails New England?" is the question asked by Edward Vallandigham in the current issue of Putnam's magazine. Dudley Allen Sargent, director of the Hemenway gymnasium, Harvard university, discusses "International Athletics, the Olympic Games and the German Festival." This article is extensively illustrated, including a picture of Hayes winning the Marathon race. Rachel Challie writes of Alfonso XIII and the new era in Spain, and considerable space is given to Montgomery Schuyler in which to tell of John Quincy Adams Ward and the work of a veteran sculptor. There are many reproductions of his work illustrating the article. There is a continuation of the serials, some short stories of merit and the department "The Lounger" is of timely interest.

* * *

The current issue of Burr McIntosh comes to hand rich in color and illustration. The cover design is in full color and there is a beautiful frontispiece entitled "Tulips." There is a very entertaining article by George Jean Nathan, in which he tells of the rise to stardom of Ida St. Leon in "Polly of the Circus," and of the interest taken in her by Mabe Taliaferro, the original Polly. There are the usual art studies and pictures of plays and players. A very interesting article describes the personality and work of Antonio Corsi, the famous model. There are several reproductions of treasures of the Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna, and reproductions from the galleries along Fifth avenue.

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LATEST WORK OF YOUNG UTAH SCULPTOR.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE. WILHELMINA MARIE LAMBOURNE.

The above two half-tones are reproductions of a photograph of the latest, and by many believed the best, work of Mahonri M. Young, a sculptor who needs no introduction to Utahns. The one of Alfred Lambourne was completed some time ago and won first prize at the art exhibit in the last State fair. The one of Mrs. Lambourne was but recently finished and by her many friends is regarded as a most faithful portrayal of her features, bringing out more clearly than can a photograph, or even a painting, the outer showing of the characteristics of the woman as revealed by her face when studied. Of Mr. Lambourne's literary and art work little needs to be said, for in the years that he has so skilfully wrought with his brush and so delicately written with his pen he has drawn about him a circle who hold him as a friend, even though they have not known him other than through his work. Of Mrs. Lambourne, perhaps her husband may say most. Always in sympathy with him in his artistic and literary work, his tribute to her is strikingly drawn by him in his poetic volume, "Holly and Easter Lilies." Of this volume, a reviewer has said: "We have no hesitation in saying it is one of the most touching tributes of tender love and pure sentiment one could pay to the wife of his bosom. Better by far than the most costly monument of cold marble for the poem will live in many hearts." This poem was read at the funeral of Mrs. Lambourne—the poem that in her last sickness she had been reading to soothe her own soul. It was at this funeral that the Rev. Elmer I. Goshen spoke of the devotion of Mrs. Lambourne to her talented husband, a sermon touching in its expression of the hope held by all of the happy reunion beyond the veil. A tribute to the memory of Mrs. Lambourne was contained in a local paper in comment on the funeral service. "With the passing of Mrs. Lambourne a noble woman has gone to her reward. Through the days in her husband's artistic labors in painting and in poetry, she has been a loyal wife and a sympathising friend, and much of his inspiration was due to her uplifting love." The closing apostrophe of Mr. Lambourne's touching volume of poetic tribute is:

"O wife, the pledge thou bearest on the ring
In the hereafter speak that word—'Forever.'"

Death of Another Great English Literary Man Completes Trio

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 25.—It is a common saying that events always come in threes, and when Swinburne died a few months ago there were not wanting prophets of evil who declared that we should soon lose two other great Victorian literary men. The prophets have for once proved truthful. Meredith soon followed his friend Swinburne to the grave and now they are followed by their contemporary and associate Sir Theodore Martin.

Sir Theodore was a striking example of a man who began life in one of the more prosaic callings and drifted, if one may be permitted to use the word, into literature. He began as a parliamentary agent, which is to say that his business in life was to plot through parliament private bills, conferring franchises and similar privileges on business firms, companies, and individuals. He has told in his reminiscences how he often worked at his profession from 9 o'clock in the morning until 8 at night and then spent the rest of the night in writing.

"Literature," he wrote recently to a correspondent, "has been the recreation of my leisure hours, not the serious business of my life. Except in those rare cases where great original ability and natural inclination point in the same direction, I have always tried to dissuade young writers from adopting the literary calling as their sole means of livelihood. Even in my young days, when I was not without temptations to make it the business of my life, the uncertainty and precariousness of the literary life seemed to me what Jowett used to call 'a glimpse into the obvious.'"

Sir Theodore first attained fame with the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" in which he collaborated with Prof. W. E. Aytoun. Curiously enough Sir Theodore could never assign with anything like accuracy the share of either partner in the authorship of these ballads and even the most famous of them—that which chronicles the historic feud between Pherson and McTavish—he used to declare was a "sort of composite production."

CLAIM TO FAME.

Of course, his greatest claim to fame rests on his authorship of the "Life of the Prince Consort" and this work brought him the enduring friendship of the late Queen Victoria. Wherever she was he always received a birthday present from the queen, and his devotion to her reminded one of the romances of mediaeval knights. On one occasion he publicly expressed the wish that he might not survive her. His devotion to his wife, who was Helen Faucit, a great Shakespearean actress, was also of the romantic kind. He absolutely idolized her and some of his most charming verses were inspired by her.

We are used to hear of business men retiring when they have made a competence, but it is rather unusual for an author to deliberately take this step. Usually it is a gradual process with followers of the muse of literature, and some of them remain in harness until they suddenly wake up and discover that the public has deserted them for new favorites. Others drop out gradually and gracefully and some fine morning the public is astonished to read in the newspapers of the death of a writer whom they had scarcely written off as dead years before.

MISS MATHERS RETIRES.

This week, however, we have had a valedictory announcement from Helen Mathers that she has definitely decided to retire from literature and go in for business. Miss Mathers, who in private life is Mrs. Henry Reeves, is best known as the author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," although she has written and published more than 20 other novels in the 34 years that she has been writing. Her last novel, "Love the Thief," is just about to be issued. Miss Mathers declares that one of the impelling reasons for her retirement is the unsatisfactory prices which are now paid to authors, and she blames this on the changing conditions of the time. People do not read so much, now that they go in for the outdoor life, and the motor-car has taken the place of the novel as a means of recreation. "For one thing," she said in an interview the other day, "I can no longer, since the death of my son, take the same interest in my work, and another reason is the terribly unsatisfactory condition of the book market—at any rate so far as the author is concerned.

"For some time past the plight of the novelist has been going from bad to worse; the prices that are paid now are so low that it is beneath the dignity of any self-respecting novelist to write any more books until better conditions obtain; and so far as I am concerned I do not feel inclined to wait until that happens.

"I think there are several causes for this state of things, and chief among them is the natural popularity of the 1d-cent edition. The public are reaping a fine harvest of cheap editions at the expense of the author; no one is going to pay $1.12 or $1.50 for a novel when it can be bought after the lapse of a few weeks or months for 14 cents. Unlike the paper-covered 12-cent editions, the 14-cent books can be kept and given a place on the book shelves.

"Of course, booksellers are not going to stock $1.12 novels which remain unasked for in the shop while the public wait patiently for the cheap edition.

NO TIME TO READ.

"The motor-car is another factor in the decline of the novel; people have no time to read while they are traveling about the country. What the ultimate result of the cheapening of novels will be I do not know. I can only think that in time the best authors will cease to write and will turn their brains and energies to some other way of making a living.

"That, at any rate, is what I am going to do myself, and when I finally lay down my pen it will be to take up the business of decoration. But before doing that I have to finish my autobiography—really an account of my son's life as well as my own. It will be called 'My Son and I,' and it will start with the doings of the real children who figured in the pages of 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.'"

When "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was published Miss Mathers was only just out of her teens. But she had been writing then since she was 9 years old, and at 12 had composed a poem which won the praises of Rossetti. Her best book, she thinks, is "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and it has been her most successful one. Thomas Hardy once told her that wherever he went he was always sure of finding this book and the Bible.

The composition of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was a secret from the rest of its author's family. She wrote it on scraps of paper and pitched them higgledy-piggledy together. But she must have had a second manuscript, for, when she had got half the book written, she was so much in love with her work that she took off the manuscript as it was to a publisher. Her experience was unlike that of most successful authors; she met with no rebuff. The work was accepted there and then, and the second half remained to be written. That did not trouble its author. She wrote at top speed, and very soon people were showering congratulations on Miss Rhoda Broughton on her supposed authorship of the new novel.

WM. WATSON MARRIES.

The marriage this week of William Watson, the poet, has been one of the surprises of the literary world. Mr. Watson is 51 years old and he was looked on as a confirmed bachelor. He married an Irish lady and the wedding is the culmination of a romance, the acquaintance of the poet and his wife having been very short. It is rather interesting to note that Watson's best work has been concerned with his wife's native land. It was he who in his "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII," referred to Ireland as

"——the lovely and the lonely bride
Whom we have wedded but have never won."

It is also interesting to recall the "Verses to a Lady" which he placed at the front of his book of poems "The Year of Shame," published as long ago as 1896.

"Daughter of Ireland—nay, 'twere better said,
Daughter of Ireland's beauty, Ireland's grace,
Child of her charm, of her romance, whose face
Is legendary with her glories dead!
Though Wrong be strong, though thrones be built on crimes,
To know you, Lady, is to doubt no more
That in the world are mightier powers than these;
that defeatedly and hate are Time's,
And love and loveliness Eternity's!"

Just before leaving town for his wedding Watson deposited with his publishers, John Lane, the manuscript of a new book of poems which will appear in a month or two.

CHARLES OGDEN.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 73 volumes will be added to the Public Library Monday morning, Sept. 13, 1909:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ashdown—Arms and Armor.
Churchill—My African Journey.
Flugel—Humanity, Benevolence and Charity Legislation of the Ponta-

"White Fawn Flour
"It makes the Cake Cooks Like to Bake
It makes the Bread that's Way Ahead!"
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Rand—Biography of Ness Jones, 2 vols.
Tarbell—Comparative Aesthetics, 2 vols.
Raymond—Poems and Collected Verse.
Westermarck—Origin and Development of Moral Ideas, vol. 1.
Wicks—Log Cabins and Cottages; How to Build Them.

Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician, said: "Watch your kidneys. When they are affected, life is in danger." Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, corrects urinary irregularities, and tones up the whole system. F. J. Hill Drug Co. "The Never Substitutors."

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