

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

LEAVE TO WORK.

Oh give me leave to work; make plain today
The road my feet must travel, soul must go;
To beds of summertime or fields of snow,
Where'er thou sendest me, mine to obey—
To stand in no man's shadow, no man's way;
But give to me my own brave task to know;
To stand forth to the light and strike my blow,
Unmoved by fear or favor, Lord I pray.

But give me leave to work; sweep from my path
Each broken reed on which my soul would lean;
The lips that would entice me from my task—
Give me my tools, new edged, and true and clean,
My vision cleared for whatso'er Thou hast
Appointed me, then strength for it I ask.

—W. A. D., in Nashville Banner.

THE COMFORTED.

Out of my grief I made a joy
Out of my tears a song,
Since sorrow is so hard to bear
And life is overlong.

And peace I call the joy I made—
Forgiveness is the song.
One could not have it otherwise
Since life is overlong.

Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

NOTES

As in April, so in May the best-selling book in America is *The Black Bag* by Louis Joseph Vance. According to the May Bookman it has almost twice as many votes in the popularity contest as its nearest competitor.

If there were any doubts as to the present standing of the dramatized play, they have been entirely dispelled by the great success of *Brewster's Millions*. It all depends on the novel and the dramatist. The man who made a play out of *Brewster's Millions* has just made a play out of *The Brass Bowl*. His name is Winchell Smith, and he has been working in collaboration with Louis Joseph Vance, the author of the book. The Shuberts will shortly produce *The Brass Bowl* with every expectation of making another Winchell Smith hit.

It is reported that Maude Adams will add to her repertoire for her forthcoming London engagement Molier's play, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. This famous comedy, which will give such an admirable opportunity for the talents of the American actress, has been recently added to the charming little *Temple* Molier, which The McClure Company is issuing in the original French. Another recent addition to the series is *Le Bourgeois*, which still forms one of the classical repertoire at the Theatre de France, and which the famous French actor, Coquelin, made one of the earliest and most enduring of his successes.

In negotiating for a French translation of *Ellis Parker Butler's* classic masterpiece, *"Pigs is Pigs"* (The McClure Company), the author learned that the following amusing parallel to the famous guinea pig controversy had actually taken place in France. It was in the south where the wine growers refuse to pay taxes to the government. A farmer had had half a dozen rabbits sent him by a friend; he refused to pay duty on them, whereupon the cotol or local customs tried to sell the six "original" rabbits and their offspring at auction. The inhabitants have boycotted the auction sales so that the local officials must feed the rabbits till the case is settled by the courts.

It is related by those who ought to know that at a certain social gathering recently an enthusiastic admirer greeted Mrs. O. Henry, the wife of the novelist, who was present on the occasion, with a burst of uncontrolled delight. "Oh, Mrs. O. Henry," she exclaimed, "I have been just longing for this opportunity, and I am sure you will not deny me." "You tell me why it is that your husband always dresses his heroines in crepe de chine?" The query proved too much for Mrs. O. Henry, who, apparently referred the matter that evening to her husband. After a painful interval of silence the novelist replied, with a somewhat feeble attempt at a smile, "Why, the fact is, my dear, there are only two kinds of material used for feminine clothing with which I am personally familiar. One of these is crepe de chine and the other is called... Now, on thinking the matter over carefully, I did not seem appropriate to dress a heroine in calico, so I adopted the simple and happy expedient of arraying them all in crepe de chine."

A vivid flashlight glimpse of the half-world of London is afforded by Mrs. Percy Dearmer in her new novel of English society, *"The Sisters"*. Rosalie de Winton's salon is typical of its kind, and the author has caught to the life the miscellaneous character of the gatherings when those who met for the first time under her hospitable roof stared at each other curiously with a "and what-the-devil-sort-of-a-rascal-may-you-be" expression.

"Tonight Mrs. de Winton was at home to her friends and later in the evening Rose was to dance. Some half-dozen men were already gathered in the little drawing room and in addition to Rosalie there were three other women—a Miss Stubbs, who passed under the name of Madame Gabrielle, court dressmaker, Marian Williams, hair specialist, and Mrs. Laura Larose, an actress."

Edwin Markham, who has been seriously ill all winter, has now recovered and resumed work on his book, *"The Poetry of Jesus"* and *"Miracles and Other Poems"* which are announced.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MISS ELIZA COULDOCK.

A Well Known Actress Who Died in Salt Lake Over Forty Years Ago.

This picture will recall to many pioneer playgoers the features of a girl once well known and generally beloved in this city. She came here with her father, the late Charles W. Couldock, in the early days of the drama, and played several engagements with him in the middle sixties. Her father was then in his prime, and while she had but a small part of his ability, she supported him capably in such dramas as *"The Willow Copse"* (from which *"Hazel Kirk"* was evolved), *"Richelleu"*, *"Louis XI."*, *"Rose Dale"*, and many others. Miss Couldock died and was buried here, and for years afterward when her father came to Salt Lake, he never failed to visit her grave.

peniter, the present leader in liberal religious thought.

ENLARGING LIBERTIES.

In the last 20 years things have certainly moved in England, she went on to say, but a good lively heresy trial is needed. The English church has sensibly enlarged its liberties but there must be a still further stirring of the waters. The modernist movement in the Roman Catholic church has aroused widespread interest, and it can not be suppressed. It will, she believed, make for enlightenment in the end.

Mrs. Ward referred to her interview with M. Brunetiere, who wished to translate certain chapters of Robert Elsmere for publication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She was amazed at this request from that "champion of Catholic intellectuals," but he replied that in the years since the book appeared reconstruction was in the air everywhere, the Catholic church could ignore but must guide it. Mrs. Ward also said that liberal thinkers must be grateful for the cogency of orthodox arguments, and allow the full admission of light to come in all ways. She looked for the lasting peace of brotherhood on earth, and England, she said, was the best place to see it in sympathetic understanding to these shores.

DISTINGUISHED LINEAGE.

The Boston Transcript says: Were Mrs. Humphry Ward to be welcomed here only as the representative of the family of Arnold, the tribute would be fully due and worthily bestowed. For three generations the Arnolds have been in the forefront of the intellectual movement in the most enlightened community of the modern world. Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous master of Rugby, besides reviving the honors and exemplifying the great traditions of the profession of teaching as no man of his time has done, was the leader in a great movement for the liberalizing of the Church of England, and besides that a pioneer in the movement which has attained such attainment and proportions in England for a better understanding between the rich and poor; and besides that again, a profound classical scholar with a most mental history of Rome to his credit, together with much editing of Greek

"KNIFING" AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 13.—It appears from talks with English publishers that successful American authors are becoming more and more eager to obtain publication also in England, and that, on the other hand, the success of American authors at home is killing the chances of all but the biggest English novelists for the comfortable sale in America every English writer of established reputation began to count on as soon as the copyright act was passed.

There is a solid market here for the books of Kate Douglas Wiggin, Robert W. Chambers, Margaret Feland, Mary Johnston, William Dean Howells, Mary Wilkins and Gertrude Atherton, but it takes a long time to establish an American reputation here and some of the newer authors who write in a less chastened style find it hard sledding.

TYPICAL REVIEW.

Of course, a single review of a single book is not of much significance, but the following comments in the dignified, urbane and usually fair-minded *Telegraph* are not only interesting in

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Frank Norris, but these brilliant young men had died before having had time to develop to the best of their capacity. There were many American writers whose work had a refinement and delicate discrimination of which any country might be proud, but in the last analysis there was very little difference between their work and that of the best English authors. On the other hand, there were various "best sellers" with clotted imaginations and, to his mind, little regard for either human nature or the English language who yet had the national gift for telling a story and a racy kind of vigor that the other school often lacked.

What he looked for was someone who would combine the two as Bret Harte might have done if he had been as happy with novels as he was in short stories. And in speaking of short stories, this publisher said it was, according to his view, there was absolutely no comparison between English and American short stories, except in abnormal cases. "You Americans," he said, "can produce 20 really good short stories to our one."

CHARLES OGDEN.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 28 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, May 25, 1908.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ammeio—Daughter of Jerlo. Birch—Seals. Cyprian—Lovers. Darby—Poems. Pollock—Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama. Reinhardt—Lettering for Draftsmen, Engineers and Students. Ross—Sin and Society. Russell—Thomas Chatterton. Tragedies of Seneca. Studio Year Book of Decorative Art.

FICTION.

Chambers—Some Ladies in Haste. Chatterton—Man Who Was Thursday. Crawford—Primadonna. Deland—R. J. S. Mather. Ellis—Fair Moon of Bath. Rives—Golden Rose. Warner—Seeing England With Uncle John.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Blaisdell—Boy Blue and His Friends. Bonser—Exmoor Star. Coleman—Little Travelers Around the World. Fitzpatrick—Jack of the Bushveld. Hutchinson—Golden Pouch. Michelson—Madigans. Schaufert—Our American Holidays. Sloan—Story-tell of Idyls. Tomlinson—Under Colonial Colors. Wright—Gray Lady and the Birds. Wiggin—Fairy Ring.

Box Materials of All Kinds.

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WHAT IS A NOVEL?

In the course of a trial in London the other day the important question was raised: "What is a novel?" The action was taken by a firm of publishers to recover damages for statements alleged to be defamatory, and it is to be noted that the plaintiffs objected to a circular issued by the defendants, a rival firm, wherein it was proclaimed that certain forthcoming "novel" of the same time Rev. S. R. Crockett was not properly a novel at all.

Now, the plaintiffs were the publishers of this book, whatever it was, and they held it to be an injury to them to deny that the said book was a novel, even though the author himself was responsible for the denial. For it seems that Mr. Crockett had arranged to publish two books at about the same time, one through the plaintiff firm, and when a controversy arose concerning the advisability of sending out masterpieces by wholesale, Mr. Crockett, by way of reassuring one firm, wrote to explain that the book in the hands of the other firm "was only a slight collection of stories and not a full-blown novel."

This unfortunate opinion, which was hastily given to the world, is said to have put the publishers of the novel in disrepute to a great deal of trouble and expense. For not only did they find it necessary to spend \$500 in advertising, though they had intended to spend only \$25, but they were obliged to send out 300 copies for review, while they had hoped that 50 or 60 would suffice. Moreover, in spite of all their efforts, the sales rose to less than 8,000 copies instead of the 16,000 they had counted upon. Several witnesses, including experienced people such as publishers, testified to the small demand for volumes of short stories. "Besides the *Bonnie Brier Bush*" and *"Sherlock Holmes"* were brought up to refute this opinion, but the answer was, "No, most novels are, it is certain that love is a necessary ingredient of a novel according to the New English dictionary, where we find this definition:

"A fictitious prose narrative or tale of considerable length, now usually one long enough to fill one or more volumes, in which characters and actions representative of the real life of past or present times are portrayed in a plot of more or less complexity. Even that is unsatisfactory, for we see many books in which neither characters nor actions resemble anything either in the past or any other of the past, yet they are all known to the trade by the name of novels. As to the Century dictionary's definition, that the 'present sense' the word 'novel' means 'it, a new tale—that is, one not told before.' It is obviously absurd. As far as Mr. Crockett goes, it might be supposed that he was a pretty good judge of his own book and that he was right in describing it as 'only a slight collection of short stories.' But that is not certain. When his publishers were asked about it he said: 'It is moderately good. I cannot say it's slight.' If he meant 'I can't say it's slight,' we are willing to be satisfied. And yet it might easily be a novel for all that. Hence the question remains unsolved. What is a novel?"

"Hence it is clear that there is great danger in denying the claim of a book which pretends to the title of novel. But as to what a novel is we are left in some doubt. The learned judge said so far as he could make out, a novel must have 50,000 words, and something about love. But that can hardly be accurately defined. For a passage from *Scott* quoted in the Century dictionary shows that formerly at least a novel was something more. 'Our amours can't furnish out a romance; they'll make a very pretty novel.' And if we allow that now, always a novel must be long as, indeed, most novels are, it is certain that love is a necessary ingredient of a novel according to the New English dictionary, where we find this definition:

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