

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

UNCUT LEAVES.

Oh, a wonderful book is the book of life,
Whether the binding be rich or fair
With illuminations and gildings rare,
Or whether the binding be poor or mean,
Faded and cheap and flimsy withal.
The veriest prose that was ever seen
To be found for a while in any stall—
And still the discerning spirit grieves
To know that each volume has uncut leaves.

'Tis a wonderful work from a master's hand,
Where comedy, tragedy, smiles and tears,
Swiftly tread on the shining sand
As the scenes are shifted by passing years:
And there from the light of day are hid
All things beautiful, good and fair:
In the brief enclosure, from lid to lid,
Whatever the heart desires is there—
But oh, how the spirit grieves and grieves
Over the pitiful paths of uncut leaves.

There is fair success, with her beckoning hand,
And health with her rosy and laughing face,
There is home and peace and a smiling land
Where heartache never can find a place.
There are beautiful children between the leaves—
The crowding glory of motherhood:
And a wealth of love for each heart that grieves,
A love that is never misunderstood—
Yet forever the watchful spirit grieves
Over the mystery here of our uncut leaves.

For every volume, whatever it be,
Has leaves which never shall see the light,
Their gracious beauty and symmetry
Are never disclosed to the laughing sight:
And lives are clouded and eyes are dim,
For lack of that which is near to all;
With those uncut leaves they are filled in,
And they cannot respond to prayer or call—
And throughout life the spirit grieves
For only one glimpse of those uncut leaves.

When shall we see that the Author's hand
Which fashioned the volume we hold in fee,
With a wisdom we cannot understand,
Above and beyond our mastery—
Cuts with a loving care each leaf,
Never forgetting the end in view,
Fills out each story, however brief,
With a kind intent and a purpose true—
And who can doubt that the author grieves
When we question his love for our uncut leaves?
—Clara Treadway Weir.

NOTES.

The above poem is from the volume of poetry by Mrs. Thomas Weir of this city recently published by an eastern firm, and to which reference has been made before in the "News." It is one of many pieces of beautiful verse, by the author appears to be a military memorandum page, and writing with lead-pencil in the small round letters characteristic of his hand. Mr. Edison described a sentiment that in point of American feeling toward the humorist reads almost like a national epigram. He handed the card idly over to his neighbor, Mr. L. A. Martin. It read: "An American loves his family. If he has any love left over for some other person he generally selects Mark Twain."

Thomas A. Edison paid a very pretty compliment to Mark Twain at a recent dinner of the Engineers' club at Andrew Carnegie. Using his place-card as a memorandum page, and writing with lead-pencil in the small round letters characteristic of his hand, Mr. Edison described a sentiment that in point of American feeling toward the humorist reads almost like a national epigram. He handed the card idly over to his neighbor, Mr. L. A. Martin. It read: "An American loves his family. If he has any love left over for some other person he generally selects Mark Twain."

The persistency of the Scotch novel is as remarkable in literature as is the persistency of the Scot in history. To go no further back than the era of Scottish literature, which extends with Stevenson, the names of J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian MacLaren, George Douglas Brown and J. J. Bell are readily recalled by works of fiction which were pre-eminently popular. One remembers when everybody was reading "The Little Minister" and "The Red Rover," when "The Bonnie Brier Bush" was in every household, when "Wee Macgregor" was in every heart and hand, and when "The House of the Green Shutter" was so talked about as to arouse the deepest interest in the future of the author whose career was so pathetically and prematurely cut short. And now we have Neil Munro, the Highlander of the Highlands, whose "Lost in the Desert" won for him a place with Kipling's "Plain Tales," coming into popularity with his delightful novel "Bud," known on the other side as "The Duke of Duns." More remarkable still is the fact that each case has given a distinct variation of the Scotch type, so that none can be referred to another except for contrast. "Bud" is distinctly original in character and imaginative handling; Bud himself is as inimitable as Babbalanja or Wee Macgregor. And Mr. Munro has this advantage over his predecessors, that "Bud" has an American interest besides, inasmuch as, though Scottish by birth, he was reared as a child in this country, and transferred from Chicago at an early age to the land of the heather.

Gertrude Atherton is expected to arrive in New York during the present week. She will leave San Francisco on the 14th, and stop at New York for a few days only before going to London, where she will make a six weeks' stay. After that her winter destination is, as usual, Munich. Next winter Mrs. Atherton plans to spend altogether in New York.

Sir Gilbert Parker adds another transatlantic tribute to Mark Twain and William Dean Howells, especially the latter, in an article on "Fiction and its Place in the National Life" in the current North American Review. His juxtaposition of an American and English novelist is interesting. "In England," says Sir Gilbert, "we have George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward, in America there are Mark Twain and W. D. Howells, captains of pure literature of which any nation should be proud—pure literature, whether in relation to the quality of the writing, or in the choice of subject, and none more nobly, and in a more distinguished way, than Mr. Howells, who has been a great craftsman, a true and faithful observer of life, and a writer with as urban and beautiful a style as lives. The world owes him much, and literature owes him more; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in the states whose tastes have been cultivated directly and indirectly by his books of fiction."

BOOKS.

"Immense" is a charming love story by Theodore Storm, and is considered a masterpiece among the German author's contributions to the prose literature of his country. It recites in the simplest way the love story of two innocent young people frustrated in their hopes by the ambition of the girl's mother, who marries her to the wealthy man of the neighborhood, while the youthful heart cries secretly and vainly for the despised lover at college who has nothing of world's goods and who knows nothing of her reciprocal love. It is a story of sad suggestion and love, in exquisite diction and style, and the binding and illustration are fittingly artistic. Helen Maitland Armstrong is

the translator, and A. C. McClurg company of Chicago the publishers. "The Convert," by Elizabeth Robbins, is a new and interesting contribution to the national presentations of the socialistic problems, and the author mingles pictures of the poverty-stricken people and prophets of London with those of the higher circles and sections of the great English metropolis, subtly indicating the distinctions between the lives of luxury, ease and selfish indulgence, and those of deprivation, squalor and suffering of the unhappy poor.

The strange question in its modern English aspect is a feature of the story, and figures largely in the motive of its tale. Macmillan company are the publishers.

"The House of the Red Fox," by Milgram Byrne, is a charming story for children, and tells the adventures of a dear little girl, Mary Ellen, tied up with housework from the pleasures coming to other young people of the neighborhood, and released by a charming enchantress in the guise of a little old lady to some marvelous experiences. From the time that Mary Ellen goes on her hill with the red-headed boy and takes her wonderful journey in the chopping bowl there is no end to the novel adventures befalling her, and the charm throughout is in the good-heartedness of the little girl, Mary Ellen. Like all girls of the right kind of romances she dwells with fairies and finally marries a prince, and the things lead up to this are well worth reading. Frederick A. Stokes, New York, are the publishers.

Herbert Strang knows just the kind of stories boys like and he has never demonstrated this better than in his new book, "Rob the Ranger," a story of pre-revolutionary times when the early colonists were making their fight for Canada. The incidents deal with the French and English forces established in the wilderness and along the frontiers and are replete with adventures with the Indians, traders, trappers, etc., who made the history of early American times.

The scenes are laid chiefly in Pennsylvania and New York in 1756, and the hero is a young boy who goes through a series of exciting experiences in the perilous journey of the time and places. It is a book that all boys will revel in, both for its adventures and historical setting.

"On the Trail of the Arabs" is another story by Herbert Strang but recently published, and dealing with scenes and affairs widely different from the foregoing. It is a story of Africa, chiefly of the Congo Free State, and in the last years of Arab domination when the remnants of Tippu Tib's hordes in the remote fastnesses pursued the traffic in humanity. Tom Barnaby, a young Englishman who likes novelty better than hum-drum office work, goes alone to Africa, where an uncle is in charge of an expedition to the interior to punish

the tribes responsible for the murder of an English officer. Tom's adventures during this expedition into which he boldly invites himself are full of the novelty, peril and surprises that make stirring reading, and the entire tale is one to entrance the heart of the average boy. The two books, "On the Trail of the Arabs" and "Rob the Ranger," are published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

"Tollers and Idlers" is a new novel by John R. McMahon, in which a rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, contrasts vividly with the world of labor. It is a powerful romance of real people and things. The author would seem to have obtained his model from some European, possibly Anglo-Saxon source, for he writes objectively, with regard for word and sentence, some knowledge of things artistic. He has a considerable sense of humor, but seems to prefer the grim and satiric to other native varieties. The heights and depths of metropolitan life have perhaps never been treated so comprehensively as in this novel by a literary new-comer. It is a serious, carefully wrought work that will likely appeal to the mass as well as the cultured few, for there are elemental qualities and a sense of sincerity that should seize the heart. The Winslow Book Co. are the publishers, No. 230 William St., New York.

MAGAZINES.

F. Marion Crawford has written for the January Century the true story of Beatrice Cenci, which he calls "a great love-drama, less noble, but even more human, and surely far more awful than the 'Bride of Lammermoor,'" basing the novel on the conversion in part on recently acquired letters and documents, which prove that the facts, as far as they can be known, "are broader, less sentimental, more natural and more dramatic than the legends that have grown upon them and fed on them, almost smothering them out of sight."

Photography having become one of the most popular of sciences, there has been wide interest on the part of the general public as well as the photographic world, in the recent exhibition by Mr. Stieglitz at the rooms of the Photo-Secession in New York, of the examples of color-photography recently made by him and Mr. Eugene in

Munich and by Mr. Steichen in Paris. There will be special interest, therefore, in the January Century's presentation, in full color, of full-page portraits of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz and of Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, two examples of Mr. Steichen's work in color-photography, the first reproductions in color made in America from such originals. These reproductions will not be the actual results of the new process, which is yet to be seen only on glass, but are transcriptions, and are said to indicate admirably the subtlety, range and beauty of the new process. They will accompany an article on "The New Color Photography," by J. Nilsen Laurvik.

The Youth's Companion has never made a more brilliant announcement than that for the coming year. The contributors will include: Ex-President Grover Cleveland, Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale university, Ira Remond, president of Johns Hopkins university, Sir William Ramsay, Nobel prizeman and professor of chemistry in the University of London, G. M. Sternberg, surgeon-general, United States army, Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, United States commissioner of education, Prof. W. T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts institute of technology, Elmer Thomson, famous electrician and inventor, L. H. Bailey, director of the Cornell college of agriculture, Prof. B. T. Gallows, chief of the bureau of plant industry, Prof. S. H. Scudder, eminent entomologist, Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, Sir William P. Treloar, lord mayor of London, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, W. T. Stead, Rider Haggard, Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachet," Horace Anselmy Vachell, author of "The Hill" and other popular stories of school life; Marten Maurtens, Eden Philpotts, famous for his stories of Devon and Cornwall life; the Duchess of Argyll, Admiral G. W. Melville, Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, Gen. Charles King, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, former president of the Worcester polytechnic institute; R. H. Edmonds, specialist on the industries of the southern states; Prof. Rodolfo Landiani, the great archaeologist; Sir H. H. Johnston, African administrator, naturalist, traveler, and Dr. Carroll D. Wright, economist, president of Clark college, Worcester.

The New Year's number of the Youth's Companion has something novel in the way of a special cover design, representing a young man with a half opened portfolio in his hand. It is different from the usual idea of the year which is that of a child, and the drawing is finely done and eminently suggestive of the opportunities of the youth of the world whose best interests are so valiantly subserved in the pages of this classic young people's magazine. Derry Mason Co., Boston, are the publishers.

EXTRA! AUERBACH'S MONSTER PRICE-WRECKING CLEARING SALE COMMENCES MONDAY JAN. 6TH.

Eight-Year-Old Girl Critic Is English Journalism's Latest

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—One hears from time to time screams from the virtuous and deadly heavy British newspapers about the "yellowness" of the American press. Yet when it comes to downright "yellow journalism" the English newspapers possess the records.

A London editor discussing the question with me the other day, confessed that but for headlines the British press was far more sensational in reporting a cause celebre than its American confreres. This, he said, was due to the law. Papers here can and do publish the evidence verbatim. But it would be contempt of court to comment on a case or dress up the evidence in the more picturesque style of the states. He likened the comparison to undraped and draped statues to the nude and the clothed figure in pictures.

The latest paper to indulge in a "yellow" fit is the London Daily Chronicle. The Chronicle has just added to its book review department a critic named Joan Lawrence—aged eight. It is true that little Miss Lawrence is only reviewing children's books and largely those which are put forth in such shoals at Christmas.

EIGHT YEARS OLD.

But 8 years old! One might pass without too much comment a child critic of 14 but a lot of 8! And the British press holds up its heavy hands with holy horror at "yellow journalism" in the United States!

Little Miss Lawrence writes a column occasionally. She gives an interesting account of her own life. Her sentences are short, likewise her words. Here is a thrilling sample:

The Poddy Book of Tales I love. I have read it twice. It is a book about toys; the stories are very funny, but that about the canary is sad, because it dies. The thing on the page is a sweet little bird, but as it is so sad as anything, and because it thought it could fly, fell and broke itself, as Humpty did. The funniest story I think is that where Tommy dreams his Noah's Ark is alive."

The probabilities are that the critic, considering her age will be "spared" to again read this book. The P. B. makes a big fuss in America and England about children working on the street. Will the society now invade the sacred precincts of the newspaper world?

Approns of children much fun is being poked here at France over the nomenclature case, of which readers have no doubt read in the cable news. A very conspicuous notary public in Paris refused to allow a child to be christened "Henriette" because that name was not one of the official names allowed to children by the statutes of France. The notary is evidently a new broom who has actually been reading up the laws of his country.

SOME "CORKERS"

It appears that the law was passed in the year eleven of the first republic. One hundred names were put on the official list. Some of them are "corkers." There are, undoubtedly, millions of people who never knew such names existed. Here are a few culled from the official catalogue:

Amalthea, Appaloche, Barsanubor, Bauffence, Caralanne, Cucufat, Florbode, Golinduche, Hergothrocs, Abe, Chronidule, Finseque, Guinroile, Herondine, Hoo, Jormand, Lionbete, Luf, Mordole, Morogobonoro, Moutrole, Pontagope, Sabirion, Segondole, Tholdeaque, Viffruv, Yphenge, Nautidule, Dorintive, Pommienne, Quarille, Rimeque, Surpennine, Sunterque, Iphie, Ultrigothie, Zingue.

As a result of the unsearing of this unearthly law one member of the French parliament has brought in a bill to repeal it and another bill empowering anyone on reaching the age of 21 to change his baptismal name or names without red-tape or cost.

ANCIENT ABSURDITIES.

While on the subject of ancient absurdities, I have been thinking of the following 30 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 6, 1908:

MISCELLANEOUS.
Dittmars—The Reptile Book. The Fine Arts, 12 vols.
Kellogg—Darwinism Today.
Lodge—Early Mathematics.
Lodge—Cartoons, (reference).
Lodge—South Leads, vol. 1.
Schurz—Reminiscences, 2 vols.
Tanner—The Child.
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Brooks—Boys of Fairport.
Goodwin—White Aprons.
Hagood—George Washington.
Housman—Field of Clover.
Inman—Ranch on the Oxhide.
Major—Bears of Blue River.
Lodge—Story of the Graveyards.
Schultz—Collette.
Stoddard—Red Mustang.
Whitney—Bedtime Book.

element absurdities it is interesting to know that an old book on legends has just been unearthed in London. Extracts were published after the battle of Tommy Burns here for the championship of the world. This book tells of many peculiar native affairs of old days. The most remarkable was between two women. The challenge reads thus:

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyndel, and require satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle. Hannah accepted and in cold print Elizabeth "may" expect a good thrumping. I desire home blows and no favors.

The idea of holding the hairpieces (about the size of a 50-cent piece) in the hair and as though an itching, gouging and hair-pulling.

ANCESTOR, AN AMERICAN.
About the most interesting revelation made by a very lately in the London press is that the granddaughter of an American. True, he was a naturalized American, but there are few families in London which claim relationship with a real, live empress.

The history begins with William Kirkpatrick. He was a small grocer in London, and as a grocer, he was as ever lived. The best of his countrymen were emigrating to the United States and so Kirkpatrick sold out and emigrated to America. He was then in New York, took out citizenship papers, went into business, made a fortune, became a politician and was rewarded with the United States consulate at Malaga in Spain.

It was there that he met a Belgian grocer of wealth named Greigny, the eldest daughter of Greigny, became Mrs. Kirkpatrick and grandchild of the future empress, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's sister married De Lesseps, father of the famous Ferdinand.

CHARGE AGAINST A BOOK.
An item of interesting literary news comes to me from Warsaw. They do strange things in Russia but surely this is one of the strangest. The Warsaw police brought a charge against a book not against the author or publisher. The book was arrested, placed in the prisoner's dock in court, the police gave which, many sent 100,000 arrested and then sentence of death was pronounced. The book thereupon was burned.

Neither author nor publisher were held responsible all the blame was laid on the book.

As might be expected the book was of a revolutionary character. The author, Gustave Baumfeld, had just placed it in the market, and was arrested by the police. Some of the book was in type but the law was clear on the point. The book had not been published—therefore, neither author nor publisher were held responsible. Yet the book being of a nature "likely to arouse its readers to revolutionary actions" was guilty.

LIMERICK CRAZE.
Despite occasional statements to the contrary the "limerick" craze in England is not abating a bit. The post office has issued a series of 100,000 penny postal orders under normal conditions, finds the demand quite as great as in the past few months. The last weeks' figures show that two and a half million of these orders were issued. "Limericks" seem to be catching on well in the states, but it is doubtful if such a romantic story can be found in America. He has just ordered here in connection with the competitions.

There dwell in a humble home in Bristol, the coal port of the west of England, a colliery clerk named William Trotter. He has been engaged for seven years and trying hard to save enough out of his \$4 a week salary to furnish a home. The other day he tried a "limerick" in one of the London weeklies. Two weeks later came a letter containing a check for \$1,317, one of the first prizes and quite a big fortune for William. His marriage took place within the week.

CHARLES OGDEN.



"MONA LISA."

By a Utah Student Abroad.

LOOK at this picture! If you glance at it merely you are guilty of misadventure. Look at it! Open your eyes, meet it half way, and love it! She will speak to you if you will let her—that girl, That is Mona Lisa. You will not find her prosaic. She smiles always. She will smile at you and you will love her for it—if you look. But you are required to look well. The law of appreciation dictates honest investigation!

Such a character as Mona Lisa is not easily understood. She belongs to the elite. There is a compound of Desdemona and Beatrice in her. She is grace personified—a big spirit idealized in a woman's form. She is hardly a picture, she is more nearly Mona Lisa—living, breathing, smiling. Not yet an angel—she is humane through and through—somewhere in the depths there is a heart all palpitating with affection.

She is a strange sort of girl with her brown eyes and round hands. When you first know her she is like unto a day in spring when the clouds battle with the sunshine for supremacy and you are not sure if it will rain or be pleasant—exquisite enhancing withal but annoying. It is like being on the heights when the mist veils the valley below, and you gaze into it forgetting the world and seeing nothing. Then slowly and majestically the mist rises wonderful nature unfolds a vision of infinite gladness.

Mona Lisa wears the laurel of the art world. For over four hundred years artists of all gradations have paid her such homage that only she could merit. Surely there have been those among them capable of judgment. Not all the art world are sentimental—not all rave over nothing. Vasari thought her more divine than human. Lomazzo called her an improvement on nature, and Mary Knight Port-

er finds a new panegyric by dubbing her "Temporarily beautiful."

At any rate she is the apotheosis of Italian art. Leonardo, her master, left her as the culmination of his great genius. Leonardo was the master of masters. He was poet, philosopher, architect, sculptor, scientist, musician. But the world remembers him through Mona Lisa. At the time of her production the Florentine republic was enjoying its golden age. The house of the Medici, under Cosimo, attached to itself a set of brilliant minds, each with a marked individuality of its own, but when Leonardo asserted himself their light faded. Leonardo was the north star of the constellations, and the most beautiful emanation that came from it was Mona Lisa.

He did many great things. His "Last supper," where Christ tells His apostles that there is one among them who will betray Him, was more sumptuous and more mighty than Mona Lisa, but the dragons of Napoleon had to be amused and bribed with the picture of the woman. The picture now crumbles in ruin. Sometimes Mona Lisa is called "La Belle Jecondi," sometimes "La Gioconda," deriving the name from her husband Zanobi del Giocondo. She was put on canvas between the years of 1500 and 1505 comprising practically four years for completion. A kind friend with a green tie once said: "Four years for a portrait—one little simple portrait—what a waste of time!" But this friend didn't understand—be didn't understand! Such productions as Mona Lisa come only once in centuries—the element of time is merely an incident that passes with the winds. Francis I. soon after his completion paid 4,000 gold florins to his master and had it transferred to the Louvre where it now hangs. Time having insidiously at the collection of the cheeks and the hands that Vasari found blooming are turned into ochre and cracked. The life of contrast, the golden hair, the green velvet

robe, are all brown. Behind, the wonderful landscape, that rivalled nature itself, has faded into a dull blue. Well, then, why praise Mona Lisa now?

Sometimes those of the art world—those who point without conception make this plea. They don't comprehend!

We give praise for the conception and execution. Primarily the conception of the thing is the great flywheel that keeps humanity turning. Leonardo explored its depths with his genius and left us Mona Lisa. If the color is gone and the dust come, the conception still lives. The broad, intelligent forehead, the graceful lines of the cheeks and neck and shoulders; the white, delicate hands, the full round bosom; the smile, the subtle smile that tantalizes and pleases, that smile as elusive and lovely as it is scrutinizing and meaning; and last the eyes. Look at them from where you will, they look straight back with a regard that only pure womanhood might give. Can you ask more in a portrait?

You will not see it all the first time. The veil that time has hung, the old fashioned dress, the strange landscape, the cracks in the paint—these arrest attention. They are the external things, the things that the art world forgets, the things that the lay world sees as stumbling blocks to true criticism. Here the poet and mechanic take different paths; here the artist takes the things that the layman understands. The artist to be called dreamer, capricious, arbitrary. The layman known as an aesthetic, coarse. The guilt that lies between them, caused by the layman's negligence, too casual observation, mistaken standards of conceptions, and on the other by mistaken judgments of supposed appreciation. Harshly the things that the layman studies pictures seriously and prevents the artist from thinking that real appreciation is a choice word for the chosen few. You may know Mona Lisa if you give her attention. Mona Lisa cannot do more.

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