DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14 1908



A PRAYER.

Let me win, if I may, when the game's afoot, Let me master my Fate when I choose her; But my soul's deep ery in the fight, O Lord, If I fail-let me be a good loser! Fannie Heaslip Lea in People's Magazine for November.

TRAVELERS.

All out and out the lonesome road, That leads no eye sees whither, Three ghosts went forth with wondering heart: On earth their paths had been apart, But here they fared together!

Said one: "I fear to go this way! No treasure have I taken Of all I owned! What lies before Cannot make up to me the store

Of what I have forsaken!" Said one: "No treasures have I left, But left my toil and sorrow, And care and pain and bitter grief— From all my ills I find relief, And fear no dread tomorrow!"

Said one: "I fare to find my own!

NOTES

John Kendrick Bangs is to have a new book published by the Harpers within the fortnight. The title, "The Genial Idiot," recalls one of the most popular character creations ever introduced by Mr. Bangs.

"Though Life do us Part" is the striking title of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's latest novel, which Houghton Miffilin company report has already gone into a third edition. It is also be-ing brought out in England through Archibald Constable & Company,

"Another Three Weeks," James S Metcalfe's humorous and satirical re-buke of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's book with a semilar title, has sold over 80,000 copies and the demand still continues. The popularity of this sanc-minded skit speaks well for the better second thoughts of the American reading pub_

Marie Corelli, the author of "Holy Orders," refers in it to the use of Shakespeare's picture as a beer adver-tisement in Stratford-on-Avon. She does not at all fancy this method of propagating the immortal bard's fame, and has taken a lively interest in get-ting the the defacement removed. She herself lives in this beautiful old village, and is one of its most active citi-zens. It was she, who, a short time ago, began the movement for the preservation of John Harvard's house a delightful old-fashioned lumber-and-mortar affair. Miss Corelli's house is a little vinc-covered cottage with a profusion of window flower-boxes, and is not far away. Few visitors, how-ever, discover her abode, as she is very retiring, and does not care at all for per-sonal notoriety. It is indeed unusual to hear of a writer of "hundred-thousand" fiction who, as she says in her preface of "Holy Orders," is "unacquainted with London newspaper men," but if she hurls the same invective at them in person that she writes about them, their shyness is not to be wondered at. Her relations with the villagers, on the other hand, are so extensive and cor-dial, that we should not be surprised at the sympathetic insight into rural char-acters shown in her latest book. Not that she is blind to their faults—but she sees that the country recent core of sees that the country people are often not personally responsible for the evils in their community. So it is that the pictures of country life that she paints in "Holy Orders" are not those of an ignorant sensation monger, but are the sincere and well-considered result of an intimate, helpful acquaintance with real people.

Not only has it entirely supplanted "Nick Carter's Trump Card," and "Frank Merriwell in the Philipines" in the esteem of the office boys, but the heads of the firm have found themselves often smilling over the pic-tures, completely oblivious to more prossing matters, The trouble is all because of Mr Bord Smith's pictures. because of Mr. Boyd Smith's pictures. They are full of subtle humorous touches—every little gnome or animtouches—every little gnome or anim-al is a joke in itself—and the point of each is likely to flash upon the reader unexpectedly. In such a case, When he has bottled up too many chuckles to contain, he has an uncon-trollable impulse to take the book to some one else and break up his work by showing him the joke. It has been a long time since any-thing so good has been written about Santa Claus. In fact, he has never

Santa Claus. In fact, he has never had a biographer, though children have for ages demanded to know the facts of his life, and have had to be contented with the inaccurate guesses of their parents. This book, the pub-lishers claim, is likely to become a classic. classic

According to the newspapers, it is According to the newspapers, it is the women who have taken exception to some of the straightforward talk in Robert Herrick's "Together," Evi-dently there are two sides to the ques-tion, even from a woman's point of view, as it should by the following extract from a letter written by a clever Western woman: "Of course clubdom went off at a tangent, and if the diatribes of the club women elsewhere showed the same famillarity with the text as did those of our vicinity, it as a sad ar-raignment of the intelligence of the cult, for it was evident that not one

cult, for it was evident that not one had read the book. Some one had told them it concerned May and Deccmber bargains for mercenary con-sideration, and that was all they cared to know. But it is the people who have read the book who are doing the talking amongst themselves and to their friends. Some of our half-baked critics found it melodramatic and suggerated, but women are prone to call it plain truth, and to recom-mend others to read it 'even if you have to buy it.' I know of one case where a woman is already regretting her divorce, in a way, for since read-ing "Together," for the first time in her empty life she has begun to realize that there are two sides to a bargain and that a man ought not to b_c a mere machine during the day, earning money for a woman's delectation, and an adoring satellite after working hours, worshipping miladi's social successes."

Custer and Forsyth, were West, Sheri-dan, Miles, Thomas and other distin-guished soldiers. The book contains also descriptions of life on the plains, and of its effect upon the people who dwalt is who have a sold of the dwelt in what were then dangerous wastes.

"True Tales of the Plains" is more than an autobiography. It is a his-Porical document, an account of a great and important phase in American life, now gone. The book is illustrated copiously and well with 16 evcellent half-tone, full-page illustrations and 34 in the text. It is the best reading we have seen in a long time; it is action, action and again action. Empire Book company, New York, are the publishers, who send it in fine cloth binding, post-paid, for \$1.00.

BOOKS

"The Devil's Note Book." is the title of an exceptionally ingenious and clever book written by Mr. Oliver Bain-bridge, in which his Satanic majesty bridge, in which his Satanic majesty is pictured as making a trip from his dominions to fraternize personally with the people who carry out his will on earth. These include several of the great rulers of the world, and a num-ber of prominent men and women in public life, when the author does not hesitate to depict in frank and unmis-tolepide terms. takable terms. Leopold's reign of carnage in the Congo and his odious private life brings forth a hurricane of denunciation. Mr. Balabridge follows his footsteps, which reek with blood, and death, and de-bauchery, and describes him with a picturesque and awful realism.

Dog women, depraved society para-sites, lynching, gilded dens of vice, and a few of the colossal grafters in the United States, all come in for their This fearless attack is given share. material emphasis by the powerful il-lustrations of Mr. Vet Anderson, of the New York World.

Mr. Bainbridge says that Nickey (the pet name by which the czar is known among his friends) would like to de-ceive the world into believing that he ceive the world into believing that he is floating on the lotos pond of virtue and peace, but the overwhelming facts which he has gathered show him in his true light, that of a vulture hovering over the scene of slaughter. In searching into the characters and motives of those who are depicted in the "Devil's Note Book," the author presents to our abhorence their denray-

the "Devil's Note Book," the author presents to our abhorence their deprav-ity in its vilest shapes. Lucas Malet(the youngest daughter of the late Charles Kingsley), knowing Mr. Bainbridge's hatred for "Dog Wo-men" took the precaution to add in a letter of invitation to dine with her that "no women of the dog-loving order would be present." Special Correspondence. would be present."

Would be present. Mr. Bainbridge regards formulas and creeds as savagery and the merest shadows of the truth which he recog-nizes in the Great Gospel of Human Brotherhood. He shows his belief in his pleadings for the hundreds of thou-sands of starving men, women and sands of starving men, women and children in London, New York and other cities, for the millions of natives who are suffering in the Congo, and the unfortunate Jews who are massa-

cred in Russia by the ozar, whom he refers to as a bloody tyrant, who should dress in scarlet or some red stuff to harmonize with his wholesale murders harmonize with his wholesale murders and cruelties, which have rendered him the terror or all his subjects. He has read the story book of nature very closely and knows something of the world of men and women. "The Devil's Note Book" is a careful eru-meration of undeniable truths. Mr. Bainbridge who has climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, is not cramped by caste or creed.

not cramped by caste or creed. A volume which will doubtless meet with a wide popularity as a season's gift book is "The Chariot Race from Ben Hur," containing the thrilling sto-ry of the contest which if nothing else ry of the contest which if nothing else in Lew Wallace's masterpiece would bring his memory to fame. The cover is beautifully done in green, gold and purple, and has for its design the chari-ot and hero in the great race. There are beautiful illustrations in colors by Sigismond Ivanovski, and the whole makes a most attractive volume. Published by Harpers; on sale at the Deseret News Book store. Deseret News Book store.

"The Bachelor and the Baby," is the title of a story by Margeret Cameron, first appearing in Harper's Magazine and now published in book form by the Harper Bros. It is the amusing but withal exasperating and somewhat se-rious predicament of an unmarried

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



HON. W. N. WILLIAMS.

From a Portrait Taken December, 1875, When Attending the University. The above photo is that of State Senator William N. Williams, taken 33 Years ago while he was attending the University of Deseret. Mr. Williams is well known as one of the successful business men of this city, where he has spent the most of his life. He came to Utah in 1861 with his father's family and has always lived in this city. He served one term in the lower house of the legislature, and is now on his second term in the upper house.

"Lady Randy's" Tact Pleases Her English Readers.

articulars and fairly gloated over this ONDON, Nev. 4 .- "Ledy Randy's" laughter of-can we say-innoce Recollections," with which you LIFE OF AVERAGE NOVEL.

"The average novel has a life of about three weeks," said Mr. Runcl-man, "while only two novels are writ-ten by women and the books are some-times such dead losses from a selling point of view that many London book-sellers will not stock them at all. are famillar in the United States, have made their appearance here in book form under the title, "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." The British public is more or less familiar with its

"Then we get the author or author ess who has written one successful book and then writes 'pot-boilers," that book and then writes 'pot-bollers,' that is, turns out fiction which is mere rub-bish and which the public has no de-sire to read. So great is the amount of fiction now turned out that even the best authors find a diminishing circula-tion for their books." Fortunately, 'the minister of educa-tion would wind up his trade by holding out a certain amount of hope

olding out a certain amount of hope

"It is my opinion, however, that the supply of really good readable novels supply of really good readable novels is getting shorter and shorter every year." This then leaves a loop-hole for the good author to come along and make his fortune. According to the economic laws, the smaller the supply the higher the price for the author. So perhaps in the future we shall see fewer authors and more millionaires among the literary word-builders.

"INFANT MORTALITY."

troubles on the head of the writer. No wonder is expressed that Lady Randy's recollections should have ap-peared when she very evidently, if the hopes and prayers of her many well-wishers are fulfilled, has many more years to live and shine. She is but following a fashion, popular of lato years, to "recollect" in the summer, instead of in the autumn of one's years. Even so youthful an author as G. K. Chesterton has made his ap-pearance as a "recollect" and he list is too long to bear quotation in full. Even those who thought they were tolerably familiar with the life and times of Mrs. George Cornwallis West "INFANT MORTALITY." In discussing this position with a well known London bookseller, he said that the "infant-mortality" among novels by amateur writers was due to the fact of the sameness of plot and their stereotyped conversations and love-scenes. Now that we know why books live such a short time—having Mr. Runciman's word for it—there will be no difficulty for authors to avoid the pot-boilers and turn out long-lived books with stiking plots and seethfind cause for surprise that she should be able to recall so many of the dis-tinguished characters of the comparabooks with striking plots and seeth-

ing love scenes. Mr. Runciman, by the way, has recently distinguished himself for an



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Written for the Deseret News,

TEN-YEAR-OLD Boy-supposed son of a Median shepherd-stood in the presence of Astyages, king of the Medes. The lad was accused of trying to make his fellow schoolboys obey him as king and of causing the flogging of a nobleman's son who had disobeyed him.

Such actions were not common to peasant children, nor did the boy himself look like a shepherd. Astyages, after the custom of the day, put the supposed father to torture in order to clear up the mystery.

The herdsman confessed that the boy was not really his son, but had been brought to him in infancy by Harpagus, one of Astyages' chief counselors.4 Harpagus had bidden him lay the baby among the rocks of a mountain for wild beasts to eat. This he had not done, but had placed there a dead child of his own and had brought up the changeling as his.

Harpagus was then sent for. Ten years earlier Astyages had been warned in a dream that the newborn son of his daughter would one day wrest the kingdom of Media from him. So he had bidden Harpagus put the child to death. Harpagus now acknowledged that he had instead given the baby to the herdsman.

boy as his own grandson and only heir, Cyrus. Cyrus' parents were at that time living in Persia, a hardy little principality subservient to Media. Thither fafter punshing Harpagus by putting the latter's son to death in a pe-

In Persia, Cyrus grew to manhood among the brave, simple people of that young country. Media was the greatest nation on earth, but, like most too prosperous kingdoms, was growing weak and effeminate through its own greatness. Harpagus, revengeful of his own wrongs at the hands of Astyages, incited Cyrus to raise a Persian army against Media,

Cyrus did so. Harpagus, who was in command of the Median forces, went over to the enemy, and Cyrus won an overwhelming victory (559 B. C.), capturing the aged Astyages and annexing Media to Persia, combining the two into one vast empire, with himself as its sovereign. He spared his grandfather's life, but forced the humiliated old man to wait on him as a servant for the rest of his days.

Now that he swayed the empire of the Medes and Persians and had raised Persia from a mere petty dependency to a world power, Cyrus was still far fram content. He had tasted success. The fever of conquest was upon him. If Media had been so casy to conquer, why not the rest of the world?

His nearest powerful neighbor was King Croesus of Lydia, who ruled a mighty country that included the protectorate of a group of Greek "free" cities and provinces along the Ionic coast, and who was so rich that the name "Croesus" had come to be a synonym for wealth. Croesus had foreseen some such move on the young Persian's part and had formed an alliance with the two strong nations, Egypt and Babylonia.

But Cyrus gave Croesus no time to await the arrival of his allies. He attacked the Lydian army. Then after driving it back he followed and crushed it, taking Sardis, the capital, subduing the entire land and making Croesus a prisoner.

Having annexed Lydia, Cyrus turned his attention to Babylonia. His armies overran the country, and he at last cooped up Prince Belshazzar in the city of Babylon itself. Babylon was the strongest, as well as the most beautiful, city on earth.

Belshazzar, sure of its impregnability, enjoyed life behind the huge walls and gave scant thought to the besiegers. Yet, after two years of patient waiting, Cyrus won his way into the city by night (538 B. C.), while Belshazzar was feasting, and put the garrison to the sword.

One by one he subdued the Greek cities on the Ionic coast, who fiercely resented his rule; annexed by conquest other oriental kingdoms, and he placed Egypt also in a position of practical subjection.

Thus, before he reached middle age the former shepherd boy found himself emperor of the continent of Asia, from the Hellespont to India. In other word,s he was master of nearly oll the world that was then civilized. Rome was but a semi-barbarian city; Greece not yet in its prime. The rest of Europe was little better than savage. The orient was the most important part of the globe. And Cyrus had conquered nearly all the orient.

But India remained unsubdued. It was an immense country, powerful and progressive. Long it had appealed to Cyrus' cupidity. He had won detached frontier provinces of it. Now he planned to strike at the very heart of the rich territory. As a preliminary campaign he marched against the wild Scythians and their queen, Tomyris. Here, for the first time in his life, the world-conqueror was beaten. Beaten by a woman, too, which in those days was the acme of disgrace.

Cyrus fought in person on the disastrous field and was slain. Yet the victories he had won were destined to live after him. Chief of these was the founding of the Persian empire; an empire that swayed the rest of the nations as an invincible mistress, until, like Media, its own prosperity later caused its weakness and fall.

used by the members in catching up

Hickens-Spirit in Prison. Montgomery-Anne of Green Gables. Offivant-The Gentleman. Phelps-Through Life Do Us Part. There will be readings for the blind in the public library every Monday Wednesday and Friday, from 1:30 to 2:3 p. m. The blind will be taught reading in

The chain of evidence was complete. Astyages recognized the shepherd

culiarly horrible way) Astyages sent his newly discovered grandson.

An interesting literary controversy is unfolded in this extract from a re-

As binoneed in this extract from a re-cent issue of Life: As long ago as March, 1885, there ap-peared in Life some verses under the title of "A Little Brother of the Rich." The name appeared again two or three verses that are the differences. years later on the title page of a slim book, to-wit: "A little Brother of the Rich, and Other Poems, by E. S. Mar-tin, New York; Mitchell & Miller, 28 West Twenty-third Street, 1888." Only S00 copies of this book were printed, and it quickly ran out of print, It was republished in 1890 by Charles Scrib-ner's Sons, and since that time has con-tinued to addir membrial. A graduant her's Sons, and since that time has con-tinued to edify mankind. A good many thousand copies of it have been sold, and its annual distribution continues. This book, and the verses that gave it its name, are pretty well known here-abouts, but seem not to have penetrat-ed the consciousness of present-day Chicago, where Joseph Medill Patterson has used their familiar title as the name of his new novel. He has done it with amusing innocence of plagiaristic with amusing inocence of plagiaristic intent. He thinks he invented his title, and has so confessed to the newspa-

Those were pretty good verses, with a valuable infusion of youth in them. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton used to read them, we have heard, to some of his classes (at Harvard) as an example of Superhilder they are not of in the bar. something that was good of its kind. Joseph Patterson's novel will probably outsell Martin's youthful verses time and time again, but 30 or 40 years from now, when Martin is dead and Joseph has, perhaps, become sensible in his oblights. his opinions, the verses will still be alive, and still be known, except, per_ haps, in Chicago.

Frederick Palmer's new novel, "The Big Fellow," required a second large edition to fill the requirements of pub-lication. The timely significance of this powerful story has apparently missed none of the reviewers, nearly all of whom make the comment that it seems to parallel, in certain ways, Paul Lefcester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling." Stirling.'

In addition to his sparkling novel. "The Spitfire," which started on what looks like a triumphant run the first week in September, Edward Peple will publick the back up publish this autumn a second book un-der the title of "The Mallet's Master-plece." This is also fiction but is not a novel. It is a story of much charm, built around the mystery of the Venus of Milo and presented as a slift book of great beauty. of great beauty.

Some of the executive force of Fred-erick A. Stokes company are think-ing of making an office rule to the effect that no copies of "Santa Claus and Ali About Him," By E. Boyd Smith, shall be allowed outside of the set of the barry sense. the stock room in the busy scason.

In "True Tales of the Plains," pub-lished by the Empire Book company, Buffalo Bill, a striking figure in Amer-ican life, has told the story of his ca ican life, has told the story of his ca-reer and of many wonderful events of the great west. This book has a double value, for historical reasons and be-cause of its own absorbing interest. Truth, as we all know, is often strang-er than fiction, and the adventures of Buffalo Bill surpass the efforts of the romancer.

Buffalo Bill surpass the efforts of the romancer. The great scout, although his excit-ing career began over a half century ago, tells his story simply. He was only 11 years of age when he killed his first Indian, a chief, as his head dress showed, although the redoubtable youngster never knew his name. Mr. Cody gained his title of Buffalo Bill in competition with Billy Com-stock, a noted scout, guide and inter-preter. They engaged, for a large wa-ger, in a buffalo killing match, limited to one day of eight hours. Mr. Cody killed 69 to Comstock's 46, and has been known ever since as Buffalo Bill. The buffaloes were slain for food, and not for wanton sport. His chapters throng with great events. There is a thrilling description of Custer's last fight and of the famous defense of Gen. Forsyth, who, with only 50 plainsmen, on a sandy little island in the Arickaree river, beat off Roman Nose and 1,000 Sioux and Chey-ene warriors. The annals of warfare contain no more desperate and heroic defense than this. Many other famous border battles are recounted by Buffalo Bill, and, besides

Many other famous border battles are recounted by Buffalo Bill, and, besides



man, whose gallantry in assisting a lonely young mother and her child from a train at a remote railway station leads to unforeseen experiences. It is neatly bound and between its modest covers is compressed a continuou laugh from the first to the last page. continuous

Carpenter's How the World is Clothed, is a valuable book by Frank George Carpenter, author of Carpen-ter's Geographical Readers. Cloth 12mo, 30 pages, with Illustrations. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. This is the second of a series of read-

This is the second of a series of read-ers on commerce and industry, and takes the children in a personally con-ducted tour around the world to in-vestigate the sources of their cloth-ing. They start out first to those re-gions which produce the vegetable fi-bers of commerce, including cotton, flax, hemp, and jute. Then comes the stud of animal fibers, such as wool and will; of leather subhar and furst the stud of animal fibers, such as wool and silk; of leather, rubber, and furs; and this plan is followed as to every other article which forms a part of clothing including feathers and jew-els, needles and pins. The book takes up not only the production of the raw material, but also its transporta-tion and the processes of its manufac-ture. The personal element is never absent, the style of the narrative is

tion and the processes or its manufac-ture. The personal element is never absent, the style of the narrative is simple, and the subject-matter most in-teresting. The illustrations are num-crous and novel. The book will be valuable, not only for teaching the chil-dren about the industries described, but also in giving them a live geograph-ical knowledge which can not be im-parted by the ordinary text-book.

The Cochrane Publishing company, of New York, have recently published "The Mad Scientist," a tale of the future, by Raymond McDonald. It is a startling and sensational tale of the new century on the order of the Jules Verne romances, and the possibilities of modern science are made manifest

in this volume. The mad sicentist discovers new making houses and battleships to sail through the air-causing a man to grow taller and shorter-burning up a lake full of water-stopping all the machinery in a city for an hour-doing a hundred and one mad pranks that upset the public, and finally em-barking on a career of crime and piracy. Mr. McDonald has produced an un-

Mr. McDonald has produced an un-ique book, which holds the reader's in-terest from first to last. Within this book is a secret cipher of about 50 words, for the best solu-tion of which \$1,000 is offered. Any person may compete, and send in as many solutions as desired.

RAV7 LUNGS.

RAV/ LUNGS. When the lungs are sore and in-flamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgement and multi-ply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

Headstone lettering carefully done, Elias Morris & Sons Co., Opp. south gate Temple block. "The Guerilla"-"War is Hell"-

EYE FOR BUDDING GENIUSES. Mrs. George Cornwallis West still very strong influence in the violds

imes of Mrs. George Cornwallis West

tively long ago. It hardly seems pos-sible that she was ever on intimate terms with the Abbe Liszt, Gen. Bou-langer and others who appear in hcr

pages.

contents through quotations in the

English press from the magazine in

which it came out in the United

States, but its appearance between stiff

covers has excited fresh comment up-

on the wonderful tact displayed by the

famous Anglo-American society wo-

man in steering safely through an ex-

traordinarily complicated lot of situa-

tions which in less diplomatic hands

might have called down a host of

troubles on the head of the writer.

wields a very strong influence in the intellectual life of England despite the fact that her comings and goings are not followed as closely or heralded as far as in years gone by. In her home near Marble Arch in the West End of Lendon, she still presides over a regular salon, where one may meet, if one is fortunate enough to be com-

if one is fortunate enough to be com-manded in attendance, most of the notables of the day. Intellectuality in her guests is an indispensable attri-bute in the eyes of Lady Randy and she certainly has a more wonderful talent for bringing out budding genius-es of every sort than any other society woman of her time. Whether the bring-her art of budding geniuse her bud he to ing out of budding geniuses will be re garded as a bleasing or not is an open question but nevertheless many a promising genius would never have budded—much less bloasomed—without Lady Rondolph Churchill's kindly en-

It is a rather sad commentatory on these times that books are becoming almost as short-lived as certain mem-bers of the insect kingdom. It must not be imagined at all that there is any similarity between books and in-sects. Far be it from us to say so, but the life of the book in these times is a showy and ephemeral one. Indeed it has been said by Mr. Runciman, presi-dent of the board of education in England, that the death rate of modern novels is something appalling. After careful study of the question from sta-tistical points of view, he came to the conclusion that the life of the modern novel is limited to about three weeks. Mr. Runciman with a cold-blooded cynicism which only a minister of edu-cation could adopt, spoke of this fact It is a rather sad commentatory on cation could adopt, spoke of this fact with elation. He went into grewsome

cently distinguished himself for an attack of what might be called "news-ophobia," as he says that all the Eng-lish newspapers are full of unreadable literary plifle, which is a disgrace to the century. A writer in the Star points out, however, that a large amount of space in the newspapers is devoted to the speeches of cabinet ministers and that Mr. Runciman al-ways has a column or two of matter in the press. Men like G. B. Shaw, A. B. Walkley and Clement Shorter were all on the staff of the London newspa-pers at one time and so also were J. M. pers at one time and so also were J. M. Barrie, Hall Caine and Jerome K. Jerome. It is doubtful, under the circumstances, whether Mr. Runciman's charge on the literary windmill would be more effective than his early proto-type's-the immerial Don Quixote.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY. Five hundred new volumes have jus Five hundred new volumes have just been added to the library of the house of commons. It is a rather interesting speculation as to the kind of books which the M. P.'s read and I asked the librarian the other day about this during a brief visit to the house. "Some of the members," he said, "are great readers and the new volumes which have fust been added to our li-

"are great readers and the new volumes which have just been added to our li-brary are made up mostly of history, biography and modern memoirs togeth-er with a few volumes of poetry. It is not generally known that the house of commons library is the most complete political library in the world with the exception of the British museum. There are 70,000 volumes. Perhaps this library is one of the most singular in the world from the fact that it does not contain a novel. Hosts of pub-lishers send their novels to the library but they are never accepted. The library at the house of commons," con-tinued the librarian, "is principally library at the house of commons," con-tinued the librarian, "is principally



