

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



U. S. SENATOR REED SMOOT AS A CHILD.

The little fellow standing to the right of his mother in the above picture is Reed Smoot when he was a boy of tender years. The fond parent who holds the lad's hand perhaps little dreamed at the time that he would become a senator of the United States, but such a distinction was destined to come to him. At the time the portrait was made, Hon. A. O. Smoot, the boy's father, was mayor of Salt Lake City. The name of Senator Smoot's mother was Annie K. Smoot. Those who are familiar with the senator cannot fail to observe a striking resemblance between him as he looks today and the mother as she appeared when sitting for the picture.

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE SHY HEART. Have you not known of hermits—not so rude But that the heart of hairy Soling Did soften toward them, sometimes, and provide Strange and dear friends unconsciously to none beside— Have singing birds that one might seek to hear (And seek in vain) through all the sylvan year— Blithe pensioners, to feed from out the palm, To hymn the daybreak in, to wait the evening calm? 'Tis thus I make my plea; if, now, some heart Keeps ever in its wilderness apart, Yet is not all uncouth—not loveless all— Unto that heart its destined boom must fall: A god of loneliness there is, who sends, For birds, some winged songs to be the friend; That make their nests above the very dew, And set the whole small-house to music, evermore. —Edith H. Thomas in The Reader.

NOTES.

In the English field of letters, one after another the three Benson brothers have risen into fame. The last to attract public attention, and the one whose success is probably the most solid and well-merited, is Arthur Christopher Benson. First there was the novelist brother, who wrote "Toto," and has never since attained the popularity that was his when the book was in its prime. Although he has written other novels, so closely is his reputation associated with the novel that he is known to his friends as "Dodo" Benson, instead of by his Christian name.

The second brother to fill the public eye was Father Benson. Although the author of an archbishop of the Church of England, he became a priest of the Roman Catholic church, and has attained some note as a writer of these concerning the position of his religion. A. C. Benson was late in coming to his own, for his first books were published anonymously. They gained recognition, but the author was almost unknown. This is in keeping with his work, for his books deal less with action and achievement than with the calmer resources of a life of meditation. Two of his earlier volumes, "The House of Quiet" and "The Thread of Gold," have recently been reprinted under the author's name. "The House of Quiet" from its first publication in 1904, has been printed nine times, and "The Thread of Gold" has been printed five times within a year. Mr. Benson also has written a biography of Tennyson less generally known. One-third of the volume is given up to the events of Tennyson's life, the rest is devoted to a personal study of his relations with Carlyle, Fitzgerald, Jowett and others, and to a criticism and interpretation of his work.

Most opportunely, and by the strangest chance, the first short story that Mr. Benson ever wrote, so it is said—a story of the Civil War—fell into the editorial hands of Mr. Howells, who instantly recognized its merits. "Accepted" it went into the magazine "The Atlantic," and the author, when Mr. James was making his first literary efforts.

It is pleasant to think that an acquaintance which began in such a chance but pleasant way was 40 years ago developed into warm personal friendship as the years passed and both Mr. Howells and Mr. James came to know each other well, as well to know each other's work. It is curious too, that among the recent works of these two long-time friends, of contrasting genius, there should be one on "The American Scene," by James, who is looked upon as having become practically an Englishman, and one on "Certain Delightful English Towns," by Howells, who still remains American in spirit.

The Bodleian library in its report for 1906 acknowledges the receipt of nearly 78,000 books and manuscripts during the year. The greater number of these consist of new books, each publisher being obliged by the copyright act to send one copy to five libraries in England, of which the Bodleian is one. Of these thousands of volumes how many are really worthy the place they occupy on the shelves of the famous old library?

Charles Bocher, who is in his ninety-second year, and includes in his reminiscences that which he has been told at first hand, places upon the little page of his "Memoirs—1760-1907." Mr. Bocher's father told him personal experiences of the Old Regime, the Revolution of the Empire. His college professor was Philippe Lebas, son of Robespierre's companion in life



This is one of the most satisfactory of recent portraits of Dr. S. Weir Bachman, who, at the age of seventy-seven, is a prolific writer as well as a busy physician. A clever long short-story from his pen, "The Mind-Reader," appears in the September Century.

BOOKS.

"Baldwin's American Book of Golden Deeds," by James Baldwin, author of "Old Greek Stories," etc.; cloth, 12mo, 200 pages, with illustrations.—This is a collection of stories of deeds of unselfish heroism and devotion performed by Americans on American soil. Many of the deeds are those of children, or men and women in the humble walks of life; and while several of the stories will be recognized as old favorites rewritten, the most are comparatively new and unfamiliar to young readers. The acts of heroism are various in character, and of different degrees of merit, ranging from the unpremeditated saving of a railroad train to the great philanthropic enterprises which have blessed and benefited mankind. The book is attractively illustrated.—American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Blaisdell's Composition-Rhetoric," by Thomas C. Blaisdell, Ph.D., recently professor of English in the Normal High school, Pittsburg, Pa.; cloth, 12mo, 405 pages, with illustrations.—This book, the embodiment of the author's own methods of teaching, is fresh and interesting in character, simple and suggestive. It furnishes the pupil with models from the master writers, which are analyzed to show how they appeal to the feelings, and why they obtain the results intended by the author. The learner is then asked to use the acquired information in writing about his own familiar experiences, at first in brief compositions, then in more extended stories and essays. The book trains him to recognize and thus to avoid his errors.—American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Carpenter's Industrial Reader—Foods, by Frank G. Carpenter, author of "Carpenter's Geographical Readers," cloth, 12mo, 322 pages, with illustrations.—This is the first of a new series of supplementary readers, written by the author of the Geographical Readers. The book will give children a knowledge of the production and preparation of foods, and show how civilization and commerce grow from man's need of food and the exchange of goods between the various nations. The author takes the children on personally conducted tours to the great food centers which led at length to that masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Meredith was much impressed by the power shown in the book, and sent for Hardy, then, of course, a young man, to come and see him. Hardy did not, but Meredith gave him not only encouragement, but wise and judicious advice, which Hardy was so wise and judicious as to follow. That particular novel was never published, for Hardy destroyed it and wrote another—and it is not too much to think that the advice so generously given and so wisely acted upon had much to do with turning Hardy's genius into the channel which led at length to that masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE DOWNFALL OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THERE is not a little philosophy and some amusement to be got from ruminating over that street fight between Walter Rosenberg, a theatrical manager, and Richard Harding Davis, the novelist-playwright-adventurer-explorer, at Asbury Park, New Jersey, last Tuesday. It was a short affair that drew no blood and broke no bones, and the police-constable viewed it with such contempt that he didn't think it necessary to interfere. As there were no guns or knives in evidence he probably hoped they would fight the thing out, and if they didn't, the collar of Richard Harding was ruffled, and the wind of Richard Harding was short, and the face of Richard Harding was very red. And that was all. No ambulances, no surgeon, no comploter. Nothing but a couple of middle-aged men making asses of themselves on the impeccably board walk of impeccable New Jersey, and a cynical policeman hoping for a private view of a "willing mill." How the mighty have fallen! Think of it, Richard Harding Davis, the hero of a hundred fiction fights, the dashing adventurer who has faced death in his stoniest moments, unable to cope with a theatrical gentleman whose waist measurement is probably what his chest measurement ought to be. Why, one feels very sorry for a score of heroes of vivid fiction should have been able to down that theater man at a blow. Indeed, he would have done it with a glance of his piercing eye—in one of Richard Harding's novels. The theater man would have shriveled and slunk away, chattering like a craven toad; "Ye-ye-ye," Mr. Davis, sir. But, alas for fiction, Richard Harding was up against merely prosaic and annoying fact. And fact was one too many for him. The mood of the moment of the great creator of the heroes of a hundred fights may have had not a little to do with it. Perchance an author of romance, like an actor, "lives in his part." If Richard Harding had only met the theater man when he was creating Clay—after his own image—in "Soldiers of Fortune," the inspiration would have strengthened his mighty right arm. And when the theater man spoke him unwisely, that right arm would have shot out, and once only—and the indifferent policeman would have called an ambulance. But alas, for the difference between romance and

English Women Novelist Rebuked by Mohammedan Sheik.

Special Correspondence. LONDON, Aug. 16.—Novelists, both men and women, receive many queer letters—letters of praise, of condemnation, of all sorts, but Miss Winifred Graham, the English authoress, is probably unique in having received an epistolary "toast" from a high and mighty sheik of the Sudanese desert. In the course of it she and all other women are told that value from the Mohammedan viewpoint, which is, it seems, that they are of no consequence in the universe, except as potential mothers.

"Word Without End," written by Miss Graham, was published a few months ago. One of its most interesting features is a detailed and picturesque description of the hitherto hidden mysteries of a Moslem shrine. This Mohammedan "holy of holies" is strictly forbidden to the eyes of all infidels and "Christian dogs."

FOUND IN DESERT. Strange as it may seem, a copy of the book found its way into the desert. Perhaps a Cook's tourist threw it aside or left it at some stopping place on the Nile. At any rate an Arab picked it up and sent it to All Mohammed of Moudiri-Darfour, known as "The Holy Man of the Desert." He is laying bare of the secrets of a Moslem shrine horrified him and the discovery that a woman had done this, intensified the horror. So the learned sheik composed a long screed, which he dictated and sent to Miss Graham, through her publishers. This document begins: "In the name of God, the most gracious, which demands your self, 'We have received one of your books and have noted its contents through one of our friends who has come to us from remote countries and joined us.' After which introduction the sheik proceeds to rebuke the novelist for venturing to deal with a religious subject which demands very careful investigation," and declares: "You are a woman and have no value in the universe, except that you might be a mother; you will bring down upon yourself the displeasure of the Almighty God, and He will punish you." Then follows a stern denunciation of the "saturnines" which you have spread abroad concerning this sacred country, urged to send her son, if she has one, to Mecca to pray for her forgiveness.

CAUGHT ON A FAKE. All London is laughing with Paris at the latest story about Prof. Cesare Lombroso, the anthropologist, "the murderer of the moment in Paris as he is called." He has been found guilty of the remarkably brutal murder of a little girl. In these gull days the French newspapers made much of the crime, one in particular published a photograph of "the hands of Soleiland." The learned professor obliged with a full description of their characteristics in closing from the photograph. The right hand, he declared, was what is called in neuropathology, the ape's hand and contained "every crime of the criminal born." The left hand revealed, so the professor said, that the murderer was possessed of excessive asymmetry, as it differed extensively from the right hand, and therefore the owner was born "for the misfortune of humanity."

Soon after all this was published, M. Bertillon announced that the photograph was a fake; that the hands did not belong to the murderer. The right hand is that of a man who washes down carriages in a livery stable, the left is a butcher's. Both have led blameless lives. It is stated that Prof. Lombroso is now anxious to say something about the hands of a certain Paris newspaperman.

CONVICTS' LITERATURE. Decidedly interesting is a report made regarding the popularity of reading among the convicts in British prisons. "Monte Cristo" is a prime favorite, prisoners presumably lingering long over its thrilling escape episode. But of all authors Miss Braddon occupies the first place. Her "Destiny" is the novel most in demand. Next in popularity is "Quida" and her "Under Two Flags" and "Strathmore." Then comes "Donovan" by Edna Lyall. Other popular novelists are Mrs. Henry Wood with "East Lynne," Victor Hugo, Zola, David Christie Murray, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Rolf Boldwood, Max Pemberton, and Frank Barrett. One who knows "Quida" intimately declares that the stories recently told of her life in London years ago, are wild and ludicrous inventions. Miss de la Ramee lived the simple life instead of in pomp and state. With a woman companion she had a little apartment at the Langham hotel, that old London house much beloved by American travelers, particularly a decade or two ago. She never gave any parties, but modest and very early evening receptions and though the invitation cards bore the words "Cousines invites, cigarettes permisses" the description of these entertainments is "Teas, seltzer water and turn out." Among the guests was Harry Stone, the American, who made Paris his home.

GEORGE ELIOT'S OLD HOME. Americans who admire George Eliot have flocked in such large numbers to the house in which she lived, at Griff house, where she spent her childhood, that the Warwickshire authorities have decided to charge a fee of 12 cents a head to visitors in the future. The county uses the building as a public school and no particular notice was taken of the casual American or English visitors. But of late the house has found a place on the regular route of the American visitor and it is now worth the while to make a charge for admission. Copyrights of famous works are falling in on all sides. The copyright of "Alice of Wonderland" will die this year. But there will scarcely be a flood of cheap editions of this "non-sense classic" for the illustrations by Sir John Tenniel, which go for much of the book's popularity, still remain copyright. "Alice in Wonderland" was first published 40 years ago by Lewis Carroll. One million and a half copies in the various editions have been sold, quite apart from numerous unauthorized editions. These are figures indeed!

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