

# The Reader

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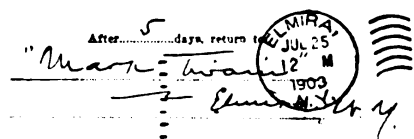
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## Writers and Readers

*Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama*

MARK Twain is with his family at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, N. Y., for the summer, his wife's health, after an illness of almost a year, being much improved. The family will go to Florence in the autumn for a year, but not permanently as has been reported. A New York friend received a letter from the humorist, and the following reproduction of one corner of the envelope will show what mark of identification Mr. Clemens puts on his letters for the benefit of the post-office authorities:



When Mr. Clemens was first given a copy of the photograph of himself, which we printed in the July number of *THE READER*, he remarked, "That's not *me*. That's Richard Wagner!"

THE photograph of President Roosevelt which we reproduce was taken at his summer home, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

RATHER strangely, two largely advertised books by well-known authors appeared in August, which has not before been considered a possible publishing month. One of the two, Mr. Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," has scored a success, of which we are heartily glad, as it deserves to be read by every reader. The other, "The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., may also have had a large sale, though we are inclined to believe that before very long it will fall to the position of the "worst-selling book of the month." A duller novel was never published.

ONE day Simeon Ford, humorist and landlord, equally good at both, and not less famous for his lack of good looks, met a guest of the hotel in the lobby accompanied by a very pretty little girl. Mr. Ford stopped to talk a moment and was especially complimentary to the child.

"Papa," she whispered as he departed, "does Mr. Ford wear a mask all the time?"



ILLUSTRATION BY PAMELA COLEMAN SMITH

MISS Pamela Coleman Smith was born of American parents in London, where her father was at the time engaged in business. On both sides her forebears exhibited in some degree the tendencies which have brought Miss Smith to the front in literary and artistic circles. One may say that from her mother she derived an intense, individual creative desire, which very early in life began to satisfy itself in a curious sort of drawing, later developed into the style already so well known, especially in England. While she was still a child the family removed to the island of Jamaica, where she lived seven years. During the time her chief diversion, outside her drawing, was learning the West Indian negro folk-tales. A volume of this folk-lore was later published by Harper & Bros.; among her other activities in London are her readings from this collection. It is easy to understand the grace of original composition in one so thoroughly imbued with the simple naturalness which characterizes the style of all spontaneous popular tales, lyrics and ballads.

Two years' study at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y., followed this period. As no noticeable change showed itself in the character of her work under this tutelage, and as she became more determined to work out her own problems in her own way, she

ended her connection with the school and shortly went to London, where she became identified with the Celtic move-



MISS PAMELA COLEMAN SMITH

ment. For some time she contributed regularly to "The Broad Sheet." With the beginning of the present year, however, she started a paper of her own, called "The Green Sheaf," of which thirteen numbers will be published annually. This she edits. To it, also, she contributes poems and illustrations in color. Herein lies the most

striking feature of her work. For, whereas in outline the influence of the pre-Raphaealites is very evident, her colors and color-schemes are all her own. Though fantastically fanciful and in a way impossible, the blendings always please. From recipes which she has evolved, she herself prepares many of the unusual shades which she employs, adding more individuality to the general effect thereby. "It is very interesting to see her," says one who knows, "dressed as 'Gelukiczanger' in parti-colored, gypsy-like gown and with beaded hair, sitting in Turkish fashion on the floor of a drawing-room, reciting her outland tales full of their queer conceits and unpronounceable names." She is an indefatigable worker, enthusiastic and rapid.

We reproduce two of Miss Smith's drawings published in "The Green Sheaf" (colored, of course) at the time Sir Henry Irving was giving his farewell performances at the old Lyceum Theatre, now being torn down.

The following apologia appears on the cover of "The Green Sheaf":

"My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—*pictures, verses, ballads of love and war; tales of pirates and the sea.*

You will find ballads of the *old world* in my *Sheaf*. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are *good for bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*."

AN amusing little volume of epigrams about woman, "The Wisdom of the Foolish," has reached us from London. Too many epigrams spoil the book, but there are several in this volume worth while. For instance:

Those women who live upon their income, must necessarily be careful; those who live upon the income of

others, must be clever; and those who live upon their debts must be both.

GEORGE Ade is a constant victim to witticisms on his name, but he is used to it by this time, and they don't worry him seriously. He says about the worst one he ever heard was in Boston, when a facetious young woman in spectacles greeted him with: "Dear me, what a pity, in your business especially, that your first name isn't Lemon"; and the best one he heard was in Chicago.

A friend of his, a fellow-newspaper man and a bright chap, had been knocked senseless by a street car, and Ade dragged him to the sidewalk and began trying to restore him to consciousness. He was so successful that before a doctor arrived the injured man opened his eyes and recognized his friend bending over him.

"Oh," he said faintly, "it's the first aid to the injured," and then he went back again, and waited for the doctor.

FOUR or five years ago, when Jesse Lynch Williams was making his first appearances in magazine print, the editor of an illustrated journal sent to him for his photograph for publication. The stenographer who wrote the letter, not being of exalted literary attainments, thought the name was that of a lady, and sent the letter accordingly. In a few days the editor was startled by the receipt of the following reply:

"DEAR SIR: Yours to hand requesting photograph for publication. I shall be glad to have my picture printed, but do you want it high neck, or low neck, or V neck, or cut bias?

"Yours,  
" 'JESSIE.' "

When the editor had recovered his equilibrium he had a few intense moments with the stenographer.