



all the little friends whom Lewis Carroll loved none were dearer than the three daughters of Dean Liddell: Lorina, Alice, and Edith. They lived on the same side of the quadrangle with him, but at the opposite corner; that is, they lived at the east end of the

north walk and he lived at the west end, so that they could run along the flags and visit him and have a cozy time, even on a rainy day. Their father was dean of the cathedral, and one of the authors of the great Greek dictionary which your older brother knows very well. no doubt. The deanery is a beautiful old home with ivy and trees and a fine garden at the back, and this was the home of Alice.

She was not the oldest but the second daughter, and in the verses at the beginning of the Wonderland book she is called "Se cunda" (Second); Lorina, the eldest, is called "Prima" (First), and little Edith, the youngest, is called "Tertia" (Third). For these three children, Carroll had a never-ending fund of stories which he told them at all sorts of times; in his study, in the garden, while walking in the country or rowing on the river which runs at the foot of the college grounds. And one of the greatest treats that the sisters could possibly have was to go boating up the river to Nuneham or Godstow with Lewis Carroll, have tea on the banks, and come home leisurely in the early evening, to Christ Church, their host entertaining them all the way with delightful fairy stories.

"Alice in Wonderland" was one of these stories, begun as they rowed along the river on a Fourth of July and in the year 1862, when our country was in the midst of the great Civil War. Lewis Carroll himself did not seem to think the story a wonderful one. In his diary for that day he wrote:

"I made an expedition up the river to God-stow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the banks there and did not reach Christ Church till half past eight." Later on, he added to this: "On which occasion I told them the fairy tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground, which I undertook to write out for Alice." The entire story was not told on The entire story was not told on a single occasion, as you may well believe; but on many occasions the adventures were resumed, and a chapter narrated, now on the river, now in the study, now in the garden, now after tea in the Meadows or in the cozy drawingroom facing the street. When it was finished, Alice begged to have the story written out for her, and the indulgent friend copied it carefully in his neat handwriting, and presented the valuable manuscript-how valuable the child did not dream and the author did not realize-to the dean's little daughter. The illustrations of the manuscript copy were also made by Lewis Carroll, and were the result of much care, particularly the picture of the Gryphon.

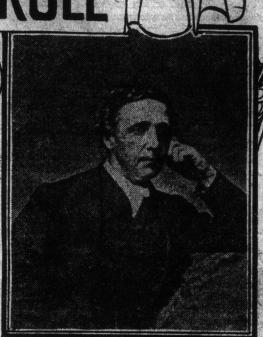
Mr. Dodgson had no thought that thousands of other children in all parts of the world would soon be reading and laughing over his story. Indeed, he seems to have given the matter very little consideration, and probably believed that the work which he was doing in teaching geometry and trigonometry to the young men of Christ Church was far more important than the fairy story which he had

One day, he showed the manuscript to George Macdonald, the novelist, and Mr. Macdonald was charmed with it and urged him to send it to a publisher. Such a bright and original story had no difficulty in finding a publisher. And on July 4, 1865, exactly three years after the first instalment of the story had been told to the Liddells, the first edition of two thousand copies was printed and sent out to the world. The title had been, at first, "Alice's Adventures Underground"; this was changed to "Alice's Hour in Elfland"; and, finally, to its present title, "Alica's Adventures in Wonderland," though seldom is its full name used by child readers.
So little did the author understand what a

wonderfully ingenious and fascinating book he had written, that he did not expect the first edition would ever be sold. But the two thousand books were very quickly disposed of. Everyone wanted to read "Alice," and to have his friends read it. Not only little children but grown people enjoyed it, and edition after edition has been printed and sold, and today it is even more sought after than when it was first published. It has become a classic and holds a place on children's book-shelves with "Robinson Crusoe" and Hans Christian Andersen. There is not a spot in the civilized world, not a library with any pretension to literature where the Jabberwock and the Cheshire Cat are unknown.

Queen Victoria was so pleased with the first "Alice" book that she asked to have other works by the same author sent to her, and was more surprised than pleased, we are told, when a great package of mathematical treatises arrived, the works of the lecturer in mathem-

A few years ago a prominent London daily paper sent out an inquiry as to the twenty books most popular with children, and though it was after thirty years since "Alice in Won-





REV CHARLES L. DODGOON LEWIS CARROLL" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS CARROLL

Noin6,1893.

should get them musced in your mind Which would you like best, do you think, a forde that drawd you in a calmor a ledy that draws your picture .. or a dentist, that draws your teeth, or a Mother, that draws you into len arms to give you a total? that what order would you put the others in ? Do you fond Jooking Glass conting leasy to read? I remain your bowing , Lewis Cornoll.

My dear Edeth, pleased to gate your nice little letter : and I hope you work mind letting Maud have the Nursery Alces now that you have got the real one. Jone day I will send you the other book about, called Through the Looking - Plass" but you had better not have it just get, for fear you

FACSIMILE OF A LOOKING GLASS LETTER FROM LEWIS CARROLL TO MISS EDITH BALL

derland" had first appeared, this was the book which headed the list. Hundreds of copies of the nonsense books were sent by the kind-hearted author to the sick and crippled children in the hospitals of London, for his heart was ever tender to the "I have been distributing copies to all the hospitals and convalescent homes that I can hear unfortunate. In a letter to a friend he says: of, where there are sick children capable of reading them and though of course one takes some pleasure in the popularity of the books elsewhere, it is not nearly so pleasant a thought to me as that they may be a comfort and relief to children in hours of pain and

It was his delight to present copies of his books to little friends whom he met while traveling or at the seashore were he spent his long summer vacations. Often he wrote amusing letters with the book. One lady says: 'Our acquaintancec began in a somewhat singular manner. We were playing at the Fort at Margate, and a gentleman on the seat near asked if we could make a paper boat with a seat at each end and a basket in the middle for fish. We were of course enchanted with the idea, and our new friend, after achieving the feat, gave us his card which we at once carried to our mother. He asked if he might call where we were staying, and then presented my elder sister with a copy of "Alice in Wonderland."

The "Alice" of Lewis Carroll's story was to him just what a little girl should be, an ideal child, delicate and refined, truthful and sincere. A very real litle girl, Alice must have been to her author. "What were thou, dream-Alice, in thy foster-father's eyes? How shall he picture thee? Loving, first, and gentle: loving . . . and gentle as a fawn; then courteous, courteous to all, high or low, grand or grotesque; king or caterpillar, even as though she were a king's daughter and her clothing of wrought gold; then trustful, ready to accept the wildest impossibilities with all that utter trust that only dreamers know."

The story of Alice has been translated into French and German, Italian and Dutch, and 'Father William" has even appeared in Arabic though it is difficult to understand how the verse could be amusing in any language but that in which it was written. The French translation bears the rather heavy title, "Adventures d'Alice au Pays des Merveilles"; the German title is easier, "Alice's Abenteur in Wunderland." It would be of interest to know whether they amuse French and German children as they do English and American children. Here is that wise remark of the Duchess which you all remember in the amusing conversation with Alice:

"The moral of that is," said the Duchess, "be what you seem to be: or, to put it more simply,—Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

will not find there the three little friends for whom the Alice story was written. Alice herself and her older sister, Lorina, have married and gone to homes of their own. Another dean lives in the beautiful deanery. Edith, the youngest sister, sleeps in a quiet corner of the churchyard at the back of the cathedral, by her father's side. She died suddenly, after three days' illness, and soon after her marriage engagement had been announced. If you go into the south nave aisle of the cathedral, you will see a window at the east end which is dedicated to the memory of this sister, and just outside the window her grave was made. For many years, a beautiful altar-cloth made by the three Liddells was in use at the cathe-

Charles Dodgson, who called himself Lewis Carroll only when he was writing nonsense books, was born in 1832-his father, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, being a clergyman in Cheshire, England, at a small place called Daresbury. The family lived in an old-fashioned parsonage, a mile and a half from the village. Their life in the country was so quiet that even the passing of a cart was an event of interest. But a happy life the children found it, and in one of his last poems, Charles wrote of it as

The island farm, 'mid seas of corn Swayed by the wandering breeze of morn, The happy spot where I was born.

His nephew tells us how the boy loved to climb trees and explore marlpits and amuse himself with toads and snails, and how he tried "to encourage civilized warfare among earthworms by supplying them with small pieces of pipe with which they might fight if so dis-

One of the boy's earliest treasures was a letter written to him by his mother during her brief absence from home, which the boy kept with the greatest care. To protect it from the hands of the younger children—he was the oldest—he wrote on the back: "No one is to touch this note for it belongs to C.L.D."

He was the oldest of eleven children-seven girls and four boys, and so, you see, had plenty of playmates and a happy childhood, Charles was a sort of Director of Games and Sports, and contrived a number that were original and interesting. He liked to play at being conjurer, and had a long white robe and a brown wig which he used to put on and play all sorts of tricks to amuse the younger children. He contrived some marionettes and a small stage, with the carpenter's help, and while he pulled the strings which guided them, he recited plays which he had written.

When Charles was eleven years old, the family removed to Croft, a much larger place, in the north of England, three miles from Darlington, and went to live in a large and pleasant rectory. The picture shows it a beau-tiful home with plenty of ivy and trees, and there was a large garden at the back with If you visit beautiful Oxford today, you fruit trees and flowers, among them a night-

blooming Cereus. The children were delighted with the new home, and made many new friends here. The father became Archdeacon of Richmond, and, in time, a canon of Ripon

The large garden furnished all sorts of opportunities for games. At one time, Charles contrived a small railway train, the cars consisting of a wheelbarrow, a small cart, and a barrel. He sold tickets to passengers and took them around the garden to the various stations, where refreshments were provided.

In his vacations, here, and later, the Dodgson children kept up a home magazine, chiefly written and illustrated by the older brother. The first was called "Useful and Instructive Poetry": one was "The Comet," another, "The Star," another, "The Rosebud," and one of the latest, "The Rectory Umbrella." The latter contained, among other good things, "Two Lays of Sorrow," one of which seems to have been written concerning a brother who was taking his first lessons in horsebackriding, though the steed is represented as a

Puzzles were the delight of Charles's youth as they were of his manhood. Here is puzzle which first appeared in "The Rectory

Which is best, a clock that is right twice a year or a clock that is right twice every day? The latter, you reply, unquestionably. Very good, reader; now attend. I have two clocks; one doesn't go at all, and the other loses a minute a day! Which would you prefer? The losing one, you say, without a doubt. Now observe: The one which loses a minute a day has to lose twelve hours or 720 minutes before it is right again, consequently it is only right once in two years; whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to comes round, which happens twice a day.

So you've contradicted yourself once. Oh, but you say, what's the use of its being right twice a day if I can't tell when the time comes? Why, suppose the clock points to eight o'clock: don't you see that the clock is right at eight o'clock? Consequently, when sight o'clock comes your clock is right.

eight o'clock comes, your clock is right.

'Yes, I see that," you reply.

Very good: then you've contradicted yourself twice, now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it.

From the Richmond school Charles went on to Rugby, and, when he was eighteen, to Christ Church College at Oxford, where he graduated in 1854. All along through his school and college life he seems to have been quiet and studious, and one would never have guessed the wild and witty things that were to come out of his brain some day. He always took honors in mathematics, his favorite study, and made no trouble for his instructors. He was one of the most famous men that ever came from Rugby, but even here he was, as a young man, grave and solemn in appearance and only opened his rich store of humor to his intimate friends and especially to children, of whom he was always fond. His heart was young and boyish and innocent to the very last; but in outward appearance he was grave and dignified and always shy about meeting

Now we come to the years when Mr. Dodgson, graduated with honor from college, a young man of twenty-two, was asked to return to his college as lecturer in mathematics, which was, of course, a great honor for so young a man. He accepted the offer, and all the rest of the forty-four years of his life he lived at Christ Church. He was ordained deacon a few years after graduation, but was never consecrated as a priest because, it is said, of his shyness and a tendency to stammer when speaking; though he often preached acceptably at Christ Church and elsewhere.

He had two homes in the great quadrangle. That in which "Alice in Wonderland" was written was on the ground floor in the northwest angle. Six years after "Alice" was writhe moved to the upper floor, directly above the old rooms, where he had a cozy

establishment of seven or eight rooms. Books and pictures and cozy couches and chairs, and a glowing fire in the grate when-ever it could possibly be excused, gave it an inviting homelike appearance. The wide baywindow which looks out into the street is not shown in the interior view, but is on the opposite side to the fireplace. It was cozily cushioned in red, and at least half a dozen children could sit on it at a time.

The fireplace is a very interesting one and unlike any other. for it is surrounded with tiles with pictures from the different nonsense books, especially "The Hunting of the Snark."

I suppose you remember the Snark story, the word snark being what Lewis Carroll called a "portmanteau word," having two meanings packed into one, and in this case the two words are "snail" and "shark." You remember the Bellman who steered the ship and who selected his crew for the purpose of hunting the dreadful snark; and how one of them was a Baker whose uncle had warned him to beware, for if the snark were a "Booum," the Baker, on seeing him would instantand softly vanish from sight forever. Mr. Dodgson said that the idea of the story came to him in this way:

"I was walking on a hillside alone one bright summer day, when suddenly there came into my mind one line of verse—one solitary line-'For the snark was a Boojum, you see. I knew not what it meant then; I know what it means now, but I wrote it down and some time afterward the rest of the stanza occurred to me, that being its last line."

Mr. Dodgson liked to explain the fireplace tiles to the children who came to see him. One of the children tells about it in Mr. Collingwood's book.

The central tile at the top shows the ship that the Bellman steered. To the right is the Eaglet of the Caucus-race in "Alice," and below it is the Gryphon. On the left side are the Lory and the Dodo of the Caucus-race. The lowest tile contains the fawn that had lost its name. Mr. Dodgson used to have these creatures engage in amusing conversations with each other, for the benefit of his child-friends, and "The little creatures in the intervening tiles used to squirm in at intervals." One bird, represented as running his beak through a fish, and the dragon which is hissing defiance over his left shoulder, Mr. Dodg. used to say, indicated the different ways he had of receiving visitors.

All sorts of puzzles, games, music boxes, theatricals and tableaux were invented by Mr. Dodgson to amuse his child guests. He was an excellent photographer in the days be-fore kodaks had been heard of, and left a great store of photographs of his friends and quaintances which he carefully finished his studio on the roof. To amuse the children, he had a variety of gay costumes made in which he used to dress them as Turks, Chinamen, knights and ladies, and photographed them, to their great delight.

Among other inventions were a number of musical toys and music boxes and an organette which, he told the children, had to be feel on paper tunes, sometimes as many as a dozen

a day.

In order to vary the performance, says one of the child friends, he sometimes put in paper tune wrong end first. "Then they had a tune backward, and soon found themselves in a day before yesterday. So they dared no go on for fear of making her so young that she would not be able to talk."

In appearance, Mr. Dodgson was very much like his picture, which, in some respects. resembles another great teller of stories for children, Hans Christian Anderson. He was slender and delicate, but erect, shy, and retiring and, though grave and somewhat elderly in appearance, he seemed full of life and good spirits to the very last of his life. He lived much alone and disliked the intrusion of strangers or any compliments to his nonsense books. He wrote a great number of interesting and amusing letters to children, and seems to have preferred writing to talking. No doubt when all these letters have been collected they will fill a large volume.

To a little girl named Adelaide, he sent a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark," with this acrostic:

"Are you deaf, Father William?" the young man said, "Did you hear what I told you just now? Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head Like a blundering, sleepy, old cow!

A little maid dwelling in Wallington Town
Is my friend, so I beg to remark:
Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent

down Entitled 'The Hunt of the Snark?'

"Pack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,
"And seal it with clive and dove.

I command you to do it!" he added with pride,
"Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside
Easter Greetings, and give her my love."

But to quote all the interesting letters that Lewis Carroll wrote to children would be to quote both the books that, his nephew has written about him. The last days of his life came suddenly and unexpectedly to every one. His Christmas holidays were usually spent at the home of his sisters, called The Chestnuts, at Guildford, in Surrey, and he went down this last Christmas of his life, and kept the festival, pparently in the best of health and spirits. A few days later influenza developed, and on the fourteenth of January, 1898, came the close of his beautiful life.

He was laid to rest in the churchyard at Guildford, not far away from the sisters' home. Beautiful wreaths of flowers, one of them from his early friend, "Alice," were sent, and today a cross of white marble bearing his real name and his pen-name marks the place

where he sleeps. In a London hospital for children a "Lewis Carroll Cot" has been established by the contributions of a great number of the friends and admirers of Lewis Carroll, and in that cot many a poor and suffering child has found rest and comfort.

A few weeks after his death, I stood in the deserted rooms in the quadrangle where so many bright hours in the life of Lewis Carroll had been passed, so many friends welcomed, so many books written. For thirty years it had been his home. Piles of photographs, boxes of gay children's clothing, books and pictures, the quaint fireplace tiles—all told the story of a life which had ever been young and joyous, kind and helpful; and on my table today is the worn old quill pen which was the last used in Oxford by Lewis Carroll.

But the merry, dainty fancies of his fairy tales will live on and on and win friends so long as children's hearts are pure and sweet, and so long as older children retain their love of innocent laughter and nonsense.-Helen Marshall Pratt, in St. Nicholas.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS

Here is a charming glimpse of Mr. Robert Hichens, the novelist who has done so much to make the desert known to English people.

Here is how one of Mr. Hichens's best novels, "The Garden of Allah," was suggested. "On one of seven visits to the desert he had previously visited a Trappist monastery, and, drawn by the perfect restfulness of the place, said how much he wished he could stay there for a while. 'We take guests,' remarked the lay brother who was showing him round. 'We should be glad to have you if you do not mind living very simply.' So for three weeks Mr. Hichens lived there plainly and frugally, sleeping in one of the small, bare cells; later, he went out into the desert with the Arab poet whom in the book he has named Batouch for his guide, and as they stood one evening gazing across the eternal sands towards the sunset, a chance phrase of Batouch's touched him with a first dim thought of 'The Garden of

"This is the garden of oblivion,' said Batouch in his usual dreamy monotone. In the desert one forgets everything, even the desire of one's soul.' Somehow his saying called a vision of the secluded, prison-like monastery back into his hearer's mind, and with it came fancy to bring one of its mute tenants out here into the desert, and in this garde nof obli-vion let him forget his views, his hopes, his God, and be willing to lose his soul for the love

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