Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

TWO SONS.

(Robert Buchanan was born in Glasgow in 1841. He was educated at the University of Glasgow. He was a writer of drama, ballads and magazine articles. His collected poems have been published in three volumes.)

I have two sons, wife—
Two, and yet the same;
One his wild way runs, wife,
Bringing us to shame.
The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across the sea,
The other is a little child who sits upon your knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,
As wayward as the deep;
Him no arms could hold, wife
His no breast could keep.
He has tried our hearts for many a year, not broken them; for he
Is still the sinless little one that sits upon your knee.

One may fall in fight, wife—
Is he not our son?
Pray with all your might, wife,
For the wayward one;
Pray for the dark, rough soldier, who fights across the sea,
Because you love the little shade who smiles upon your knee.

One across the foam, wife,
As I speak may fall;
But this one at home, wife,
Cannot die at all.
They are both our only one; and how thankful should we be
We cannot lose the darling son who sits upon your knee!

—Robert Buchanan.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

One came in the middle of the night,
Through ways that no man knows,
A wild intruder and bright,
Unbid to my garden close;
With jewels he hung the lilacs,
With jewels he decked the rose.

And all in the quiet dawn
These little coquettes and vain
Speak still of him who has gone:
"Oh would he might come again!"
This splendid spendthrift and bold,
This prodigal prince—the Rain.

—Theodosia Garrison.

BOOKS.

Miss Lily Dougall, author of the new mystery story, "The Summit House Mystery," which is rapidly passing from one edition to another, tells some interesting facts concerning its conception. She says, "A story which contained some of the main incidents here depicted was once told me by a venerable lawyer in one of the American cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Afterwards I made a four months' stay in those regions of wonderful beauty described in this book, and, wanting a plot which would work in with those alternating moods of nature—the gloom, the awe-moners, the sylvan delight, and above all, the aspects of victorious calm—that distinguish mountain scenery from that of our everyday levels, the legal problem, which had taken strong hold upon my imagination, seemed to suggest a drama suited to the stage and scenery. The story, except its ending, was accordingly written. My final difficulty was that I could not find a solution to tally with my characters, and it was some years later that I woke up one morning among the Welsh mountains with the discovery of the last chapters clearly in my mind." She adds that "no one need think himself dull if he does not guess a conclusion which it took me half a dozen years to discover."

* * *

"The Golden Flood," Edwin Lefevre's mystery of the money market, seems to have had the effect of drawing out of their holes all the cranks with the gold-making mania. When the story was appearing in McClure's, a young fellow came to the magazine office and asked to look over two or three back numbers. He acted rather queerly, and scanned every page eagerly. Finally, it was discovered that he was hunting through the pages of "The Golden Flood" for a recipe for making gold, which he said he had thought he would find there. Budding alchemists have favored Mr. Lefevre with a great deal of correspondence. One says: "You may disabuse your mind of it (the making of gold) being impossible, as I have succeeded after four years of chemical research in producing gold from common earth; also, have partially succeeded in transmuting iron and silver into the same. . . . I am now trying to raise a few thousands dollars. . . . P. S.—Treat this letter confidentially." Another letter says: "You are writing nearer truth than you are perhaps aware. In July and September, 1903, I gave to the world the general facts governing the transmutation of metals, and especially the changing of copper and silver into gold." Evidently, men dream today much as they did in the middle ages.

* * *

Prof. Munsterberg delivered in German the oration at the Schiller centennial, in Cleveland. In view of Prof. Munsterberg's ardent appreciation of this country in his recent volume, "The Americans," it is interesting to note his application of Schiller mottoes to a German in a foreign country. Quoting Schiller's line from "William Tell," "Be one with your fatherland,' he asks: "Does it contain a reproach from across the ocean? Is it an accusation against the German who has left his fatherland behind him?" and answers, "The poet himself excludes this interpretation, for in the same year he wrote: 'Ties of love are quickly formed, and where you render happiness you find a home.'" With an appreciable touch of satire, Prof. Munsterberg goes on, "You will note that he does not adopt the unworthy saying, 'Our fatherland is wherever we are prosperous.' Home, by its real definition, is where we make others happy. The German has a true right to his home here, when he tries to contribute to the moral development of the new world."

* * *

People who follow sports will recognize in Rex E. Beach, author of "Pardners," the book of Alaskan life recentily published by McClure-Phillips, the winner of the one-mile handicap swimming race at last year's Olympian games in St. Louis. Mr. Beach is a big-chested fellow, distinctly not the usual type of fast swimmer. When he joined the Chicago Athletic club, of which he has lately been elected secretary, he appeared before John Robinson, the coach, and expressed his willingness to enter a swimming race. Robinson looked him over, and did not want to pass him, but finally gave reluctant consent. Turning to a bystander, he commented: "If that fellow tries to swim 100 yards, he'll drown." When Beach climbed out of the water after that first race, he had established a novice world's record for 100 yards.

* * *

It is interesting in connection with the present war to find in Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature," an account of Tolstoi's youthful military prowess. "He lived through all the dreadful experiences of the defenders of Sebastopol . . . He has the right to speak of war; he knows it from within." Kropotkin points out the pertinent facts that Tolstoi "obstinately refused during the siege to become an officer of the staff, and remained with his battery in the most dangerous spots," and that, though he seems never again to have written verse, he at that time "composed, in the usual metre and language of soldiers' songs, a satirical song in which he described the blunders of the commanders which ended in the Balaklava disaster. The song, written in an admirable popular style, could not be printed, but it spread over Russia in thousands of copies, and was widely sung, both during and immediately after the campaign. The name of the author also leaked out, but there was some uncertainty as to whether it was the author of the Sebastopol sketches or some other Tolstoi." And now Tolstoi's son is taking part in the new war. The father's attitude is reflected in a letter written recently by Mme. Tolstoi to a friend: "Some imagine that the people are regarding war and death with wisdom and equanimity. This is not correct. I am living in the country. I have seen a son of my own off to the war. I have experienced and seen these partings with heartrending grief, and never have I witnessed aught else than tears, sorrow and condemning of the cause for which the men were being sent away. I know of only a very few exceptions, and those not among the people but the educated younger generation." Tolstoi's doctrine, is briefly, according to Kropotkin's book, "Don't resist evil by violence."

* * *

It has taken England some time to get the Wagner fever. Perhaps the old country had arrived at a remoter distance than ours from the "simple life." At any rate, it is only lately that the Wagner books have begun meeting there with a sale at all comparable to their tremendous sale in this country. A shilling edition of "The Simple Life" is said to have been the opening wedge.

* * *

Two recent books of short stories give in pretty direct contrast the divergent latter-day views of "woman's ideal estate." Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in "The Bell in the Fog," phrases what is evidently her own opinion: "You live in the woman's age. Your opportunities will be infinite. . . . every school of life you desire knowledge through shall be opened to you. You shall become that finest flower of civilization, a woman who knows how to use her independence." On the other side of the case, Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting, in one of her "Little Stories of Courtship," says sympathizingly: "She had no ambition to be independent. She was glad of the opportunity to earn her living, but if it came to preference . . . she would have liked to be taken care of if love had gone with the care, better than anything else in the world."

* * *

After all the ingenuity with which he has engineered Sherlock Holmes through the solution of many mysteries, Conan Doyle has resorted, in difficulties of his own, to the common or garden method of discovery, by inserting in the London Daily Mail this advertisement: "Lost . . . on road between Cambridge and London, box containing four ladies' hats and some artificial flowers; reward. Doyle, Grand Hotel." Is Conan Doyle, in his statement that he his done with Sherlock Holmes, in earnest, or have we been given a blind hint of a new detective story in the making?

* * *

King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian islands, tells naively, in Mrs. Isobel Strong's book, "The Girl from Home," of a new cure for indigestion: "We had a sick man here once," said the king, "an Englishman, who was traveling and put off on account of his health. He could not eat anything, and was slowly dying of starvation—some aggravated form of dyspepsia. I sent down my servants with poi and raw fish; he began to get well from that day and now he's a member of parliament." Poi, one of the characters had previously explained, "is native food, like paste, . . . when the sitting-room was papered last year the men stuck the paper on with poi, and then they ate what was left over for lunch."

* * *

Mr. Tarkington tells, in an interview, an interesting piece of gossip in connection with his life at Rome, where in that contrast to such activities as are reflected in his book on politics, "In the Arena," he was giving himself up to idler and rather more romantic experiences, such as are reflected in the new novelet. He tells how he came to have a Roman "family coachman:" "One day we saw a crowd of Italians gathered around a horse that was lying in the middle of the street. Four or five men had hold of him by the tail, and with yells and shouts were pulling him about, apparently with the intention of urging him to stand up. I saw that the horse was barely alive and sent for a bowl of hot wine and castor oil, which from some remote veterinary knowledge came to me as a suitable prescription. They brought the dose, and tried to pour it into the horse's mouth crosswise. Finally, I got the poor beast's head propped up so that the medicine could be swallowed, when the horse gave a loud gasp, rolled its eyes, and stiffened out. I supposed it was dead, and with the uneasy conscience of a doctor who had made a false diagnosis, I gave the men a gold piece and sneaked away. Imagine our surprise later in the day to see the horse still alive and standing on its four shaky legs, harnessed to the most moth-eaten cab in Rome. Antonio smilingly informed us that his horse and his cab were at our disposal for the rest of our lives. No other cabman could ever get near us while we were in Rome; so we were doomed to the most disreputable rig in the town. Antonio would come at six every morning, although we never got up so early. One cold morning he had no overcoat and was shivering. I said to him, 'Antonio, go and buy an overcoat; you will freeze to death.' With chattering teeth he replied gallantly: 'No, no, signor, I am not cold while my heart is warm to be the family coachman.'"

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

MISS ALICE HOOPER.

(Mrs. Guy Palmer) as an Oriental Kirmess Girl.

Salt Lakers will remember the Kirmess held some 12 or 15 years ago in the old exposition building in the Tenth ward, under the direction chiefly of a number of prominent society women of this city. A number of popular young women were chosen to preside at the various booths, among them Miss Alice Hooper, now Mrs. Guy Palmer, a cut of whom is given above. Miss Hooper presided at the oriental booth, and the picture shows her in the costume worn at the time.

NOTES.

Booth Tarkington's new book, "The Beautiful Lady," is among the McClure-Phillips publications for June 1. This new novelette has the qualities of brilliancy, whimsicality and speed that characterized his earlier success, "Monsieur Beaucaire." The scene of the story is laid in several European capitals; and the characters are a beautiful American girl, a delightfully ingenious Italian count, his villainous and tricky brother, and a young and energetic American. The three men are in love with "The Beautiful Lady," each in his own characteristic way; the young American winning in the end, after a most original courtship, which comes to a glorious close during the Carnival of Flowers at Rome. The publishers are making of "The Beautiful Lady" an especially fine gift book. There are illustrations in tint by Blendon Campbell; decorations, end papers and a cover design by William Jordan.

* * *

McClure-Phillips have brought out Felix Adler's new volume, "The Religion of Duty." This latest book by the founder and leader of the Ethical Culture society gives to the ideals and principles of the ethical culture movement the most complete and rounded expression they have yet had the written and spoken addresses of Prof. Adler; and the excerpts have been edited by Leslie W. Sprague, who has grouped them under the following headings: "First steps Toward Religion, Changes in the Conception of God, The Teachings of Jesus in the Modern World, The Religion of Duty, Standards of Conduct Based on Ethical Religion, The Ethical Attitude Toward Pleasure, The Ethical Attitude Toward Suffering, The Consolation of the Religion of Duty, The Essential Differences Between Ethical Societies and the Churches." Mr. Sprague has acquitted himself well in the work of "eleminating those features of the spoken address that would be out of place in print, and of arranging addresses delivered in various years in such a manner as to give continuity and organic sequence to the thought implied in the title of the volume."

* * *

An interesting addition to current fiction is Mrs. Isobel Strong's novel, "The Girl From Home." Its scenes are laid in Hawaii, and the story deals with the experiences of a young girl who, going to join her fiance there finds him on the even of her arrival in a beastly state of intoxication. Her adventures alone in the new land form the gist of the book. "The Girl From Home," acquires a special interest from the fact that it is the only story yet written of Hawaii in the days when Kalakaua was king. Mrs. Strong spent nearly seven years in the islands. She was a prominent member of the court circle, and a close friend of Kalakaua himself. One of her most precious possessions is the Order of Oceania, which she received from Kalakaua under interesting circumstances. Near the close of Mrs. Strong's stay, very strong efforts were being made by the American party to bring about the annexation of the islands to the United States, a move to which, of course, Kalakaua was opposed. The politicians, and especially the missionaries, were very active, and planned what was to have been in a mild way a coup d'etat. The pro-annexationists found it necessary forcibly to separate King Kalakaua from his councilors; and one day surrounded him and made him a prisoner in his palace. Quite by accident, Mrs. Strong discovered the situation while paying a morning visit to the secretary of state at his offices. It was absolutely necessary that a brief message should be carried to the king, and a brief answer brought back from him. Mrs. Strong had undertaken to make for the king, drawings to illustrate a book of his on the fishes of Hawaii. With a portfolio of these tucked under her arm, she braved the unsuspecting guards at te palace, and got an audience with the king. Upon one of her sketches the message was written. Kalakaua, while pretending to criticize the drawings, managed to scribble his answer on one of them. Mrs. Strong, with her precious bundle, marched out again past the guards, carried the answer to the secretary of state, and thus saved the situation. The Order of Oceania, which the king bestowed upon her for this service, consists of a beautiful medal with a palm tree design, worn with a green sash. It is recognized in all the courts of Europe.

* * *

Macmillan Co. have issued two more of their paper bound novels, "On the Weza Trail," a story of the great wilderness by Caroline Brown, and "Foes-in-Law" by Rhode Broughton, the two making interesting additions to their popular cheap editions of modern novels.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Reader Magazine for June is a strong number of this increasingly attractive and popular periodical. The opening chapters of Meredith Nicholson's new serial, "The House of a Thousand Candles," are certain to attract attention, while Octave Thanet's "Man of the Hour" reaches its conclusion in this number. An appreciation of Joseph Jefferson, by James S. Metcalfe, dramatic editor of Life, voices the sentiments of thousands of American playgoers. The article is accompanied by a full-page portrait, in tint, done by George Brehm, which is one of the most striking likenesses of Jefferson ever published. "Popularizing Classical Music" is the title of an analysis of the work of the late Theodore Thomas, written by Charles E. Russell. John Elfreth Watkins has an article under the title, "Our Daily Bread," in which is told the story of what the government's chemists and food experts are doing in the battle for pure food. The short fiction is by such well-known writers as Anne Warner, John T. McIntyre, Helen Sterling Thomas, Henry Oyen and others, while timely contributions in verse are by James Whitcomb Riley, Strickland W. Gillilan, Virginia Woodward Cloud, Elsa Barker and Clinton Scollard. Bliss Carman has an article on "Longfellow" in The Reader's Study, and the department of Readers and Writers is timely, interesting and scholarly as usual. The illustrators include Howard Chandler Christy, Warren Y. Cluff, George Brehm, Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock, Fred C. Yohn and Kin Hubbard.

Historic Letters and Manuscripts Sold in London.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 25.—Seldom has a more interesting collection of autograph letters and documents been sold in London than that disposed of at Sotheby's this week on behalf of its owner, Francis Capel-Cure, of Badger Hall, Shropshire. And as usual, though practically all the important purchases were made by agents, who did not reveal for whom they wer acting, it is believed that the most attractive "lots" were secured by Americans.

About the most interesting item in this sale was the original autograph manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," ten verses of eight lines each, which Scott introduced into his drama, "The Doom of Devorgoil," but altered slightly before publication. For this manuscript $425 was paid. The complete collection realized slightly over $3,000 and included an autograph letter of Frederick the Great, an early letter of Dr. Johnson, dated Lichfield, 1782, and a letter written by Napoleon to his mother respecting his brother Jerome. For this $135 was paid. The famous letter from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, already quoted in these columns, was knocked down for $205. For a letter written by Benedict Arnold to the Earl of Shelburne in 1782, regarding the American war, $105 was obtained. There were also French letters of uncommon interest—one from Marie Antoinette to Necker, one from Rousseau to the Countess de Boufflers, and one from Voltaire to Algarotti. The queen's letter sold for $200. There was also the original warrant signed by Lord Burghley and Sir Walter Mildmay to John Popham, attorney general, for his services in connection with the trial of Babbington, "and in the matter of Mary Queen of Scotts." This was dated 1586 and was bid in for $165.

* * *

It seems that the illness from which Dr. Max Nordau has been suffering for the past two months or more was a good deal more serious than was generally imagined. Now, however, the author of "Degeneration" is able to get out, and he left for Carlsbad a day or so ago to recuperate.

* * *

Anthony Hope has a grudge against commas. It seems that these marks of punctuation get into Mr. Hope's books—or rather into his proof sheets—in much greater numbers than the novelist thinks desirable and that he has a world of trouble in getting them out. Hope may be said to have gone to "headquarters" to register a protest regarding the matter, for he dealt with his grievance at the annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press last week. The author told these correctors that they were too liberal with commas, and declared that if he submitted to them as despots in many matter he stood for freedom in that one. Mr. Hawkins also declared that he did not think, unless it were a man's wife, that anyone knew more about another's weakness than a proofreader about an author's or assumed a more tyranical control over him.

* * *

Still another is to be added to the many books that have been written about Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." In a forthcoming work to be called "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood," J. Cumming Walters, a prominent student of Dickensian matters, will tell how he believes the mystery would have been solved had Dickens lived to complete his romance. It was rumored at one time that Wilkie Collins who, of course, was intimate with Dickens, was completing "Edwin Drood," but the rumor was untrue. An American humorist wrote a comic version of the novel, while one serious attempt to solve the mystery professed to have been penned by spiritualistic agency. One of the best contributions on the subject was a well argued little book by the late R. A. Proctor, which he called "Watched by the Dead." It will be interesting to compare it with Walters' forthcoming book.

* * *

George R. Halkett, for several years editor of the Pall Mall Magazine, and next to F. Carruthers Gould, perhaps the best known of British political cartoonists, is about to retire from the editorship. Mr. Halkett has been ill and overworked for sometime. It has not been decided who will succeed him. The Pall Mall Magazine is the chief of William Waldorf Astor's publications.

* * *

"Ibsen has definitely decided to write no more," says a private letter from Christiania. My correspondent adds, however, that he has been assured by Ibsen's physician, the eminent Dr. Bull, that the dramatist's physical condition is at present quite satisfactory—better, in fact than has been the case for a long time. "He sleeps, eats and rises," said his physician, "with the regularity of clock work." Ibsen is too weak, however, to walk much, but sits as usual in his big arm chair at the famous corner window, watching the crowd passing beneath him along the Drammensvejen. He is keenly interested in the present crisis between Norway and Sweden, and quite recently remarked: "Wherever there is a big noise, there is also sure to be life, health and vigor." But his favorite pastime is to discuss theatrical matters and he takes intense interest in following the progress of his drama in the principal countries of the world.

* * *

Although barely two months have passed since the death of Jules Verne, not less than three French cities have settled on means of keeping his memory alive. The firt place to do so was Chantenay, a manufacturing village close to Nantes, where Verne spent a portion of his youth. On the day after his death it was resolved that one of the streets in Chantenay should henceforth be called "Jules Verne street." A fortnight later the town council of Nantes arranged to set up a tablet on the house where he was born, to give his name to a square, and to open a public subscription for a suitable statue to his memory. At Amiens, the authorities have decided to rename the Boulevarde Longueville, where the famous writer resided at the time of his death.

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