

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

BITS OF VERSE.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feeling kind 'o blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort 'o feel a flutter in the region 'o the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort 'o way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

(From "The School for Scandal.")

Here's to the maiden of bluish fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the glass pass,
We'll drink to the lass.
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes;
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with her face full of woe
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim;
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim.
And let us 'em toast them together.
Let the toast pass, etc.

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

NOTES.

Thomas Lawson, the author of "Frenzied Finance," is no university product. His education is that of the common schools and of experience. Born in Charleston, brought up in Cambridge, his whole life has been spent in the vicinity of Boston, where he is a familiar and conspicuous figure. He is now in his forty-ninth year, six feet tall, powerful of build, clear of eye, and alert of movement, an embodiment of power. "Frenzied Finance" is not his first book. In 1897 he published "The Krank," in 1898 "Secrets of Success," and in 1902 the "Lawson History of the American Cup."

Peter Rosegger, the Styrian peasant writer, whose story of Christ "I, N. R. I." has recently been published in America by McClure-Phillips, is the national poet of his native country. His first productions, written in his early youth, when he had little or no education, were folk poems characterized by a naive simplicity that is the most attractive quality in his Christ story. The quality of his genius as a poet is well indicated by the following little poem taken from his very first volume, "Zither and Cymbal."

THREE LITTLE LIGHTS.
In going from home to a foreign land,
There fell three tear-drops on my hand,
My friend's, my sweetheart's, my mother's
A tear.
They burned like lights, all golden clear,
The first meant: Grateful in need am I.
The second: I will be true till I die.
The third one burned so pure and mild;
It meant: Thou art my own dear child.
And when a year its course had run,
Two of the lights were entirely gone,
And only one burned pure and mild.
It meant: Thou art my own dear child.

Bandmaster John S. Duss, whose lavishly illustrated "The Leader for 125 Years" 1905

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



A GROUP OF UTAH-EUROPEAN MISSIONARIES.

This photograph was taken in Liverpool, England, on April 6, 1873. Reading from left to right, upper row, the members of the group are: M. Hardy, Joseph Birch, Thomas Godfrey, B. W. Carrington, R. McQuarrie, E. A. Box, J. Neff; left to right, lower row—S. Jones, George Crismon, Bishop J. B. Fairbanks, Erastus Snow, D. O. Calder, George F. Gibbs, D. G. Calder.

spelling of proper names. Washington's writing is very clear after a few twists have been mastered, and it showed carelessness to print "Casson" more than once for Cannon, or "Snearen" for Swearingen, or "Hiden" for Holden, or "Havis" for Lewis, especially as the editor gives the correct spelling in his commentary. Nor was it Trickett (p. 25) but Snickers of whom Washington wrote. A glance at the manuscript would have prevented such errors, as in such case the words are clearly and correctly written. Nor is the editor himself careful in his references. He writes Luzerne for Luzerne, and places the Braddock march in 1755. His notes are full of diffuseness, but he has made a very readable book, and the diary deserved to be printed in such an admirable form. Mr. Hulbert could have found additional information as to Washington's land ventures and his interest in the navigation of Virginia rivers. This interest was awakened and fostered by his half-brother Laurence, and the summary of the results of this journey of 1754 make an essential chapter in the history of the internal commerce of the middle and southern states. That the expectations of Washington were never realized takes away nothing from his excellent judgments upon the situation in his day and what the interests of Virginia demanded.

BOOKS.

"In the Sunny Side of the Street" Marshall P. Wilder has given a book to the public which will be appreciated by all who enjoy cheer, goodnature and unalloyed merriment. As the illustration on its title indicates, the book is a succession of laughs from beginning to end, and should be the pocket companion of everyone who delights in the bright side of life, and is unable to rid himself of gloom. It is published by the Funk Wagnalls Co., of New York.

D. C. Heath & Co. of Chicago are publishers of text books of various kinds, and teachers will find a valuable

array of books for students in their list. Among their French books the "As a Man Thinketh" by James Allen, is a beautiful little volume, the object of which is to stimulate men and women to the discovery and perception of the truth that—

"They themselves are makers of themselves"

by virtue of the thoughts which they choose and encourage; that mind is the master-never, both of the inner argument of character and the outer garment of circumstance, and that, as they may have hitherto woven in ignorance and pain they may now weave in enlightenment and happiness.

The contents are: Thought and Character. Effect of Thought on Circumstances. Effect of Thought on Health and the Body. Thought and Purpose. The Thought-Factor in Achievement. Pleasure and Ideals.

It is little books like this that give one higher ideals and renew inspiration. They make one forget "circumstances" and "environment" and think only of the power that lies within oneself. "Thought tends to take form in action," and Mr. Allen shows how practical this can be made and what a force it can become in the life of any man who will only believe what he wills. "As a Man Thinketh" is a book to make a friend of and may be studied for years without exhausting its truths.

62 pages, 3 1/2 x 6 inches, printed on exceptional heavy paper, bound in board backs, handsome cover design and title in sepia brown; an exquisite gift volume; first American edition. Postage paid, cents. Publisher, Chicago, The Science Press, the Republic, Chicago.

Writer Who Was a Man Succeeded Best as a Woman.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—There are several respects in which the literary reception which the late William Sharp practised on the reading public must be described as one of the most extraordinary things of its kind on record. Before this, in all probability, Americans have been told by telegraph what this deception was. They will have learned that, unknown to all but a few of his most intimate associates, the brilliant English critic and essayist who died in Ceylon a day or two ago was also "Fiona Macleod," the supposedly feminine Celtic writer, regarding whose real identity there has been so much speculation during the last few years. The announcement that Sharp was "Fiona Macleod" was made immediately after the writer's death by Richard Whiting, author of "No. 5 John Street," and Sharp's intimate friend, and it made something of a sensation in this country.

Before this, of course, male writers have used feminine pen names, though their number is small when compared with that of the women who have adopted masculine pseudonyms. Keats, it will be remembered, published several poems as "Lucy Vaughan Lloyd," and "Shelley and Thomas Hogz" wrote a small volume called "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson," and needless to recall, Schumann's recently republished novel, "Love's Cross Currents," was originally credited to "Mrs. Horace Mannings." But William Sharp is the only instance on record of a man who, under the name of "Fiona Macleod," published a book under his own name and that he was justified in this course, and it must be admitted that he seemed in good company. Sir Walter Scott declared categorically that he was the author of "Waverley," Charlotte Bronte denied point blank to Thackeray that she had written "Jane Eyre," and more recently Laurence Housman made no bones of contradicting Italy the rumor that correctly connected his name with "An Englishman's Love Letters." But, unlike these authors, Sharp kept his pseudonymity up to the time of his death.

It has already been stated that Sharp's publishers were not those of "Fiona Macleod," and Chapman & Hall, who issued the supposed author's works, were not connected with the real author's identity. "She" wrote them, generally from an Edinburgh address and received checks to her order, which were returned, endorsed with the fictitious name. An old example of the wiles Sharp was forced to weave is found in the autobiographical notes which he authorized the editor of "Who's Who" to publish under his double pen names. The "recollections" of William Sharp are described as "frequent change of scene and environment, in summer, roaming, sailing and swimming." The recollections of "Fiona Macleod" are given as "sailing, hill-walks, listening."

Sharp suffered from almost continuous ill-health and like Stevenson, visited many different parts of the world in the effort to improve his physical condition. One of his first editorships, by the way, was that of the boys' paper in which Stevenson's "Treasure Island" first appeared. Sharp had the true poetic temperament and was dis-

under his own name. He had been a scholarly life of Browning, published critics works on Keats and Shelley, and done other work of good quality. But hardly had the first of "Fiona Macleod" prose poems appeared when the publisher's board recognized as a new figure in the literature of her time. She was, in fact, regarded by many literary students as the greatest Celtic writer since Ossian Macpherson. From the first, however, it was believed that "Fiona Macleod" was a pseudonym and all sorts of wild guesses were made at the true identity of the author. "Fiona Macleod" was said to be a daughter of Dr. Norman Macleod, W. B. Yeats was credited with her work, "she" was in reality Arthur Symonds, Maid Gonne and Nora Hopper. The guesses got "warmer," however, when some of them asserted that the mysterious authoress was Mrs. William Sharp, or a relative of William Sharp. At this point a letter appeared in the Athenaeum which "Fiona Macleod" publishers, who were quite distinct from Sharp's publishers, declared they had received from the authoress herself. In this "Fiona Macleod" declared herself most annoyed at her identification with this or that male or female of letters and continued, "I give you authority to say definitely that Fiona Macleod is not any of those with whom she has been identified, that she writes only under the name of Fiona Macleod, and that she is her own, and that all she asks is the courtesy both of good breeding and of common sense."

Of course, in writing this letter Sharp simply lied. He believed, however, that he was justified in this course, and it must be admitted that he seemed in good company. Sir Walter Scott declared categorically that he was the author of "Waverley," Charlotte Bronte denied point blank to Thackeray that she had written "Jane Eyre," and more recently Laurence Housman made no bones of contradicting Italy the rumor that correctly connected his name with "An Englishman's Love Letters." But, unlike these authors, Sharp kept his pseudonymity up to the time of his death.

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