

Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is—
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader space
For the soul's love of home than this?
O yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand:
His is the world wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthplace, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine.
There is the true man's birthplace grand:
His is a world wide fatherland!

—James Russell Lowell.

NOTES.

Many incidents from the authors' experiences contributed to the making of "My Friend the Chauffeur," the new novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, just published by J. A. Folger & Co. The authors actually did make the motor trip from Monte Carlo across the Alps and Northern Italy to the east coast of the Adriatic and the Adriatic coast, and the descriptions of scenery they indulge in. The incident of the dropping of a gold bag into the Grand canal at Venice was also from real life. It was Mrs. Williamson's fact which, of course, accounts for the charm of the descriptions of scenery they indulge in. The incident of the dropping of a gold bag into the Grand canal at Venice was also from real life. It was Mrs. Williamson's fact which, of course, accounts for the charm of the descriptions of scenery they indulge in.

News comes from abroad that C. N. and A. M. Williamson, who have founded their motor novels to a class in "My Friend the Chauffeur," spent last summer making a tour of the canals of Holland in a motor-boat. The result of this holiday will probably be a new twist to their next novel, and the public that has been enchanted by "The Lightning Conductor" and "My Friend the Chauffeur" may anticipate a romance of a motor-boat.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report the twenty-fifth thousand of "Rebecca" by Kate Douglas Wiggin, fourteenth edition of "Lionel Lincoln" by Clara Louisa Burdett, tenth edition of "England's Story" by Eva March Tappan, fourth edition of "Isidra" by Mary Au tin, and third edition of "Three Years with the Poets" by Bertha Hazard.

There seems to be a pronounced Byron revival in the literary world today. We have had at least three recent novels founded on his romantic career, beginning with that by Mrs. Humphry Ward, we have his "Confessions," and now we have a handy new edition of his works, complete in one volume, carefully edited by Mr. Paul E. More. This volume appears in the well known Cambridge Editions of British and American Poets, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Dorothy Violet Wilde, the little New York girl, to whom Arthur Stringer half humorously dedicates his new volume, "Lonely O'Malley," is not quite so young as the wording of that dedication would imply. In fact, little Miss Wilde, who is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Henry Siegel, is now old enough to operate her own motor car. Not long ago she and some of her tiny friends gave an auto picnic party in a grove near Mamaroneck.

BOOKS.

When Henry James was in this country last spring, he delivered two important addresses which are now published in full, under the title of "The Question of Our Speech" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The first of these addresses is a storm of newspaper comment, for in it Mr. James offered some pungent and pertinent criticism of the press, the public schools, and other institutions which "help to keep our speech untidy and slovenly." He gave some very wholesome advice in regard to American carelessness in pronunciation and use of words, which is well worthy of a wider audience.

The second, "The Lesson of Balzac," is a very searching discussion of the principles of the art of fiction. Mr. James takes the author of the "Comedie Humaine" as his subject, because he finds him the most significant artist of all the great writers who have made the novel the typical literary form of the present age. The reader will find this essay an introduction into the inner workshop of the novelist's art, and will bring away from it both a fresh perception of the far-reaching expressiveness of modern fiction and a new and lively interest in the books which Mr. James directly considers. It is at once one of the most readable essays that Mr. James has written, and one of the most suggestive discussions of the

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of kidney troubles, liver complaints, Constipation of the bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no demands, excites no crises, breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it, ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

nature of fiction to be found in print anywhere. These two papers together make a volume of unusual literary interest.

"Tales of the Road" is just issued in book form, and makes an interesting volume. Because of the interest and inquiry aroused by the publication, in The Saturday Evening Post, of the earlier chapters of "Tales of the Road," Charles N. Crowder, the author, received from a certain literary editor a note the substance of which was the question: "Who are you, anyhow?" Here is the answer which he received:

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haps the job was given me to kill me off. But I won out. At the end of the first year they wanted to fire me, but I sold my services again for a second year. For six years I traveled in the middle west for this firm and my salary grew bigger each year. At the end of that time, which was the year of the world's fair at Chicago, I came to the city by the lake and saw the red roofs of Dr. Harper's university. A friend of mine, whom I shall ever hold close to my heart, advised me to go there. I went, but to do this I had to throw away a large business which then, at the time of 23 or 24 years, was a handsome salary. In order that I might go to the university, I cut down my salary to \$1000 a year, enough to get me through school. The Old Man did not give me a contract longer than one year, because he said "Books and business do not go together," and added that I would not fall down. I did not. I gave up every inch of my old territory—one of the reasons being that I sold books for the marked price to customers who placed confidence in me, and sold them at lower figures to others who did not follow that plan. I felt like a thief. In my old territory I succeeded in even greater measure than I ever did before, at the same time carrying on full work in the university. Two of my good friends asked me in 1903, to take a trip with them to Europe. Found an adventure, I joined my two friends, and in Europe I found my soul's awakening. The \$500 I spent in that four-months' trip was the best I ever invested. On bicycles I hiked it across Germany, down the Rhine country, through Switzerland, and into Italy. Several times since I have visited the old world—in 1899 going as far as Egypt and taking with me a young wife. At the years have passed a small boy and a baby sister have come to us.

Abroad I saw so many things of interest that I began to write about them—and before I realized it I was contributing to a goodly number of metropolitan newspapers throughout the United States. For a while I held the notion that a business man was a note the substance of which was the question: "Who are you, anyhow?" Here is the answer which he received:

As a small boy I ran wild among the paw paw patches and the dog-wood blossoms of Kentucky, my native state. Like every small boy, went fishing and fell in the creek. Was captain of the 'third nine. A traveling man friend took me, at the age of 15, from picking worms off of tobacco plants, and carried me to the city—St. Louis—and got me a job as a stock boy.

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