

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE DEBT WE OWE.

How few of us who darkly fret
And think the world is in our debt
Would have the strength or have the time
To earn the gladness that we get:
Or for the fair things and sublime
That we may view from day to day.
Give recompense or clear away
The debts we owe to them who find
So few rewards for being kind.

—S. E. Kisen in Chicago Record-Herald

WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY.

Earth wasn't as it is today
When Adam was a boy:
Nobody's hair was streaked with gray
When Adam was a boy.
Then when the sun would scorch and stew
There wasn't anybody who
Asked, "It is hot enough for you?"
When Adam was a boy.

There was no front lawns to be mowed
When Adam was a boy.
No kitchen gardens to be hoed
When Adam was a boy.
No ice-cream freezers to be turned,
No crooks of cream that must be churned,
No grammar lessons to be learned
When Adam was a boy.

There was no staying after school
When Adam was a boy.
Because somebody broke a rule
When Adam was a boy.
Nobody had to go to bed
Without a sup of broth or bread
Because of something done or said
When Adam was a boy.

Yet life was pretty dull, no doubt,
When Adam was a boy.
There was no baseball clubs about
When Adam was a boy.
No street pianos stopped each day
In front of where he loved to play
No brass band ever marched his way
When Adam was a boy.

There was no fireworks at all,
When Adam was a boy:
No one could pitch a drop curve ball
When Adam was a boy.
But here is why our times are so
Much better than the long ago—
There was no Santa Claus, you know,
When Adam was a boy.

—Nixon Waterman, in Woman's Home Companion

NOTES.

The letters of the late Earl of Lytton, which Lady Betty Lytton has just published, will be the most interesting material about the Brownings during the 1840-1850 period. This vividness of and personal intercourse gains added interest from the apparent influence of Browning, in some mood, over the verse of "Owen Meredith."

In his review in a recent St. Nicholas of the career of an author and editor of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mr. William Faval Clarke remarks of Mrs. Dodge's famous juvenile story, "Hans Brinker": "From the day of its issue, 'Hans Brinker' found multitudes of readers, and more copies of it are still sold every year than of the average newly written juvenile story. Besides its large circulation in America, it has passed through several editions in England, has been published in French at Paris; in German at Leipzig; in Russian at St. Petersburg; and in Italian at Rome. The French Academy awarded it one of the Monthyon prizes of 1869. In Holland itself a Dutch translation has found a sale of many editions. By a curious coincidence, too, when Mrs. Dodge was in Amsterdam with her son in 1872, a copy of this Dutch edition was presented to him by a bookseller as the best and most faithful juvenile story of Dutch life that was known in Holland. It was a pleasant experience for Mrs. Dodge when the boy, having purchased a copy, proudly presented it to her, repeating the bookseller's comment, and confiding to him that she was the author of the story. Today, in our own country

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and in all English-speaking lands. "Hans Brinker" is a veritable classic of juvenile literature. Even if Mrs. Dodge had done nothing more than to write this book, her place would be forever secure in the affection of child-readers.

Rudyard Kipling has gone to South Africa with his family, leaving behind him, it is said, a number of short stories ready for publication.

"Salvo Venetia," Mr. Martin Crawford's book on Venice, went out of print immediately on publication, in spite of the fact that the Macmillan company prepared an unusually large first edition to meet the expected demand. This two volumes, including the photographs and plates, required nearly a month for printing and binding.

Familiar words and tunes keep alive the memory of the author better than any statue; the work is itself a memorial reproduced in thousands of copies. Yet the author of good and familiar words and tunes is often forgotten. Not many persons can say offhand who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." It is now proposed to erect a monument to the author of this song, which is known all over the world. Stephen Collins Foster. He was born in Pittsburg and lived in New York, yet by right of his song he belongs to Kentucky, and in that state he is not without honor. He also wrote "Old Folks at Home," "Old Dog Tray," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nellie Was a Lady," "Oh, Susannah, Don't You Cry For Me," and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." A man who writes popular songs that endure has an uncommon genius.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN.
Andrew S. Kimball and His Sister Alice When They Were Between Five and Six Years Old.

raise the second siege of Vienna in 1858. In reality the book is a superb picture of Poland on the eve of Sobieski's famous campaign. It ends with the departure of the leading characters to John Sobieski's army. What the author has tried to bring out, in the guise of an exciting story of love and adventure, is the Quixotic character of the old Polish nobility, which led its members to indulge in foolish deeds to vindicate their honor and to impoverish themselves in maintaining armed retainers. With his fervid imagination Sienkiewicz makes real to the reader this wild land, where the huge timber wolves roam the fields in winter and boldly attack travelers, and where brigands, ferocious and more cruel than the wolves, lie in wait.

In the introduction of the new edition of "In Memoriam," annotated by the author, the present Lord Tennyson gives very full and interesting information respecting the poem. There are also letters from the late Bishop Westcott and Professor Henry Sidgwick, which, respectively, give the impressions the poem made on Cambridge men in 1850 and 1889; and there are four unpublished poems, "omitted," says the author, "from 'In Memoriam' when I published, because I thought them redundant." The notes left by Tennyson early in his own handwriting and partly dictated to his son, shed much light upon the poem, and will be welcomed and enjoyed by all who wish for a fuller and truer comprehension of what Gladstone called "perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by friendship at the tomb of the departed."

L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," "The Marvelous Land of Oz," etc., has written a book of fairy tales for early publication. Mr. Baum and Mrs. Baum have gone to Italy, Greece and Egypt. He has completed arrangements to make a trip 1,000 miles up the Nile. Upon his return to the United States next summer, Mr. Baum will write a new book dealing with fairies of the Nile.

"Days with Velasquez" is the title of a forthcoming volume by Mr. C. Lewis Hind, a stimulating writer on art matters, who may be remembered as the author of "Adventures Among Pictures." Mr. Hind has written the galleries of Europe and the chief private collections where Velasquez's pictures are enshrined; and he gives in this volume a narrative of his impressions of the pictures, together with a series of studies of the man, the artist, his companions, sitters, travels, methods, influence and appeal. The Macmillan company is the publisher of Mr. Hind's books.

BOOKS.

In this day of the novel of romance, adventure, mystery it would seem difficult for one to find a new theme upon which to play the variations of love and life, but that Mr. Herbert Quick has done this in his story, "Double Trouble," no one who reads the book will be able to gainsay. It is written along the fascinating lines of the occult, if that term may include the mysteries of the human consciousness, some of which verge on the most mystical of the known wonders of the world. The theme is that of a man with a double consciousness, and the author has dealt with his story in no delightfully realistic and matter of fact a way while leading us into his marvelous situations that one interest is only equalled by the admiration called forth by the ingenuity which takes and plans so delicious a romance with everyday materials. The professor of hypnotism and his charming delirium are examined by the old necromancer at which we are wont to sneer in the ancient literatures; and their introduction into the tale with its other exemplification of freaks of the sub-conscious self is a sample of the natural material upon which he has drawn, without violating any idea of probability. The heroine, and all other characters are natural and convincing, and the two opposite minds of the hero are drawn with a perfection that is as admirable as all the other details of the absorbing story. The book is certain to have

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Priswell, daughter of the late Hain Priswell, author and editor, and gives many choice anecdotes of the famous Englishmen who visited her father's residence, including Dickens, Crickham, Swinburne, Sir Henry Irving, Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, Du Maurier, Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trol-

Who Was This Author: Nobleman or Revolutionist?

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, March 10.—Who was "Carl Joubert"? The question, which is now puzzling London, does not seem likely to be answered for some time to come. On the other hand an almost complete mystery surrounds the antecedents of the vehement writer who suddenly appeared in England from nowhere, published three sensational books against the czar and capitalism, and recently succumbed to an illness of which practically no details have been made public.

Even his real name—or title—is unknown, the author having informed his publishers that the name he used was an assumed one and that it would not be safe for him to reveal his real identity. It is declared, too, that "Joubert" was not a Russian, as is commonly held, but that he had lived in the czar's country for many years and evidently knew it from end to end. One thing is certain, however, and that is that "Joubert"—who was a comparatively young man—was in close touch with the inner circle of the Russian revolutionary party, for the forecasts in his books had an extraordinary way of coming true, and his intimate knowledge of the ruling powers was unmistakable.

In appearance "Joubert" was the typical stage revolutionary—tall and slender with well-cut features and jet black hair. He came to London slightly over two years ago and soon afterward published the book which made so great a sensation on both sides of the water—"Russia As It Really Is." This was followed, something like a year later, by a still more startling work, "The Truth About the Czar," and for this "Joubert" stated in a preliminary note, he had been supplied with special information by officials then in the entourage of Nicholas II. "Joubert's" last book was published in this country and the United States only a week or so ago. It was called "The White Hand" and took the form of a novel, though it served mainly to set forth the convictions and beliefs of its mysterious author.

Meanwhile it is probable that "Joubert" died as the result of a severe operation which he was obliged to undergo in last November. While confined to his bed, at that time, he issued a statement in which he said he had received information from the revolutionary party in Russia that the imperial family were in imminent danger of their lives.

Rider Haggard has recently decided that the abominable should stick to his last—and the novelist to writing novels. For a while Mr. Haggard persisted in writing books about farming and like things, matters that his readers began to despair of ever raving any more romances from his pen, and even when he did begin to turn out fiction again he mixed it up with advertising the "white hand" movement in a way that did not please his public. Whether or no the public retaliated it would not be politic to say, but at any rate, Mr. Haggard seems to have made up his mind to stick to story-telling, hereafter, "Ayasha," the sequel to "She," made a good beginning, and now I hear that the author has completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid partly in England and partly in the Sudanese desert. Briefly, it is the history of an English officer who in his youth commits a serious moral error and who registers a vow that thenceforth his life shall be kept unspotted. He keeps his oath, too, though under circumstances of great and sudden difficulty, and the success of his great platonic experiment is shared by an eastern woman of high rank. Meanwhile, having written "Ayasha" to his novel, the author of "King Solomon's Mines" has straightway embarked upon another one, which, he says, is a Spanish romance of the period of Ferdinand and Isabella.

There are few better read men than John Burns, the president of the local government board and the first working man to be given a seat in a British cabinet. He has the most extensive private library relating to labor conditions and social problems to be found in England. His reading in other directions covers a wide range of literature. It is natural that among poets he should prefer his Scottish namesake, and is not a little proud of the fact

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lope, Prof. Morley and Walter Beant.

"The Signet," by Emily Sedgwick, is a new book published by Herbert B. Turner & Co. of Boston. It is a story of life today in a small southern town, with life-like sketches of its inhabitants, of the prejudice against the slightest taint in the blood with which neither virtue nor ability is able to cope. The principal characters are white southerners, but the background of the picture is the negro. The writer shows how this prejudice is the pivot about which everything revolves; that no candidate for office, however worthy, can hope to succeed against the most sordid politician who appeals to race prejudice.

Among the many excellent musical publications of the firm of Hinds, Noble & Eldredge of Chicago are two volumes, entitled respectively "New Songs for Male Quartettes," and "The Most Popular College Songs," both of which will meet a very popular need. They present respectively in convenient form some of the best known part songs and college songs and cannot but meet with a large demand.

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