DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY AUGUST 28 1909

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' CENTENARY

A Little Story of One of America's Most Loved Poets and Two of His Famous Poems-"Old Ironsides" and "Our Limitations.

OUR LIMITATIONS.

We trust and fear, we question and believe, From life's dark threads a trembling faith to weave, Frail as the web that misty night has spun. Whose Dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun, While the calm centuries spell their lessons out Each truth we conquer spreads the realm of doubt: When Sinal's summit was Jehovah's throne. The chosen prophet knew his voice alone: When Pilate's hall that awful question heard The Heavenly Captive answered not a word,

Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and fears Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres! From age to age while History carves sublime On her waste rock the flaming curves of time, How the wild swayings of our planet show That worlds unseen surround the worlds we know! Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high, And many an eve has danced to see That banner in the sky; Beneath it rung the battle shout And burst the cannon's roar; The meteor of the ocean air Shall sweep the clouds no more,

Her deck, once red with hero's blood, Where knelt the vanquished foe. When Winds were hurrying o'er the flood

And waves were white below, No more shall feel the victor's tread, Or know the conquered knee; The harpies of the shore shall pluck The cagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her battered hulk Should sink beneath the wave; Her thunders shook the mighty deep, And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her holy flag, Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms, The lightning and the gale. -Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OMORROW, August, 29, marks the centenary birthday anniversary of Oliver Wendell Holmes one of America's best known, best loved and most quoted of native writers. Both his poems and prose are equally popular and have delighted all readers whether of the light-

est or most erudite class. His Harvard class poems of 1859, "The Boys," is a piece of verse known to every household, college, school and professional elocutionist, and "Old Ironsides" and other of his war poems, and "The Last Leaf" are standard American favorites. The class poem mentioned was one of many written for the graduates of 1829, his own class, which numbered a score of men almost as famous afterward in their own lines as the poet who celebrates them in

himself chiefly to poetry and fiction. though the current periodicals contained many prose articles on questions of the time. He was a valued and constant contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, which in 1879, honored him in a breakfast famous for its brilliancy, being attended by a host of noted people of the time. In 1886, in company with his daughter, he went abroad, and his journey was like a royal progress, people of note in all lines crowding to do him honor. He was feted at a half dozen func-

tions a day, and one of the interesting things was his attendance at the English derby, which he had seen 50 years ago as a young man on his first trip abroad, and which he now attended as a guest of the Prince of Wales. The author afterwards described this experience abroad in a volume "One Hundred Days in Europe." Oliver Wendell Holmes died on October 7, 1894, expiring suddenly in the afternoon while talking with his son. This son, who bears his father's name afterward occupied the position of justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts.

He accepted a professorship of anato-

my and physiology at Dartmouth college in 1839 and later held the position

of Parkman professor of anatomy and

physiology in the Harvard medical

school. In 1847 he married Amelia Lee

Jackman, and at this time gave up

the practise of medicine for literature

He published a volume entitled "Med-

ical Essays," and afterwards devoted

NOTES

Rose O'Nelll, author of "The Lady in the White Veil," as well as its illusthe white veht, as well as its filus-trator, has drawn and written ever since she was a youngster. She was, in fact, what she calls "that Scourge of the Home, a 'Very Bright Child." When she offered her first work to the publishers, some 13 years ago, it was immediately accepted, and success has followed from that remnart While followed from that moment. While living in Paris, "cette Demoiselle Cecil O'Neill" exhibited at two successive Salons, and was elected member of the Societe des Beaux Arts. She has, nowever, a wholesome unconsciousness of celebrity, and while the learned critic in the Figaro was writing of her as "the discovery," and the best painters of Paris, amazed with her painters of Paris, amazed with her work and her naivete, were calling her "little confrere," the young person her-self was laughing and naming it her "mud pie." In her stories, as in her pictures, the particular quality of this young artist-writer seems to be the "funniness with the little dash of pity." It is as though she were saying, as she did say in "The Loves of Edwy," "I will make something droll, full of her playhouse as a child, and how that she has grown up, evidences of its former use are still visible. Around the board walls is a frieze of bright-colored paper pictures depicting the adventures of the queen in the garden. Little Jack Horner, and others of the children's book land. On the small table, in the midst of papers, ink and scribbled sheets of manuscript, sit, stand or recline the battered toys of childbood. "I will make something droll, full of ridicule and tears." Perhaps this is why Rose ONeill has been called the American du Maurier, an intelligent likeness to those who know the lat-ter's care blend of humanity, humor. childhood. and tender derision. The Philippine Islands are still a re-gion of romance and glamor to the average American. Mr. Rowland Thomas, now returned to New Eng-land, but for two years a teacher in the islands, probably knows the conn-try and the people as well as a white man can know an alien race. While there he obtained material which he has woven into his Philippine book, "The Little Gods." In his epilogue to "The Little Gods." He states that every story was taken raw from life. Not a The Philippine Islands are still a re-In a "blurb" issued by the publish-ers of "The Making of Bobby Burnit," the obvious comment was made that the book possessed much of the shrewd, practical business wisdom and humor of the famous "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant." Certain newspapers, not this newspaper, of course, strangely misunderstood this to mean that the same man wrote both books. Mr. George Randolph Chester was as-Mr. George Randolph Chester was as-tonished to find these papers attribut-ing to him the authorship of the Let-ters as well as of Bobby—astonished, flattered and indignant. If ever there was a man who disliked to get the 'credit for something he didn't do, his name is George Randolph Chester. Be-tidar Mr. George Horsze Lorimer, the story was taken raw from life. Not a bit of tragedy or comedy here that was not lived by some man or woman. He not lived by some man or woman. He has given us a real east, stripped of its glamor and color, where nothing is sacred,—a land of uncertainty and empty fatalism. name is George Randolph Chester. Be-sides. Mr. George Horace Lorimer, the really-truly author of the Letters. is a great friend of Mr. Chester's and publishes in his Saturday Evening Post a great many of Mr. Chester's storles. It was particularly embar-rassing to Mr. Chester to be decked out in feathers wantonly removed from empty fatalism. He gives us c empty fatalism. He gives us cameo-like glimses of the islands in glowing paragraphs, in stray, picturesque phases that linger in the memory. Of Samar, the plague-spot of the Philippines, he writes: "A sorry strip of island, which rises are green commonplace, and yet



hoped that nobody would get the im-

hoped that nobody would get the im-pression that he did, and so, with great esteem, he was yours very faith-fully. It may be added that these let-ters from Mr. Lorimer to Mr. Chester and from Mr. Chester to Mr. Lorimer, possessed, respectively, much of the shrewd, practical business wisdoms and humor of "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant" and "The Making of Bobby Burnit."

The home of Lucia Chamberlain, au-thor of "The Other Side of the Door," "The Coast of Chance," etc., is one of the prettiest spots in San Francisco, on the very crest of Russian Hill, overlooking the bay. Just below the house the cliff drops sharply away, leaving an unobstructed view of the islanded waters sweeping out toward the ocean. All San Franciscans know this glorious prospect and love it. But it is not in the house, however, suited to her work, that Miss Chamberlain spends her writing hours. A little far-ther down the path appears a tangle of ivy, running riot over walls and a sloping roof; and peering over a low The home of Lucia Chamberlain, au-

. . .

own separate appreciation of the

| Celtic spirit and of Ireland, which supplied, he said, "one of the richest of fields" for the ballad-writer.

Each week that has passed since the publication of "The White Sister," the latest in the long list of F. Marion Crawford's works, has emphasized the fact that more general interest has been taken in this novel than in any from

the same pen for several years. By a singular chance the two novels still unpublished at the time of Mr. Crawunpublished at the time of Mr. Craw-ford's death represented the two classes of story by which he was best known. "The White Sister" is a story of mod-ern Rome, of the Italian aristocracy of the present day. "Stradella," which is to appear in the fall, by a historical romance, a lovestory of the Italy of the Seventeenth century. In both Mr. Crawford has shown the skill in creat-ing living characters and the wondering living characters and the wonder ful ability to tell a story which always

RELIGION CRITICISED. Maeterlinck's religion has been much, and even hotly, debuted by some among his critics, who seem to think that it pleases him to play the conju-rer with his readers, to pose them now with one and now with some other riddle of the universe. Is, it not fair-er to regard him as a speculator still questioning his way through the prob-lems which alone make the universe of interest to us? He works rapidly enough under in-spiration, but by the time his pen is in hand the chief labor of creation has been accomplished. Since in Maeter-linck's case fame has brought with it the secondary reward of riches, he is beyond the necessity of driving a tired or irresponsive quill, and Mr. Harry says that the task of writing is some-times intermitted for weeks together. A PRODIGIOUS READER. with portraits. When a magazine finds some one who can testify to an experience that is really novel, it accomplishes what is al-most impossible in this day of strenu-our butch accompliance to the ous living and much writing. In its September number, the Delineator pre-sents an article by Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman member of the Colorado legislature. "Being a Woman Legis-lator" is a frank confession of diffi-culties encountered and obstacles overcome. Mrs. Lafferty tells what she ac-complished and she does not omit to record her failures. What she says will be read with special interest by all who are interested in social reforms. An-other remarkable feature of this number of the Delineator is a symposium on "What My Children Mean to Me" by Madame Schumann-Heink, the famous tines. singer: Mrs. Harold McCormick, daugh-ter of John D. Rockefeller; and Mrs. Frederick Schoff, who has been long identified with the Congress of Mothers.

Country's Estimation London Literary Letter (Special Correspondence,) ONDON, Aug. 15.-Belgium

knowledge that it has produced a few

literary men who deserve a place in

It seems almost absurd to think that

All his life he has been a communer with the mystics and the transcenden-talists, from Christ to Novalis, and from Novalis to the sweet-souled New England philosopher, Emerson. His mental attitude is one of ceaseless in-

mental attitude is one of ceaseless In-terrogation. "Quel mystere avons nous laisse derriere nous? Dans quel mys-tere entrerons-nous au bout de ce voy-age d'un jour?" ("What mystery lies behind us? Upon what mystery shall we enter when this journey of a day is ended?")

RELIGION CRITICISED.

ended?")

erary worthies.

Maeterlinck in His Own

which has prided itself upon its reputation for business and its

a certain limited period. Why should not other artistic property be treated in the same way? If the works of Dickens are to be-come public property after 42 years why should not the owner of a great picture be compelled to hand it over to a public gallery after the lapse of the same period, or why should not the lord of a beautiful estate be forced to turn it into a sunatorium or public park after he has enjoyed it for two score years? The tring, of course, is absuid, but somehas ciple will not see that literary property is—to the author at least—very much the same as any other contempt for the finer things in life is at last waking up to the the first rank, and the first sign of this awakening is the announcement that M. C. Carrington is about to publish a series of Biographies of Belgian literary worthies. First of them all, of course, is Mae-terlinck who is the subject of an ex-cellent essal by Gerard Harry which reveals a number of things not known before about the great Flemish philos-opher, and which perhaps may serve to correct a number of false impres-sions about him which have gained least-very much the same as any other kind of property.

LABOR OF LOVE.

Although no authorized biography of he late George Meredith will be pub-ished I am in a position to state that Lord Morley, of Blackburn, better thown as John Morley, has undertaken volume of the great novelist's letters. With Lord Morley it will be a labor c² love, for Meredith was one of his

If seems almost absurd to think that this quiet mystic and trauscendentalist was once a lawyer, but this is the fact and what is more, he actually prac-tised. He was the son of a notary and was trained for the bar, where h earned his living for a short time. Soon, however, he came to the con-clusion that the haw was not his mis-tress and turned to literature, drifting gradually into the calling which he now adorns. With Lord Morley it will be a labor of love, for Meredith, was one of his closest friends and Meredith's friend-ship-seldom given-was of that rara-tind, which bound men to him with hooks of steel. The book is sure to be an interesting one. The number of letter writers in the English language whose letters are worth perusal after the immediate sub-jects with which they dealt have faded from the public mind, or by those who had no personal acquaintance with the author, can be counted on the fingers. Meredith, however, was one of these rare men. His letters are literature as truly as his books. WANT CHEAP NOVELS. adorns. In no sense a morbid man-sane, rather, and clear in intellect as he is sound and robust in body-he has al-ways shrunk from the gaze of the crowd; and in the earliest days of his celebrity we find him writing to a friend in comic horror at the visit of "two reporters who suddenly tumbled into my soup." All his life he has been a communer with the mystics and the transcenden-

WANT CHEAP NOVELS.

London publishers are making use of the dull season by trying experiof the dull season by trying experi-nears, the subject being the perennial one of the cheap novel. There is no doubt that a considerable section of the public is grumbling at having to pay 31.50 or \$1.12 for a new novel and the authors are complaining because the public is waiting for the cheap editions before buying. Heinemann and Eveleigh Nash are both going in for a flier with the 50 cent novel, their authors being Hall Caine and Wil-liam LeQueux, while Stanly Paul is authors being Hall Caine and Wil-liam LeQueux, while Stanly Paul is having a bold try at the Continental system of issuing a book in cloth at \$1.50 and in paper at 25 cents at the same time. This firm thinks that there are two distinct classes of novel readers, those who buy a book to read and throw away and those who buy it to read and heen It will be read and throw away and those who buy it to read and keep. It will be interesting to see whether they are right or not. Some people say that even the people who buy the book to keep will take the 25 cent copy and have it bound themselves. Some of the circulating libraries certainly will do so, for a good deal of money can be saved in this way when quantifies of books are being dealt with. EOOKS BY THE VARD

EOOKS BY THE YARD.

EOOKS BY THE YARD. Another scheme which has been sug-gested in all scriousness is that novels like dry goods should be sold in lengths. A number of people have written to the rapers complain-ing that when they bought a book of So and So's they expected solid read-ing for a couple of days of holiday, and were disappointed and disgusted to find the type spread out so thin that the book only lasted one day. Obviously the argument is that it takes just half the labor to produce the short book that is required for the long one. I wonder if these good people would expect to gay for a yard of slik the price for which they could buy a yard of gingham. CHARLES OGDENS.

Nothing has revived the feeling in favor of more equitable copyright laws more than the announcement **a** few weeks ago that the government hind de-

no idle season, no idle hour. He tends his bees, his orchard, and his garden. He is a prodigious and laborious reader. He delights in exercise-cycling, skating, fishing, motoring. His winters are spent for the most part in a para-dise of the south near Grasse, and summer finds him in the marvellous old Norman abbey of St. Wandrille, pur-chused by Maeterlinck after its evic-uation by a company of 400 Bened'c-

A NATION'S GRATITUDE.

A PRODIGIOUS READER.

But, writing or not writing, he knows

"Old Ironsides" was written in consequence of a proposition having been made to destroy the old frigate Constitution which had played so important a part in American martial affairs, and appeared in one of the leading Boston papers on the day following the puble announcement. "The Last Leaf" was suggested to the poet by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians in 1831-2, that of Mayor Thomas Melville "the last of the cocked hats" as he was sometimes called, and often pointed at as one of the "Indians" of the famous Boston tea-party. Says the poet:

"They say that in his prime Ere the pruning-knife of Time Cut him down, Not a better man was found By the Crier on his round

Through the town."

Many quaint and historical characters of the time wakened his muse and the eminent American men of letters contemporary with him all had yerses inscribed to their names. His most popular prose works were the breakfast table series, which included "The Autocrat," 1857, "The Professor," 1859, and "The Poet" 1874. Among other of his more popular prose works are "Over the Tea Cups," "Elsie Venner," and "A Mortal Antipathy." Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, at Cambridge, Mass., the same year in which were born, Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin and other of the world's famous men. His ancestors were New England colonial stock who settled in Connecticut in 1686. He was grandson of David Holmes who was a captain in the British troops in the French and Indian wars. The son of this captain was Rev. Abiel Leonard who came from Connecticut to Cambridge and was himself eminent as a literary man of the time, having compiled a creditable history "Annals of America" and other shorter works. Abiel was twice married and Oliver was the son of the second wife, a daughter of Oliver Wendell of mingled Dutch and New England ancestry. The house in which he was born was famous as the old Cragie house, having been the headquarters of the committee of safety in revolutionary days.

From its steps, President Langdon of Harvard prayed for the men on their way to fortify Bunker Hill. The house and its historic surroundings are described in "A Mortal Antipathy."

The author spent his first important school year at Andover and later went to Harvard. After graduating he went abroad to perfect himself in the study of medicine whose science he had elected to follow. This was from 1833-5; and upon his return he took his medical degree and commenced the practise of his profession. In 1836 he was chosen to deliver the Harvard commencement poem, and in the same year published his first volume of poems.

in feathers wantonly removed from Mr. Lorimer's bright plumage. Mr. Lorimer's oright plumage. There followed an exchange of let-ters in which each author told the oth-er how proud he would be to have written the other's story, only. to be sure, he didn't write it, and sincerely



characterized his work.

"The Mongois in Russia," Jeremiah Curtin's posthumous work, and the presloping roof; and peering over a low half door one discovers the writer's retreat. It is a large square room, looking upon the same splendid vista, viously published companion volume "The Mongols," are published in Eng-land by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. These two books have been strongly recommended for libraries. and it is known to Miss Chamberlain's friends as the "playhouse," for it was her playhouse as a child, and now that

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES MAGAZINES Mr. Gilder's sympathetic memories of Grover Cleveland will, in the Septem-ber Century, recall the dead president's partisanship and independence, incl-dents of his second election and inauguration, with many interesting side lights on the tempestuous second ad-ministration of Cleveland. There will be two further instalments of these memories.

. . . Notable among the strong features of the September Century will be the first chapters of "Fulton's Invention of the Steamboat," written by his great-grand-daughter, Alice Crary Sutcliffe. The narrative, dealing in this issue with the trial-boat on the Seine, will be told largely in extructs taken from papers of the inventor never before published, and will be illustrated with plans by Fulton only recently discovered, and

"The Loves of Ellis Island" are charm-ingly sketched by Mabel Potter Daggett in a series of delightful character stu-'Cold Iron," the first of the new serie

of short stories by Rudyard Kipling, leads the fiction for the month. It is beautifully illustrated by Frang Craig and Frederick Dorr Steele. "Jock." by J. J. Bell, is another short story of ex-quisite quality. "The Power and the Glory." the serial by Grace MacGowan Cooke, develops into one of the most human of recent novels.

Of course, the fall fashions are reviewed comprehensively: the pages of ilustration in color are especially atmustration in color are especially at-tractive, "The Commercial Value of Clothes" by Clara E. Simcox tells the business woman many important facts about personality. Edouard La Fon-taine describes the costumes that he sees on the Rue de la Paix at Trouville, and Helen Berkeley-Loyd reviews the medee entertainingly. nodes entertainingly.

The current number of the Youth's Companion is named the "Harvest Number" and has for a cover design a charming picture of a harvest scene

is Uncolored and complies with all Pure Food regulations.

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weeks ago that the government had de-cided to grant to the granddaug Sters of Charles Dickens pensions of \$125 a year. Think of it, a pittence of less than \$2.59 a week for the heirs of the man who wrote "Oliver Twist" and the "Pick-wick Papers!" it is pointed out that many men have grown rich by the ex-ploitation of the property created by ploitation of the property created by the brain of Chrales Dickens, while he died worn out and poor because there is no law to protect literary property after from Tooele to Salt Take.

the impurities from the block inte-depress the nerves, and cause exhaus-tion, backache, rheumatism, and urin-ary irregularities which sap the vital-ity. Do not delay, Take Foley's Kid-ney Remedy at once. F. J. Hill Drug Co., ("The Never Substitutors.")

TOOELE EXCURSIONS.

