Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

UP LIKE A ROCKET.

"Up like a rocket, and down like the stick"—
But "Up like a rocket" of fates is my pick.

The rocket! We wait in the darkness and hush,
Keyed up with expecting its glorious rush,
S-w-i-s-s-h!
It will rise to the joy of our eyes,
Full-flaming and splendid as grandly it flies
And roaring and soaring and boring the skies;
Behind it a shower of tremulous light—
No garland of jewels was ever so bright—
It blazes its way to the heart of the night.

The rocket! It hurries with marvelous swirls,
Bombarding the gloom with the missiles it hurls—
S-w-i-s-s-h!
And all of us wonder in watching its flight
To see its outflingings of purple and white
That laugh at the dimmer display of the night.
It heads for a goal unmeasurably far;
It drives with a might that will head for no bar.
It seems to cry "Room" to each quivering star!

The rocket! Spilled wine from the bowl of night's cup—
A cascade of glory, it reaches up, up!
S-w-i-s-s-h!
And then, when its mark it has gallantly gained
We shout at the glittering colorings rained
That leave all the dark indescribably stained
Then, soft as a whisper, the embers—the cinders—
Again all the mystery creeps through the sky.
The hour of the rocket has swiftly gone by.

"Up like a rocket"—But glory comes quick
Let me be a rocket. Who cares for the stick?

—W. D. Nesbit, in The Reader Magazine for July.

NOTES.

In a speech on St. Patricks Day, President Roosevelt said: "The people who have come to this country from Ireland have contributed to the stock of our common citizenship qualities which are essential to the welfare of every great nation. Never was the time when it was true of the average citizen of Irish birth or parentage that he was not ready to work hard in peace and fight hard in war."

Irishmen have achelved much in other countries than their own; and in "Ireland's Story," by Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer are chapters devoted to "The Irish in America," "The Irish in the British Empire," "The Irish on the Continent," etc. The tracing of the achievements of these men is something not ordinarily attempted in histories of Ireland.

* * *

Miss Sara Cone Bryant's "How to Tell Stories to Children" is an attractive handy-sized book which will be very interesting to all teachers and mothers. Miss Bryant is uncommonly well qualified to explain this art to others by virtue of her long experience as a teller of stories to audiences of your people, and as a lecturer upon methods to their elders. How Miss Bryant appeals to her hearers is evidenced by one rather unusual experience. Her first professional engagement was with a large club in the suburbs of Boston, by whom she was very happily received. The next season she was engaged again—and also the following. Finally, the club made a practice of voting, at the annual meeting "to have Miss Bryant next year." Other engagements of a similar sort have been in many places in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and Maryland. In most of these states, too, Miss Bryant has spoken before State Institutes, and Teachers' clubs.

* * *

Stewart Edward White, after finishing some new Arizona stories for McClure's Magazine, has left Santa Barbara and gone for awhile to the mountains in Madera county. One of his plans is "to take another try at the bear." He is making his trip in the service of the government. His recently republished first book, "The Claim Jumpers," in which he struck his characteristic note of virile Americanism, is now winning a tardy but substantial success. McClure-Phillips announce a fourth large printing of their edition.

* * *

A good deal has been said both for and against the personal character of King Kalakaua, of Hawaii. Isobel Strong, author of "The Girl from Home," not only in her book but out of it, speaks in his favor. Mrs. Strong may be regarded as an authority. She lived several years in Hawaii and was one of Kalakaua's intimate personal friends. She describes him as every inch a king when there was need, but with a little twinkle in his eye for his friends, to show them that he realized he was king of a comic opera empire. Handsome and straight, the flower of the type of Malay manhood, he had the physical qualities to carry off regal dignity. He was a man of infinite accomplishments; above all, a musician, with a fine voice. Often to entertain his court he used to sing native songs to his own accompaniment on the native instrument, the eukalele. Though Mrs. Strong admits there may have been some basis for the stories of his drinking, she feels that they have exaggeratedly belied him. All in all, she found him a true gentleman, a kindly follower of the instincts of noblesse oblige.

* * *

Had the Russians been as agile with their hands and feet as with their tongues, the Japs might have had to wage a more difficult war. As many symbols of mysterious contingency as in the Welsh speech, have gone to frame the fearful symmetry of Russian. Prince Kropotkin's recent book, "Russian Literature," gives in its table of contents a good sample of proper names. Imagine a Russian roll-call, or an order in battle, with names like "Tchernyshevskiy" and "Hvoschinskaya." Perhaps these reach a letter or two less in the Russian script. Prince Kropotkin has followed throughout in his book the French system of spelling, it is this system which, to the irritation of some Russian specialists, has established in English "Tartars" instead of "Tartars" and "Siberia" instead of "Ciberia."

* * *

Here are a few sample epigrams from "A Woman's Confessional," just issued by Life Publishing company:

I cannot blame a man for being what he is. I can only blame myself for having mistaken him to be something else.

Foolish women. We well know that love is always wasted. Still we are not satisfied unless in love. We deserve to be humiliated.

If men insist on deceiving us, they should at least do it well enough not to be found out.

If you cannot have happiness, take pleasure. It is always procurable in some shape.

Every love is unique. No new love can take its place.

Only those who themselves have not dared to live fully, object to others doing so.

The only savior for the woman who loves is the Child.

If you want to be pleased with your fellow men, you must expect nothing from them.

Woman's virtue—ben Dieu! It all depends on the man she loves.

Let joy penetrate your life. It is warmth and light and as kin to the sun as to God.

Love is like magic gold. The more you spend, the more you have.

* * *

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland has been thinking all along that he was surely "Colonel Lumpkin," the genial reformed monopolist in the political satires that have been running in McClure's. He has been so sure of it that the other day he spoke about it to a young man on McClure's Magazine who was for a time in the employ of the city of Cleveland after Johnson became mayor. He thought that the young man had written the stories under an assumed name. Of course, the author is Captain John McAuley Palmer, a grandson of Gen. John M. Palmer, and an instructor at West Point. Capt. Palmer has used "Colonel Lumpkin" as a literary device for the popular treatment of economic questions. He did not have Tom Johnson in mind when he invented the character. Tom Johnson thought that the coat surely was intended for him—and he put it on! So people now have the chance to see for themselves just what sort of a fictitious character Tom Johnson regarded as his own likeness.

* * *

A happening similar to that narrated in "Paul's Case," one of the stories in Miss Willa Sibert Cather's "The Troll Garden," was noted recently by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who wrote of it: "Thousands of women must have shuddered as I did at the pitiful story the other day of a schoolboy's suicide near Britain, Conn. The lad was only 15. For some misdemeanor he had been suspended from school. Afraid to tell his parents, and terrified at what his father would do when he found out what had happened, young George Walker wandered off to the woods and took poison." Mrs. Sangster finds a widely applicable lesson in the occurrence: "The pitiable suicide of a New England lad of 15 years carries a warning to all parents," Miss Cather tells with impartial art the story of a case even more pitiful for Paul had besides his dread of punishment the disease of artistic Temperament. Hamilton Wright Mabie says of the stories in the volume that "they are good to read because they are likely to make the average man and woman more charitable in their judgment of the unusual man and woman."

* * *

It was during the time covered by the narrative in Isabel Strong's Hawaiian story, "The Girl from Home," that her mother and Robert Louis Stevenson came on their yacht Casco to join her in Honolulu and made the visit to Molokai, of which Stevenson has left record in his account of Father Damien. Mrs. Strong remembers vividly how on the day they left, King Kalakaua, whom she makes so real a character in her book, "came on board to say good-bye and drink a stirrup-cup."

* * *

There is interest in the fact that the author of one of the two modern books which contain the most vivid and actual descriptions of battle to be found reported should never have seen a battle, and that the other should probably have witnessed more battles than any other man alive. The first is Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage;" the second is "O," author awhile ago of "On the Heels of De Wet" and now of "The Yellow War."

* * *

"The Celebrity," by Winston Churchill, which made a considerable stir at the time of its original issue in 1897, appears this week in a large edition—its twenty-third—in paper covers. Last week's issue in the Macmillan Paper Novel series was Robert Herrick's "The Real World;" and next week The Macmillan company is issuing the last book which they will bring out in the series for this year—Miss Gwendolen Overton's novel of the southwest, "The Heritage of Unrest."

* * *

After writing "The Sultan of Sulu" and "The Shestun," George Ade took a trip to Japan. It might have been to make sure he had got his local color right, but it wasn't. The extent of Ade's trip was entirely accidental. He set out for a brief cruise in the West Indies, but while in Havana was attracted to Vera Cruz, thence to the City of Mexico, then to El Paso, and finally after landing in San Francisco, he got an attractive whiff of the Hawaiian Islands. On the way to Honolulu he took a liking to the Corea, and decided to continue on her to Japan. If, as Booth Tarkington says, "you can't suppress Ade" perhaps, in spite of Henry W. Savage, he will put into reading form some of the observations of his trip. If he should bring to bear upon them the rather more serious literary talent he showed in his book of short stories, "In Babel," the result would be sure to be shrewd and informing. Considering the variety of visits he made, it's too bad he has already used the title.

* * *

Charles Wagner has more than half finished his "Impressions of America," which are to appear in La Revue des Revues. There is, of course, to be a chapter on President Roosevelt. Translations of "The Simple Life," by the way, are to be made both in Japanese and Hebrew, and an edition of it is being arranged for the blind.

* * *

Those who have been accustomed to think of Russia as a barbaric, outlandish tongue will find their judgment somewhat altered after reading the following paragraph quoted from Prince Kropotkin's new book, "Russian Literature:" "The richness of the Russian language in words is astounding. Many a word which stands alone for the expression of a given idea in the languages of western Europe has in Russian three or four equivalents for the rendering of the various shades of the same idea. It is especially rich in rendering various shades of human feeling, tenderness, love, sadness, merriment, as also various degrees of the same action. Its pliability for translation is such that in no other language do you find an equal number of most beautiful, correct and truly poetic renderings of foreign authors. Poets of the most diverse character, such as Heine, Beranger, Longfellow, Schiller, Shelly and Goethe, to say nothing of that favorite with Russian translators, Shakespeare, are equally well turned into Russian. The desperate vagueness of German metaphysics is quite as much at home in Russian as the matter-of-fact style of the eighteenth century philosophers, and the short, concrete and expressive terse sentences of the best English writers offer no difficulty for the Russian translator."

* * *

"The publishers of 'Letters from a Chinese Official' received early in the spring a request for information as to its authorship, from a man who had made a considerable bet on it being the work of a Chinaman. The correspondent added that even if he were not at liberty to use the knowledge in settling the wager, or for any other purpose, he was so keenly interested in the book that on his own private account he was eager to be let into the secret. For a while Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson was quite firm in refusing to acknowledge the authorship. When at last on the publication of his book, 'Religion—A Criticism and a Forecast,' he gave his consent, somebody in the McClure office remembered the unillumined correspondent and forwarded him a statement of the situation. Return mail brought an order from him for six copies of the new book.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

HON. MOSES THATCHER
As He Looked When He Was a Young Man.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

Prince Kropotkin as a leader among the Russian writers of today, and master also in English, his adoptive tongue, occupies an unique position. He has been for many years an intermediary, as it were, between Russian and English thinkers. Nothing he has done, in this character, is so important as his "Russian Literature," just brought out by McClure-Phillips. Its sub-title is "Ideals and Realities," which indicates the viewpoint adopted by the author. As a nation's spirit is embodied in its literature, this volume is sure to lead to a much closer understanding of the Russian people than English readers have yet been able to achieve.

Kropotkin begins at the very origin of his country's literature in folklore and mythology, and follows its development down to the present day, treating it from the personal point of view, and laying stress upon such leading authors as Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoievski, Tourgenieff, etc. He gives copious extracts from many masters that have not been translated into English. The chapters of the book were used in lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

BOOKS.

One of the most fascinating pieces of fiction of the year is "The Shingaree" by E. W. Hornung. The title is the name by which the hero goes in the story, which is a series of chapters dealing with the various thrilling adventures of the gentlemanly highwayman, who, with all the ease and aplomb of a Chesterfield obstructs the Australian highways, interferes with the progress of stage coaches, releasing them of burdens of value, and by way of diversion directs banking houses of portable assets and private houses of desirable plate. The alluring incident of the book is that in which Shingaree holds up an audience at a public musical recital in the interests of a "girl with a voice" whose dependent position upon the patronage of an ungenerous employer keeps her and her fortunes in the background. The end of the story nobly and appropriately calls in this heroine now, through the timely interference of Shingaree, a successful and celebrated singer, to pose in the final tableau upon which rings the curtain of dismissal—and which the reader would fain see the upon successive nights. Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

* * *

Geraldine Bonner's novel "The Pioneer," for many reasons deserves a place among representative American novels. Which "The Pit" did as a piece of historical fiction in picturing the influence of the stock exchange in the fortunes and destinies of its masters and manyvillied slaves—"The Pioneer" does in outlining the potent influence of the great western mines in the middle period of Pacific coast colonization upon American financial destinies, and, behind all this, the final and all-powerful part played by the western pioneer in exploring and bringing into activity the wonderful bonanzas which have played so important a part in the country's history of finance, industry and commerce. Besides this there is a wonderfully true picture of the life of the big coast metropolis toward which all the conflicting financial and social interests centered; chiefly intermingled as must needs be with the elements of the prospecting and mining regions. Without whose scenes, incidents and characters a true sketch of western life would be virtually lacking. The descriptions are delightfully done; and the characters eminently life-like and typical—the heroine alone being disappointing in the colorless colors of personal charm and spiritual lack in which the author paints her. A possibly true character study it may be—yet the portrait of the young girl, as drawn in the foreground of the book, pure, wholesome, free—impregnated with the refined instincts of well-born, well-reared parents, creates in the end the effect of imperfect tone and drawing—so unnatural seems her lapse into a comparative feed of the degenerate creature Hartley. With this one exception of its deplorably weak heroine, "The Pioneer" is a strong book. The Bobbs Merrill Co., of Indianapolis are its publishers. On sale Deseret News Book store.

* * *

Jack London's new novel "The Game" can hardly be called a novel, since the story is hardly more than a sketch. Like all Jack London's stories, however, it makes up in virility, magnetism, force, what would stand for volumes of general novel writing in length. The tale is that of a young sail-maker, who works at his profession by day, and by night uses his "talent" of physical prowess in bouts with professors of the "ring," where his skill at wrestling wins him some little reputation and money. Finally he falls in love, and through this refining passion he is won from the threatened "tyranny of the ring" to more honorable pursuits, with this pledge on his lips, he goes to take part in a gladiatorial encounter which he has promised shall be his last. The last it is—but for causes not laid down in his mind nor pledge. What the outcome is, the reader should learn for himself, enjoying between while the luxury of the author's well conceived, well outlined, bits of character and scenic painting. McMillan Co. are the publishers, New York.

Angered Victor Hugo; Now Is In Need.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 29.—Victor Hugo's heirs have just been asked to contribute to the support of a brother-in-law of the great novelist, who forfeited Hugo's friendship by exposing the state of his domestic affairs. This is Paul Chenay, who at the age of 87 is reduced to absolute poverty, and lives in Paris with his daughter in a single room, the rent of which he is unable to pay. Years ago, when Victor Hugo was in exile in Guernsey, Chenay, who was an artist and engraver, met Madame Hugo and soon after married her younger sister. He and his wife were invited to "Hauteville House," Hugo's island retreat, and remained there four years. Then he removed to Paris and not long after published a book about his brother-in-law's menage. Of course Hugo's domestic arrangements could not be written without giving offence and the anger of "Les Miserables" was so enraged at Chenay's revelations that he declined to have anything to do with him thereafter.

In contrast with Chenay's straitened circumstances, all the other members of the Hugo family are prosperous and Paul Meurice, the novelist's executor, has just been asked what will be done for the old artist. "In such difficult situations," Meurice replied, "in which our interests or our rancours conflict with our desire to pity and forgive I always ask myself what Victor Hugo would have done in my place. In this case there is no doubt. We know it from his own writings: 'Give him drink all the same, said my father.' I am, therefore, exerting all my eloquence to procure him a small monthly allowance and I am also doing what I can do for his daughter. Claretie has promised she shall have the first vacant place as 'ouvreuse.'" There is nothing so generous about that, for it simply means that in future folk who go to see Hugo's plays at the Comedie Francaise are likely to have hats and coats taken by his niece.

* * *

A perfervid discussion as to whether Shakespeare was or was not once a lawyer's assistant has been started through a chance remark of Lord Justice Holmes of the Irish court of appeal. Commenting recently on a case in which the items of a solicitor's bill of costs were subjected to judicial scrutiny, the lord justice exclaimed: "I believe Shakespeare was at one time a solicitor's clerk, and he was a man of great imagination, but I do not believe he could have improved on the specimen before me." Of course that stirred up Shakespearean authorities, one of whom, Sidney Lee, repudiates what he describes as "the attempt to prove that Shakespeare obtained employment as a lawyer's clerk." Mr. Lee attributes Shakespeare's accurate use of legal terms "in part to his observation of the many legal processes in which his father was involved and in part to early intercourse with members of the Inns of Court."

* * *

Miss Dolf Wyllard, who wrote that powerful novel, "Uriah, the Hittite," has been in the East Indies for the last three months, but it now back in England. She is working on a new novel which she hopes to have ready for publication next autumn.

* * *

The presence there of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel led quite a number of folk who read her books to gather at the Helston county court, Cornwall, the other day. The authoress of "On the Face of the Waters," who now makes her home at Tolgarth hall, Montgomeryshire, was defendant in an action brought for $25 by a farmer named Davis. It seems that Mrs. Steel has been wanting to find a site in South Cornwall on which to build a house and asked Davis to select one for her. His fee for making the necessary inquiries was unpaid because none of the sites he suggested proved satisfactory. Mrs. Steel asserting that she had dealt with him on the understanding that he was a regular real estate agent. As she had made no agreement, however, and the work had undoubtedly been performed judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff. The authoress elected to conduct her case in person and did so with such skill as to be commended by the magistrate. Judge Granger, who is the son-in-law of another novelist, the late James Payn.

* * *

Jerome K. Jerome has been known for some time as the loyal friend of animals. He took a prominent part in a crusade against vivisection carried on in England a year or so ago, and now has come forward with a protest against the wholesale use which is made of spring traps in this country for the capture of mares and rabbits. There is no question about the need for exterminating these animals, which are a pest in England, but Jerome thinks some other means might be employed than the present one which he describes as exceedingly painful. It seems that the author has literally gotten his impression "first hand," for he tried the trap by wilfully imprisoning his own finger in one. "I must ask you to believe," he says, in a letter to the newspapers on the subject, "that I am fairly plucky at bearing pain. I have had my share of it in various forms and from those who know me I could confidently ask for a testimonial on this point. Well, I allowed my finger to remain in the trap for three minutes by my watch. For my purpose it was sufficient and I saw no practical good in continuing longer what I have no hesitation in describing as terrible suffering. An almost intolerable aching spreads over the whole body. The limb itself becomes one burning center of pain; you long to tear it off. If this be the result of three minutes imagine three hours—30 hours. And to this remember in the case of the rabbit must be added the agony of the torn flesh and the crushed bone. At the end of his plea the author of "Three Men in a Boat," says that he is "prepared to be denounced as a humanitarian."

* * *

An uncommonly interesting relic of Sir Walter Scott has just been acquired by Sir George Douglas, author of "The New Border Tales" and other works. It is the walking-stick almost invariably used by Sir Walter, a thick malacca cane.

* * *

Still another literary anniversary occurs this year. It is that of Sir Thomas Brown, author of the "Religio Medici," who was born in London in 1605. Most of Brown's work, however, was done in Norwich, and that ancient town is preparing to honor his memory by setting up a bust of him.

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