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John C. Gilbert.

Joel Chandler Harris.

TALKS ABOUT AUTHORS

And Their Work

BY

ELLA REEVE WARE

Author of Three "Little Lovers of Nature"

*"O noble work of toil and care,
O task most beautiful and rare,
O simple but most arduous plan—
To build up an immortal man."*



CHICAGO
A. FLANAGAN PUBLISHER

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Introduction.

These sketches of well known authors are written in simple language so that children may read and understand them. Little folks will be more interested in what they read when they are familiar enough with authors to make them seem like "real folks."

It is impossible in a limited space to give complete information concerning the lives of these authors, or the motives which have inspired them in their work, but it is hoped that these familiar chats may give a taste for further reading and study.

This little book can be used for reading lessons, as the foundation for "morning talks" or for language lessons. When used as language lessons, if a special lesson should be given on the birthday of each author, it would help to impress his personality on the minds of the pupils.

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THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

BY A. E. GUFFEY.

“The Garden of Life — it beareth well,
It will repay our care;
But the blossoms must always and ever be
Like the seed we’re planting there.

For beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives,
And every word and deed
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flower lies in the seed.”

—“*Christian at Work.*”

“Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world’s famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.”

—*Bonar.*

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WOLFGANG MOZART.

TALKS ABOUT AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

TWO LITTLE GERMAN BOYS.

WOLFGANG MOZART.

Born January 27, 1756; Died 1791.

Over a hundred years ago a sickly little boy, named Wolfgang Mozart, lived in the town of Salzburg, in Germany. His father was a musician, and felt very proud when he discovered that his boy had a wonderful talent for music.

When he was only four years old he began to play the piano, and everyone was astonished to hear him composing the music as he played.

He was a merry, active little fellow. Music seemed to be his greatest joy in life. His father gave him a small violin when he was very young and he soon mastered it. One evening there was a musical party at his father's home and the players wanted to make up a violin quartette. The man who was expected to play the second violin was absent, and little Wolfgang begged

them to let him play the part, but his father laughed at him and told him to be quiet. The child cried so hard the musicians finally told him that he might try to play it for them. Perched on a high stool, with his music before him, he played the whole part through without a mistake.

His father was as much surprised as the rest of the company.

Mozart's father became so proud of his son he thought all the great princes ought to hear him, so he started off on a long journey, taking the boy to kings' palaces and to the homes of rich and great men.

Of course, they were all delighted with his wonderful playing, but, instead of giving the boy and his father money, which they very much needed, they gave him many useless presents—fine gold watches that would not go, swords, snuff-boxes and all sorts of jewelry. As it was not considered right to sell presents given by royal persons, little Mozart and his father had to go hungry many times.

After traveling all over Northern Europe and visiting England, they returned to Salzburg covered with glory, but with very little money in their pockets.

Mozart was then about twelve years old, and in one year at home he composed sonatas, cantatas, masses and many other pieces of music so beautiful and good that they are still enjoyed by music-lovers all over the world.

The next year the whole family set out on another musical journey.

In Vienna the boy composed a German opera, which was performed at the house of a friend.

While away from home on this journey, he nearly lost his life with the small-pox.

When they returned to Salzburg, he was made Concert Master by the Archbishop, but his father could not settle down with his wonderful boy, so they undertook still another journey, this time going to Italy.

This was, indeed, a holiday trip. The boy's playing was so admirable, and his character so sweet and gentle, that every concert was a triumph for him.

At one of his concerts his playing showed such marvelous power that there was a great uproar in the audience. Some one cried out that he wore a magic ring and, if it should be taken off, he could not play. When the boy heard the cries and the uproar, he at once took off his ring and, of course, played as well as before.

Mozart had many trials, especially on account of his poverty. While he was in the Archbishop's family as Keppel-Meister he was compelled to eat with the kitchen servants, but he always made the best of everything, and those servants must have had a happy life while that sunny-tempered genius lived with them.

The music of Mozart was a reflection of his nature. The sweet strains cheer and comfort many souls. His life was a short one, but the sunshine of his brave, cheery spirit found expression in his music, and it touches the hearts of every one.

His opera of Figaro was given every night during one whole winter in Prague and became very popular. Babies were rocked to sleep by the cradle-songs, the hand-organs ground out the airs and men and boys on the streets whistled the melodies from this beautiful opera.

Close application to his work broke down his health, and when he was only thirty-five years old, he died while composing one of his greatest works, "The Requiem." This was sung at his funeral and it is known to-day as "Mozart's Requiem." It breathes the last thoughts of Mozart, his sadness over his broken hopes, and his love for his wife and his music.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Born February 3, 1809; Died 1847.

After the death of Mozart another boy musician in Germany began to be talked about. In a rich and beautiful home in Berlin, quite different from the poor, plain home of Mozart, there lived a dark-haired little Jewish boy named Felix Mendelssohn. He and his sister Fanny began to play the piano and compose music just as Mozart did. Felix loved his sister very much and she helped him by her praise of his compositions. He said that she knew his operas by heart before he wrote out a note.

Felix was taken to see Goethe, the great German writer, when he was only twelve years old. The great old man was much pleased with the boy and his music; he tested his power by giving him manuscript-music composed by Beethoven and Mozart, to play. Mendelssohn played it all easily and with much expression. Goethe never forgot this first visit of the musical genius, and as long as he lived he called the boy his friend.

The home life of Mendelssohn was full of inspiration to him. His father gave many musical

parties, which brought together musicians who were accomplished interpreters of the music of the great masters.

The boy and his sister Fanny first played his beautiful Overture called "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as a piano duet. It was meant to represent Shakespeare's "Fairy Play" in music; if you listen when you hear it played at a concert, I think you will be sure to hear the merry songs of Pease Blossom, Mustard Seed and all the other fairies, and the hum of the insects, and you can almost see all the queer little people who live in the woods, in their merry dances.

Whenever Mendelssohn desired to describe to his sister anything that he had seen in his travels, he would sit down to the piano and play to her instead of talking. If it was a sea voyage, she could almost hear the roll of the billows, the flapping of the sails, and feel the brisk salt air of the ocean. After his visit to Scotland he described Fingal's Cave and the rocky Hebrides by composing a grand symphony called "The Hebrides."

His "Songs Without Words" are really like words, for in their sweet tones we can easily catch their true meaning. "Consolation," one of these "songs," has comforted many a sad



FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

soul, and in "The Spring Song" we can see the first flowers, hear the bird's note, and the rustle of the leaves, and feel the stir of the fresh, new life of the spring-time.

Once, when speaking of her brother's success in setting to music verses from "Walpurgis-Night Dream," in "Faust," Fanny proudly said: "To me he told his idea; one feels so near the world of spirits, carried away in the air, and half inclined to snatch up a broom-stick and follow the aerial procession. At the end, the first violin takes a flight with feather-like lightness and all has vanished."

Fanny and Felix both had happy homes after they were married. Fanny's husband was Wilhelm Hensel, a noted artist. She had high hopes for the future in the success of her husband and brother, but, while sitting at the piano one day, practicing with her little choir of children, she suddenly died. This was such a terrible grief to Felix that he, too, died before the year was over. But Felix Mendelssohn, the little Jewish boy who lived his short life so long ago in Germany, will always be remembered through his music, and he is still considered one of the great musicians of the world.

ROBERT BURNS,
"THE SCOTCH LADDIE."

Born January 25, 1759, Died 1796.

Some day when you are reading "The Cotter's Saturday Night," or some other poem by Robert Burns, you will want to know something of his life. His verses are full of pictures of his life in Scotland and, as you read them, you can almost see "The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." Robert was born in a little house about two miles from the town of Ayr, away up in the north of Scotland. His father was a kind man, and his children felt very sad if they were naughty enough to cause him to speak a cross word to them. Robert said, "If he had to give us a stripe with Taws, a leather strap, it gave us great pain, even if it just touched the skirt of our coat," and they wept and wailed whenever such a thing happened.

Robert, in telling the story of his boyhood, said: "I was a good English scholar at eleven years of age, but it cost the school-master some thrashings."

When Burns was about fifteen years old he had to work on his father's farm, and one day when he was in the harvest field the inspiration came to him to write his first poem. There was a lassie, a "bonnie sweet lassie," gleaning in the field with him, and he made some verses for her to sing, as she had a very sweet voice. Of course all the other boys and girls thought they were fine, and the lassie sang them as often as she could get them to listen.

There was an old woman living in the Burns family who used to tell the children most wonderful stories of witches, ghosts, fairies, brownies, spunkies, and kelpies. The Scotch lads and lasses used to look for them whenever they played in the fields or woods. The old woman taught them that fairies and brownies lived in the woods, that witches and ghosts made their homes in grave-yards; kelpies were fairies that lived near water, and spunkies were little will-o'wisps and could really be seen flying over marshes flashing out like sparks of fire. She also told them that in all the high hills there were giants and dragons, so wherever the children went, they were sure to be near the homes of some of these queer folks.

Of course, the boy, Robert, imagined many



ROBERT BURNS.

stories about them, and he says he used to keep a sharp lookout in dark places, while walking out at night, for, although he did not believe in ghosts, he could not shake off the memory of the old woman's tales.

Burns loved company, and made a great many friends, because he was so jolly, and could make such fine verses. When he was going out into the world to try his fortune he wrote a poem about it, which, he says, described his feelings at the time.

“My father was a farmer,
Upon the Carrick border,
And cheerfully he bred me
In decency and order.
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest, manly heart
No man was worth regarding.

Then out into the world,
My course I did determine;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming;
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education,
Resolv'd, was I, at least, to try,
To mend my situation.’

Then he tells of his misfortunes which happened, as he says, by

“Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good natured folly;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy.”



BURNS' BIRTHPLACE.

At this time, Burns had all the eagerness of a boy for travel and adventure, although he had reached manhood. He started off to Edinburgh with enough poems to make a book. The book was published in Edinburgh and brought him

many friends, and from its sale he received quite a large sum of money. His family felt proud of him when he returned home and told them of his fine reception in the great city, but he was ready to share all his money with the folks at home. He finally settled down on a farm, at Ellisland, with wife and children, and was made excise man of the district. His duties were to collect the revenue taxes, and as he rode on horseback among the hills and vales, his mind was more often on poetry and the beauty of nature, than on the taxes.

But with all his rich genius and good prospects for a happy life there were many in those days who called him "Poor Bobby Burns," and many do it yet. Yes, with all his wealth of mind, he was poor in will-power. He was not strong enough to keep from drinking too much, and it was this weakness that ruined his life, and left his wife and children poor. It is hard for us to think of the sad times of his life when we see his picture with the beautiful dark eyes, the high forehead, shaded with black, curly hair, and look into the pleasant face, and we turn to his poems, glad that part of his life, at least, was rich with love and beauty.

SCRAPS FROM BURNS' POEMS.

“Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrong,
To step aside is human.”

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion!”

“Then, let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.”

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.
And days o' auld lang syne?”

“For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!”

“We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu’d the gowans fine;
 But we’ve wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin’ auld lang syne!”

“Here’s freedom to him that wad read,
 Here’s freedom to him that wad write;
 There’s nane ever feared that the truth should be heard
 But they whom the truth wad indite.”

The following verses by Lowell will be appreciated by those who love this poet:

He spoke of Burns; men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose breast was made of manly, simple stuff
 As homespun as their own.

And when he read they forward leaned
 And heard with eager hearts and ears
 His bird-like songs, whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe
 Sunlike o’er faces brown and hard
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

* * * * *

I thought these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth and love.

God scatters love on every side
 Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but blows some seeds
 Of a more true and open life
Which burst unlooked for into high-souled deeds
 With wayside beauty rife.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die
 In sunny hours like this.

* * * * * *

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word which, now and then,
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Born April 3, 1783; Died 1859.

This great American author wrote at times under other names. The "Sketch Book" was signed "Geoffrey Crayon," and his "History of New York" was supposed to have been written by an old man named "Diedrich Knickerbocker." Irving's style was so beautiful, his descriptions so well written and his humor and pathos so fine that his books soon became known as *his* own work, whatever name was signed to them.

It is supposed that he inherited his love of the beautiful in nature and art from his mother, who was a beautiful girl, grand-daughter of an English curate. She was impulsive and tender-hearted, and had a fine mind, and Irving and his brothers and sisters were much influenced by her. His father was a Scotch Presbyterian and his stern idea about religion especially repelled the boy Washington, and he was confirmed at an early age in the Episcopalian church, to which his mother belonged, to escape any possibility of being compelled to conform to the rigid views of his father. His father was a



WASHINGTON IRVING.

man of noble character, and, no doubt, had tenderness in his nature, but he thought it his duty to repress it.

Irving's father and mother, after they had been married two years, left Scotland and landed in New York in 1763. Here they were quite happy and successful until the Revolutionary War broke up the father's business, and they both were made to suffer for their opinions by the British who occupied New York. Mrs. Irving would often feed American prisoners from her own table, visit those who were sick, and find clothing and other necessaries for them.

When little Washington was born in 1783, in an old house on William street, between Fulton and John streets, the American army occupied the city, and his mother said: "Washington's work is ended, the child shall be named after him."

New York was the first seat of the government, so Washington was there later as the President. A Scotch girl living in the Irving family followed the hero into a store one day, dragging the little boy after her; "Please, your honor," she cried, "here's a bairn was named after you." The great man put his hand on the little boy's head and blessed him, never dreaming

that in the years to come this boy would write the "Life of Washington," which is to-day considered one of the best histories of his life and times that has ever been written.

When Washington Irving was a little boy he was living in the city, and he used to wander around the wharves to watch the vessels sailing away and wishing that he could "sail to the ends of the earth." New York was very different in those old days from the great rushing city it is to-day—it had but twenty-three thousand inhabitants, all living around the Battery. Beyond the city hall park there were only country houses, orchards and corn-fields. The Dutch and English residents did not mingle very freely, but Irving seems to have been on good terms with both. They had but one or two newspapers, one theatre, and the old water-pumps still stood in the middle of the streets. But there was even at this early day a stir and bustle that promised greater things for the future, and the boy seemed to have caught the restless spirit.

His mother would look at the handsome boy half mournfully and say, "O Washington, if you were only good." He had a great love of music, and soon tasted the stolen delight of the theatre. Whenever he could save a little money he would

steal away from home early in the evening to the old theatre in John Street. He would go home in time for family prayers at nine o'clock, then go to his room, climb out of the window, slide down the roof to a back alley, and go back to the theatre to see the end of the play. It was hard to get good teachers for the boy and he did not study very faithfully, but his love of reading, especially of books of travel, his love of nature and his quick, bright powers of observation, were an unconscious education fitting him for his life-work, as no course of Greek or Latin study could have done. He used to pass the summer holidays in Westchester County exploring the "Sleepy Hollow" country, which he has made familiar to all the world by his stories. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," has drawn many a pilgrim to this region to see the enchanted valley. Irving's description of it makes the reader feel the quiet and the peacefulness of the real Sleepy Hollow. "The Headless Horseman" and poor "Ichabod Crane," the school master who "tarried" in the valley to teach the children, are as familiar to him as to the author.

The valley is near the village of Tarrytown, which name Irving says was given it by the country wives, because their husbands tarried so

long about the village tavern on market days. He says—"Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a wood-pecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility. * * * *

I recollect that when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time when all nature is peculiarly quiet and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes." The boy who used to pass so many summer days in this valley of Sleepy Hollow with his gun, grew up without any business. He commenced to study in a lawyer's office but he read more books of travel than of law. Later his health failing, he decided to go across the ocean. While traveling in England the news came to him that his fortune was gone. Although this seemed a trial and misfortune at the time, it proved to be a blessing in the end, for it decided

him as to his life-work. He knew Sir Walter Scott, the great story-writer of England, and was introduced by him to the publisher Murray, who was persuaded, much against his will, to publish a book for Irving called "The Sketch Book," a collection of stories containing "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "The Pride of the Village," "Rip Van Winkle," and other stories, beside descriptions of English life as he had observed it in his travels, especially of the Christmas customs and merry-making. Murray gave him a thousand dollars, which helped him to make a new beginning in life, and so successful was the book that he afterward gave him more money for it and paid him seventy-five hundred dollars for his "Tales of a Traveller" before he had read the manuscript.

He traveled much in Spain, living there at one time—while writing "The Alhambra" and "The Spanish Papers." It is said that he wrote his story of the Alhambra inside the walls of the beautiful palace, spending whole days there. He received political honors during his life, being at one time minister to Spain, at another time secretary of the American Legation in England. The last years of his life were spent near the enchanted region of his fancy.

His home, called "Sunnyside," was built near Tarrytown. Here he lived with his nieces, for he never married. He was remarkably strong, and was busy with his mental work to the end



IRVING'S HOME—SUNNYSIDE.

of his life, writing his wonderful "Life of Washington," when he was in his eightieth year. His books were read by many people, all over the world. One edition of fifteen volumes reached a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand. One

story in the "Sketch Book" will be remembered and loved more than any of the others. It is that of "Rip Van Winkle." No one can ever forget the little men who lived in the Kaatskill mountains, and the story of the young man who wandered off one day with his dog and his gun for a rest from the sharp tongue of his wife, Gretchen, and lying down on the mountain to sleep, somehow fell under the bewitching influence of the little men of the mountain, and slept for twenty years; his amazement on waking to find an old rusty fire-lock by his side instead of his own well-oiled gun, his dog, Wolf, gone, and a flowing white beard on his face; his experiences on going back to the village and finding everything changed, his own little ones grown up, with children of their own. All this wonderful story seems really a true one when reading Irving's wonderful description. It is hard to believe that Rip Van Winkle did not really live in the little village, on the banks of the Hudson river, or sleep for twenty years in the Kaatskill mountains, if one is so fortunate as to see it acted by the famous Joseph Jefferson. That there was an old man who used to tell this story of himself in Irving's time, must be supposed, for the author says, in his funny way, at the close of the

story, "He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but what knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head and that was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm, of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but what they say, Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood when life hangs heavy on their hands that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon."

This story gives a good example of Irving's humor, which often appears in his stories. Perhaps this humor, combined with sentiment and pathos, was his greatest gift. Critics have said that his work lacked imagination, but, if this is true, it still has an enduring charm that pleases

and interests the reader as much to-day as when the words were written nearly a hundred years ago, and his pen has made an enchanted country of the Sleepy Hollow valley, and almost sacred ground of the hill overlooking the valley and the shining river Hudson.

THE GRIMM BROTHERS.

JAKOB LUDWIG GRIMM.

Born January 4, 1785; Died 1863.

WILHELM KARL GRIMM.

Born February 24, 1786; Died 1859.

Next to Andersen's Fairy Tales, The Stories of Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm are loved in all households. Grimm's Tales are told in a plain, simple way, and yet they are full of interest.

"The Town Musicians," "Hans and Gretel" and many others will always be dear to the children of every country.

The most beautiful thing about the lives and work of the Grimm brothers was their love for each other.

Just one year's difference in their ages, they kept together in their classes at school, and when their father died, while they were still small boys, through the kindness of an aunt they were prepared for the University. At the University of Marbourg they came under the influence of a learned man named Savigny. He stimulated their love for learning and of books.

(37)

One winter, when he was doing some special work in Paris, he sent for Jakob Grimm to help him.

This was the first separation of the brothers, and almost the only one of their whole lives. The mother was pleased at the honor given her boy, but was very anxious over the journey.

All the time he was on the road she could not sleep, but would get up from bed to notice the weather, fearing that he might freeze to death or meet with some accident.

She did not live to enjoy the fame of her sons, but died while they were still struggling to make a living. Soon after her death Jakob was appointed Librarian of the King of Westphalia. This gave him a fine salary and plenty of time to study, no one but the King being allowed the use of the library. He studied here for five years, much of the time having his brother Wilhelm with him.

Later, the brothers both secured positions in the Electoral Library at Cassel. While they worked together in this library for over thirteen years they published a number of books, among others, those so dear to children, "The Kinder- und Haus-marchen," Children's Tales and Household Tales.

They gathered the stories from the peasants of Hesse and Hanan, many of them being told to them by the wife of a cow-herd near Cassel. She had a remarkable memory for old folk-lore stories and she told them so thoughtfully and with so much expression the brothers could almost write the stories direct from her dictation.

For years these brothers continued to write together, for a long time occupying the same study, and after that, having adjoining rooms. Besides their Household Stories they wrote great works on History and a large German Grammar in four volumes—works on German Mythology, Stories called “Old German Forests,” extracts from the Elder Edda, a collection of German Legends and a volume of Irish Fairy Stories.

The brothers received appointments as professor and librarian at the University of Göttingen, and later as members of the Academy by the King of Prussia. This called them to Berlin and here they spent the last years of their life, always working together, dressing alike, eating at the same table and together owning a fine library. Jakob was custodian of the books they both loved so well, and he could put his hand on any one of them in the dark, so familiar was he with them all. Besides their passion for

books, they both loved flowers. Wilhelm's windows were always full of primroses in full bloom, and Jakob's of heliotrope and gilliflower. Wilhelm married, but this did not disturb the peaceful union of the brothers. His wife took faithful care of Jakob, too, and not until death came to Wilhelm was this beautiful friendship broken.

When we read Grimm's Fairy Tales after this, let us think of the love of these two brothers for each other, of their long years of faithful work together, which has left the world richer on account of their loving comradeship—

“A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.”

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,

“THE DANISH BOY.”

Born, April 2, 1805; Died 1875.

All children who love to read fairy stories, know, as old friends, the many “Wonder Stories” of Hans Andersen. They love the story of “The Ugly Duckling,” “The Snow Queen” “The Constant Tin Soldier” and others just as beautiful.

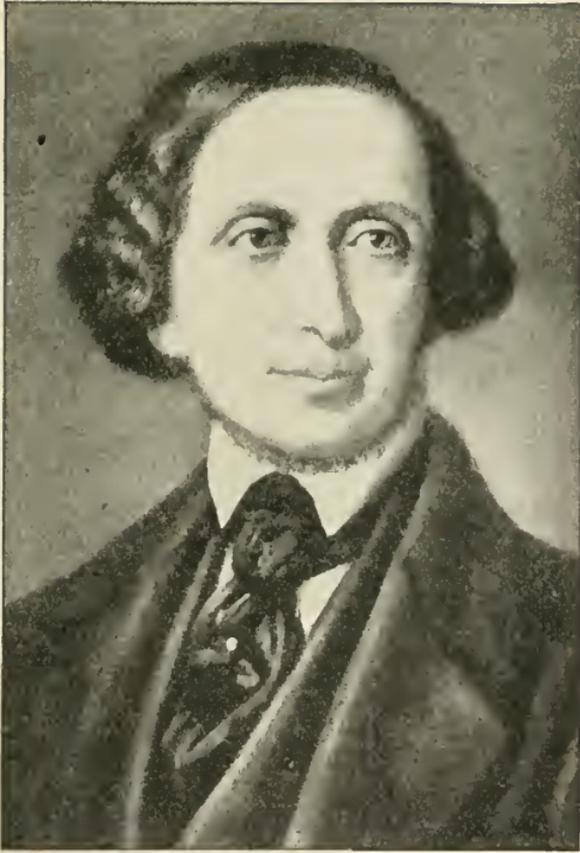
There is a book written by him that some of the children have not heard of, that is perhaps, the most interesting of all. He says of it, “It is my ‘Wonder Story.’” It is called “The Story of My Own Life.”

It is as beautiful and strange as a fairy tale—the story of this poor little Danish boy, who though so poor and obscure found his way by his wonderful stories into the palaces of kings, and into the homes of poets and writers of many lands.

His father was a poor, young shoe-maker in the town of Odense in Denmark. In his boyhood he had longed to go to school and had always loved books, but his extreme poverty had kept him tied to his shoe-maker’s bench.

He had made nearly all the furniture in his little home, and Hans' mother, who loved the boy and his father very much, but who didn't care for books, kept the place very clean and attractive, so that Hans always remembered it as a pleasant little home. The walls were covered with pictures and over the work-bench was a closet filled with books and songs. The kitchen shone with metal pans and bright plates, and by climbing on a ladder he could get on the roof, where his mother had a vegetable garden planted in a great chest filled with soil. In the story of "The Snow Queen," the garden is this same roof-garden of his mother's. In two other stories he has drawn some events in his mother's life. She had been a poor little child and had been sent out by her parents to beg. She told little Hans how one day she had sat and cried all day under a bridge. His mother's character is brought into the story of "Only a Fiddler" and "The Improvisatore."

Hans' father loved the boy with his whole heart. He invented all sorts of plays for him, making theatres and changing pictures and reading to him from "Holberg's Plays" and "The Arabian Tales." On pleasant Sundays he took him for whole days in the woods, and



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

there is no doubt that the boy's imagination and tender love of nature were helped in their growth by his loving father.

Hans' grand-father lived in the neighborhood and was feeble-minded. His grand-mother was a fine old lady who had belonged to a very good family and it was probably her early teaching that had instilled the love of books in Hans' father. She loved Hans dearly and he liked to be near her, but he was afraid of his poor old grand-father. When he saw him coming down the street with his basket of carved, wooden figures, beasts with heads, and beasts with wings, he would run and hide, for he was ashamed when the boys shouted at him. But the old man was kind and good, taking his basket of queer toys out into the country and giving them to the peasant women and children.

Little Hans had bright, observing eyes, but he used to walk around with his eyes closed, dreaming out his stories until the people thought his eyes were weak.

An old woman who kept an A. B. C. school taught him to read and write. She used to whip the other children with a great rod, but Hans' mother told her when she took him to school that she would not have him touched with the

rod. But one day the old woman forgot this order, and hit him. Hans rose from his seat at once, took his book, and went home.

He then went to a school for boys, where there was just one little girl, and they became great friends, and he told her wonderful stories of the great castle he expected to live in some day, when he grew to be a nobleman, and he said she might come to see it. She would listen, and say, "But you are only a poor boy." One day he told her he was a changed child of high birth, and that the angels of God came down and spoke to him. She looked at the other boys, and said, "He is a fool, just like his grand-father." This made poor Hans shiver, and he never told her any more of his fairy tales, and wouldn't have her for a play-mate.

The teacher, Mr. Carsten, loved him very much and used to give him cakes and flowers.

In the summer-time, during the harvest, his mother took him into the fields to glean the grain that fell on the ground after the reapers had passed. One day the bailiff, a cross, savage man, chased them from the field with a huge whip in his hand. His mother and the other gleaners ran very fast, but poor little Hans had wooden shoes on his feet and they came off in the hurry,

so the thorns pricked his bare feet, and he had to stop running and face the angry man alone. He had his whip raised to strike the boy, when he looked him in the face, and said, "How dare you strike me, when God is looking." The man looked at him, and suddenly became mild, patting him on the cheek, asking him his name and giving him some money. When he showed it to his mother, she said to the others: "He is a strange child, my Hans Christian, everybody is kind to him, this bad fellow even, has given him money."

He must have been a funny looking boy in those days, the little Hans. He says in his story—"As to my dress, I was rather spruce, an old woman altered my father's clothes for me, my mother would fasten three or four large pieces of silk on my breast, and that had to do for vests, a large kerchief was tied round my neck in a mighty bow, my head was washed with soap and my hair curled, and then I was in all my glory." Hans' father loved to read plays, and when they had a good play-house, or theatre, built at Odense, he took the boy to see some German plays acted.

This was a precious memory to Hans, with his lively imagination. He soon became acquainted with the man who wrote out the bills

or programs, and he gave the boy one each day. He would take them off into a corner by himself and imagine whole dramas about the names of the characters on the bill.

And so his peaceful, happy boyhood passed away, broken by the rude shock of his dear father's death. After that he was left entirely to himself while his mother went out washing. He sat alone playing with his dolls and the theatres his father had made him.

In the neighborhood there lived the widow of a minister, who noticed the boy with the long bright hair, and often invited him to come in to see her.

She read poems and stories to him, and in her house he first heard Shakespere's Plays read.

From this time he became ambitious to be a poet himself, this poor, uneducated boy.

His mother decided that he must go to work in a factory. This was a great trial to the sensitive child.

The coarse men made him sing for them, and his beautiful voice was often heard in the grim old factory. Some of the rough men teased him so cruelly he was obliged to leave the place.

His mother, who had married again, then determined that he should learn to be a tailor. Poor

Hans rebelled at this, and said that, now that he was fourteen years old, he was going to the city of Copenhagen to seek his fortune. He was so determined that finally his mother gave her consent, and, taking a little money they had scraped together, the boy started off with high hopes.

He made friends by his fine voice, and an Italian music teacher gave him lessons in singing.

But, because of his thin, ragged clothing and not having enough to eat, he became sick and almost lost his voice. He was then turned out upon the world again. By perseverance he gained the friendship of good men, and finally, after all of them had agreed that he could never be a good writer or good actor until he had an education, he went to a grammar school, his expenses being paid by a Mr. Collins, a friend who was always very good to him. At school he had a hard time, for he had to begin in classes with little children.

He soon worked up, however, and when he graduated began to write his stories. First he wrote a story of a journey he made on foot, then he wrote poems and plays, but it was as a writer for children he became more widely known. While his own countrymen sneered at his work

for years and hurt him cruelly by unjust criticism, in every other country his name became a household word. He traveled to Paris, Italy and England after leaving school, and it proved the best thing for him to get away from the narrow home circles and find those who understood him. He spent many happy days with Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, one of his countrymen who, like himself, had been a poor boy, and whose beautiful work was not appreciated in his own land. Andersen wrote several of his tales for children while sitting with Thorwaldsen—"Ole Luckoie" and others, which pleased the sculptor very much.

When Andersen visited England, Charles Dickens took him to his home and with him he had a visit that he remembered with joy all his life. Dickens loved to read "The Tin Soldier" and many other stories of his, and the six children of the household felt that this Hans Andersen belonged to them, so much did they love his Wonder Stories. Mendelssohn in Germany sought him for a friend, and musicians, writers and every one loved this man from Denmark, whose stories charmed them by their beauty and simplicity.

Years afterward his own countrymen gave

him the honor they had held back so long. Men who had scorned him, tried to gain his favor. He was forgiving and gentle, and was more pleased with the festival given for him in his old home town of Odense than with all the praise of kings and the great men of other countries.

The Ugly Duckling had changed into the beautiful swan, and the same folks who had tried to kill the duckling by their cruel tongues now hurried to praise the beautiful swan, that had come to the home nest, at last, after its long, swift flight to other lands—

“Like the swan flying back to the place
Where the nest of the baby-bird lay;
And its fellows had little of grace
For the poor little thing dressed in gray.

Where it dreamed lying hid all alone
In the bushes that no one might see,
And strange among birds made its moan
And sighed like its fellows to be.

They knew not its lineage nor recked they
That the dreaming had truth and gave might,
And soon o’er the sky ’twould be winging its way
In the luminous, musical swan flight.

That wide o'er the land in its flight it should go
And wider by far should fly its renown,
Till all the round world the dear name should know
And honor come back to the old native town.

That deep in all hearts its memory should clime
In the great and the small holding sway,
Since always in memory it kept close the time
When it too, was little and gray."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,

Born July 4, 1804; Died 1864.

Children, as well as grown folks, like to read books that are written in simple, direct language, and this is the charm of Hawthorne's story-books. The old Greek stories are told over again in plain, short English words, and they are so well told that they seem like new and beautiful fairy stories. "The Wonder Book" is indeed one of the best fairy books ever written for children. Hawthorne's own children knew nearly every one of the stories by heart before the book was printed, and one of them, his boy Julian, who is now a man, and himself a writer, says that they still linger in his memory. The writing of this book gave Hawthorne great enjoyment, as every page of it is bright and cheery, while some of his books written before this had seemed rather gloomy. If there are any children living today who have not yet read "The Wonder Book" they have a rich treasure to enjoy. "The Golden Touch," "The Pomegranate Seeds," "The Pygmies" are some of the stories.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Tanglewood Tales" is another collection of his Greek fairy tales, full of sunshine, and like Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," the legends are full of beautiful goddesses and brave, daring heroes. The tales give us glimpses of a fairy-land which was very real to the old Grecians. Children who love Hawthorne's "Tales from a Grandfather's Chair" will be interested to learn that at one time when he was visiting one of his relatives in the "House of the Seven Gables," which was the name of one of his books, he happened to say that he was wondering what to write about next. His friend pointed to an old arm-chair that had been long in the family, and said, "Why don't you write about this old chair? There must be many stories connected with it." Hawthorne thought this a good idea and in 1841 published "The Tales from a Grandfather's Chair."

Hawthorne, himself, was as handsome as a Greek. He was five feet ten inches in height and broad-shouldered. In the letters written about him to his son, we find many glowing descriptions of his appearance. It is told of him that while he was in college an old gypsy woman met him suddenly in a path in the woods and she was so struck by his noble looks she cried out "Are you a man or an angel?" While he

was in London he was often compared to Robert Burns. One writer says, "His limbs were beautifully formed and the moulding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long curving wave in it, approached blackness, his head was large and grandly developed, his complexion delicate and transparent, rather dark than light, with a ruddy tinge in the cheeks. His large dark blue eyes were brilliant and full of expression."

Such is the picture we have of Hawthorne, and this handsome boy used to walk through the streets of old Salem town in Massachusetts, dreaming and wondering what he should do with his life. While in a school away from home he wrote to his mother "I have not yet concluded what profession I shall have. The being a minister is perhaps out of the question. I should not think that even you could desire me to choose so dull a way of life.

Oh, no, mother, I was not born to vegetate forever in one place, and to live and die as tranquil as—a puddle of water. As to lawyers, there are so many of them already that one half of them are in a state of actual starvation. A physician, then, seems to be 'Hobson's choice,' but yet I should not like to live by the diseases

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and infirmities of my fellow creatures—Oh that I was rich enough to live without a profession! What do you think of my becoming an author and relying for support upon my pen? How proud you would feel to see my works praised



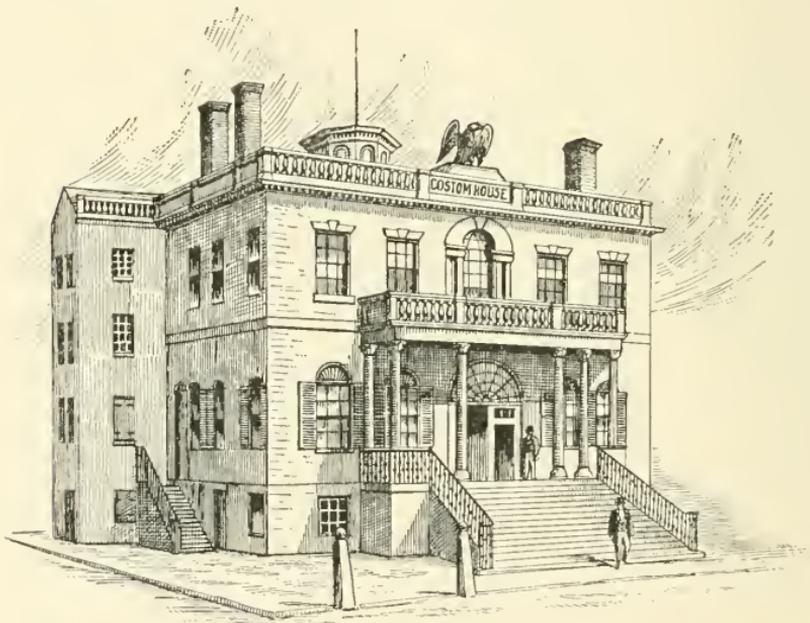
HAWTHORNE'S HOME—OLD MANSE.

by the reviewers as equal to the proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull." So the boy had visions of the future, feeling the power growing within him, that would place him in the line of great authors, great for all time,

although he said when dreaming of authorship, "But authors are always poor devils, and Satan may take them." The story of his life written by his son Julian shows that Hawthorne had much more than a "poor devil" existence. His life in Salem, first as a boy, then with a beautiful wife and children, is almost ideal in its peace and happiness.

Here in the quiet of the "Old Manse" he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "House of the Seven Gables" and many other stories. There is an old house on Herbert Street in Salem where he lived when a boy, with his grandmother, and there is an upper room, preserved as it used to be, where he wrote "Twice Told Tales." He wrote in 1840 of this room: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales, and much of my lonely youth was wasted here." He lived twice in this house, in later years, and it was, more than any other, his real home. It is only a short walk from this house to the custom-house which he describes so well in "The Scarlet Letter," and where his office was, when he was Surveyor of the Port of Salem. His wife used to wish for more time, for this "Heaven-gifted seer" as she called him, while he worked

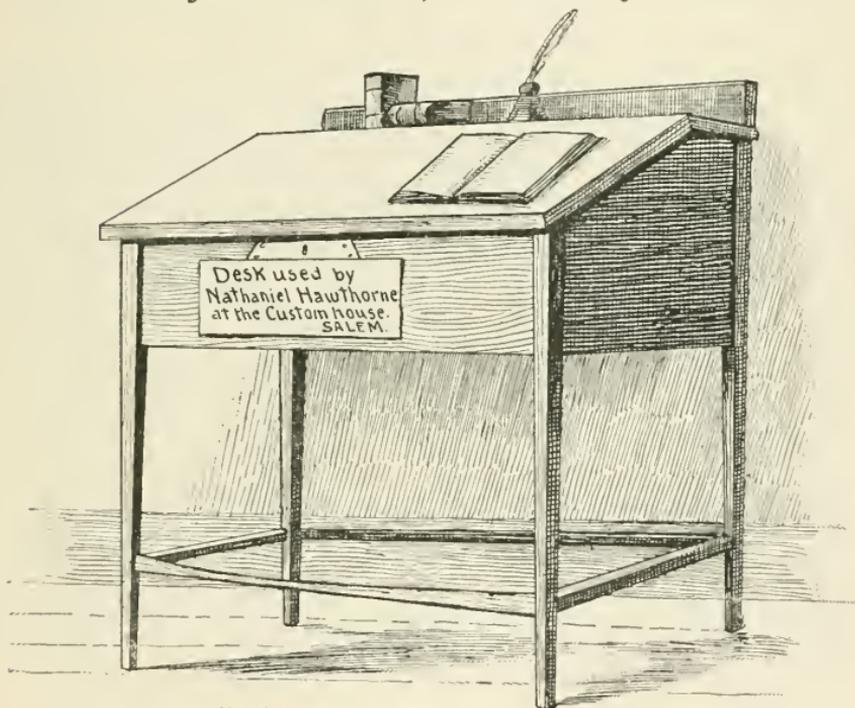
in the custom-house, more time for him to write. The day on which he was discharged on account of a misunderstanding, coming home earlier than usual, she expressed her pleasure. "But," he answered "I have left my head behind me."



The old Salem Custom House, which plays so large a part in "The Scarlet Letter," and which was Nathaniel Hawthorne's Headquarters during his Term of Office as Surveyor of the Port of Salem, 1846 to 1849.

"Oh then," she exclaimed "You can write your book." This was a comfort, but Hawthorne wondered how they would live while he was writing it. His wife was equal to the emergency, however, for she had been saving from his salary

each week, and had quite a large pile of gold in her desk. She showed him this unexpected treasure, and was delighted at his surprise. He began at once to write "The Scarlet Letter." This story is a sad one, and hardly understood



The Desk at which Nathaniel Hawthorne sat as Surveyor of the Port of Salem. Now preserved at the Essex Institute.

by very young people. The part of his life spent in Italy touched his sensitive spirit as with fire, and inspired by the beauty of Italian life and art he wrote "The Marble Faun" and "The Italian Note Books," also a record of the life in Italy.

He was restless about staying in one place very long, and his son says that when he was in England he longed for Paris and Italy, and at home in America he longed for England.

While living in their beautiful home in Concord, the Wayside, he completed the "Tangle-



HAWTHORNE'S HOME—THE WAYSIDE.

wood Tales" and wrote "The Life of Pierce," his college friend who became President of the United States. Hawthorne's wife, in writing of one of their walks near Walden Pond where Thoreau had his little hut, says, "All that ground

is consecrated to me by unspeakable happiness." We went up the bare hill opposite the Old Manse and I descended on the other side so I could look up the avenue and see our first home. We returned through Sleepy Hollow and walked along a stately broad path which we used to say should be the chariot-road to our castle, which we would build on the hill to which it leads."

Julian Hawthorne, in writing of this letter of his mother's, says, "The hill in Sleepy Hollow on which 'our castle' was to stand is now the site of Hawthorne's grave; and the 'chariot-road' was the path up which his funeral procession mounted." He died suddenly at Plymouth, Mass., in 1864, and his body rests in the quiet cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, in Concord, near the shining mountain rock which marks the grave of Emerson. Visitors to Sleepy Hollow find many other great names on the simple headstones marking the graves of Hawthorne's friends, America's great poets, preachers and writers.

Julian Hawthorne, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is one of the well known writers of modern romance, and of the better style of newspaper articles. His daughters also inherited his brilliant qualities and have helped to make the world brighter and better.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE SWISS BOY.

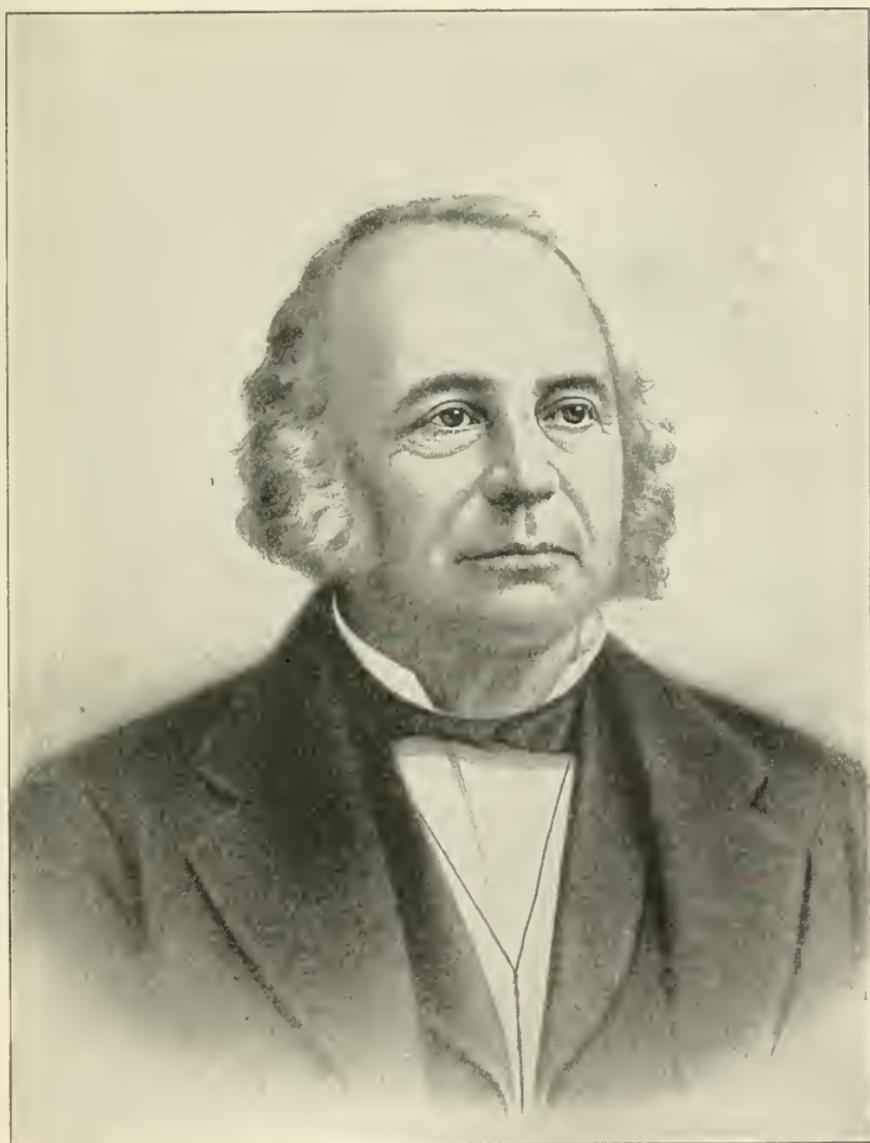
Born May 28, 1807; Died 1873.

In a little village called Motier, among the foothills of the ~~Burmese~~^{Bernese} Alps, there lived a minister named Agassiz, with his wife, Rose, and their two little boys, Louis and Auguste.

Louis and his brother didn't go to school until they were quite large boys, but their father and mother taught them many things at home. Louis learned more from Mother Nature than he did from his books, roaming the fields, catching insects, and watching all kinds of animal life.

He had many pets, birds, mice, rabbits, and every kind of animal he could catch, but his special interest seemed to be in fishes. He watched the little nooks and corners where the fishes lived, and where their homes were.

In the yard of his home a stone basin had been built to hold the waters of a spring. The boy kept his fishes in this basin and watched their doings very carefully, until he knew the habits of each fish. He soon developed the won-



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

derful powers of observation, which afterward helped him more than all his books and teachers.

In those days it was the custom in Switzerland to get all necessary work done by traveling men, instead of depending on stores and shops. Tailors would go from house to house, making clothes; carpenters, shoemakers, and other mechanics would go around the country in the same way. Many of these travelers stopped each year at the little house where the Agassiz family lived, and the boy watched them carefully while they worked, and he often astonished the family by making something just after they left. In this way, he made a pair of shoes for his sister's doll, after a visit from the cobbler, and a water-tight barrel, after watching the cooper make one for his father.

All his playmates seemed to know that this boy, who could tell them so much about insects, fishes and wild-flowers, was different from other boys, and he was always glad to answer their questions and show them his pets.

His mother was a noble woman and influenced his life for the highest good. Two of her little boys had died, so she kept Louis and his brother very near her until they were ten years old. Their father saved all the money he could spare

so that the boys could have a good education, and they were sent to the college at Bienne when they were still only boys of twelve or thirteen years. The college was twenty miles from their home, but the boys thought nothing of walking this distance when the folks at home had their grape-picking, which was a gay festival time in the Swiss valleys. The other holidays also found the boys at home, for what were twenty miles to two such strong, hearty boys as Louis and Auguste Agassiz?

Louis kept right on with his collection, and added many curious and interesting objects to it. During his school-days he and his brother began to get a library together. They had very little money and, as some of the books they wanted were very costly, they copied entire books, writing patiently every day after school until they had quite a large library of rare and valuable books.

While he was in the last years of his college life, Louis determined that his life work should be natural history, and his spare time after this decision was spent in hunting curious insects from the bark of trees, fishing in the streams and ponds for different varieties of fish, and studying the transformation of cocoons into butterflies.

Although his teachers considered him a remarkable student and talked of his great knowledge of natural history, his father and mother still wanted him to go into business. Louis told his uncle, a doctor, how he hated the very thought of a business life, and that he wanted to study to be a doctor, so he could learn all about anatomy and understand the bony structure of animals and fishes. His uncle finally persuaded his father and mother to let him go to the medical college at Zurich. Here he attracted attention, not only by his great knowledge, but also by his physical appearance. His fine head, large, bright eyes, broad, high forehead and strong, sturdy limbs made everyone feel that he was destined to be one of the truly great men of the world.

While he was at Zurich, a gentleman passed him one day in a carriage, and, noticing the fine-looking young man, he called him and began talking to him about his plans for the future. Agassiz talked to him in such a frank, pleasing manner, the man was much impressed by his fine intellect, and a few days later Louis' father received a letter from the stranger, who was a very wealthy gentleman from Geneva, asking that he might adopt his son, and said that he

would go to the greatest expense to educate him. This was, of course, a tempting offer to the poor minister, but, after careful thought, Louis agreed with his parents that they could never break any of the loving ties that bound them to each other, and they declined the offer of the rich man.

Agassiz was more than a scientist, he knew French and German so well he could think in one language while speaking the other. He also read Greek and Latin, and could speak English and Italian.

After he graduated as a physician at Zurich, and later at Heidelberg, his parents thought, of course, that he would settle down in a country town to practice medicine, but this he could not do. He longed to travel, to find rare specimens, and to write books about his beloved animals.

When his wonderful book, "Brazilian Fishes," was published, his parents began to realize the true genius of their boy, and they were very proud of him. The father, when sending congratulations to him about his book, wrote, "The old father who waits for you at home with open arms, sends the most tender greeting."

Then happened the best thing in all his life, best for the people of America, anyway.

Prince Charles Bonaparte, one of his great

friends, urged him to visit this country, saying that it would make an epoch in science if he would come here and study the animal life of our land.

After much urging from his friends, Agassiz decided to visit the United States. All the great men, especially the scientists, were astonished at his great knowledge. He was made a Professor in Harvard College, a visiting lecturer at Cornell University, and he was honored by great men all over the country. He wrote many books—some in French and German, others in English.

In the preface of one of his most important books, "Contributions to the Natural History of America," he wrote in the edition that was sent to Europe, "This book was written mostly for Americans, and I expect it to be read by many others beside scientists. I have written it, knowing that in this country it will be read by farmers, fishermen, and others in all walks of life."

Agassiz and his wife made a trip to Brazil for collections of specimens, and together they wrote a most interesting book about their travels, called "A Visit to Brazil," by Louis and Elizabeth Agassiz.

On his fiftieth birthday a dinner was given to Agassiz in Boston, by such distinguished men

as Holmes, Longfellow and Hawthorne. Longfellow recited a beautiful poem he had written for the occasion, and this is a part of it:

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in its cradle lay.
Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee."
"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The songs of the Universe.
And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more wonderful tale.
So she keeps him still a child
And will not let him go;
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.
And the mother at home says "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark
And my boy does not return."

Perhaps the most valuable work of Agassiz's life, beside his books, was the founding at Cambridge of one of the largest Natural History Museums in the world.

If you ever visit Boston you must be sure to take a ride in the electric car to Cambridge, where Harvard College is, and spend all the time you can in the great Agassiz Museum. You will want to stay a week to examine the many and curious specimens of all sorts and kinds of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects. It would take years to see them all and study them carefully.

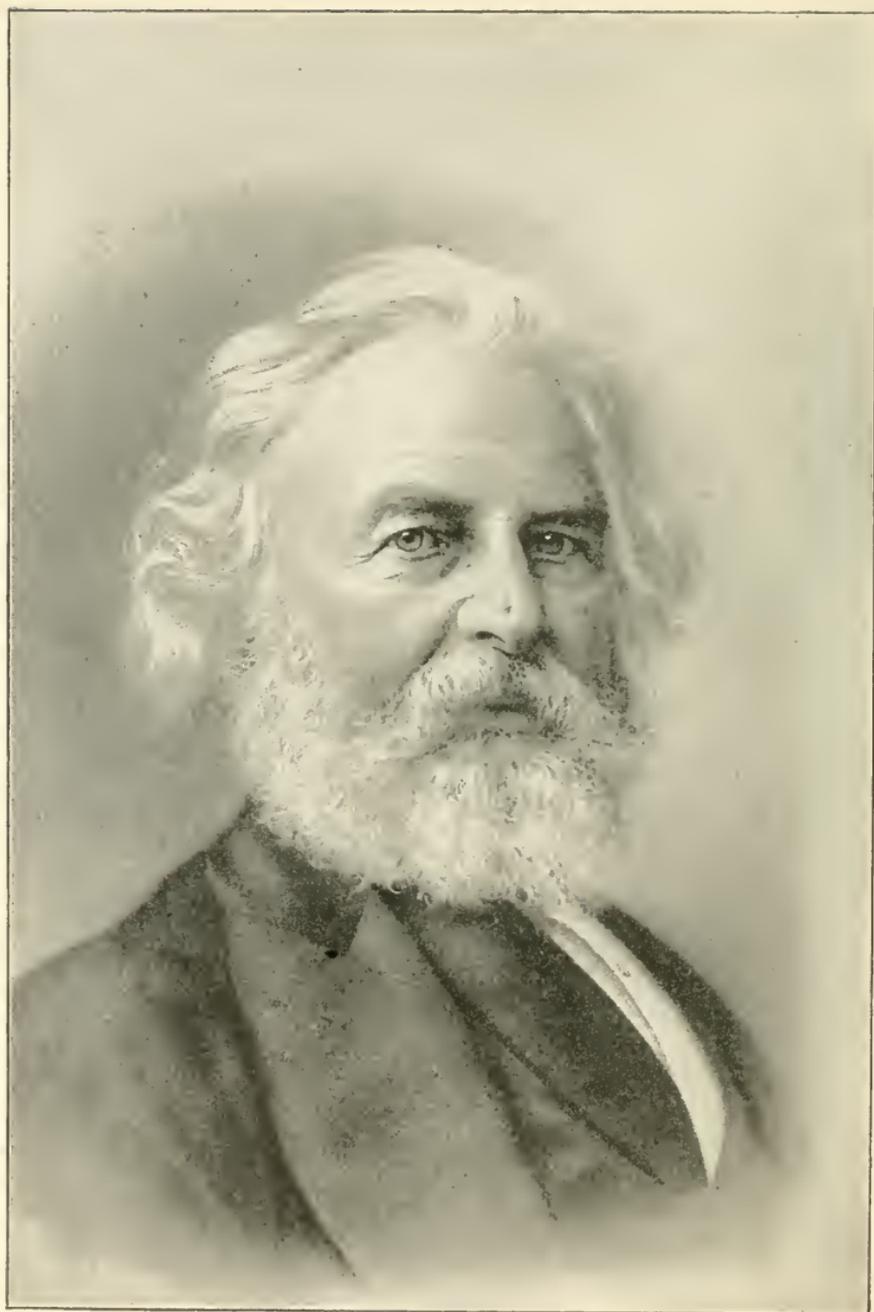
Great numbers of these specimens were collected by Agassiz himself, although he never lost an opportunity to get others to collect specimens for him. He would send the copper jars of the museum, filled with alcohol, on vessels going to different countries, asking the captains to bring them back filled with fish and all kinds of sea and fresh water animals. In this way, by earnest and persistent effort, the great museum was filled and it is now an enduring monument to the Swiss boy, who became one of the greatest scientists the world ever knew.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Born February 27, 1807; Died 1882.

Nearly all the American poets were born in New England, and lived near Boston, but Longfellow did not move to this famous city of great writers until he was a young man. He was born in the town of Portland, Maine, and graduated at Bowdoin College, at Brunswick.

Portland was a lively town, even in the old times, when Longfellow was a boy. It is a seaport, and there used to be a great trade from there with the West India Islands. Brigs would carry out cargoes of lumber and dried fish and bring back rum, molasses and sugar. When a ship load of molasses came into Casco Bay the whole town of Portland would be in an uproar. The colored stevedores would sing as they hoisted the heavy hogsheads of molasses from the hold of the ship. Maine has always been noted for its trade in lumber, and although more lumber is sold there today, there was more noise and bustle about the business in the old days. Portland had many potteries, and a rope-walk, which was a long, low shed where they made ropes. Spin-



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ning rope in that old fashion is all done away with now by the new machines. The boys of today would hardly understand what Longfellow meant by his poem called "The Rope-Walk."

"In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin,
 Dropping each, a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door,
Squares of sunshine on the floor
 Light the long and dusty lane,
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy makes me feel,
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
 Gleam the long threads in the sun,
While within this brain of mine,
Cobwebs brighter and more fine,
 By the busy wheels are spun."

Then he writes of the visions called up by the spinning of the rope, visions of the different things the rope will be used for. He sees girls swinging; an old farm house, with a woman drawing a bucket of water with ropes; a circus,

with a girl walking on a rope; an old man in a tower, ringing a bell; a boy, flying a kite; a prison yard, with a gallows and rope; ships, with coils of rope, and at the end of these pictures he writes:



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

“All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
 In that building long and low;
While the wheels go round and round
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
 And the spinners backward-go.”

Longfellow also wrote a beautiful poem about the potteries in his old home-town called "Keramos"—

"Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound;
 So spins the flying world away.
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand,
For some must follow, and some command,
 Though all are made of clay."

When Longfellow was about seventeen years old, General Lafayette visited Portland, and the Governor gave a ball in his honor. A terrible storm came up and many of the guests had to stay at home, as there were only a few carriages in the whole place. There were not many amusements in those days, as for a long time dancing had been prohibited by law, and all kinds of theatrical performances had been voted against in the town meeting, where all such questions were decided. A theatre was at last built in 1830 as an experiment, but it was soon turned into a church.

When the people of Portland wanted to go to Boston, they had to travel by stage, and it took them two days by the accommodation coach. The mail coach took them a little faster, but

made their bones ache with the jolting they received.

They had two weekly papers, but no daily news, except the old town-crier, who went around crying the news if anything unusual happened.

Not much has been written about the boyhood of Longfellow in the old town, but glimpses are given of his boy-life in a chapter called "Early Days in the Home," in a book about his life by his brother, Samuel Longfellow.

He says, "Henry is remembered by others as a lively boy—kind-hearted and affectionate—the sunlight of the house—true, highminded and noble." * * With all his liveliness, he hated loud noises, and it was a family tradition that he begged his nurse to put cotton in his ears on the Fourth of July."

In the home there were plenty of books and music. His father, who was a lawyer, had a well-selected library, and Longfellow loved to read the poems of Milton and many others. He sometimes used to get permission from his father to go down town in the evening to a Mr. Johnson's book-store to look over the new books that had been received from Boston. Here, too, he listened to men talking about books. Longfellow has written about a book that came into his

life while he was a boy. His brother quotes it in his story of the poet's life:

"Every reader has his first book. I mean to say, one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me this first book was the 'Sketch Book of Washington Irving.' I was a schoolboy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight.

"How many delightful books the same author has given us. * * * * * Yet, still the charm of the Sketch Book remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and, whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

The Longfellow children were taught to sing. The most popular songs at that time were "The Battle of Prague," "Washington's March," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Last Rose of Summer," and others whose titles are not so familiar to us. They were also taught to dance to the tunes of "Money Musk," "The Fisher's Horn-Pipe," and "The Hay-Makers." The evenings were spent round the table studying their lessons, and often playing games in the large old

kitchen, where there was a broad open fire-place with a hanging-crane. They stayed up as late as they could, for it was hard to go up stairs to the cold bed-rooms. In the morning they crept out of their soft, warm feather beds, and broke the ice in the pitchers to wash their faces. Henry Longfellow, with this simple, healthy boy-life, became strong and rugged. He was sent to school when only three years old. A colored man who worked for his father carried him in front of him on horseback. When he was five years old they sent him to a public school quite near his home, but he came home one day very angry, saying the teacher had accused him of telling a lie, so he was allowed to leave that school. At ten he was doing well in Latin and his other studies and began to prepare for college. In these days boys went to school very young, and Henry Longfellow was only fourteen years old when he entered Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine.

When he was only thirteen he published his first poem in the "Gazette." It was called "The Battle of Loveli's Pond." It recorded a battle between Lovell and the Indians, which took place near Hiram, where his grandfather lived. The few men who escaped had run down the road to Ossipee, past the old homestead. The poem was

dropped into the letter box at the printing office, and the night before the paper was printed he went down to the office again and looked in the windows, shivering in the cold but not daring to go in. No one but his sister knew the secret, and they were both much excited when the paper



BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

came next morning. They had to wait while their father slowly read the paper, and they eagerly looked it over when their turn came and found the poem was there, signed "Henry." From the success of this experiment he was encouraged to keep on writing, and soon papers

and magazines were glad to get his poems as he wrote year after year in his school and college days. His vacations were spent at his grandfather's home near Portland, and the farm-life was delightful to the boy who loved all nature. He followed the mowers, picked berries, went after the cows at night, helped the girls in the dairy to churn, and in the fall he enjoyed the corn-husking frolics and the spinning and quilting bees. He sometimes went with his grandfather Longfellow on a long ride to visit his grandfather Wadsworth, who lived on an estate of seven thousand acres. This old man had been an Adjutant-General in the Revolutionary War, and the children looked up to him with awe. He wore a cocked hat, and buckles on his shoes; his hair was powdered and tied behind in a cue. He told the children thrilling stories of the war, of his capture by the British, who put him in a prison at Fort George, where he had a remarkable escape.

A poem called "My Lost Youth" expresses very beautifully Longfellow's memories of the town of Portland and his boyish fancies and feelings:

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea,

Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me,
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still,
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that way-ward song,
 "A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
 * * * * *

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide,
 And the dead captains as they lay
 In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still.
 * * * * *

And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song
 The groves are repeating it still,
 "A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry Longfellow became one of the great poets of the world while still a young man. *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and many other poems have been translated into other languages. He traveled in Europe, and wrote both prose and



CRAIGIE HOUSE.

poetry about the scenes in other lands. He was made Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College, after serving as Professor in his own college. All the honors he received made him happy, but never selfish or unfriendly.

His love for children is shown in his poems

and told of in many ways by his friends. In one of his poems called "Children," he writes :

"Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

"The Children's Hour" is a beautiful poem written about his own little girls—Alice, Allegra and Edith—but he meant it for all children :

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart."

Perhaps the sweetest one of all is called "Weariness," where he speaks of the little feet that have such a long, weary way to travel, the little hands that have so much to do in the world, and the eager little hearts and pure souls of childhood.

He always felt a deep interest in the affairs of the city of Cambridge, where he lived. At one

time, he pleaded with the city officers to spare "The spreading chestnut tree" that grew in front of the smithy, which he describes in his "Village Blacksmith," but the tree had to be cut down to widen Brattle Street. Then, to make the poet feel happier about it, the public school children subscribed a fund, with which to have a handsome chair made out of the wood of the tree. It was given to him on his seventy-second birthday. He was very much pleased, and wrote a poem about it for the children, which begins

"Am I a king that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne;
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?"

He was a good friend to the poor and friendless, helping many young authors to get their stories and poems published.

He was always pleasant and patient with the many strangers who visited him. Like Whitier, he felt very indignant over the wrongs of the slaves, and early in his life he wrote stirring poems about the bitter injustice of buying and selling human beings.

Some of his friends believed in slavery, but many others were glad to read his earnest, burning words. Charles Dickens wrote from England:

“Heaven speed your slavery poems, I am looking for them eagerly.”

Longfellow's poems on Slavery were written in 1842, while on the ocean, returning from Europe. “The Slave's Dream,” “The Quadroon



LONGFELLOW'S CHAIR.

Girl” and “The Witnesses” are the names of some of the slave poems. The last verse of “The Warning” shows the power and force of his pleadings:

“There is a poor blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand
 And shake the pillars of this common weal
 Till the vast temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.”

From these glimpses of Longfellow’s life and work we know that he truly felt “Life is real, life is earnest,” and his own life was planned as the structure he writes of in “The Builders:”

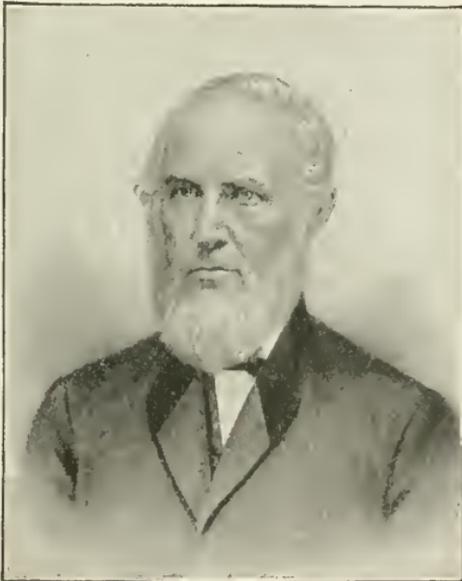
“All are architects of Fate
 Working in these walls of Time,
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.
 Nothing useless is, or low,
 Each thing in its place is best,
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.
 For the structure that we raise,
 Time is with materials filled;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.
 In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part,
 For the Gods see everywhere.
 Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen,
 Make the house where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire and clean.”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE QUAKER BOY.

Born December 17, 1807; Died 1892.

All who look at the picture of the good Quaker poet are apt to think of him as a very solemn, quiet man, but those who knew him best tell of



WHITTIER.

his love of fun and his interest in young folks. When he was a boy he worked on his father's farm, which was about three miles from the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. As he merrily trudged up the lane from the fields, or hoed the

corn, or drove the cows, he must have looked like his own description of "The Barefoot Boy." Every child who can read is familiar with this beautiful poem:

 "Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan,
 With thy turned up pantaloons
 And thy merry whistled tunes,
 * * * * *
 From my heart I give thee joy,
 I was once a barefoot boy."

John was a happy boy in his quiet country home which he has described in his poem called "Snow Bound." His mother told the children Indian stories as she sat at her spinning wheel, and stories of her childhood. She was a very kind-hearted woman and the Whittier home was seldom without visitors. The Quakers or Friends did not live close together, so the leaders, the travelling ministers, often stopped with the Whittier's. Sometimes there would be ten or twelve strangers in the house at one time to stay over night, and at such times some of them had to sleep in the large barn.

Mrs. Whittier would give food to strangers who came to her door, and often a night's lodging. One night she was frightened by a man with a dark skin and piercing black eyes, who asked

her to give him a place to sleep. For once she refused and turned from the door very hastily, but after she had thought about it a moment she



WHITTIER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

said, "I am sorry I told him to go; how would I feel if my son was traveling in a strange country and he should suffer for a place to rest at night." When she told John about it, he offered to run

after the man and bring him back. She eagerly assented, and the boy ran over the fields to the next farm-house and found the stranger who had just been turned from the door. When the boy came up to him he was standing in a very discouraged manner, not knowing where to go, and he was very grateful and glad to go back to the comfortable farm house. He was a rather fierce-looking Italian, but very social, and when they gathered round the hearth in the evening he told them in broken words and with many gestures, stories about his own sunny Italy. He told the mother a good way to make bread from chestnuts, and the children all about the grape-pickings and festivals of his country. In the morning when he said good-bye with many warm words, they wondered why they had been so afraid of him the night before.

One day an old Scotchman visited the house and from him Whittier gained his first knowledge of Burns' poetry. After eating some bread and cheese, and drinking a mug of cider, the old Scotchman began to sing "Bonnie Doon" and "Highland Mary." The boy listened with delight to the full rich tones, and the Scotch words pleased his poetic nature. He remembered this music for a long time and was very glad when

his old school-teacher brought a book of Burns' poems to the house when he was about four-



THE BAREFOOT BOY.

teen years old. Begging the teacher to leave the book there for a while, he set to work to

study out the meaning of the Scotch words. This was almost the first real poetry he had ever read and it inspired him to write out his own thoughts. He had scribbled verses on his slate instead of doing his school work when he was only a little boy, and he kept on thinking poems as he worked on the farm with very little chance to write them. As he hoed the furrows in the field he would sometimes lean on his hoe forgetting his work and everything around him, his mind fully absorbed in his fancies and poetic dreams. Then his father would call out "That's enough now, John." He was absorbing all the beautiful sights and sounds about him, but he was restless, feeling that there was something in him that ought to find expression.

It must have been a great treat to him when twice a year they had a visit from old Jonathan Plummer. He made verses, was a doctor, and a parson, and sold pins, needles, cotton, knives, razors, etc. He also sold his own verses, illustrated with wood-cuts, which the children prized very much.

He was independent and very religious, and liked to talk about the scripture to the older folks. He never trusted any one, and when they sat down to dinner he would draw his basket

close to his legs under the table. The father would say, "Never mind thy basket, Jonathan, we shan't steal thy verses." The old Yankee would answer, "I am not sure of that; it is written, trust ye not in a brother." He was the last minstrel of the Merrimac valley.

When Whittier was a lad of nineteen, he sent a poem to a paper called "The Free Press" published by a young man in Newburyport, named William Lloyd Garrison. It so pleased the young editor that he drove out to the farm to see the writer. Whittier was out in the field hoeing, when the carriage drove up and the editor inquired for John Greenleaf Whittier. The lad was astonished and ran into the house by the back door to make himself presentable. The editor told him that he discovered signs of unusual talent in his work, and urged him to take some course of study as a training for a literary future. Up to this time the boy's opportunities for education had been very limited, as the father had very little money. The father was called in, and they talked the matter over seriously. John, himself, thought of a way to accomplish a higher education by engaging a young man who knew how to make shoes to teach him the trade. He learned to make shoes in one winter, and by hard

work earned enough money to pay for six months' board and tuition in Haverhill Academy.

He was in his twentieth year at this time, and by his talents soon became a great favorite at the school. He wrote a poem for the dedication of the new school building, which was published, and received much praise. From this time he was considered a true poet. When he was about twenty-one he made his first visit to Boston, which was a great event in his life. He had a new suit with what he called "boughten buttons." Before this time he had worn home-made buttons. He felt very proud and often laughed at himself afterward, when he thought of how he stood on the crowded streets of Boston, and wondered if anyone noticed his buttons.

After his term of study at the Academy he edited a home paper and the Hartford "New England Review," while he still lived at home and helped his parents. He worked hard during all the time of his youth, always writing poems in his spare time, and finally succeeded in getting a volume published.

He soon became known to all the writers and thinkers of Boston and of all New England. Emerson, Lowell, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hawthorne and many others were numbered among his truest friends.

Early in life he began to take a deep interest in politics, and when William Lloyd Garrison, his first publisher, came out in his fiery denunciation of slavery, Whittier's whole soul warmed with a hearty response to his appeals. All his dreams of literary fame faded away in the thought of the great duty that had come to him—

“Never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.”

He said: “My soul spoke out against the wrong.”

“Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these.
He heard and answered, ‘Here am I.’
Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.”

While other poets traveled in foreign lands and studied in their libraries, Whittier gave the best years of his life to earnest work for freeing the slaves, served in the Massachusetts Legislature, and stood by Garrison, who sent forth his paper called “The Liberator” from a garret room in Boston. With a friend named Isaac Knapp, and a negro boy to help them, they did all the work on the paper. For his work for liberty, Garrison was mobbed and dragged through the

city, bareheaded, with his clothes torn, and Whittier himself was in furious mobs of angry people at abolitionists' meetings. All these experiences roused the warlike spirit that must have been born in him, in spite of his Quaker training. Whittier wrote of this feeling: "Without intending any disparagement of my peaceable ancestry for many generations, I have still strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood has been bequeathed to me. How else can I account for the intense childish eagerness with which I listened to the stories of old campaigners who fought their battles over again in my hearing? Why did I, in my young fancy, go up with Jonathan to smite the Philistines? Why was Mr. Greatheart in 'Pilgrim's Progress' my favorite character? Why did I follow Ossian over Morven's battle-field? I can account for it only on the supposition that the mischief was inherited—an heirloom from the old sea-kings of the ninth century."

The Quakers did not believe in fighting, but Whittier inspired men to fight for the liberty of the slaves by his war-songs. As early as 1834 he wrote these thrilling verses:

"What, ho! our countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!

Our soil yet reddening with stains
 Caught from her scourging warm and fresh!
 What! God's own image bought and sold!
 Americans to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

“ Speak! Shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
 To us whose fathers scorned to hear
 The paltry menace of a chain,
 To us whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy liberty and light,
 Say! Shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered *Right*?

“ Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
 From gray-beard old to fiery youth,
 And on the nation's naked heart
 Scatter the living coals of Truth.
 Up! while ye slumber deeper yet
 The shadow of our fame is growing.
 Up! while ye pause our sun may set
 In blood around our altars flowing.”

With poems like this he roused men and women to realize the terrible curse of slavery. Long years after, when the war was over and the slaves were free, he looked back on these years of sacrifice and felt thankful that he had been able to help along the cause of freedom by his pen. His friend, another great poet, James Russell Lowell, said that Whittier's poems were

“Sweetly familiar to all England’s ear.” John Bright, the Englishman, used to repeat page after page of his poems and said, “I would rather see Whittier than any man in your country. If I go to America I shall see him first.”



WHITTIER'S HOME. — AMESBURY, MASS.

He received tributes from other great men of England and other countries, but he was always the same plain old Quaker, living quietly in his country home. As his old friends passed away

he clung closely to those who were left. Writing of Emerson's death he said: "And now Emerson has passed on! How the great and good are leaving us. There is nothing now for us but to love God, and good men and one another more."

One perfect summer's morning he slipped quietly away from this life. His last words were, "My love to the world." There was no church large enough to hold the friends who gathered to honor his memory, so in his own garden, under the trees he loved, thousands passed to look for the last time on his gentle face. And in the deep silence a dear Quaker friend repeated one of his last songs:

'No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold,

* * * * *

Some humble door among thy many mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions

The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing

I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.'



CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, AND SOME OF HIS CHILDREN.

Born, February 7, 1812; Died 1870.

THREE STORIES FROM DICKENS. DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Many children who like to read "David Copperfield" do not know that it is almost the true story of Dickens' own life. His boyhood was just as full of care and sorrow as David's, and while we find most of it told in the one book, different scenes of his life are found in his other books. In the story of "Little Dorritt" we read much about the Marshalsea Prison and Little Dorritt's life there. This too, is a picture from the memory of his own childhood, for he often visited his father in the same old Marshalsea when he was confined there because he couldn't pay his debts. What a hard time Dickens had we will learn about in David's story. The very beginning of David Copperfield's life was not like that of Charles Dickens, but his after life was much like the story. David's father died when he was just a baby, and his mother, a pretty, weak little woman, married a cross man named Mr. Murdstone. He did not like children at all, and

poor David had a hard time. Mr. Murdstone took him away from his mother and his kind old nurse Peggotty, to a school near London. It was not a good school with kind teachers such as boys have today. David's teacher, Mr. Creakle, used to raise great red ridges on the poor backs of the little boys by caning them two or three times a day, and a boy cannot be very happy or learn much when he is in constant fear of a whipping.

When he went home for the holidays, he spent a few happy weeks with his mother, but a cloud seemed to be hanging over the little home. His step-father, Mr. Murdstone, did not love him, and his mother was afraid and sad all the time, and soon after the holidays, after his return to old Creakle's school, she died. This was a terrible sorrow for David and changed his whole life. His step-father put him in a counting house in London. At this time he was only ten years old, motherless and forlorn. He worked in a corner of the dark old warehouse pasting labels on bottles. After the shop was closed, little as he was, David had to buy his own meals at a Pudding Shop. Dickens says of himself about this time of his life: "What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition coming in all alone I

don't know, but I can see him now staring at me as I ate my dinner." David felt so lonely, so deserted, that many times he would creep off into a corner, by himself, and cry for his dear mother.

One day, as he thought over his trials, he determined to run away, for he couldn't possibly stand his loneliness any longer. But where could he go? His old nurse Peggotty was married and she would be glad to have him come to her, but she lived so far away. Then he remembered that he had heard his mother speak of an old aunt of hers named Betsey Trotwood, so he wrote to Peggotty to find out where his aunt lived. He told her that he needed some money, and the good old nurse, never dreaming that the child was planning to run away, sent him more than he asked for. David got a boy to help him move his box to the coach-office, where he was to start on his journey.

The bad boy stole his money and his box and left David standing in the road with only three half-pence in his pocket, but he had no idea of turning back, even after such a sad fall from his bright hopes. He trudged along the road, sleeping in fence corners at night, sometimes walking twenty miles a day. He had to sell his little vest to

get food, and many kind-hearted farmers' wives gave him milk to drink and an occasional meal.

At last, after six days of weary tramping, he reached Dover, where he hoped to find his aunt.

He says of his arrival at Dover: "When I came at last upon the bare, wide downs near Dover, it relieved the solitary aspect of the scene with hope, and not until I reached the first great aim of my journey and actually set foot in the town itself on the sixth day of my flight, did it desert me. But then, strange to say, when I stood with my ragged shoes and my dusty, sun-burnt, half-clothed figure in the place so long desired, hope seemed to vanish like a dream and to leave me helpless. My shirt and trousers stained with dew, heat, grass and the Kentish soil on which I had slept, might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden as I stood at the gate. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white as chalk with dust, as if I'd come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight I waited to introduce myself to my aunt."

While he was standing in front of his aunt's house, waiting to knock, the lady herself came rushing out of the house, waving her hands and shouting out, "Go away. No boys here! Go along."

But poor David went slowly up to her saying, "If you please ma'am, if you please, aunt, I am David Copperfield."

For a moment the old lady sat down, flat, in the garden path, staring at poor David in amazement, just having breath enough left to say, "Mercy on us!" Then she dragged him into the house, pouring all sorts of medicine down his throat, as the poor boy, broken down by his long tramp, began to cry and sob. His aunt, after she recovered from her surprise, heard his story, and was filled with pity for the poor boy who had been turned out in the world. She took care of him after that, and was just like a good mother to him. We will leave his story here, but there is much more about his life in the large book called "David Copperfield."

There are other children of Dickens' you would like to read about—"Oliver Twist," poor "Smike" in "Nicholas Nickleby," "Little Dorritt," and many others. By reading their stories you will learn what a kind heart Charles Dickens had and how much he loved the poor people of England. The stories he wrote were the lives of the people he met in his daily life, and he wished to help every one who read them to learn to love each other more.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

BY BRET HARTE.

Selected from "Children of the Poets."

"Above the pines the moon was slowly dimpling,
The river sang below,
The dim Sierras, from beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

"The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

"Till one arose and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

"And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

"The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

"And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

"Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire
Ye have one tale to tell.

“And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly
This spray of Western pine.”

“LITTLE NELL” FROM “THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.”

Little Nell lived with her grandfather in an old house where he kept a great many curious things to sell. The child was sweet and gentle, and her grandfather loved her so dearly that his great desire was to make more money so that some time she might be rich. It became almost a mania with him; but he fell into the hands of a wicked man, an ugly dwarf, named Quilp, who ruined him, even driving them out of their little home. Nell was glad to go, for she had such a dread of Quilp. She said to her grandfather, “Let us be gone from this place, and never turn back or think of it again. Let us wander bare-foot through the world rather than linger here.” “We will,” answered the old man. “We will travel afoot through the fields and woods, and by the side of rivers, and trust ourselves to God in the places where He dwells. It is far better to lie down at night beneath an open sky, than to rest in close rooms which are always full of care and weary dreams. Thou and I, together, Nell,

may be cheerful and happy yet, and learn to forget this time as if it had never been."

The child's heart beat high with hope and confidence. She had no thought of hunger, or cold, or thirst, or suffering. Sun and stream, and meadow and summer days shone brightly in her view, and there was no dark tint in all the sparkling picture.

And so they wandered out into the world. Weary and foot-sore often as they stopped to rest at cottages by the road-side, and often getting rides in farm-wagons, as Nelly's beautiful face and gentle manner made everyone feel kindly toward her. The old grandfather was so broken down by his losses and trouble, he didn't realize how weak and tired the little girl felt many times, and she was always brave and loving, yielding to his wishes to go further on each day.

Sometimes a traveling show would pass them on the way and brighten Nelly's life a little by their gay company, and she would help the people to mend their clothes. Always helpful, always loving. Poor little Nell!

After months of this weary life, they at last found a home with an old school-master, who had lost his dearest friend, a little boy, his favorite scholar. While his life was empty of love and

joy, Nell and her grandfather came to his door, and he begged them to stay with him. Here they found peace and rest, but poor Nell was so worn out by their long tramps, she faded away each day, like a tender blossom, so quietly and gently, the two old men, the school-master and her grandfather, failed to notice it, and to them it was a terrible blow when the dear girl slept her little life away.

All the sunshine went out of their home when they laid her in the little church-yard. One evening the old grandfather wandered out by himself, as if to look for the child, and they found him quietly sleeping on her grave. His life had gone out to join her spirit, and for him there was no more sorrow, for he had found his little Nell.

“Some day, little ones, you’ll be children no longer,
But what you are now will ever be part
Of what you shall be; and stronger and stronger
The seed of the future still grows in each heart.

Then fill your young lives full of sunshine and beauty,
Think purely, speak kindly, act nobly each day,
With glad, willing hearts do each little duty
That, when childhood is gone, its sweetness may stay.”

“Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,

To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can."

"Boys, do all the good you can, and don't make any fuss about it."

--*Charles Dickens.*

LITTLE PIP, IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

Poor little Pip had no father or mother, and was "brought up by hand," as his sister said. This sister was very cross to him, and he used to wander off by himself outside the lonely village where he lived.

One bleak, dreary afternoon he was sitting in the old church-yard, looking at the tomb-stones. He felt so forlorn, and everything looked so gloomy that he began to cry, when, all at once, a fearful-looking man stood before him, and cried out, "Keep still, or I'll cut your throat!"

Of course Pip was badly scared when he looked up and saw this man all covered with mud and with a rag tied around his head, and a great iron on his leg.

"Tell us your name," said the man.

"Pip, sir," whispered the boy.

"Show us where you live." Pip pointed out the houses of the village almost a mile away.

Then after asking him a number of questions and finding out that he lived with Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, the man ordered him to go home and bring him back a file and something to eat, telling him if he didn't come back he would kill him, sure.



DICKENS' HOME.

Pip ran home as fast as he could. Joe, his sister's husband, met him with the news that his sister had been out looking for him about a dozen times. "Yes, Pip, and what's worse she's got Tickler with her," said Joe. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by constant contact with Pip's little frame. "Has she been

gone long, Joe?" asked Pip. "Well, said Joe, I guess she's been on the rampage this last spell, about fifteen minutes, Pip. She's a-coming now, get behind the door, old chap, and have the Jack-towel betwixt you."

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" cried Mrs. Joe, as she applied old Tickler very hard to Pip's legs.

"I've only been to the churchyard," whimpered Pip, thinking it was pretty hard to get such a whipping after being so scared by that fearful man.

That night, while Mrs. Joe cut the bread for supper, Pip was wondering how he could smuggle some of it in his pockets for the poor man down in the graveyard. While he was thinking of this he heard shots fired in the distance, and Joe told him they came from "The Hulks," a prison ship away across the marshes, and the shots were fired because one of the convicts had escaped. Then Pip knew that the man who had made him promise to get the file and the food, was an escaped prisoner. He went to bed and dreamed of terrible prisons, and that he was a thief himself, until the grey morning came. Then he knew he must get up and take the food from the pantry before Mrs. Joe could stop him. He stole

out of the house very quietly with some bread and cheese, a pork pie and the file.

Away down in the meadows, back of the graveyard, he found the old convict, who seemed to be very thankful that Pip had kept his promise. He devoured his food like a hungry animal. Pip was afraid he would eat him, too, he seemed so wild. Before Pip left him he was filing away at the iron on his leg, swearing so hard that Pip ran home even faster than he had the night before.

That day was Christmas day and Pip knew the pork pie would be missed at dinner time, for there was company invited to help eat it. Dinner time came and still Pip's visit to the convict had not been discovered. Mrs. Joe was praising her own good cooking, especially the fine pork pie they were to have. Pip trembled, for he knew he would get a double dose of "Tickler" if his sister should find out that he had taken the pie, even to give it to a starving man.

Just as she was going to the kitchen to get it, and Pip was in perfect terror of her return, a band of soldiers came rushing in, holding out a pair of hand-cuffs which Pip thought must surely be for him, but they had come to have them mended by Joe, and they told the astonished

dinner-party all about the escaped convict. They knew he must be out on the marshes, and they expected to hunt him down, and close in upon him about dusk.

Pip felt sorry for the poor man and kept very quiet for fear the soldiers might ask him if he had seen the man. When the hand-cuffs were mended, all the men started off with the soldiers to help in the hunt for the convict. Of course Pip went along, too, and was with them when they came upon the miserable man out on the marshes. He looked kindly at Pip, and, somehow, the boy didn't feel afraid, after that, when he thought of him.

Pip worked away at the village school, kept by a nice girl named Betty, until he became an apprentice boy to Joe, expecting to be a blacksmith, too, until one day word came to them that Pip had a great fortune waiting for him when he grew up, and that he must go to London to be educated and live like a fine gentleman. No one knew where the money came from, but Joe and Pip thought it must be from an old lady who lived in the neighborhood, who had been kind to Pip, and who was very rich.

Years after, when Pip had grown to be a man, he learned that the money had all come to him

from the old convict, who, after escaping to Australia, had made a large fortune, and all the years of Pip's boyhood and youth had been sending him money for his education, that he might live like a rich man's son. He did all this for Pip, because he remembered the little boy who had helped him in his trouble so long before.

Dickens wrote a large book about Pip's life, and you will all like to read about his "Great Expectations."



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Born, June 14, 1812; Died, 1896.

It seems strange to think that almost a century has passed since the little girl was born who grew up to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Just eighty-seven years have passed since the curly-haired girl Harriet Beecher, was born into the large family of the Reverend Lyman Beecher, then a poor preacher living in the town of Littlefield, Connecticut. The girl's mother had a sweet, gentle spirit which was never forgotten by the children, although she died while they were all young.

Harriet remembered her mother's great love for flowers, and especially one thing that happened. Her brother in New York had sent the little girl's mother some fine tulip bulbs, which were very precious in those days, especially to one who loved flowers as Mrs. Beecher did. Little Harriet found them hidden away in the nursery, and thinking that they were onions, she persuaded her brothers and sisters that they were good to eat. So they all sat down in a corner of the nursery and ate every one of them.

When their mother came they all ran to her telling her what they had done. Instead of scolding them she sat down by them and said in her quiet voice, "My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry. Those were not onions, but beautiful flowers, and if you had not eaten them, we should have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw." Harriet always remembered how depressed they all felt after finding out what a mistake they had made.

When Harriet was about five years old she used to trudge to school every day with her chubby bare-footed brother Henry, who was then about four years old, and who grew up to be one of the greatest preachers we ever had in this country, Henry Ward Beecher of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. As the children trudged along they did not think much about growing up to be great, but they were glad to learn to read.

When Harriet was six years old, she began to search for books to read in the barrels which were full of her father's old sermons and paper covered books that were stored away in the garret.

Eighty years ago there were very few books written for children, and you can imagine

Harriet's joy when at last she found away down at the bottom of a barrel of sermons, an old copy of "The Arabian Nights." This book opened a new world to her, a fairy-land, where she could fly whenever she was in trouble. If her brothers teased her, all she had to do for comfort was to curl up in some corner with her precious book, and in a moment she had sailed away to fairyland.

She loved to sit in her father's study and watch him as he wrote his sermons. She thought he must be a wonderful man to read and understand all the old books around the walls.

About this time the little girl was very lonely, as her own dear mother had died while her brother Henry was almost a baby. After a year or so, their father brought home a new, young mother, whom they soon loved very much, although they never forgot their own mother who had loved them. The memory of her kindly voice and tender patience helped them all through their lives. The new mother was pleased with the bright little Beecher children and loved them, and took good care of them. Before many years had passed she gave them new brothers and sisters, and they lived a happy, hearty, child-life.

The girls had as good times as the boys, tramping through the woods with them, and going

fishing. The only trouble was that, once in a while, they had to sew patch-work and seams, and knit stockings and mittens, but Harriet didn't mind that very much.

When she was about twelve years old, she had a very good teacher of composition, and at the school exhibition, which, in those days, was a grand affair, Harriet's composition was chosen, as one of the three best, to be read at the exhibition. The subject was "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" Was not that a large subject for such a little girl?

Her father, who was sitting on the platform by the side of Mr. Brace, the teacher, began to look interested while this fine essay was being read, and he asked, "Who wrote that composition?" When Mr. Brace answered, "Your daughter, sir," he was quite astonished.

When Harriet saw how pleased her father was, she felt very happy. She often said, "It was the proudest moment of my life." This talent grew all her life. Under all circumstances, some of the hardest a woman ever had to bear, she could always write stories.

When we read of her writing stories to earn a little extra money, when they were so poor, and

her cares were so many, we think of the little girl who sat in the corner of the library to dream away her troubles over the beautiful "Arabian Nights."

Many times after her marriage to Prof. Stowe, when she had little children of her own, and not much money to pay the house-keeping bills, she would say to her faithful friend and governess, "Now, Anna, if you will keep the babies, and attend to things for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape." And so she wrote her "pieces" and stories, and everyone wished she had more time to write, for they were all eager to read all that could be written by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

When she was nearly forty years old, and her heart was very sad over the death of her little baby, Charley—when she was grieving for the loss of his sweet little face and tender warm hands around her neck, she used to think, "How terrible it is for the poor slave mothers to have their own little ones torn from them and sold, not knowing where they are or who will care for them." As she thought about the terrible wrongs of slavery, of how mothers and fathers were separated forever from their children, brothers sold from sisters, slaves beaten to death

for running away, all these sad, cruel things roused her to do something to hasten the time when every man, woman and child in the United States should be free.

Her sister wrote to her from Boston: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

When Mrs. Stowe read this, she rose from her chair, saying: "I *will* write something. I will, if I live."

In February, 1857, she was sitting in the college church at Brunswick, when suddenly and clearly, like the unrolling of a picture, the vision of the death of Uncle Tom came to her, and it affected her so she could scarcely keep from crying. She wrote out the vision as soon as she reached home, and read it to her children. Two of them, ten and twelve years old, began to sob and cry, one of them saying: "Oh, manna, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world."

Twenty-five years after Mrs. Stowe wrote to one of her children: "I well remember the winter you were a baby, and I was writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I remember many a night weeping over you as you lay sleeping beside me, and

I thought of the slave mothers whose babies were torn from them."

Uncle Tom's story was first written for a magazine, called "The National Era," as a serial story. Whittier was one of the editors. Every copy was eagerly bought, and the story attracted world-wide attention.

Just as soon as it was finished, a publisher wanted it immediately to make it into a book, and the first day the book was published, three thousand copies were sold, and the first year three hundred thousand copies. Almost in one day, the poor struggling wife and mother had become the best known woman in the world, and no longer would she have to fight the battle of poverty, for in doing the earnest work of her heart to free the black man from slavery, she had freed her own life also, from the slavery of poverty. To this day, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been one of the best selling books in our country, and it has been translated into almost every language. Only the other day a notice of a translation of it into Welsh was seen in a new book catalogue.

When the story was finished in the magazine, Mrs. Stowe wrote to the children who had read her story, this message:

“Dear children: You will soon be men and women, and I hope that you will learn from this story always to remember and pity the poor and oppressed. When you grow up, show your pity by doing all you can for them; never, if you can help it, let a colored child be shut out from school, or treated with neglect or contempt, on account of his color. Remember the sweet example of Eva, and try to feel the same regard for all that she did. Then when you grow up, I hope the foolish and unchristian prejudice against people, merely on account of their color, will be done away with.”

Mrs. Stowe wrote other books about slavery after this. “Dred,” or “The Tale of the Dismal Swamp” is a tale of the suffering of the runaway slaves in the wilderness, and Dred himself was a noble character, much like “Aaron The Runaway,” written about long years afterward, by Joel Chandler Harris.

Other books following these were of more happy lives and of more peaceful times. But Mrs. Stowe’s name had become known in all countries, by “Uncle Tom’s Story,” and she received letters from the great men and women of all lands, and when she went to Europe later in her life, her journey was like that of a queen

entering her kingdom, for every one wanted to do honor to the woman who had written that wonderful story of human slavery. And in all future days, when men and women are working to free others from other forms of slavery, they will find inspiration to more earnest effort by reading about Mrs. Stowe's life and work for humanity.

“O soon may we see the dawn of that day,

When the idols of glory and greed shall be shattered,
And peace shed her pure and beneficent ray,

When the storm-clouds of war have forever been
scattered,

And the blood tarnished blade to a plough-share be
made,

And the bayonet's gleam into red rust shall fade,
And the cannon be dumb, and the battle flags furled,
And freedom and plenty be shared by the world.’”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Born June 12, 1819; Died 1875.

All children who have read "Water Babies" and "Greek Heroes" love this name, and would like to know more about the man who loved children so much, that he would leave for a time his duties as a great preacher, to write beautiful stories for them. He was such a bright child that every one thought he would grow up to be an uncommon man. His great delight when only four years old was to make a little pulpit in the nursery, and using his apron for a gown he would preach real sermons.

His mother wrote some of them down and showed them to a great Bishop, who thought they were remarkable.

Here is a part of a poem he wrote when about five years old:

"Morning."

"Everybody is rising,
Boys and girls go to school,
Everybody is at work,
Everybody is busy,
The bee wakes from her sleep to gather honey,
But the drone and the queen-bee lie still in the hive,
And the bee guards them,
Be busy when thou canst."

All the surroundings of his early life were like seeds planted in his mind, for in the books he wrote afterward we see the fruit grown ripe and beautiful. His book "Hereward the Wake" shows this most clearly.

He wandered around the Fens, where wild ducks were found before the Great Fen or Swamp was drained, and he found many specimens of rare and beautiful butter-flies, to add to his collection, for beside his writing, while still a very small boy, he was a naturalist too.

When his father moved away from the Fens to Clovelly, he found a new world. Instead of the sturdy countrymen he met sailors and fishermen, and there was a great contrast between the flat scenery he had left and the rocky sea-coast of Clovelly, in Devonshire.

Charles and his brothers began to study about the sea-shells with a doctor who lived in the neighborhood. They had great pleasure too, with a pony and a boat their father bought for them. Both their father and mother shared in the boys' eager delight in their new surroundings. Their father could steer a boat, "shoot a herring net" and haul a seine as well as one of the fishermen.

When the herring fleet put out to sea the whole

family would go down to the Quay, as they called the wharf where the fishing boats landed, to see the fishermen start, and the father would hold a short "parting service," the men and women all joining in singing a Psalm. The memory of these times was in his mind when he wrote "The Song of the Three Fishers."

As he grew older, Charles' father sent him to the town of Clifton to school, and it was while living there that he saw the Bristol Riots. Those terrible scenes seemed to change him from a timid boy to a man full of sympathy and courage.

When the Reform Bill had been thrown out by the House of Lords, one of the Tories, Sir Charles Wetherell, entered the town in triumph with an escort of men finely dressed. This so angered the people that a great mob rose in rebellion and over a hundred persons were killed. The bishop's palace, the excise office, the prisons and many other houses were burned down, the loss being over half a million pounds. This was the Bristol Riot and Charles Kingsley never forgot it.

When he became a preacher, like his father, he was always doing kindly deeds for the sick and poor. With all his study and his busy days as

a minister he found time to write many books. The one we all love so well, "Greek Heroes," is dedicated to his children. "To my children Rose, Maurice and Mary, a little present of Old Greek Fairy Tales." You will find these words written on the fly leaf, and in the Preface, "Now why have I called this book 'The Heroes'?" Because that was the name which the Hellens (or Greeks) gave to men who were brave and skillful, and dare do more than other men.

At first I think that was all it meant, but after a time it came to mean something more. It came to mean, men who helped their country, men in those old times when the country was half wild, who killed fierce beasts and evil men, and drained swamps and founded towns, and therefore after they were dead were honored because they had left their country better than they had found it. And we call such a man a hero in English to this day, and call it a heroic thing to suffer pain and grief that we may do good to our fellowmen. We may all do that, my children, boys and girls alike, and we ought to do it for it is easier now than ever, and safer, the path more clear. But you shall hear how the Hellens said their heroes worked three thousand years ago. The stories are not all true, of course, but the meaning of

them is true, and true forever, and that is—"Do right and God will help you."

And all these Greek Fairy Stories as Charles Kingsley tells them to us, take on new meaning.

In the story of his life written by his wife we find how "Water Babies" was written. He was reminded one morning of a promise he had made. "Rose, Maurice and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his." Mr. Kingsley made no answer but walked to his study and locked himself in. In half an hour he returned with the "Story of Little Tom," the first chapter of "Water Babies." All the other chapters were written as easily, and he was much surprised at the sensation made by the book.

He often spent whole days in the silence and solitude of the river banks, sitting quietly for hours fishing in the river, and again walking alone by the sea. The pages of "Water Babies" seem filled with the freshness of the river-side and the splash of the sea.

When this kindly heart, which so loved children was still, and his body was laid to rest in Eversley, little children who loved the "Water Babies" and "The Heroes" would kneel on his grave and look at the beautiful flowers placed there by loving hands, and the gypsies never

passed by the gate without turning in to stand by the grave, sometimes scattering wild flowers over it, saying, "He went to heaven on the prayers of the gypsies."

But better than any monument is the love and memory of a little child, and all over the world today, Charles Kingsley lives in the hearts of little children.

A scrap of verse by Kingsley:

"Tho' we earn our bread, Tom
By the dirty pen,
What we can, we will be,
Honest Englishmen.

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles;
Helping when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

"See in every hedge row,
Marks of angels' feet;
Epics in each pebble,
Underneath our feet.

"Once a year like school-boys,
Robin-hooding go;
Leaving fops and fogies
A thousand feet below."

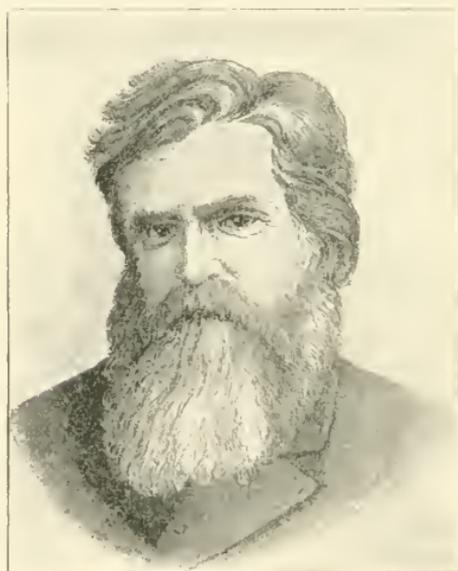
'Not a life so mean or lowly,
But if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing
May be strong and fair.'

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

“THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.”

Born December 10, 1837.

The story of Eggleston's early life is somewhat like that of the Hoosier poet, James Whit-



EDWARD EGGLESTON.

comb Riley, but the time of his boyhood was earlier in the civilization of the West, and the pioneers had a harder time of it. There were clearings to make in the forest, log cabins to build and all sorts of out-door work to do. Eggleston's boyhood, like that of W. D.

Howells, was full of hard work. Their fathers were both educated men, fond of books, and often talked with their boys about their reading and about life. Edward's father, educated in Virginia, was a bright young lawyer, who died when

he was only thirty years old, while yet in the very beginning of his life work, but Edward remembered many things he had told him. Full of the southern spirit, he used to say: "Never tell a lie, and whip any man who says you lie." He also advised his boy to keep out of politics, for he was shocked to find that even his friends did untrue things to get their "man" elected.

Edward was a weak boy physically, but his strong will helped him to accomplish great things. In those early days, the sons of pioneers had great ambition, especially to get a good education, but it was a very hard thing to do. The schoolmasters had to teach without knowing very much themselves, and often began when very young men. They boarded around in the homes of their pupils, one week in each place, and received only a small salary. The school terms were very short, as the boys and girls had to help work out-of-doors as soon as spring came. Many of the young teachers, ignorant and untrained, had very little control over the children or over their own temper—and the fun-loving youngsters had many a whipping.

Eggleston says, "The long birch switches hanging against the wall haunted nervous children night and day." Boys, whose fathers and

mothers (like Edward's) had been well educated, must have felt impatient with some of the school teachers, who could not even spell correctly. Edward, himself, hardly spent two years in a schoolroom, as he had to work on a farm and in a country store. Until he was ten years old, because of his bad health, he was thought to be dull and slow, but after that he read the most advanced books he could get hold of, and thus educated himself by his reading, so that few young men of that time knew as much of literature as he did.

When he was fifteen he entered into a contest for a prize offered by a country editor, for the best composition written by a school-boy, and although he was a clerk in a store he was allowed to take part in the contest, and received the prize. When he was seventeen he visited his father's relatives on a plantation in Virginia. It was a sudden change from the bare, hard life of the west to the lazy, comfortable life of a southern planter. One of his relatives wanted to adopt him, and keep him there, but Edward wanted to go back to his old life in the west. At this time he had to go still farther west, to Minnesota, as they all feared he would die with consumption. He determined to save his life by

doing out-of-doors work, so he felled trees, drove oxen and lived in the open air continually. His fight with the cough and fever was successful, and he soon began to recover. He then walked all the way from Minnesota to Kansas, over two hundred miles, sleeping in cabins, log houses, country taverns and sometimes in the open air. When he reached Kansas he started to walk home, but his strength and money giving out, he had to be helped by strangers on the road. When he reached home he looked so tattered and torn the home folks did not know him at first, thinking he was a tramp. He longed to go to college but knew that his health would break down again if he should, so he became a Methodist minister or circuit rider. He had read a great many religious books, and knew the good young men who had come to his home many times as circuit riders, and it seemed to him a noble life. In those days the people lived so far from each other they could not afford to build churches, and a minister would have a circuit of a great many miles as his parish or district. He would hold services at school houses and often at the homes of his people. The farmers and their families were always glad to see them ride up to the house. They had a good

influence on the young people and Edward had been so helped by them he thought it would be the best life for him to live. The Methodists thought it very wrong to read novels, so Edward tried hard to keep this rule, and it seems strange that the strict Methodist circuit rider should later in life write novels himself. One of his best known books is called "The Circuit Rider," and it gives much true experience. In his first circuit he had over ten places to visit. He spent much time on horseback and studied as he rode along. In this life he had great opportunities to study all kinds of characters and in his books we have true pictures of country life, and of camp meetings in the summer time when religious excitement was almost as high as in the revival meetings held in the little school houses on winter evenings.

The fun of these days was not made entirely by the young folks, for young and old gathered in the barns to husk the corn in the fall, when the grain was stored away for the winter. As each farmer cut his corn he would invite the neighbors to meet in his barn on a certain evening to a "husking bee." They came early in the evening ready for a frolic and ready for work. They had contests to see how fast they

could husk the ears of corn, and after the husks were cleared away they would have a dance or play old-fashioned games. The poet Whittier describes these husking parties in his poems of New England country life, so it must have been a custom carried by the people of the east to their new homes in the west.

Another favorite social excitement was the "quilting bee." Some farmer's wife would want to quilt two or three large "comfortables" for the winter; so she would get the old quilting frames down from the garret, and have ready plenty of cotton, thread and needles, and then she would invite all of the women known to be good quilters, to spend the afternoon with her. In the evening after the work was done, the men folks and the young people would come to help eat the good supper she had prepared, and enjoy the fun. Then, there were singing schools and sleighing parties for the young folks, so the life of those days was not by any means dull. All these merry-makings are described in Eggleston's books. He could not stand the hard work of circuit riding very long, so he went off to Minnesota again for a rest, and began to preach to one congregation in a western town, where part of the inhabitants were Indians. He

preached so well that he began to be known and talked of in larger cities. He soon had a call to a church in St. Paul. His health was never good, so he had to stop work often. He found easier work in writing for the religious papers of the time. But the scenes of his young life, the old school-house, the school-boys and the master, the experiences he had as circuit rider, were in his mind as clear, bright pictures, and he began to give these pictures to the world in the form of a story. "The Hoosier School-Master" made his name known at once. His book "The Graysons" was, of course, a shock to some of the good old Methodists, for it was a real novel. It is about a young student who was accused of murder. Abraham Lincoln took up his cause and pleaded for him so earnestly that he was acquitted. It is evident from this book, and other incidents told of Eggleston, that he knew Lincoln.

Another very interesting book of Eggleston's is called "The End of the World," and is a picture from life of some folks who believed the end of the world was coming on a certain day, and had their ascension robes ready and all their affairs settled. He has also written a series of books for boys and girls. One is called "The

School-Master's Series;" another "Queer Stories for Boys and Girls;" "Roxy," is one of his good stories, and his histories are liked because they are written like story books. His latest book is now in preparation, and its title will be "Life in the Original Thirteen Colonies." It has taken him a long time to write this, and it will be a very valuable work when finished. It is a remarkable fact that this man is still working on his books, although his whole life long he has been fighting sickness. His will must have been a very strong one. In all stories of western boys who have become great men, we find that they inherited wonderful force of will and patient perseverance, from their sturdy pioneer fathers and mothers.



WM. DEAN HOWELLS.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

“AN OHIO BOY.”

Born, March 1, 1837.

In New York City, not long ago, a meeting was held in memory of Edward Bellamy, the author of “Looking Backward.” Publishers, writers and poets were gathered there. Sitting at the President’s table was a modest plain-looking man with a low earnest voice. Every one present seemed anxious to get near to him and hear his voice. It was William D. Howells, one of the greatest American writers. The list of books bearing his name is a long one and they are all stories written with a true, good purpose. Like many other good men he has remembered the children. In his book “A Boy’s Town” he has given us the story of his own boyhood in Ohio. In “My Year in a Log Cabin,” he has told us of the happy days he had in a real log cabin. His father, a Welshman and a Quaker, had given up the newspaper business in an Ohio city to take charge of a mill property belonging to his brothers, and before they could build a frame house, the whole family had to live in this log-cabin for a year.

It was pretty hard for their mother but the

boys thought it was one long picnic. The father bought a barrel of old newspapers and papered the walls with them. At night they slept on mattresses laid on the sweet, new, oak plank floor. This made a pretty hard bed, but hearty growing boys didn't mind that. Even in the log-cabin the book-loving father had his books in shelves on the walls, and barrels of unbound books. Their father had a happy way of talking to his boys about trees, birds, and animals, and here their love of nature was gratified.

William never forgot the time they drove the cow from the town to their country home. The father and the barefoot boy talked of the beautiful changing leaves, of poems, and histories, but the cow walked very slowly and when they had gone the twelve miles, it was night. When they came to the race-way near the mill, they hardly knew what to do to get the cow across the cold water. About this time the cow decided to run away, and the next morning she was found in her old home in town.

The winter in the log cabin was full of fun for the children. By the old crane in the chimney where the cooking was done on the hearth they watched their mother bake the bread, in a skillet with a lid, which was covered with ashes and hot

coals. The corn-meal was mixed fresh from the mill, and laid on an oak plank before the fire to bake; this tasted good in the cold mornings with fresh maple syrup. In the evening they would sit close to the fire-place, their faces burning and backs freezing, and would read many stories to each other.

It was during this winter that the boy discovered a paper copy of Longfellow's poems in one of the barrels in the loft, and the strange rhythm of the "Spanish Student" and "The Voices of the Night" took the child's fancy.

It was during this life in the log cabin that the boy William, who had learned to set type in the old home, was sent for to go to a town not far off to take the place of one of the type-setters in a printing-office. The home folks thought it a good chance for him to earn a little money, so he started off, but not in high glee, for he was homesick before he left home. His older brother took him to the town.

All the time on the journey William was thinking of the dear home life he had left behind him, wondering what his mother and each child was doing. The editor, to whom he was sent, did not dream what a poor little homesick boy he was receiving. He took him to a boarding-

house, where the man who kept it told him supper was about ready, but William didn't want any supper.

He rushed off to the station to see his brother, and told him he was going back with him. After much reasoning and talking, it was decided that they should both stay. They worked there for a week and then went home rejoicing, being received as if they had been away from home a year.

After months of watching the new house being built, they finally left the dear, old log-cabin, but those days, so close to nature, were red-letter days for the poet and story-writer. The art of printing was in the blood of the Howells' family. They seemed to take to it, father and sons, as their natural profession. When the father published his newspaper in Dayton, Ohio, the boys helped him, walking through cold and snow to the office every day. William used to laugh at his father's way of encouraging him when he suffered with cold feet. He would say, "Never mind, just as soon as your boots freeze your feet will get warm."

In the business of printing newspapers in those days any kind of farm produce was considered legal tender. Wood, vegetables, butter,

eggs—any tangible product—was better than total delinquency of payment.

William remembered seeing his brother coming home one night with a tiny pig as payment for an over due subscription. The boys used to sit up late at night and watch them make the rollers, cutting up glue in molasses, boiling the mixture to a certain consistency, and then pouring it into moulds to cool. In the morning they all gathered around to see the rollers taken out, often so marked up with ridges they had to be cut up and melted over again. In those days the newspaper office was the place where men met to discuss literature and politics. When the weekly "New York Tribune" came, they would all want to read "The *Trybunc*," as they called it, and would say, "Let's see what old Horace has to say this week," thinking that Greeley wrote the whole paper himself. All this contact with newspaper life and work fitted Howells for his career as a writer and editor.

While editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," he encouraged many young authors. To-day he still writes in his cheerful study in New York City, and he still remembers the children. One of his latest stories is a book for children called "Christmas Every Day."

MULBERRIES.

- “O, I mind the tree in the meadow stood
By the road near the hill; when I climb aloof
On its branches, this side of the girdled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin roof,
- “And looking westward, could sweep the shores
Of the river where we used to swim
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and dim.
- “And eastward athwart the pasture-lot,
And over the milk-white buckwheat field,
I could see the stately elm, where I shot
The first black squirrel I ever killed.
- “And southward over the bottom-land,
I could see the mellow breadths of farm
From the river-shores to the hill expand,
Clasped in the curving river’s arm.
- “In the fields we set our guileless snares
For rabbits and pigeons and wary quails;
Content with the vaguest feathers and hairs,
From doubtful wings and vanished tails.
- “And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry tree;
The breaths of wind that remembered June
Shook the leaves and glittering berries free.
- “And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river, along the road
To the mill above, or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the heavy load,

“We told our stories and made new plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within us again;
For we did not dream that this life of a man’s
Could ever be what we know as men.

“We sat so still that the woodpeckers came,
And pillaged the berries overhead;
From his log the chip-munk, waxen, tame,
Peered and listened to what we said.”

*Part of a poem from W. D. Howells' Poems. Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.*



FRANCES WILLARD.

FRANCES WILLARD.
"THE BRAVE WESTERN GIRL."

Born September 28, 1839; Died 1898.

Just a year ago, all the world mourned with Chicago over the death of "The best loved woman in America." This woman, who had traveled over nearly every country in the world bearing her message of love, was once a little prairie girl. She used to stand in the barn door on her father's farm in Wisconsin, looking out over the prairies with not a house in sight and wonder if she would ever go anywhere.

Her father and mother were well educated, and their children did not lose anything by being far away from good schools. They taught them many lessons that were helpful to them all their lives. Beside giving them daily instruction in books, their mother was full of sympathy for the lonely children and invented many ways of amusement for them.

The father was especially strict about Sunday, forbidding all games, and would not even look in the dictionary for a word on that day. One day little Frances had just received a new slate and did not feel like putting it away on Sunday. At

last she hit upon a good plan and whispered it to her mother. "May I have my new slate if I'll promise not to draw anything but meeting houses?" The mother couldn't stand such a plea as that and told her she would even draw the pattern for her.

This mother did not bring up her children "as girls or as boys, but as human beings;" she talked to them as if they had work to do in the world. Frances says "It never occurred to me that I ought to know housework and do it. Mary took to it kindly by nature, I did not, and each one had her way. Mother never said 'You must cook, you must sweep, you must sew,' but she studied what we liked to do and kept us at it with no trying at all. There never was a busier girl than I, and I did what was mostly useful. I knew all the carpenters tools and handled them, made carts and sleds, cross guns and whip handles. Indeed all the toys that were used at "Forest Home" were made by children. But a needle and dish cloth I could not abide, chiefly because I was bound to live out of doors."

There is no doubt this out-of-door life strengthened her for the years of hard work that followed. As soon as she finished the college education which her father was able to give all his daughters

she determined to be independent and teach school. Her father had plenty of money to keep his family comfortably, and did not like to have Frances go away from home, but when he saw how determined she was he knew it was best that she should have the experience.

From this time she felt her call to work for humanity.

By her voice and pen she worked all her life for the freedom of slaves, the slaves of poverty and bad habits.

She wanted to make happy homes all over the land, and a purer, happier childhood for all children. Her Loyal Temperance Legion, numbering thousands of children, have pledged themselves against drinking, smoking and swearing. Their motto is "Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up." For the legion of women enrolled in the White Ribbon Army, she chose the motto "For God and Home, and Native Land, we wage our peaceful War."

Her books will give pleasure to boys and girls as well as grown-up children.

"Glimpses of Fifty Years," gives the interesting details of her whole life on the farm, in school, and her work for the world.

"Nineteen Beautiful Years," the sweet story of her sister Mary's life; "How to Win," and others, are all full of helpful hints to earnest ambitious girls and boys.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

“A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.”

Born April 3, 1822.

Over seventy years ago, a little boy was born in Boston, named Edward Hale. Some of you may know the dear old man, for he is still living in Boston to-day, and his heart is full of love for all children.

The best years of his life have been spent in writing just the kind of books boys and girls like to read, Stories of Adventure, Stories of Travel, Stories of the sea, and many others. The boys and girls in his books are like real, live children. Have you read his story, “A New England Boyhood”? It is a story of his own boy-life in Boston, the Boston of seventy years ago, which was very different from the lively, active city it is today. The streets were like those of a quiet village; there were no steam railroads, and no steamboats. Food and other articles of commerce were brought from long distances by sailing vessels, or in wagons from the country around Boston. The flour they used came from places as far south as Richmond, and it took a sloop or schooner many days to go such a long way.

One time in the winter, the boy Edward and his brothers were expecting a treat from their grandmother, who lived in West Hampton. She had sent them a keg of home-made apple-sauce, but the sloop on which it was sent was frozen up in the river, and it was almost four months before the boys got their apple-sauce.

Those Boston boys of seventy years ago had good times, just as our boys have today.

When Edward was only nine years old, he had the joy of learning to swim in a large swimming school. He used to play all kinds of outdoor games on Boston Common. It was then like an immense green field, and cows were pastured there; but the little folks playing there today among the beautiful flowers or riding on the Swan Boat, have no better times than Edward and his friends had playing soldiers or flying their kites on the old Common. On cold winter days there was good fun coasting on the hills around Boston, with their old box-sleds, and skating with their old-fashioned skates; but the best fun of all was playing in the attic at home. They did not have many toys, but they invented and made many things out of planks, whale-bones, spiral springs, pulleys, cat-gut and other things that boys know how to make good use of.

In their chemical experiments they were allowed to use sulphuric acid, litmus paper and other materials dear to the heart of the boy-chemist. Edward was only seven years old when he burned off his eye-brows by setting fire to some gun-powder with a burning glass during one of his experiments.

The kind of matches we have now were then unknown, and fires were made with the old tinder-boxes. Each box contained a piece of flint, and one of steel, which would make a spark of fire when struck together and the tinder was a piece of charred linen, or something like it, which would kindle easily.

At the time when Edward was a little boy they were just beginning to use "phosphorous boxes," which were made in Germany. They were little red paper cylinders about four inches high, and one inch around. In the bottom of the box was a little bottle of asbestos soaked with sulphuric acid, and in the top were a number of matches made from chlorate of potash. The way it was used was to stick one of these matches in the bottle and when it was pulled out it would be in a blaze.

The children used to take one of these boxes with them on their walks in the country, so that

they could make a little fire to roast apples or to warm their hands. Another thing they used to take with them was what they called a "truck." This truck was a pair of wooden wheels on a stout axle with two thills. The seat held one child, who would sit and drive one of the other boys. Of course they all took turns riding.

Edward's father was one of the men who helped to get the first rail-road in New England. He was the President of the road.

"The Meteor" was the name of the first locomotive in New England, and the boys used to ride on it many times when it was making trial trips. The cars they used were opened from the side and some of them looked like the open summer-cars used today.

One journey Edward liked to remember was made on a canal boat with the whole family. The boat moved along so slowly and smoothly they could get out and run along beside it on the tow-path, gathering flowers. It was exciting fun sometimes to lag a little behind the boat and then race to catch up with it.

In those days the Fire Department was made up of volunteers, and when a fire broke out every body ran to the fire and most of them shouted "Fire" as they ran. Then the church-bells be-

gan to ring and men and boys ran to the engine house to drag out the old engine.

Don't you think Dr. Hale must smile, sometimes, when he sees the large well-trained horses springing into the shafts of the engine at the first alarm and then rushing through the big doors of the engine house, when he remembers how he used to help drag the old "New York," as their engine was called, to the Boston fires?

There is one part of Dr. Hale's story of his boyhood that gives us a glimpse of his happy home life—in the evening, when they all gathered around the table and played quiet games, for it was a rule in their home that no noisy game should be played in the evening. The principal amusement was drawing, and they kept plenty of paper and pencils in the table-drawer ready to make their wonderful pictures of battles, animals, and all sorts of people.

Edward and his brothers and sisters used to make illustrated magazines. One was called the "New England Herald," the other was called "The Public Informer."

Who knows, but that writing for these little home papers was the seed in Edward's mind that blossomed later and bore such beautiful fruit, in the many books he has written for children?

When you go to the public libraries, look in the catalogue for the names of his books, and you will see how busy he has been all his life to write so many of them. You will learn to know and love him through his books, and you will be especially glad to read about his own boyhood in his own story of his early life in Boston in the book called "A New England Boyhood."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—*Longfellow.*

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN.

THE NORWAY STORY-TELLER.

Born, January 25, 1832.

In his fatherland, Norway, Bjornsen is known as more than a writer of songs and stories. He



BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN.

lives the daily life of the people, and feels with them and fights for them with his voice and pen. He is just the man to write the stories of this rugged, rocky country. One writer has said of him: "He is the great seed-sower of Norway. This country is a mountainous land: it is

rocky, rugged and barren. The seed falls on stony ground, and many a grain is blown away by the wind. But a large quantity of his seed has already sprouted. Many a tree planted by his hand is already in blossom." The fruit of these trees will be gathered by many genera-

tions, for the work of Bjornsen will not die. The book that first made his name known all over his own land, and very soon over other lands, was that simple, child-like story of the Norwegian maiden, "Synnove Solbakken." Even critical Denmark received the little book with praise. The hero of the book, Thorbjorn, must be a type of the vigorous, stubborn youth of Norway. In his story of "Arne," which is a greater book, another type of youth is given; the poetical, the tender-hearted, dreamy youth, who needed strong discipline to bring out the strength of his manhood. These two stories, "Synnore Solbakken" and "Arne" are different, but both so true to the nature of the youth of Norway, all young people love to read them. Then came his story of "The Happy Boy." The bubbling joy of this story brought a message to the melancholy Norwegians of the joy of life, and was like a fresh, new note in a beautiful song.

This trio of stories of peasant life was followed by stories of grander themes. The old Norse legends were given new life, the yearnings of the people found expression. Then came stories of lives of business men of more complex society life. But his peasant stories will always stand out as evidence of his love of pure human nature.

The peasants of Norway crowd by the thousands to hear his voice whenever it is known that he is with them. This love of children and the humble ones of earth is the greatest tribute any man can receive.

It was in this way Ole Bull, the great violinist, and the life-long friend of Bjornsen, won the hearts of the people. He played simple strains, but so sweet and true, the lives of all who heard him were made better and stronger by his music. In all the work of these two men of Norway we feel the love they bore their father-land. Bjornsen has given expression to this love in many ways. One of his national songs begins:

“Yes, we love with fond devotion
Norway’s mountain domes,
Rising storm-lashed, o’er the ocean
With their thousand homes.”

There is a beautiful song in Bjornsen’s story of “A Fisher Maid.”

“We have sun enough, and rain,
We have fields of golden grain,
But love is more than fortune, or the best of sunny
weather.

We have many a child of song
And sons of labor, strong,
We have hearts to raise the North Land, if they only
beat together.

In many a gallant fight
We have shown the world our might,
And reared the Norseman's banner on a vanquished
 stranger's shore,
But fresh combats we will brave,
And a nobler flag shall wave,
With more of health and beauty than it ever had before.
For this North Land is our own,
And we love each rock and stone,
From the rugged old snow mountain to the cabins by
 the main,
And our love shall be the seed,
To bear the fruit we need,
And the country of the Norsemen shall be great and
 one again."

And so the Norsemen still send out their
songs and stories and legends of the North Land.

THE STORY OF LOUISA ALCOTT.

Born November 29, 1832; Died, 1888.

All boys and girls love the memory of Louisa Alcott, for she has given them so many real friends. They feel as well acquainted with "Jo's Boys," "Little Men" and "Little Women" as if they had been brought up with Jo, Meg, Amy, Beth and "Teddy;" it seems as if they must have gone to "Plumfield" to school to dear old Professor Bhaer and Mrs. Jo.

Of all the boys and girls Miss Alcott has written about, we feel that in Jo's story we have the life story of Louisa Alcott herself. Jo is the best loved of all by the boys as well as the girls. When we read her life as told in her journals and letters, we find that things really did happen to Louisa Alcott as they did to Jo.

The dear "Marmee" was her own mother, with the bright loving spirit, always ready to share the little they had to eat or wear with those who came to her with their troubles.

Her motto was "Hope and keep busy." It was "Marmee" who inspired Louisa to write her poems and her stories.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

When she was only a little girl, one cold morning the children found a little half-starved bird. After they had fed and warmed it, Louisa wrote a little poem about it.

“Welcome, welcome, little stranger;
Fear no harm and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing ‘Sweet Spring is near.’ ”

There was another verse or two and her mother was so pleased she told her she might “grow up a Shakespeare.” This so fired her ambition that she kept on writing. In her journal she writes: “I continued to write poems upon dead butterflies, lost kittens, the baby’s eyes and other simple subjects, till the story-telling mania set in, and after frightening my sisters out of their wits by awful tales whispered in bed, I began to write down these histories of giants, ogres, dauntless girls and magic transformations, till we had a library of small paper-covered volumes, illustrated by the author.”

The Alcotts were very poor, but there was always sunshine in the house.

The dear good father and the brave little mother made the children happy and cheerful. They found their greatest pleasure in imagining all sorts of beautiful stories and acting them

out in the old barn. These Alcott children were fortunate in having the Channings, the Hawthornes and the Emersons as their friends and neighbors. So Louisa grew up under the most favorable influences for writing good stories.

When the children of the great men were playing on the Alcott farm, their fathers and mothers would sit watching them, enjoying their pranks, and then, gathering around under the trees of the garden, would exchange their high thoughts with each other, while little Louisa would listen to their words with honest love and admiration.

Louisa wrote many poems all through the journal of her child-life, and they show what a wise head the romping, quick-tempered girl had with her active, lively body.

One verse of the poem called "My Kingdom" shows how hard she tried to govern her unruly temper—

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should—
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing each day."

Her wild nature was very hard to tame, and her journal gives many glimpses of her struggles with it.

As she grew to be fifteen or sixteen years old, Emerson had a great and softening influence over her. She called him "My Goethe." When she read Goethe's "Correspondence with a Child," she was filled with a desire to be like Bettina, and to her father's dear friend, Emerson, she wrote her letters.

She wrote in her journal, "So I wrote letters to him, but never sent them, sat in a tall cherry-tree at midnight, singing to the moon, till the owls scared me to bed; left wild-flowers on the door-step of my "Master;" and sung Mignon's song under his window in very bad German."

At this time, Louisa had to work very hard, helping with the housework and the care of the other children, besides her outside work to earn money to help support the family. She wrote cheerily about her work in her "Songs from the Suds"—

"Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high,
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and our souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air, by their magic, make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on earth there would be, indeed,
A glorious washing day."

This period in her life she called the "Sentimental Period," but she had no love experiences, such as Jo had with her neighbor Laurie, or "Teddy," as she called him.

Her writing at this time was nearly all dramatic. Her plays were good, in spite of their startling plots and unnatural endings. One called "Prima Donnas" was accepted by the manager of the Boston Theater, but, from some difficulty in after arrangements, it was not brought out. Her reward for this play came, however, in the great joy of a free pass to the theater all winter.

A farce, called "The Trials of a Good-natured Man," was brought out at the Howard Athenæum, and was praised by the papers to her satisfaction.

When the war with the South grew hard and bitter, and the boys from the North needed nursing and care as they lay sick and wounded in the Southern hospitals far from home, Louisa felt

that she must go and help them. She wrote of this time: "We had all been full of courage until the last moment came; then we all broke down. I realized that I had taken my life in my hands, and might never see them all again. 'Shall I stay, mother?' I said, as I hugged her close. 'No, go! and the Lord be with you,' answered the Spartan woman, and till I turned the corner she bravely smiled and waved her wet handkerchief. So I set forth in the December twilight with Julian Hawthorne as escort, feeling as if I were the son of the house going to the war."

Her experiences during the war are told in "Hospital Sketches." Her health broke down there, and her father had to go after her. She went home to her mother very ill with pneumonia. She said, "I was never ill before this time and never well afterward."

She learned much by her experience in the hospitals, and her influence over the men was motherly and full of tenderness. She wrote very interesting letters to the home folks which were published in a paper called "The Commonwealth" and attracted wide attention, and when "Hospital Sketches" appeared, it received a hearty welcome. Other books followed this, until she had made enough money to make all the home folks

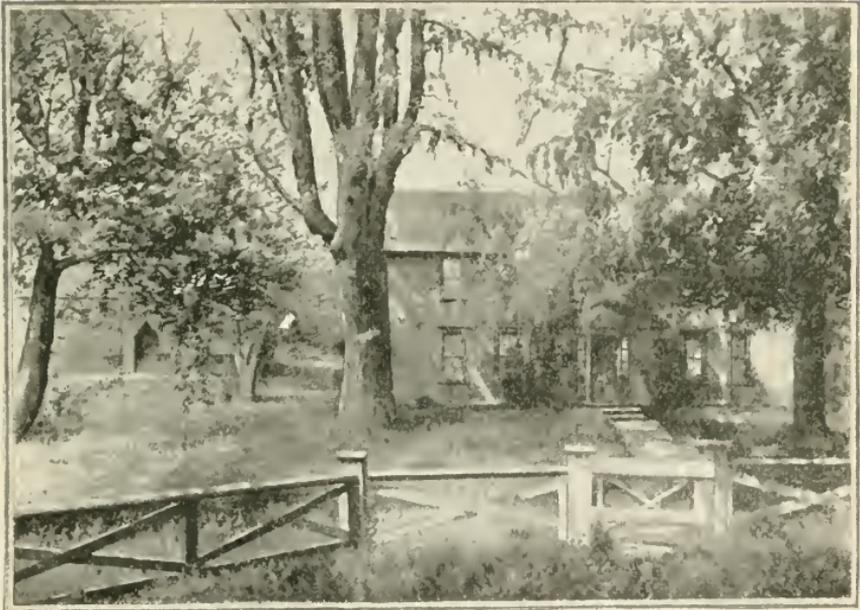
comfortable, and above all to help her sister May who was the Amy of "Little Women," with her education as an artist, and enough money was left for a trip to Europe, which she writes about in "Shawl Straps." While traveling she met a Polish boy, so lovable and bright, that they became fast friends, and his character was woven into her books as Laurie, so there was a real live Laurie after all.

A book of hers, almost as popular as "Little Women," "The Old Fashioned Girl," was written while sick in her room. "I wrote it with my left hand in a sling," she says. "One foot up, head aching and no voice," yet, as the book is funny, people will say, "Didn't you enjoy writing it?"

With patience, full of courage, Louisa Alcott kept on with her loving work for father and mother, sisters and their children, until at last she had triumphed over the spectre of "worry over money matters," and the success of her life was achieved by "Little Women" and "Little Men."

This loving, large-hearted woman, without any boys and girls of her own became "Aunt Jo" to hundreds of children all over the world. Her books are known and loved, and the children of

other countries read them as eagerly as those in her own home-land, and she loved them all, all her "lads and lasses."



LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S HOME, CONCORD.

A verse she wrote for the children of Concord, the little New England home-town, will be a loving reminder of her cheery spirit and love for children.

“The world lies fair about us, and friendly sky above,
Our lives are full of sunshine, our homes are full of love,
Few cares or sorrows sadden the beauty of our day,
We gather simple pleasures, like daisies by the way,

There's not a cloud in heaven, but drops its silent dew,
No violet in the meadow, but blesses with its blue,
No happy child in Concord, who may not do its part,
To make the great world better, by innocence of heart.
Oh! blossom in the sunshine,
Beneath the village tree,
For the little lads and lasses,
Are the fairest flowers we see.

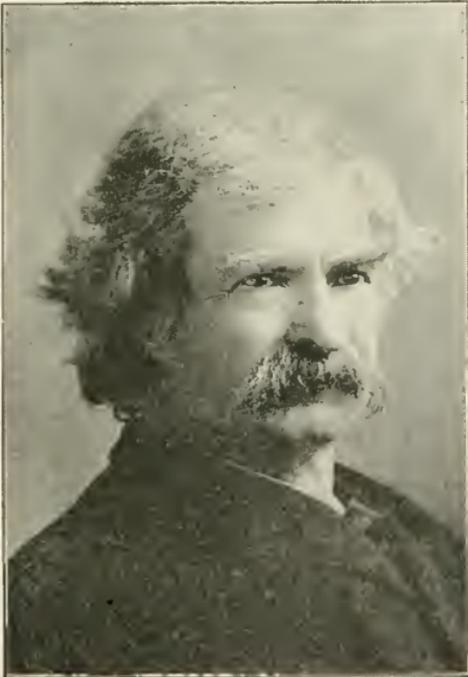
SAMUEL CLEMENS.

MARK TWAIN.

Born November 30, 1835.

All boys who have made friends with "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" will be glad to know something about Mark Twain, who wrote about their adventures.

When he was a boy in Hannibal, Missouri, he lived just such a life as the boys he writes about, except in the most exciting adventures. These were what the Hannibal boys wished would happen to them, but some of the funny things really did happen to Mark Twain himself. When his mother wanted him to white-wash a fence, he did the same thing that is



SAMUEL CLEMENS.
MARK TWAIN.

recorded of Huckleberry Finn. He told all his chums that it was the greatest fun in the world to white-wash, and that there were not many boys who could do it. He pictured it in such glowing terms that they all coaxed him to let them take turns at it, and finally he accepted their treasures, with which they bought this great privilege. They gave him their marbles, pieces of blue glass, a one-eyed kitten, two tadpoles and various other precious things, dear to boys, while he sat on a fence and ate apples and watched them work.

When the boy was about twelve years old his father died, and life then became a more serious affair. His mother was a brave woman and worked hard to provide for her four children. The boys all had beautiful dreams of being steam-boat men, especially of becoming pilots. The Mississippi River steam-boats stopped at Hannibal, which made the only exciting event in their daily life. To watch the deck-hands unload the freight and to catch glimpses of the captain and the pilot was a great joy.

Samuel, or "Mark," as it seems more natural to call him, wanted very much to go on one of these boats. He would have been satisfied to begin by being a cabin boy, for then he would have come

to the side of the boat to shake a white table cloth and this would be a glory which would dazzle the eyes of his boy friends. He would also have liked to be a deck hand and throw the coil of rope as he stood on the plank, but the great end of all this, the chief glory, was to be a pilot. At his first start in life it happened, however, that he was put to work in a printing office. Here he succeeded very well, except one week when the editor was away and he wrote some very funny personal articles about some of the towns people, which roused them to anger, but some new subscribers were gained from people who wanted to read what he had to say about their neighbors. After he had worked about three years in the printing office and saved a little money he ran away to New York. He had heard about an exposition that was going on there. He did not stop at difficulties, but just "disappeared." Arriving in New York with a ten dollar bill sewed in his coat-sleeve, and two dollars in change, he saw all he wanted to of the exposition. He then went to work in a printing office. After being here there two or three months he happened to meet a man from Hannibal. He feared that the man would tell the folks at home where he was, so he ran away again, this time

to Philadelphia. Here he worked on the "Ledger." While in this city he received a terrible beating for taking the part of a little fellow who was being harshly treated by a fireman. He says he looked like "Lisbon after the earthquake" when the man got through with him. This and other experiences made him homesick, so he started off to his western home.

The old fever for a steamboat life soon came upon him in great force, so he ran away again this time to Cincinnati. He tried every way to get a place on a boat, and after a trip on the river as far as New Orleans he persuaded a pilot to teach him the Mississippi river from New Orleans to St. Louis, promising to pay him from his first wages. This was really a great undertaking to patiently study the curves and bends of thirteen or fourteen hundred miles of the river—but he persevered and reached the height of his ambition by becoming a pilot. He earned two hundred and fifty dollars per month at this work until he was twenty six years old. He describes this part of his life in his book, "Life on the Mississippi." His genius for writing was alive all this time and began to demand expression. He published one or two books which attracted attention. In one of his books

called "Roughing It" he records his own experience in having some pretty hard times.

During a great silver excitement, he went off with a friend to try his luck in mining in Nevada. It was two hundred miles from Carson to the mines. They built a rude cabin, with a canvas roof, in a crevice in the rocks. He says: "The cattle used to tumble in occasionally at night, and smash our furniture and interrupt our sleep." They prospected, took up claims, named them grand names, grew wildly excited and full of hope for future wealth, but it all ended in failure, so that Mark Twain was very glad to get work again on a newspaper for twenty-five dollars a week. After various other ventures, he thought he would try lecturing. As he had never stood before an audience, his friends tried to discourage him, but he persisted, hiring the Opera House on credit and doing over a hundred dollars' worth of advertising.

He was much frightened about it and lost much sleep, and it was very real to him, when he wrote on the posters: "Doors open at 7:30. The trouble will begin at 8:00." Much to his amazement, the hall was packed, and he made six hundred dollars, clear of expenses. He went to New York later, and made the same venture.

Cooper Union Hall was filled. To his New York lectures he gave free tickets to school children.

It was after this lecturing trip that he went to Paris, Italy, and the Holy Land, and wrote "Innocents Abroad." His books have been sold to the number of over a million. It has been said of him that they sold better than those of any other writer of English. It is possible that Kipling's books may sell equally well to-day, but the books of Mark Twain are still among the very first in popularity.

Not long ago, he wrote in a very different style from his usual funny fashion, a book about "Joan of Arc" that is full of interest. He lived a year in Paris, gathering facts of history about the "Soldier Maid," and his book shows that he has a talent for other than the humorous and pathetic. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has been on the stage, also his "Prince and Pauper," and they are both great favorites. But all boys, and girls, too, like, best of all, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Very real boys they are, and Becky Thatcher must be the picture of a little girl who lived in Hannibal when Mark Twain was a boy. She and Tom Sawyer had a true love for each other, and this

part of the story is very touching at times, especially when Tom took a flogging to save her from punishment.

In Mark Twain's books we can read the nature of the man. He writes from chapters of his own life, and shows his bright, keen wit, his sunny good-nature, and his home happiness. His family life has been a very cheerful one, his wife and daughter ideal companions, and he has been surrounded by congenial friends. In Hartford he lived at one time next door to Charles Dudley Warner and Harriet Beecher Stowe. William D. Howells is one of his chosen friends. Although he is now approaching old age, his writings are as strong and bright as ever.

He chose the name "Mark Twain" from one of the old boat calls on the Mississippi. When they took soundings of the river, they would call out the marks to be made, and the familiar "Mark Twain" rang in his mind, and he wrote for newspapers, under that signature. Later, all his work was done under that name, so that, while all the world knows "Mark Twain," few are familiar with Samuel Clemens.

Most of his life was spent in Elmira, except the time spent in traveling to gather new material, and in giving an occasional lecture. He

lost much of the fortune he had made by his books through the failure of a publishing house with which he was connected. Although others beside himself failed, he set to work to pay all the debts, and, by working very hard, he succeeded, and, while he will not be a rich man in his last years, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that others are not suffering because of his failure.

Unlike most writers, his best and hardest work is done in the summer. Near his home, but entirely separate, on top of a high hill, he has built a small house full of windows, shaped like a pilot-house.

Here he is safe from disturbance, and his notes and material gathered during the year are sorted out and put into shape for printing. He works very hard, and hardly stops long enough to eat.

How happy he must be to think of the sunshine he sends out from the pilot-house on the hill, to comfort the troublesome old world. How many hearty laughs have sounded clear and loud in homes all over the land from the stories created by his fertile brain.

We need all the humor we can get in the hurry and bustle of life, and Mark Twain has done his share to make life worth living.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the following poem on Mark Twain's fiftieth birthday:

"Ah! Clemens, when I saw thee last,
We both of us were younger;
Now fondly numbling o'er the past
To memory's toothless hunger.

So fifty years have passed, they say,
Since first you took to drinking;
I mean in nature's milky way,
Of course, no ill I'm thinking.

But, while on life's uneven road
Your track you've been pursuing,
What fountains from your pen have flowed,
What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic comes,
Your secret I've discovered;
The source that fed your inward flame,
The dreams that round you hovered.

Before you learned to bite or crunch,
Still kicking in your cradle,
The Muses mixed a bowl of punch,
And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe! Whose fiftieth year to-day
Your ripe half century rounded,
Your books the precious draught display
The laughing nine compounded.

So mixed, the sweet, the sharp, the strong
Each finds its faults amended;
The virtues that to each belong
In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can compare
Of sugar, spirit, lemons;
So, while our health fills every glass,
Mark Twain for Baby Clemens."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Born, November 24, 1849.

“Little Lord Fauntleroy” is a name known in every household, and “Dearest,” his mother, is loved almost as much as the little Lord himself. In a story written by Mrs. Burnett called “How Fauntleroy Occurred,” we find that he was a very real, little boy and that “Dearest” was Mrs. Burnett herself. She was visiting in Paris when her little boy Vivian was born. He was as beautiful as we all know little Lord Fauntleroy to have been. His mother invented many stories to tell him while he was having his long beautiful hair curled. “The Good Wolf” and others all in “The Hair-Curling” series were told him each day as he sat patiently by her side. He had the habit of making dear friends of those about him just as Cedric Errol did of Mr. Hobbs the grocer and of Dick the boot-black. He was a staunch Republican, too, like Cedric, and wrote to his mother at a very early age, “I am sorry that I have not had time to write to you before, but I have been so occupied with the presidential election. The boys in my school knock me down and jump on me because they want me to go

Democrat,—but I am still a strong Republican.” Carrie and Dan, the colored cook and waiter at his home, were also great Republicans, so they took him to see torch-light processions and helped him hurrah for Garfield. He was only six when he began to talk for woman suffrage. His mother was quite surprised one day to hear him say: “I believe ladies ought to be allowed to vote if they like it ’cause what should we do if there were no ladies? Nobody would have any mothers or any wives. And nobody could grow up. When any one’s a baby, you know, he can’t eat bread and things. And if there were no ladies to take care of him when he was first born he’d die. I think people ought to let them vote if they want to.”

His mother studied the little fellow and often wondered how he would act if his life should be completely changed. In this way Little Lord Fautleroy’s story began. She said to herself, “I will write a story about him. I will put him into a world quite new to him and see what he will do. Vivian with his curls and his eyes, and his friendly, kind little soul, shall be a little lord.”

As Mrs. Burnett wrote the story, she used to read it to Vivian and his brother Lionel, and the earnest little fellow did not know that he was the

little lord. He used to sit in a large arm-chair with his hands on his knees listening. One day he said "I like that boy! There's one thing about him, he never forgets about Dearest."

This real boy, Vivian Burnett, must now be a man, for five years ago his mother wrote: "He is now sixteen. He plays foot-ball and tennis, and battles sternly with Greek. His friends consider it a good joke to present him to strangers as 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' But there are things which do not change with the darkening of golden hair and the passage of boyish years."

In reading Mrs. Burnett's stories, we often feel that such children as she writes about are not like the children we know, for they seem almost too good to be true; such little girls as "Little Saint Elizabeth," "Sarah Crewe," and the others. But Mrs. Burnett must have been a very remarkable little girl herself. In the story of her child life, told in her book called "The One I Knew Best of All," we find that Frances Hodgson was a little girl who knew pretty well how to take care of herself. Her life in Manchester, England, was not very exciting, for she lived in a dull, manufacturing town, and little Frances longed for fields and flowers. Very

early in life she began to watch people, to study their ways, and in her little mind to make up stories about them.

She never forgot the people she had seen in this factory town and the language they used. One of her famous stories, "That Lass o' Lowries," was written about a girl she watched as a child, as she walked in the public square, and the Lancashire dialect is the same that she learned, when a little girl, of these factory workers.

After her father died, Frances used to be very lonely. Her mother was kind and gentle, but not very fond of exciting books, and she told Frances she ought to read more "improving" books. Just what kind of books they were, Frances hardly knew, but she had a vague idea they were histories of some kind. One rainy day she made a grand discovery of some story-books on top of an old secretary of her father's. She read over the names in great excitement—"The Fair Maid of Perth," "The Merchant of Venice," and many others just as nice. There were books full of poetry, too. She sat right down on the edge of the secretary, with her little legs dangling, and began to read about the "Maid of Perth." The dreary afternoon was forgotten,

and hours afterwards the nurse came and brought her down to earth, from the heaven of reading a real novel. "You naughty girl! Sitting here on your Ma's secretary—with a book!" These stories fed the little girl's imagination, and she began to make up stories of her own to tell to her little friends, which were considered very thrilling, and she always had an audience of open-mouthed, wide-eyed children listening to the remarkable adventures of her story-people. She was greatly pleased when her mother decided to move to America with her little family. She had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and was glad they would live in the sunny south. In their little home in Tennessee she had the fields and woods she had longed for all her life. She spent many mornings lying on the grass and pine-needles, enjoying the sweet country air, watching the birds and insects, and the squirrels and rabbits. When she was about fifteen years old, cares began to creep into this country paradise, for they were very poor, and it was hard to plan how to keep the little fatherless family together. "I wish I could do something," she said, over and over, to herself, and one day the daring thought struck her: "Why not send one of my stories to an editor?" She told this thought to her sister

Edith, and she thought the editors would all be glad to get such beautiful stories as Frances could write. Then came the great problem—how could they buy the paper and stamps? This was settled by both of the girls picking wild grapes and getting two little colored girls to sell them. Then, with the precious paper bought with the grape money, she went up to her little den in the garret to write, for she did not let the boys know, for fear she might fail. Every day, with her cat curled up in her arm, she wrote on the story to be sent. How exciting it was, after it was finished, to send it off with a note saying, "My object is remuneration." The first editor did not want to pay any money for it, so she had it returned, and then sent it off to another editor. The second editor thought it could not have been written by an American girl as it was such a true picture of English life, and he asked her to send another. She told him that she *was* an English girl, and knew what she was writing about. She wrote another story and sent it to him, and he was so pleased with them he paid her thirty-five dollars for the two. This was her first experience with publishers, and she will never forget the excitement and pleasure it was. It inspired her to write more and more, and her

pen is still working in the service of boys and girls.

When her boy, Vivian's brother Lionel, died, a note of sorrow crept into the stories, but this has made them very dear to some hearts, and has caused men and women to be more gentle and tender with little children. "The Captain's Youngest" and "Little Betty's Kitten" are two of the sad stories in the group of five in "Piccino's Two Days." "Giovanni and the Other" is, perhaps, one of her very best books—but Mrs. Burnett will be known best, now and always, as the mother of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

There are two or three pictures of the little boy, Cedric Errol, before he went to England to become a lord, that are dear to the memory of those who love his kindness of heart and manly spirit. One was his farewell to the old apple-woman, when he gave her money to buy a tent, a stove and a shawl, and said, "For I have to go to England to be a lord, and I shouldn't like to have your bones on my mind every time it rained. My own bones never hurt, so I think I don't know how painful a person's bones can be, but I've sympathized with you a great deal, and I hope you'll be better." His parting with Mr.

Hobbs, the grocer, was a very serious matter, both to the grocer and the boy.

"England is a long way off, isn't it?"

"It's across the Atlantic Ocean," Mr. Hobbs answered.

"That's the worst of it," said Cedric. "Perhaps I shall not see you again for a long time; I don't like to think of that, Mr. Hobbs."

"The best of friends must part," said Mr. Hobbs.

"I never thought I should have to be an earl," said Cedric with a sigh.

"You think there is no getting out of it?" said Mr. Hobbs.

"I'm afraid not. But if I have to be an earl, there's one thing I can do; I can try to be a good one. I'm not going to be a tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America I shall try to stop it." He bade all his friends goodbye in the same earnest fashion, and the little American boy entered into his earldom in a very democratic spirit. In England his truth and kindness made every one who lived with him more kindly and gentle, and all who read the book will be better and truer for reading it.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

THE SOUTHERN BOY.

Born, December 8, 1848.

Down in Georgia, there lives a man who has been thinking and working for children for nearly fifty years. Born before the civil war, in a little village called Eatontown, in Georgia, he grows up, until almost twelve years old, like most country boys, fond of animals and out-door life, but not much in love with school. The old folks used to shake their heads at his pranks and say that he ought to have more doses of "hickory oil." But Joel Harris was a kindly, happy boy, and he had thoughts that no one knew anything about, for he was very shy and bashful. About the time he was eleven years old, he met a man by the name of Turner, who was going to start a newspaper in that part of the country. Joel thought it was a great honor to know a real editor, and he watched eagerly for the first copy of the paper. Some one has written about this event in his life, telling how he curled up on an old green sofa in the country store and Post-Office reading the paper, when he found an advertisement that Mr. Turner wanted a boy to help

him and to learn the printing business. The store-keeper gave him paper and pen to answer the advertisement, and he secured the place.

Mr. Turner lived on a large plantation, for he was a rich man owning many slaves and animals. Joel lived with him, and Mr. Turner liked him, for he was so quick to learn his duties and kind to those around him. But Joel learned more outside the office than in it. The old colored people, and the young ones too, all liked him, and it was on this plantation that he heard all the wonderful stories he has been telling children in these later years.

There was a real live Uncle Remus, who knew about Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox, and all the other animals. In the South the rabbit is an animal of much importance. The rabbits' left hind-foot carried in the pocket is a great charm against trouble, and the stomach of a rabbit ground fine, is supposed to cure disease.

Uncle Remus told many wonderful tales of the Rabbits' power over other animals, even poor "Miss Cow" became a victim. The "Tar Baby Story" is perhaps the funniest of all the Uncle Remus stories. The little boy to whom Uncle Remus told his stories, asked him, "Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" "He

came mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn—Br'er Fox did." Then he tells him about the Tar Baby the Fox made to catch Br'er Rabbit, but as usual Br'er Rabbit wins. Another funny one is the story of "Miss Meadows and the Gal's" helping Br'er Rabbit to get a wife, "Miss Molly Cotton-Tail."

These Rabbit stories of Uncle Remus took deep hold on the boy's imagination, and his sympathy for all animals and for the colored people shines through all that he has written. When we read the stories told the boy in his "Nights with Uncle Remus," it is hard not to believe that the animals really talked to each other, as he says they did, and we feel that rabbits must be the funniest creatures alive to play such tricks as Br'er Rabbit played on Br'er Fox. We even look at solemn old turtles and wonder if they are as full of wisdom as Uncle Remus would have us believe his Br'er Terrapin was. After reading one of these books all animals seem to think, and talk, and act like people. This is where their great charm lies. The writer has put himself in their places and tried to make them talk in the stories just as they really would talk if they could.

But the boy on the plantation with his warm

heart felt more deeply for the poor black slaves. He listened to stories they would tell each other of their sufferings from cruel masters and from wandering in the wilderness, hiding from the slave-hunters. In his book "Aaron in the Wild-wood," we have the story of one of these run-aways told in such an earnest way we know it must be a true story of those old slave-days. If it had been written before the war like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred" it would have made as great a stir in the world as those books did. There is hardly a child in the North or the South that does not love Aaron after reading this book, and their hearts are glad when they read of his safe home, at last, with the "Little Master," after all his wandering in the forest.

In this same book we also learn much of the intelligence of horses, which the boy, Joel, learned while he watched and tended the horses on the plantation. The wild black stallion Timoleum was gentle as a child under Aaron's firm, kindly hand, and his gentle voice controlled his fiery spirit. It is very amusing to picture the fright of the slave hunters or "patter rollers," as they were called, who were searching for Aaron, when, at his command, Timoleum came

flying through the air, like a black spectre to frighten them away.

All the books written by this grown-up plantation boy are so full of interest it is hard to choose which we like best. "Daddy Jake The Runaway," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Mingo," "Blue Dave," "Free Joe," and others are full of stories about the slaves and told by them.

Then there are other books like "At Teague Poteet's" which tell of the lives of the poor white people of the Southern Mountains. Teague Poteet's little girl Sis, seems to us as fair as a wild rose, surrounded by briars. She grew on the mountains, sweet and pure, among the rough people. Her father, Teague, was what they called a "moonshiner," that meant one of the men who made and sold whiskey without a license from the government. They hid in the mountains from the officers, and, when the spies of the government found them out, they usually had desperate fights. The mountain people did not need to use much money, so Teague Poteet had almost given up the idea of making any more whiskey when this beautiful little girl came into his home.

She was so bright, he determined that she must be educated down in the town. He told

her that he wanted her to grow up in a better way than the poor little mountain children. When Sis heard about going to school, she looked down at her dress and shook her head. She was ashamed to go to the town school in such an old dress. This made her father feel so sorry that he got out the old "whiskey still" again, and began working at the old bad business. He soon made enough money to dress his little girl suitably, and she, not knowing where the money came from, was pleased, and made wonderful progress at school. The sudden increase of drinking on the mountain began to attract the attention of the officers and a spy was sent up there. This spy was a brave, kindly young man, and all the mountain people grew to like him. He was especially welcome at the home of Teague Poteets. The story of his love for Sis, and the final breaking up of the moonshiners and their bad business, is told in Mr. Harris' own best way.

"Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country" and "Mr. Rabbit at Home" are two more stories of the surprising experiences of "Br'er Rabbit" and some little children in a queer country.

The story of the boyhood of Mr. Harris him-

self is told in his book "On the Plantation; A Georgia Boy's Adventures During the War." This is a particularly interesting story, as we feel that he is giving us true pictures of his own life.

Sherman's march through Georgia, with all its consequences, changed the boy's whole life, and, when Mr. Turner set all his slaves free, Joel Harris had to leave the plantation and go out into the world to try to make his fortune, taking with him the wealth of old stories told him by the colored folks, and the many lessons he had learned about animals, men, women and children by his keen observation during his life on the old Georgia plantation.

His knowledge of printing helped him to get work in a newspaper office. As he grew older, he wrote out the stories with which his head was filled, and had them published in different papers, and was quite surprised that the people liked them so well. He wrote in the preface of his book, "Uncle Remus and His Friends:" "The stories here gathered together have been caught for me in the kitchen, and were written simply and solely because of my interest in the stories themselves, in the first place, and, in the second place, because of the unadulterated human na-

ture that might be found in them. As I wrote them with my own children around me, or their voices sounding not far away, I seemed to see other children laughing as the homely stories were read to them. I seemed to see gray-haired children smiling as if they found here, close to the earth, a stroke of simplicity ringing true to life."

And the gray-haired children do enjoy them as much as the little ones. Every household is fortunate where his stories are known and loved.

Mr. Harris lives in a beautiful home near Atlanta, and writes much for the "Atlanta Constitution," one of the largest papers of the South, besides giving us a new book or two each year, one of his latest being "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War." He is very plain in his tastes, avoids meeting strangers as much as possible, and is happy when writing by the fire-side with his mother, wife and four children about him. At one time, he had a study built to write in, but he felt so lonely there, he soon moved back to the family room. In the front rank of writers, standing abreast with Kipling as one of the best story-tellers of the century, he still wonders why his simple tales of the home folks should so move the hearts of men, women and children.



EUGENE FIELD.

EUGENE FIELD,
THE CHILD-LOVER.

Born September 2, 1850; Died 1895.

In that home in Chicago, which used to be so bright with the presence of the dear poet, it must be very lonely now that he is gone.

Besides the children and his dear wife, his pets were his books. He loved to wander around old bookstores to hunt for treasures. His wife would tell him he made idols out of the old musty things. He would laugh, often, at her trials with him, and would tell of a dream he once had of going to heaven and meeting Job. "O, you're that patient man," and Job answered, "Yes, I was the most patient man the world ever knew, at one time, but I've heard since that there is a woman now living who has beaten my record all to pieces," and when Mr. Field eagerly wondered who it could be, the answer came, "She lives in a wicked place called Chicago, and her name is Mrs. Eugene Field."

This great man, with the tender heart, had the most precious memory of his mother. "My little mother, who left me when I was six years old," he would say. One day a friend said

to him, "You have everything, home, wife, bright children, your brilliant career; there seems to be nothing wanting."

He replied, "I have a thousandfold more than my deserts, yet, if my mother had but lived to feel a little, just a little, proud of her boy."

Mr. Field had such a love for the children that there were many homes in Chicago where he was welcomed as a jolly older brother. No matter what business he had on hand, the children's claims always came first.

The story is told that, on his wedding day, the bride and guests were waiting, and some of his friends, who went in search of him, found him down on his knees in the mud, trying to settle a dispute over marbles with some little street boys. When children wrote to him, he always took time to write breezy little notes to them. One little girl received one telling her of all the beauties of nature he could see from his windows; the lovely flowers and the birds, ending by saying, "Now, I must go out and shoot a buffalo for breakfast."

Many a child, lying alone in the dark, thinks of his poem called

“SEEIN’ THINGS AT NIGHT.”

I ain’t afeard of snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,

An’ things that girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice;

I’m pretty brave, I guess, an’ yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I’m tucked up warm an’ snug, an’ when my prayers are said,

Mother tells me “Happy Dreams!” an’ takes away the light

An’ leaves me all alone, an’ seein’ things at night.

Lucky thing I ain’t a girl, or I’d be scared to death;

Bein’ I’m a boy, I duck my head an’ hold my breath,

An’ I am, oh! *so* sorry I’m a naughty boy, an’ then

I promise to be better, an’ say my prayers again;

Gran’ma tells me that’s the only way to make it right

When a feller has been wicked an’ sees things at night.

An’ so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,

I try to skwush the Tempter’s voice ’at urges me within,

An’, when they’s pie for supper, or cakes ’at’s big an’ nice,

I want to—but I do not pass my plate for them things twice;

No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o’ sight,

Than I should keep a livin’ on an’ seein’ things at night.

How he entered into the childish plays of the children is shown in many of his poems—

“With big tin trumpet and little red drum,

Marching like soldiers, the children come;

It’s this way and that way they circle and file,

My! but that music of theirs is fine,

This way and that way, and, after awhile,
 They march straight into this heart of mine.
 O! sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
 To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum.

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall,
 This heart it hath welcome and room for you all;
 It will sing you its song and warm you with love,
 As your dear little arms with my arm intertwine;
 It will rock you away to the dreamland above,
 Oh! a jolly old heart is this heart of mine—
 And jollier still it is bound to become
 When you blow that big trumpet and beat that big drum.”

The sad note in his songs, when his own little son left the home nest, is found in “Little Boy Blue” and others. But he tried to be cheery for the sake of the other children. His children’s “Sleepy Song” has been sung to many little ones, and all his songs will strike tender chords in the lives of children for years to come—

“The Rock-a-bye Lady from Hush-a-bye Street
 Comes stealing, comes creeping.
 The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
 And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet;
 She bringeth here poppies to you, my sweet,—
 When she findeth you sleeping.

Would you dream all those dreams that are tiny and fleet,
 They’ll find you sleeping.
 So, shut the two eyes that are weary and sweet,
 For the Rock-a-bye Lady from Hush-a-by Street,
 With poppies that hang from head to her feet—
 Comes stealing, comes creeping.”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

Born, November 13, 1850; Died, 1894.

This "poet of the joy of life," as one of his friends said "the poet of the here, and now," was a Scot of the Scots.



STEVENSON.

His mother was Margaret Balfour of the good old Scotch family bearing that name. His father not only set up light-houses himself but was directly descended from Robert Stevenson, who planted a light-house on the wave-swept Bell Rock, which made

safety on the North Sea where danger and death had been before, on the cruel cliffs. Kipling sings of their light-houses, in his "Songs of the English:"

“From reef and rock and skerry over headland, ness,
and voe
The coast-guardlights of England watch the ships of
England go.”

Little Robert's boyhood was spent in the shadow of the Edinburgh Castle. Much of his time while a little boy was passed in-doors, as he was a sickly child, but he had a sweet disposition and made many plays for himself. His poems for children in his "Garden of Verses," are full of memories of this part of his life. "The Land of Counterpane," one of the sweetest, was a picture of his boy-land, when his days were full of pain. His active mind helped him over these hard places. When only six years old he dictated a "History of Moses," illustrating the story with figures with pipes in their mouths. When nine years old he wrote a story called "Travels in Perth." He was fortunate in having a very kind and loving nurse. He called her "his first wife and second mother." Miss Cunningham came to the family when Robert was only one year and a half old. She was very gentle to the sickly boy. He called her "Cummy" always. When he had long sleepless nights she would roll him in a blanket and carry him to the window where he could see the street lamps and the stars.

In his poem called "The Lamp-lighter," we can imagine him sitting in Cummy's lap early in the evening looking for the lamp-lighter to pass by.

"My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky,
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by,
For every night at tea-time, and before you take your
seat;
With lantern and with ladder, he comes posting up the
street.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many more.
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O! Leerie, see a little child, and nod to him to-night."

Cummy used to have trouble to make the little boy eat, so she bought a picture of a child with fat cheeks, eating bread and milk out of a wooden bowl. She hung this in the nursery and would point to it, saying, "See his rosy cheeks; that is because he eats his dinner like a good child. Only take a wee bite of this beautiful bread, see it is made of the *finest* of the wheat." Years afterward when Mr. Stevenson was living in Samoa and furniture from Scotland was sent to him, his joy was great when he discovered this old picture. He stood before it murmuring "The very *finest* of the wheat."

Like a great many Scotch people Cummy had very strict notions and she taught this lad, (who was to write so many novels when he grew up) that it was wicked to read novels. When she was reading aloud to him she would say "This is no novel, ye ken they're just family stories." At one time she was reading a very exciting story in Cassel's Family Paper, about the Crimean War, called "The Soldier of Fortune," when she suddenly cried out, "Hoots, I'm afraid this will turn out a regular novel."

That night the boy had a bad pain in his side, and he thought it must be a punishment for reading a novel. He told Cummy they must not read another bit of it, so often after that the two would walk down Princess street and look in a shop-window at the pictures of each new number of the paper. Years afterwards he finished the story, but poor Cummy never knew how it all ended.

Not long ago, Cummy was talking of her dear laddie to one of his friends and she said, "The last time I saw him he told me before a room full of people 'it's yourself that gave me a passion for the drama, Cummy,' says he. 'Me Master Lou,' I said, 'I never put foot inside a play house in my life!' 'Aye woman!' says he, 'but it was the grand dramatic way ye had of reciting the hymns.'"

During the Crimean War he was a tiny boy. One day some one asked him if he would like to be a soldier. He answered, "I would neither like to kill or be killed."

As he grew older and stronger, he was sent to Swanston to school, but the boy longed for the freedom of out-door life, and played truant very often, lying on the sands long, beautiful hours, dreaming and thinking out visions that in after years took shape in many wonderful stories.

It is hard to realize that the dreamer, the man whose whole life was full of physical weakness, could write stories like "Treasure Island," so full of life and action. Who knows, but that the characters like Jim Hawkins were only the outlet, the outward expression of the restless, active soul, captive in the sickly body!

In many of his books we find his love for the ocean and the wild rocky coast. And the weird old legends of Scotland found a place in his memory.

For the children, he writes just what the children like best. His childhood days were always fresh in his memory. His days on the farm seemed only as yesterday. When he wrote long years after—

“The coach is at the door at last,
The eager children, mounting fast,
And, kissing hands, in chorus sing
“Good-bye, good-bye to everything!”

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pumps and stable, well and swing,
“Good-bye, good-bye to everything!”

Crack goes the whip, and off we go,
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing,
“Good-bye, good-bye to everything.”

—*Farewell to the Farm.*

When Stevenson was a young man, he came to this country in the old steamer “Devonia.” He took steerage passage that he might learn for himself the experiences of the steerage passenger. When he landed at Castle Garden, the men always waiting to fleece the poor emigrants charged him a large sum to take him and his baggage about two blocks in the bottom of an old baggage wagon. He stayed at an old tavern kept by an Irishman at No. 10 West Street. After this, he went out west on an emigrant train. These experiences are recorded in his books “Across the Plains” and “The Silverado Squatters.”

Always writing and working in defiance of ill-

health and suffering, Stevenson sought health in Samoa, where his last years were spent. From there he sent out to the world many of his marvelous stories. From his many-sided nature came many-sided stories. Some weird tales of horror like the "Master of Ballantrae," others of deep interest to students of human nature, like "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which Richard Mansfield has played to many thousands of people in this and other countries. We marvel at the large amount of work accomplished by this man, working almost in the face of death, and we honor his courage and love his cheerfulness.

In years to come the children who gather flowers in his "Child-garden of Verses" will keep fresh and green the memory of that brave man who died in his island home at Samoa—

"He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path no mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end."

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

(Part of a Poem from "The Child's Garden of Verses.")

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet,
And remain through all bewild'ring
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
THE HOOSIER BOY.

Born, 1852.

In a little town in Indiana called Greenfield, this boy was born, and a jolly little fellow he was with big freckles on his face and his hair almost white. His father was a lawyer and a Quaker. He was very proud of his boy, and couldn't wait for him to get old enough to wear trousers, so he bought a small piece of cloth and cut him out a suit of clothes and made them himself. It was a wonderful suit with long trousers reaching to the feet, and a "Shad-belly" coat with bright brass buttons. Dressed in this he took him to court, and he looked so much like one of the staid old Judges cut down they nicknamed him Judge Wick. The little fellow used to sit on a window ledge and watch all that went on in the court-room. Here he learned to imitate the different dialects of the country people. He had a wonderful gift of mimicry. He has said in these later years that he does not read very much for fear he will imitate the style of the books and poems. He wants to be original. All he knew of farm-life he picked up by occa-

sional visits to a farm his father owned near Greenfield, but he was not as truly a farmer boy as he would have been if he had been brought up on a farm. He said "I usually get things right. I get the frost on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, and I see the frost on the old axe they split the pumpkins with for feed, and I get the smell of the fodder, and the cattle so that it brings up the right picture in the mind of the reader. I don't know how I do it. I'm only the "willer" through which the whistle comes."

Sometimes, however, a real country boy would tell him that he had things wrong; for instance, one said: "You never lived on a farm. A turkey cock gobbles, he don't 'ky-ouck,' it's the turkey *hen* that ky-oucks." "Well" said Mr. Riley, "he had me right there. 'Well, you'll never hear another turkey-cock of mine ky-ouckin',' says I."

At school he was a star actor and reciter, but in other studies he lagged behind. He had fine pieces to read in the old McGuffey's Readers, but days when they had sad pieces like "Little Nell" to read he always ran away, for he knew he would cry, and he didn't like to do that before the other children.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Besides his great gift of imitation, he could draw very well, and after he left school he learned the trade of sign-painting with an old Dutchman named Keefer. While he was still a young lad, his health broke down, and the doctor told him he ought to travel, but, how could he travel without money? About that time, a patent medicine man came along with his wagons, and, as he needed a man, he went along with him to paint his advertisements. He had a good year with this traveling doctor, and afterwards traveled with a few other young men, forming "The Graphic Company"—painting signs for business firms on fences, trees, and old buildings. During these traveling years, he was writing his dialect verses, as he said he had to write natural "pieces to speak." He finally sent some of his poems to Longfellow, who wrote him a very encouraging letter, and, after securing a place in a newspaper office, he had many of them published in papers, so that, as soon as they were gathered in a book, they were wanted all over the country. He finds subjects for his poems everywhere. They come to him suddenly, and he writes wherever he happens to be.

His poem beginning

“I’m just a little cripple boy, an’ ain’t never goin’ to grow,
An’ be a great, big man at all, ’cause auntie told me so.”

was brought to him by seeing a little cripple perched on a high chair in the audience in a little country place where he was giving a reading. Her father told him all about his little cripple, Mary, next morning, while driving him to the station. So the poem grew out of this, and the idea that all the cripples he had known were bright and cheerful.

Although Mr. Riley is a bachelor, he loves children, and in his sister’s home in Indianapolis he has them around him all the time. Of this home he writes:

“Such a dear little street, it is nestled away
From the noise of the city and the heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hand with the breeze,
Which, in all its wide wanderings, never may meet
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie Street.”

The family home in Greenfield, some twenty miles from Indianapolis, had to be sold at one time, as the father did not get along very well financially. It was the poet son’s ambition to make enough money to buy the home back, so

he worked and worked, and saved until when his plans were ripe, he sent his good old father and mother off on a journey to California. While they were away, he bought the house, and he and his sisters worked hard to arrange all as it used to be. After six weeks, the old folks came home, and their dear old home was ready, and their children stood in the door to receive them. As tears of joy rolled down his face, the old Quaker said, "James, thou art a most remarkable son."

His child poems are familiar to all girls and boys who like to speak pieces. There are not many schools where "Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy Man," and others like them, have not been recited. "The Old Swimmin' Pool," "The Runaway," "The Wortermelon" all bring pleasant memories to the boys.

His child-life poems make us laugh, and sometimes cry. We all keep a warm corner in our hearts for the Hoosier Poet, who understands us all so well—

"Tell of the things just like they was,
They don't need no excuse.
Don't tech them up as the poets does
Till they're all too fine for use."

“Let’s go a-visitin back to Griggsby’s Station,
 Back where the latch-string’s a hangin’ from the door,
 And ever’ neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
 Back where we used to be so happy and so pore !”

WHERE-AWAY.

O the Lands of Where-Away !
 Tell us—tell us—where are they ?
 Through the darkness and the dawn
 We have journeyed on and on—
 From the cradle to the cross—
 From possession unto loss;
 Seeking still, from day to day,
 For the lands of Where-Away.

When our baby-feet were first
 Planted where the daisies burst,
 And the greenest grasses grew
 On the fields we wandered through,—
 On, with childish discontent,
 Ever on and on we went,
 Hoping still to pass, some day,
 O’er the verge of Where-Away.

Roses laid their velvet lips
 On our own, with fragrant sips;
 But their kisses held us not,
 All their sweetness we forgot;—
 Though the brambles in our track
 Plucked at us to hold us back—
 “Just ahead” we used to say,
 “Lie the Lands of Where-Away.”

Children at the pasture-bars,
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars,
Waved their hands that we should bide
With them over eventide;
Down the dark their voices failed
Falteringly, as they hailed,
And died into yesterday—
Night ahead and—Where-Away?
Twining arms about us thrown—
Warm caresses, all our own,
Can but stay us for a spell—
Love hath little new to tell
To the soul in need supreme,
Aching ever with the dream
Of the endless bliss it may
Find in Lands of Where-Away!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

RUDYARD KIPLING,
AND HIS JUNGLE BOOKS.

Born, 1865.

More than thirty years ago a little English boy was born in an Indian Bungalow, in far off Bombay.

The boy's father, Mr. John Kipling, was an artist and writer, and had been sent to India, from England, as Principal of the School of Industrial Art at Lahore. His mother was bright and witty, a woman worthy of the son who is to-day the very first in the army of writers, captain of them all. We say of him as he once spoke of an aged wise man, "O chiefest of those who string pearls with their tongue."

As the boy Rudyard grew up in that home in far-off India his parents knew that he could not be educated there as they wanted him to be, so they sent him home to England to a school called "The United Service College," at Northam in Devon County. It was a military school, and the training was severe, as most of the boys were expected to be soldiers or sailors.

Rudyard liked the school and took part in all the out-door games, cricket, foot-ball and golf,

besides fencing and swimming. Their foot-ball team was considered the best in the country and their golf-links the best in England, but young Kipling was interested in the other side of school life, too, and did some good hard studying. He was editor of the school paper and one of the first three in his class.

When he was about eighteen years old he went back to Lahore, India, where his father still lived, and instead of becoming a soldier, he began to earn his living by working on a newspaper called "The Civil and Military Gazette." He worked as a proof-reader, sub editor, reporter and general assistant, but all this hard work did not prevent him from exercising his keen powers of observation on the life around him.

He saw the richest material for stories, in the lives of the English soldiers in India, in the lives of those in the service of the government and in the lives of the natives. While on duty for long hours without rest, he still found time to write poems, sketches and stories of the varied life about him, which found their way into many papers, and so striking were they, so full of force and fire, people all over the empire began to inquire: "Who is this youngster, who seems to know every detail of all forms of life in India?"



KIPLING.

When he was about twenty-one years of age, he published his first book. He tells how it happened in this way: "Men in the army and government service wrote me that my rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to banjos around camp-fires, and some had run as far down the coast as Ragoon, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew the office plant was at my disposal, if I did not use office time; so there was built a sort of a book—a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched to imitate a government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. Of these books we made some hundreds. Then I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of my book on one side, and the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the Empire. The money came back in poor, but honest, rupees, direct, and every copy sold in a few weeks."

This book was called "Departmental Ditties." Encouraged by the success of his first attempt, Kipling soon published his "Plain Tales from the Hills," a real book, this time-containing short stories of life in India. In this book Mulvaney first came into the world that has loved him ever

since. Slowly these stories began to be known in England.

The English people are slow to believe that any good can come out of India, but they are now proud of the boy who worked so faithfully in India and sent home such delightful stories. Somehow, everyone who got hold of one of the Mulvaney stories wanted to read another, and the demand increased the supply, until, suddenly, all over England there arose a song of praise for this young story-writer, and, when his "Soldiers Three" appeared, it was welcomed all over the kingdom. The young author, then about twenty-five years old, came to England, and was acknowledged to be one of the famous writers of the day.

His power to reach all kinds of people is shown in the wide difference of opinion as to his best work. Many claim that his poetry has made him great, others the Mulvaney stories, still others, his longer stories like "Captains Courageous."

But, if the children should decide, there would be a unanimous chorus of praise for "The Jungle Books."

Oh! those marvelous stories of the jungle! We used to read of wild animals talking to each

other in the old fables of Æsop, but those animals were too serious and unreal, and there were too many "morals" about their talks, but when we get acquainted with the jungle animals that Kipling knew so well, it seems as though we have had glimpses of a real, true animal world.

A bright writer of England said, "Reading Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book* has left me merely undecided as to which I would rather be a seal or a mongoose," and we sympathize with him, for, who does not love Rikki Tikki, the little mongoose, that saved the little boy's life, and his father and mother, by killing old Nag, and Nagi-ana, his wife, the two dreadful cobra snakes that lived in the garden.

We wonder if the boy wasn't Kipling himself, and the funny mongoose that perched on the boy's pillow at night and talked to himself, his own little pet.

And how proud we are of the little White Seal, which lived such a safe, sheltered life at first, while its mother sang this beautiful lullaby to it:

"O, hush thee! my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkle so green;
The moon o'er the combers looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between,

Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
Ah! weary, wee flipperling, curl at thy ease,
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas."

Then, when the mother saw what a brave little fellow her White Seal was, she warned him, saying:

"You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old
Or your head will be sunk by your heels,
And summer gales and Killer Whales
Are bad for baby seals."

But the White Seal grew stronger, and one time swam far off with hundreds of other seals, and very nearly got killed by the seal-hunters, who drove many of his friends into a pen. This so worried the White Seal that he determined to find a safe beach for his friends, and he never rested until he found a safe and beautiful place where the cruel men never found them.

Then we read about little "Toomai of the Elephants," the brave boy who saw the "Elephants' Dance" one night.

Through the story of "Mowgli," the little boy carried from his home by an old lame tiger, and saved from death by the jungle folks, we learn the wise "Laws of the Jungle." The boy was brought up by an old mother wolf, and taught

by old Baloo, the bear, and Bagheera, the panther. So well did they teach him that he was safe with all the animals of the jungle, knowing just the right word for each, but they forgot to teach him about the Bandarlog People, or the Monkeys. They all looked down on them, because they were foolish, always pretending to do great things, and then forgetting, and going on with tricks again, so one day Mowgli went sailing off over the tree-tops, snatched up by the Bandarlogs. His rescue by old Baloo, Bagheera and Kaa, the big python snake, is a funny story. This is the way the Bandarlog people were supposed to talk to each other of the great things they would do :

“Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know,
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do
All complete in a minute or two—
Something noble, and grand, and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now, we’re going to——never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind.”

These Bandarlog people did not recognize the “Laws of the Jungle,” and so old Kaa squeezed them to death whenever he could catch them.

“Mowgli’s Brothers” is the first story in the

Jungle Book, and, just as soon as we read that, we want to know the whole Jungle. These are its Laws:

“Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they,
But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is obey!

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip, drink deeply, but never too deep,
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

When ye fight with a wolf of the pack ye must fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel and the pack be diminished by war.

Ye may kill for yourselves and your mates and your cubs as they need and ye can,
But kill not for pleasure of killing and seven times never kill man.”

The Second Jungle Book is just as interesting as the first, and Mr. Kipling is also writing stories for boys which are published in magazines of this country and England. He comes to this country often, as he married an American lady. He now has one boy of his own, and the children may count on many more books written on purpose for him, by this wonderful young

man who has given us such treasures in the Jungle Books.



RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOME NEAR BRATTLEBORO, VT.

“You can work it out by fractions
Or by simple Rule of Three,
But the way of Tweedle Dum
Is not the way of Tweedle Dee.
You can twist it, you can turn it
You can plait it till you drop,
But the way of Pilly Winky’s
Not the way of Winkie Pop.”

—Kipling.

CONCERNING KIPLING.

In the dim dawning of the waking world, when life in
 blindness wrought,
 And savage tribes in the uncleared land for food and
 freedom fought,
 There rose a singer among the clans, in the glare of the
 desert sun,
 And he found his home wherever he strayed—for he
 knew that life is One.

He dwelt with the tribes of marsh and moor—he sat at
 the board of kings;
 He tasted the toil of the burdened slave, and the joy that
 triumph brings;
 But whether to jungle or palace hall or white-walled tent
 he came,
 He was brother to king and soldier and slave—his wel-
 come was the same.

* * * * *

There has risen a singer out of the East, in the clatter
 and chatter and strife,
 The babble of markets and blur of print—the turmoil men
 call Life.
 He came to the task that was set for him; and scarce was
 that work begun
 When he knew that the world was a-building yet—and
 the power that builds is One.
 He knew by the spirit's countersign that Teuton and Celt
 and Greek,

Kaffir and Pathan and Rajput king, the self-same language
speak;

Face to face, he has talked with each—they have given
him of their best;

He has made his home on the sea and the land, and
brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and the hearts of men, you have called
the soul by name,

You have followed its path through the changing world.
Is it not forever the same?

And whether you travel to northern snows, or the south-
ern sea and sun,

You will find, as you found in the ages past, that the
heart of the world is One.

—*The Northern Capital.*

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