

THE GREAT WRITERS.

Ideas and Inspiration Taken by One Author From Another.

EUT GENIUS BORROWS NOBLY

The Crude Ore Is Refined and the Raw Material Fashioned into a Thing of Beauty—Shakespeare as a Most Brilliant Example.

Our great writers are not great robbers. Literature is not a repository of stolen goods. What seem like stealings by the steel pen are rather the output of the lapidary or a reissue of the mind or, better still, the borrowing from a bank repaid with interest.

"It is wonderful," says Charles Reade, "how geniuses can borrow. All literature," remarks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "lives by borrowing and lending," and, he adds, "A good language is like a diamond, which may be set a hundred times in as many generations and gain new beauties with every change."

This is not a question of originality. "The lightning a candle at a neighbor's fire," observes Dean Swift, "does not affect our property in the wax and glass." "Genius borrows nobly." The transference is often a transmutation. For brass, the borrower brings gold, and for iron, silver, and for wood, brass, and for stone, iron. The raw material fashioned into a thing of beauty.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Huth in his "Life of Buckle" that there is a kind of pedigree in literature. Dante avows his indebtedness to Virgil, and the latter himself was under obligations to Homer.

Ariosto owes much to Virgil, and Spenser borrows frequently from Ariosto. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" gave birth to Fletcher's "Purple Island," and this in turn to Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—all like so many blossoms rising from the one stem.

Shakespeare has been called "the great Warwickshire thief," so invertebrate is his borrowing habit. He invaded literature like a Napoleon and brought back the rarest art treasures to enrich and beautify his verse. One is surprised to learn that our dramatist has no original plots, that he has given to poetry no new rhythm or stanza and that "he ran not only in the old road, but in the old rut." His "As You Like It" is taken from an old romance. The characters of his "Julius Caesar" are old Romans taken from Plutarch. But what borrowing! Dry bones are turned into living men. The choicest materials are taken into the lambent flame of his genius and transmuted into airy beauty.

Milton, too, is a free borrower. It is this fact, indeed, that makes his verse so rich in learned reminiscence and so gorgeous with "barbaric pearl and gold." He owes much to Shakespeare. Some critics think Milton's Eve is borrowed from Shakespeare's Miranda. In the "Taming of the Shrew" occurs the line:

As morning roses newly washed in dew.

While Milton in "L'Allegro" speaks of—

Fresh blown roses washed in dew.

Milton is a very mine to many. Pope is his debtor. Milton's "Smoky Rose" is a woman to the waist and fair, but "ending foul in many a scaly fold voluminous and vast"—is made to say, "They call me sin and for a sign portentous hold me; but, familiar grow, I pleased and with attractive graces won the most severe." Pope sings:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien As to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Tennyson must have had in mind Milton's

Hanging in a golden chain This pendent world

when he wrote:

The whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson, indeed, derives much of his exquisite imagery and felicitous phrasing from authors whose names, even many literary men do not know.

Pope borrows his "Vital Spark" idea from an old poem by Thomas Flinck.

Byron gets his "Eagle Feather" image in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" from Aeschylus, who flourished in the fifth century before our era.

Coleridge owes his "Ode to Mont Blanc" to a German poem by Friedrich Brown.

Bishop Ken is indebted for his thought in "The Evening Hymn" to Sir Thomas Browne in his "Colology With God."

In his own characteristic manner Rudyard Kipling has met the question of unconscious plagiarism with a bit of verse which commences:

When Omer smote 'is bloomin' 'Ire 'Ed 'eard men sing by land and sea, And wot 'e thought 'e might require 'E went an' took the name as me.

Let Shakespeare's lines close this paper:

I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;

The sea's a thief, whose snatches surge resolve The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement; each thing's a thief.

—S. B. Dunn in Circle Magazine.

The Perfect Servant.

The thoroughly trained English servant is in his way the most perfect kind of servant to be found anywhere, and in his station and for his duties he is not to be matched in the world. Where will you find any men so competent in their work, so completely trained and apparently emotionless in manner, so punctual, so clean, so smart, as an English butler, coachman, footman or valet? Certainly not on the continent of Europe, in the United States, in Canada or in Australia.—Country Life.

Metals and Metaphors.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin, a swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—New York Press.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—Rochefoucauld.

USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

A Verse From Solomon Told of a Marriage Engagement.

When she left her home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The older sister hoped so, for she liked the young man exceedingly though he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed, and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trilling in such important matters.

Then one night about 11 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The older sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black inked envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

Solomon six three. LOUISE.

Solomon six three? Whatever in the world? Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course meant the Song of Solomon, the younger man's third verse! But and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose, "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was!

It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible to let to whom it fit. It flew the sister and shut the door. Such a turning over of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solomon six three. She found it, and then she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.

—New York Press.

THE SPECTER SWIMMER.

A Legend of the Sea That Still Appeals to Sailors.

The sailor as a class still holds fast to the superstitions that have been his special heritage throughout all ages. To him the sea is still peopled with phantoms. Men there are still who sail the sea believing in the power of the Swimmer, men who believe in the Walrus of unholy fame and in the existence of the specter bark Lucy to be seen at any time dodging in and out of the creeks and bays of the South Carolina coast. This is the tale of the Swimmer.

Near Cape Finisterre there lived a fisher maiden in days when the world asked fewer questions than now, and with her lived her fisher sweetheart. On their wedding night, runs the yarn, snugglers came down on their village, a thieving, drunken band. When they left, having done all the damage they could, the fisher maiden's sweetheart had disappeared, whether with them or through them was never known. Instead of pluing uselessly, as would most women, she dressed herself in men's clothes and started to find him, dead or alive.

For years she wandered over the earth and ocean, and though her disguise was penetrated several times and she passed through a host of troubles which vary with each telling, she succeeded in keeping up her hunt. Finally after escaping from an English prison the vessel she was on was lost at sea, and the simple Breton fisher-then embarked her in a legend which has her forever swimming the sea, still in search of the man she loved and hailing each craft she nears. A sailor, be he Yankee or Portuguese, matter of fact in all things else or grossly superstitious, believes firmly that if you hear the holl of the Swimmer on a dark night at sea and answer it not you follows swiftly.—New York Herald.

A PAPER OF PINS.

Pins were introduced in the sixteenth century.

They were costly and highly prized as gifts.

A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bouquet.

An act was passed in 1543 making it illegal to charge more than eightpence a thousand for metal pins.

Persons of quality often used pins made of boxwood, bound with silver, while the poor put up with wooden skewers.

In those days husbands were often surprised at the great amount of money that went for pins; hence the term "pin money."

Not so many years ago the frugal American housewife was wont to teach plain economy by teaching her children that penny canny, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."—Philadelphia Record.

The Indirect Method.

Homemade ice cream was a regular item on the bill of fare at Willib's house, and while he liked the cream he drew the line at turning the freezer.

One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"I don't see how you got him to turn the ice cream freezer," she said to her husband. "I offered him a dime to do it, and he just laughed at me."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."—Harper's Weekly.

A Dog's Jealousy.

Dana is a huge St. Bernard who has his own ideas as to his importance.

Whenever he wishes to attract attention he knocks his water pail over and then rolls it around, growling at it and making a great fuss. Then he puts his head in and throws the pail high in the air, bawling at it with his paws as it comes down. If this does not have the desired effect he picks up the pail by the handle and takes it into the barn, where the noise is increased by far owing to the wooden floor. This performance is given whenever the horse is petted or when strangers come to the house.—Chicago Tribune.

A Melodious Spot.

There is more melody in Andeanburg, Prussia, in the Harz mountains, than in any other town in the world.

There 250,000 canaries are annually reared, and four-fifths of them are sent to the United States. "Professor birds," perfect singers, are placed among the young birds, so that the latter may imitate the trills of the experienced warblers.



It all came from keeping bad company. Tom Erichsen, the hero in "The Rogue's March," is a young man of noble impulses, one with whom women fall in love, men respect and fear.

The Rogue's March

By E. W. HORNUNG, author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," "A Bride from the Bush," "Stingaree," etc., etc.

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Is there any hope for Tom? Can a human soul survive the clank of the convict's chains, the cruel lash of the british slave driver? Can even a woman's love reach Tom in his degradation? This is the question which the sympathetic reader (who finds himself on Tom's side from the beginning) asks repeatedly.

The answer is found in the story itself which we are going to print, beginning in an early issue

A word of warning—Don't begin the story unless you want to finish it. You can't stop before.

Greenwich Observatory.

In the year 1675 King Charles II. of England founded the royal observatory at Greenwich in order that astronomical observations might be made for the assistance of sailors. The history of the observatory has been the history of chronology and of this practical side of astronomy. Its work and its standards have become distinctly international. The meridian of Greenwich now determines the longitude of the world.—Exchange.

She Had a Substitute.

Influential Member—I am glad to notice, doctor, that your wife never turns her head to see who comes into church late on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Goodman—No, but she nukes me tell her all about them after we go home.—Chicago Tribune.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS

Scientific American. A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bouquet.

IN THE Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county.

Under and by virtue of a special execution issued out of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county, in favor of the above named plaintiff and against the above named defendants, a judgment and decree entered in said court on the 29th day of April, 1907.

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