920 Parsons

Do you know them?

JENNY LIND

Do You Know Them?

Brief Stories of Famous Lives

By
KITTY PARSONS

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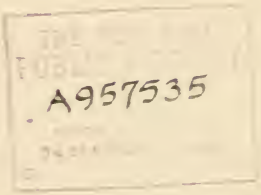

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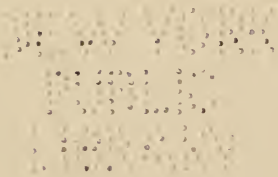

Foreword

WHEN you were a child did you ever picture to yourself what some favourite author or hero or heroine was really like? I did, any number of times; and some of the mental pictures I drew, of my most admired celebrities, would have deeply shocked the subjects themselves.

Mr. Grimm, whom I adored, I firmly believed to be a round, plump gentleman, of Irish descent. He was born with a perpetual smile on his face, and with a remarkable magic wand in his hand.

When I finally heard of such a person as Francis Scott Key, I thought he must be a famous poet who died young. I knew without question that Joel Chandler Harris was a nice curly-headed old negro; didn't someone tell me he was the father of Uncle Remus?

The name of Confucius never troubled me at all; I placed him at once among the early Greek gods, along with Ptolemy and Garibaldi. If I had ever heard of such a person as Carmen Sylva, I should probably have imagined her a descendant of the gypsy lady of operatic fame.

I had aged a good deal before I discovered that Florence Nightingale was not a singer and that

Buffalo Bill was not originally a Spanish bull fighter. And I was thoroughly convinced that Phillips Brooks was another builder like Carnegie, —wasn't Boston full of Phillips Brooks' Houses and Hospitals and other such buildings?

For long years I wondered a great deal about the author of Huck Finn and about Mrs. Twain and all the little Twains. I was so fond of Huck and Tom! But these were only a few of the people who particularly interested and puzzled me.

Sometimes, in a blaze of enthusiasm, I would rush to the family encyclopedia and hunt through the gigantic pages for some trace of the person I loved. But the books were so heavy and the subject matter so very, very long or so very, very short, that I seldom enjoyed it as much as I wanted to. And sometimes, too, my most cherished characters were not in the book at all.

Many of your favourite characters will not be in this little book either; there would never be room enough for them all. But I hope you will be able to find a few old friends among them. Even if you may not know them all intimately, they are all really worthy of a better acquaintance.

From the memories of my own childhood, and from studying and working with children since then, I have gathered together this collection of men and women of many different lands, and from many widely separated paths in life. Most of them have done something that particularly endears

them to children, and all of them have done something truly worth while.

I have purposely omitted such well known names as those of Washington, Lincoln, Queen Victoria, and many others, because sooner or later children are sure to learn a good deal about these great men and women, at school and at home. In no sense have I tried to make this a book of the *most* famous men and women of all nations; I have tried, rather, to tell something of the lives of people who have done great things.

These brief sketches do not attempt, moreover, to tell you all there is to know about these people. But I earnestly hope they will serve to stimulate the interest of the children who read them so that they will want to know more about them when they have finished reading these pages. If this little book can accomplish this purpose, I shall feel that it has indeed been successful.

I gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the following for permission to use the several chapters:

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Brookline, Mass., K. P.

Contents

I

Francis Scott Key

Author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"

IN America, everyone is familiar with "The Star-Spangled Banner." Perhaps he may not be able to sing the words of more than the first verse, but he could certainly recognize the tune and spring to his feet the moment he heard it played. I wonder just how much all these good people who sing the American National Anthem know about the man who wrote the fine and inspiring words?

Francis Scott Key was born in Maryland, towards the end of the American Revolutionary War. His family were among the earliest settlers in that part of the country and his father was an officer in the war. The boy was well educated and later studied at Saint John's College in Annapolis. In the due course of time, he became a lawyer in the town where he was born.

It was a regular habit of Francis Scott Key's to write all sorts of poetry whenever he felt in the mood. He did this only for his own amusement and had no idea of trying to have his verses published so that other people could read them. He usually scribbled them on rough bits of old enve-

lopes or scraps of paper, and when his friends tried to piece some of these scraps together after his death, they found it was almost impossible to make anything at all out of them. You see, he had considered himself merely a lawyer and had never dreamed that he was a poet as well. No one would have been more surprised than he himself, had he known he would be remembered long after his death because of one little poem that he had written.

During the War of 1812, Key went out in a small boat to the places where the British fleet lay anchored in Chesapeake Bay. He went on an errand of mercy—to ask the commander for the release of a civilian friend of his who had been taken captive by the enemy. His little boat carried a flag of truce, but the commander of the fleet was just preparing for an attack on Fort McHenry and his eyes would not see the flag at such a critical time as that. The only thing he could think of was the great battle which was just about to take place. So instead of releasing the missing friend he took Mr. Key as a second captive, and retained both men during the frightful bombardment of the Fort, which lasted for twenty-four hours. This must have been a very unusual and exciting experience for an ordinary civilian, who had not expected anything of the kind.

Through all that long day and weary night, Francis Key lay in his little boat, close to the great

ship of the commander of the enemy fleet. During all this time, he was actually under fire from his own friends. He kept his eyes firmly fixed on the flag of his country, which he loved so much, and which the British had sworn would " yield in a few hours." The American flag did not yield after all, and when dawn broke the day after the bombardment, his delighted eyes found that it was quite safe and sound, still waving proudly in its same old place. Then, with joy in his heart, he seized an available scrap of paper, and leaning on a barrel head, scribbled in his usual careless way, the lines of a poem which he called " The Defence of Fort McHenry." This was printed a week later in the " Baltimore Patriot " under the same title, and became very popular in the camps of the army.

One night, an actor named Durany, read the poem to a group of soldiers. They were so pleased with it that they begged him to set it to music so that they might sing it in the camps of the army. Durany was pleased with the idea himself, so he hunted around until he found an old air called " Adams and Liberty." He set the words to it and sang it to the soldiers. They were very enthusiastic, and when other people heard the song they liked it just as well, and finally the name was changed to " The Star-Spangled Banner," and the song was made our National Anthem.

The actual flag about which the poem was written was later presented to the author, who in turn

left it to his daughter when he died in 1843. The flag now belongs to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. I will write down the words of the National Anthem here, in case anyone might not know more than the first few lines:

"Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd, at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

"On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

" Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—'In God is our trust!'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

II

Joel Chandler Harris

The Father of "Uncle Remus"

OF course you can easily guess that the man who wrote all the wonderful stories about "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit," and the "Tar Baby," and all the other delightful characters in his books, was a genuine southerner; no one who had not lived down among the negroes himself could ever have written such fascinating stories about them.

Joel Chandler Harris was a native of Georgia, and he was born in Eatonton, the county seat of Putnam County. He went to school at Eatonton Academy, where he received all the education he ever had—from any regular institution; all the rest of his knowledge was gained in a long career of newspaper work, and from a great deal of reading and observation.

When a small boy, he would often curl up on a great couch in the Eatonton Post Office and devour the contents of every newspaper he could lay his hands on. This would probably not seem like very interesting reading to most boys of his age today, but books were not easily available for this boy,

and he believed in taking the next best thing that offered itself. So day after day he would steal into his cherished corner in the old Post Office, where the good-natured Postmaster allowed him the privilege of seeing the papers from other towns and cities.

One day in the advertisements he saw that a paper called the " Countryman " was in need of an office boy, and the idea appealed to him so much that he immediately sat down and wrote to the editor offering his services. Then, for several days he haunted the Post Office, dreading and yet hoping for the letter that would decide whether or not he would get his first real job. At last it came and with real delight the boy found that he was accepted. This meant the beginning of a new life for him and the foundation of his literary life as well.

Colonel Turner, the editor of the newspaper, had a very fine library, and he was only too ready to let the boy, Joel, spend his leisure hours there, browsing among the books and gaining all sorts of valuable information from his reading and study. There were also some wonderful woods in that part of the country and the boy loved to visit these and to study the habits of the animals and the birds that lived there. Another favourite pastime was to wander down to the homes of the old negroes in the evening and to listen to the queer tales that they dearly loved to tell him. He

gained all sorts of interesting information from these people.

The very first things he ever wrote himself were short pieces which he contributed to the "Countryman," from time to time. When the Civil War broke out the paper had to give up and he worked on various other papers until he finally moved to Savannah, to work on the "Daily News," which was a larger and more important newspaper than any he had yet worked for. About this same time he married, so the move was a doubly important one for him. A few years later he went to work for an Atlanta paper, "The Constitution," and it was in the columns of this paper that "Uncle Remus" actually saw the light of day.

Joel Chandler Harris loved his work, but he also loved his home very much indeed; often after a long day at the office, he would come home and tell his children all sorts of wonderful tales before they went to bed. Then, after he had said good-night to them, and they were busily dreaming of "Brer Fox" chasing "Brer Rabbit" through the woods, he would sit down at his desk and write these same stories down—this was the greatest recreation and pleasure to him. Most of his work was done at "Snap Bean Farm," a suburb of Atlanta.

Mr. Harris was a very quiet and retiring man; he hated publicity in the same way that Lewis Carroll hated it, and, like him, he refused to be lionized and treated as a celebrity; he would talk of

anything and everything rather than of his own achievements. He was devoted to his home and his family and to all the cats and dogs and birds and trees and flowers that he considered a very large part of them. He called his home "The Wren's Nest."

Besides being very pleasant reading, the books of Joel Chandler Harris are really valuable as studies of true Afro-American folk-lore. Before that time, no great consideration had ever been paid to anything of the kind and he did for Afro-American folk-lore what the brothers Grimm did for the Teutonic folk-lore. "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," is a classic in its own way, because it is interesting to students of folk-lore and tradition and to the men, women and children of the world who read solely for pleasure and entertainment. Mr. Harris has written a number of other books on these subjects and no other writer has ever given us such a splendid picture of the humour and the imagination of the negro. Besides these books, he wrote a very excellent history of the state of Georgia. He died in 1908.

In a letter to Joel Chandler Harris, Theodore Roosevelt paid the author of the "Uncle Remus" stories a high compliment—"Moreover," he said, "I have felt that all that you write serves to bring our people closer together."

III

Jenny Lind

Opera Singer

JENNY LIND was one of the greatest singers who ever lived. She was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1820, and both her parents were school teachers. When Jenny was a mere baby she showed a great love for music and at the age of three she could remember and sing correctly any melody which she had once heard. That is something that very few grown people can do. At nine she met an actress who urged her mother and father to give her a good musical education, and although they were earnestly opposed to such a career for their little daughter, they finally became convinced that it would be the best thing to do.

The little girl made rapid progress and soon became very successful in juvenile parts on the stage. People heard of her everywhere. But a dreadful disappointment came to her when she was only twelve years old; the beautiful voice of which they had expected so much suddenly changed and all the upper notes lost their sweetness. Jenny Lind was compelled to give up all hope of becoming an opera

singer and she was forbidden to use her voice at all for several years, if she ever hoped to be able to sing in public again.

So, for four years she applied herself diligently to her instrumental studies and to other work, without even attempting to sing. Then, one night a wonderful thing happened. The fourth act of Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert le Diable," was announced as a part of a coming performance of a grand concert at Stockholm. The women singers of the city did not like the part of "Alice," and the Director of the Musical Academy, almost in despair, suddenly remembered his old pupil, little Jenny Lind, and at once offered it to her. Overjoyed, she instantly accepted it and on the evening of the concert, sang the few bars so marvelously that all Stockholm was amazed. Her voice in the four years' rest had completely recovered all of its former beauty and sweetness.

The following day she was offered a large part in one of Weber's operas, which was one of the very parts that she had always longed to sing. Again, she met with a wonderful success, which continued from that date. For a year and a half she was the star of the Opera of Stockholm. After that she and her father went on a concert tour through all the towns of Norway and Sweden to raise money enough for Jenny to go to Paris and study with Garcia, who was considered the greatest teacher of that time. You see, Jenny Lind was

never content to stop work merely because she was successful; she was always seeking some way to improve her singing or to learn something she did not know.

After her studies in Paris, triumph after triumph piled up for the beautiful young singer. She was invited by Meyerbeer himself to the opening of the new opera house in Berlin in 1844, and after that she received many attractive invitations to sing in various parts of the world. After traveling extensively, she finally accepted an offer of P. T. Barnum, the American showman and exhibitor of "Tom Thumb," to go with him to America and give one hundred and fifty concerts for a thousand dollars a night, besides all her expenses. This was the same Barnum whose circus has always been so famous.

Jenny Lind's tour in this country was a wonderful success, although she dissolved partnership with Barnum after the ninety-fifth concert. People waited for hours outside the doors of opera houses to hear her and stories of her fame spread far and wide wherever she went. The first tickets for some of her concerts sometimes sold for several hundred dollars. In Boston the first ticket was bought by a man named Dodge for $625.00. Mr. Dodge was a singer of no particular importance until after he purchased this expensive seat for Jenny Lind's concert. Then, suddenly he became a prominent character and received so much publicity on account

of his $625 ticket, that he found himself greatly elevated in the estimation of the public.

Miss Lind married Otto Goldschmidt, who had played for her at some of her concerts, while in this country; on their return to Europe the Goldschmidts lived in Dresden, where they taught at the college of music. Later they moved to England, where Mrs. Goldschmidt died in 1887.

Jenny Lind was a very generous woman and gave lavishly to a great many worthy charities. She was devoted to her own country and never failed to be proud of her birthplace. On one occasion she gave a large sum of money to the Swedish government to found free primary schools in localities where the need for them was urgent. She also possessed a very kind heart and often went out of her way to do a kindly act. When she was singing in America, a poor Swedish girl, whom she had never seen before, once went to call on Miss Lind. She was not only very pleasantly greeted, but was entertained lavishly, taken to the concert in the evening and afterwards sent home in the singer's own carriage. This is only one example of many such acts on her part.

Jenny Lind's great success in this country was not soon forgotten and as a sign of its pleasant remembrance of her, different establishments began to use her name, in the cities where she had recently appeared. A bar-room in Boston did her the doubtful honour of calling itself "The Jenny

Lind Hotel," while in Lynn, the "Jenny Lind Sausages" became popular favourites; the "Jenny Lind tea-kettle," when filled with water and placed on the fire, in a few minutes "began to sing." New York even boasted a tailoring establishment on lower Broadway with her name in large letters above the door. That was all long ago, and soon after her departure for her own land. But in 1920, a hundred years after her birth, a concert was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, which was a beautiful and delightful celebration in her honour.

Besides their admiration for her singing, everyone loved Jenny Lind for her extreme sweetness and beauty of character. A Massachusetts minister praised her in his sermon, saying that "everyone loved her because she went about doing good and by her disinterested benevolence showed that she loved everyone else."

IV

The Brothers Grimm

Who Wrote the Fairy Tales

WHENEVER we hear the name of Grimm we at once think of the fairy tales we all love and know so well, which were written by these two brothers. But the truth is that the Grimm brothers really did a great many other things besides writing these charming tales—things so important that their names will always be remembered in close connection with the literature and learning of their country. You see, these were not just "tales" to them, but a real part of the folk-lore of Germany.

The brothers Grimm were born in Germany. Jakob, the elder, was the more famous, but in most of his work his brother, Wilhelm, was his constant and earnest companion and helper; few brothers ever worked together with more perfect harmony and pleasure than did these two, almost all of their lives. Jakob early cultivated a taste for medieval literature and spent much of his time studying it, while he held different public positions of importance in his country. When he was made professor of German literature and librarian at a German

University, he devoted seven whole years to the study of the language, laws, history and literature of Germany. He soon became known as an authority on these subjects and lectured on them in Berlin.

Although the older Grimm continued to hold public offices from time to time, the greater part of his life was devoted almost entirely to literature and study. As a result of this, he presented Germany with a wonderful German Grammar in four large volumes, which is considered a very marvelous work. Later he and Wilhelm Grimm began the work of a tremendous German Dictionary, which it was left to other people to finish after their death.

Before the Grimm brothers took up the study of it seriously no one had ever paid very much attention to the folk-lore of the teutonic race. They made it, by their work, a subject of scientific study by learned men. Before this the nursery tales told to children had been thought of as merely stories, and little consideration had ever been given to where they had come from, or who had first told them to the children. In many cases they discovered that the old tales had come down to the people from the earliest days of civilization.

And so, you see, the work of the brothers Grimm had to do with people of every age; their "Kinder and Hausmärchen," which, translated, means, "Nursery and Fireside Stories," is known and loved by all children; their wonderful German

Grammar has probably helped many a hard-working student; and the dictionary which they commenced, and their other important works of learning, must have been studied and read by even the wisest old graybeards in the country. Their names are remembered not only in their own country, but in all the countries of the world.

It is beautiful to think of these two brothers, so closely united in life, in work and in death. Jakob was only one year older than his brother and their devotion to each other throughout their lives has often been mentioned and is a pleasant thing to remember. And when Wilhelm died, in 1859, Jakob lived only four years longer. They were buried side by side with tombstones exactly similar to mark the spot where they lie.

Wilhelm left a son, Hermann, who inherited much of his family's ability and learning. At twenty-five he wrote a drama, and he has also written the life of the great painter, Michael Angelo, and a good many other things. So, the name of Grimm still lives in Germany and may still be closely associated with literature and learning, as well as with the delightful fairy tales that young and old both love so well.

V

Paganini

A Great Violinist

ITALY has given us many of the greatest artists and musicians in the world, and Nicolo Paganini is among this number. He was the son of a commission broker in the city of Genoa. He was a nervous and not a very strong child and he never cared for romping and playing with other children. He would stay at home by himself and pick out little tunes on his violin at every opportunity and by the time he was six he could play very well indeed. His love of music increased steadily and he showed the most wonderful ability with his cherished violin; when he was hardly nine he had composed a sonata which amazed his family and friends and made them believe that it was high time for him to begin to study music seriously. And only a year after that he appeared in his first concert!

Paganini studied with many famous teachers and made such remarkable progress that by the time he was thirteen they considered him fully able to go on a regular concert tour of his own. A few years after this he was appointed court violinist at

Lucca, where he remained for three years, after which he started out to make a tour of the towns and cities of Italy. For a good many years Paganini continued to tour through Italy and after that he visited all the principal cities of Europe and England. He was received with great enthusiasm wherever he went and was given all sorts of medals and titles of honour from different countries and their rulers.

This great musician was never very practical in matters of business and made many poor investments which did much to destroy the good-sized fortune that he made by his playing. Besides this he was very fond of gambling and would often throw away a large amount of money in this way. He was often sadly destitute for actual necessities and was obliged to sell many of his most valuable belongings in order to get them. At one time he was in such a sad state and so hard pressed for money that he was actually forced to pawn his violin. The saddest part of this adventure was that the very next day he was to appear in one of his most important concerts and he found that he was in a very dreadful plight indeed. The concert would have been cancelled and Paganini badly embarrassed had it not been for the kindness of a French merchant of Leghorn, who offered to lend him his own instrument, which was said to be one of the finest violins in the world. Paganini gratefully accepted the offer and played so marvelously

that the delighted merchant refused to have the violin returned to him again. With tears in his eyes, he spoke to the great musician: "Never will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched. That instrument is yours." Paganini used it afterwards at all of his concerts and at his death he bequeathed it to the town of Genoa, where it is still preserved in a museum.

Paganini's wonderful mastery of the violin has never been equalled. He would hold huge audiences entranced by his playing, as long as he continued to play for them. People walked miles to hear him and felt well repaid for the trouble when they finally did. He often gave a celebrated performance on one string which was so skillful that his hearers were delighted. His own compositions were so very difficult that he would sometimes work for ten or twelve hours practicing a single passage; often he was so completely overcome with exhaustion that he could no longer stand. People said that he played his own things best, because he had written them to suit his own taste and ability.

The violin was not Paganini's only accomplishment; although of less importance he could play the guitar in a most remarkable manner and he spent four years on the study of this instrument alone.

Paganini was a man of many peculiarities and he was always painfully stingy and mean about money; he hated to pay a small cab fare, but at the

same time he would throw away one hundred times the same amount on the gaming table without being in the least disturbed about it; he was seldom known to *give* anything away however. In spite of his gambling he managed to leave a large fortune to his son, Achille, at the time of his death.

Bad habits and carelessness about his health quickly broke down Paganini's never strong constitution and during the last years of his life he was far from a well man, often being obliged to stop working on account of his ill-health. He was only fifty-six years old when he died at Nice in 1840. He might well have had a good many useful years before him still had he lived a little more wisely. But the one great thing to remember about Paganini is that he was one of the most marvelous violinists that ever lived, and it has been given to few men to play as well as he did— before or since.

VI

Daniel Webster

Orator and Statesman

DANIEL WEBSTER was not only one of the greatest orators in the world; he was an excellent lawyer and a very wise statesman as well. He was not, however, the same Webster who wrote the dictionary, as many people sometimes believe.

He was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, which is now known as Franklin and has grown a good deal since then. At the time when his father built his cabin in Salisbury, in the year 1763, there was no sign of any other habitation between that spot and Canada. Mr. Webster was a sturdy frontiersman and had served in two wars. When Daniel was born, about twenty years after he settled in Salisbury, Mr. Webster was a justice of the county court.

Daniel was a frail but a very bright little boy. He had one brother, Ezekiel, of whom he was very fond. Daniel went to school in the little town and later to Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College. He was chosen Fourth of July orator in the town of Hanover, where the college was lo-

cated, and this was his first real attempt at a public oration. The Webster family were far from rich and they were obliged to make many sacrifices to give Daniel and Ezekiel the best possible education. But they were well rewarded, for Daniel worked hard and was able to enter college at the age of fifteen, and did them credit in every way, while Ezekiel later became a distinguished lawyer like his brother.

Upon his graduation, Daniel immediately began to study law, but soon gave it up and accepted an offer to teach school in Maine for $350.00 a year, so that he might have some ready money to help his brother with his studies. Afterwards, he went back to the law and in a few years' time became well known as a lawyer of great ability and brilliancy. He practiced law in Boston and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, until he was elected to Congress.

From that time Daniel Webster became one of the foremost men of the country, and his name was well known everywhere. In December, 1822, he pronounced his first great oration at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at that place. After that he was immediately recognized as the first American orator. Three years later he gave another famous speech on the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument. On July Fourth, 1826, he pronounced the eulogy of John Quincy Adams and Thomas

Jefferson, the second and third presidents of the United States, who both died on the semi-centenary anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. This was a very remarkable and strange coincidence.

Daniel Webster was sent to Congress from Boston and later became a senator. He was Secretary of State three different times, in the cabinets of General Harrison, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Fillmore. During all this time he continued to be greatly distinguished for his speeches, which steadily grew in force and power. He was three times disappointed about the presidential nomination, but continued his services to his country in his other public offices.

Daniel Webster died at his country home at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1852, when he was just seventy years old. He has left behind him a splendid record of a useful and vigorous life full of achievement and he has done many things that we shall always remember. Thomas Carlyle called him "The notablest of your notabilities—a magnificent specimen." He was a remarkably clear thinker and no one had a better grasp or understanding of the condition of his country than he had. Of himself he said: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American." No one can say that he did not earnestly live up to the truth of these statements.

VII

Confucius

Sage and Teacher

ALMOST twenty-five hundred years ago a great sage, reformer and teacher was born in the state of Lu, in the province now called Shant-tung, in China. And only think—his descendants of the seventy-sixth generation are living there today!

Confucius was the son of a soldier who at one time was in command of the entire district of Chow. His father had not married until he was seventy years old, and had only lived three years after the birth of his little son. But the boy's mother, Yan-she, had carefully trained and educated him according to the highest ideals of the time in China. She was very fond of her little boy and would often affectionately call him "Kiéu," or "Little Hillock," because he had an unusual elevation on top of his forehead. He was a very well-behaved child and gave her scarcely any trouble at all; he did not seem to have any great love for the pranks and mischief that most children delight in, and from an early age he showed a great love of study and books of all kinds. When he grew older

this increased and he loved nothing better than to pour over old heavy volumes, especially those about the early customs and ancient laws of his own country. Later on he became an authority on these same subjects.

At seventeen he started out as manager for a wealthy landowner of Lu, and two years later he married. Confucius had one son and two daughters, but he found himself little suited to family life, and four years after his marriage he left his home and started out on his career as a teacher. From that time on, for fifty-one years, he travelled from place to place in China, teaching the philosophy that he himself believed to be the only true one. He endured great hardship and often persecution in his untiring efforts at reform.

When Yan-she, the mother of Confucius, died, her son went into absolute retirement and seclusion for a period of twenty-seven months; this was in accordance with an ancient law of China which compelled children to resign all public occupation upon the death of a parent. The solemnity and magnificence of her funeral greatly impressed all who saw it and encouraged the Chinese people to observe more closely the ancient customs and laws of their country, about which they had not thought so very much until this time.

Confucius continued to travel about from place to place, and he gained more and more disciples from his teachings all the time. These men would

follow him about wherever he went and were firm believers in the truth of what seemed to them to be the true wisdom of what their teacher had to say. They were not young men, who might be swayed by the enthusiasm of youth to take up anything that interested them for the moment, but men of middle age and many graybeards as well; many of them were men of importance. At one time Confucius was governor of Chung-tu, but he soon went back to his teaching, although he often became sadly discouraged at the difficulties he found in trying to make people better. Nevertheless, he continued his efforts in their behalf and tried to teach them what he believed was the right way to live.

Confucius died when he was a little more than seventy and immediately after his death people began to do him great honour. His teachings have since been called Confucianism and are a system of life rather than a religion. They encourage people to cultivate industry, modesty, sobriety, decorum and thoughtfulness, which would certainly be a good thing for all of us to cultivate at any time. Confucianism became the religion of the state of China soon after the death of Confucius.

Confucius earnestly tried to teach people the advantages of goodness, and what is more, he did honestly practice what he preached. His name is the most honoured in China and in almost every city today there is a temple in his honour. The eighteenth day of the second moon is kept sacred

by the Chinese as the anniversary of his death. As a sage and a teacher he ranks as one of the foremost men in the world.

There are a great many books which Confucius wrote or edited with other people; although he did not write very much alone, he did a great deal to found Chinese literature. He said a great many very wise things which people often repeat even today. Two of these sayings are: "Learning without thought is labour lost," and "The foundation of all good is the virtue of individual men"; this means simply that if everyone of us would do his very best to be good, then naturally, the whole world would be so, and there would be no more need of preachers and reformers.

VIII

Chopin

Pianist

FREDERICK FRANCOIS CHOPIN was the greatest master of pianoforte composition, was a wonderful pianist and an excellent teacher as well. He came from that little country which has produced so many other fine musicians, Poland. He was the son of refined and fairly well-to-do parents and was born near Warsaw in 1810. As soon as his musical talent showed itself he was encouraged by his family to study seriously, and at the age of nine he was able to appear in public.

Chopin was a delicate boy and at no time in his life was he ever very strong and healthy. He was quick at his studies and had a clever trick of mimicing people, which made many of his friends say that he might well have been very successful as an actor. He loved fashionable society and gaiety and was himself the center of attraction wherever he went. He was a great friend of the musician, Liszt, and could imitate his manner of playing to perfection; this rather amused than annoyed his friend, who would sit and laugh heartily during

the performance. He was always at his best in a small group of friends and not in a crowd of strangers. His sensitive nature shrank from large public gatherings and he never enjoyed playing for a great audience as much as he did for a small one.

Before Chopin was twenty he had given concerts in Vienna and Warsaw which were attended by the most important musicians and critics of the time. When he was twenty-one, he moved to Paris, where he spent the rest of his life, making himself the center of a group of men and women of genius, among whom were musicians, writers, composers and poets. He knew intimately many of the most famous people of the time, including Dumas, Balzac, George Sand, and Meyerbeer. In the first four years of his life in Paris he played a great deal in public, but after that he confined his performances to a small elect circle of admirers and friends.

In 1835 he made a visit to Germany and on his way home visited Mendelssohn and met Schumann. He also met and fell in love with a young lady to whom he later became engaged. But the course of true love did not run smoothly, for not long after the engagement was announced the lady of his affections married another man. This was a great shock to Chopin and to forget his sorrow he threw himself into a life of hard work and much gaiety and society, which proved to be a great strain on

his naturally delicate constitution. He taught sometimes seven hours a day, and unlike many great musicians he actually loved this part of his work. He was in great demand as a teacher, and the income he derived from his many pupils and from his beautiful compositions, was his principal source of revenue.

Chopin's playing is said to have been distinguished for great delicacy and a singing quality of tone that delighted his hearers. He lacked great power and many of his more elaborate pieces were beyond his own physical capacities. A young pianist once apologized to the composer for breaking a string of the piano when playing one of his most imposing and forceful polonaises. "Do not apologize," said the master; "why, if I could play that polonaise as it is written to be played, there would not be a string left upon the piano! !"

Chopin paid a short visit to England, where the damp climate added to his already partly developed lung trouble. Upon his return he fell in love with the writer, George Sand, whose real name was Madame Amantine-Aurore Dudevant; this romance lasted for several years.

Chopin's health was now rapidly failing and in 1848 he was greatly affected by the death of his father and one of his oldest friends. He worked hard almost to the last and died a year after his father, at the early age of thirty-nine. It is sad to think that so great a genius should die so young.

IX

Maria Edgeworth

An Author of Books Our Grandmothers Read

HOW many little girls do we know today who would sit by the lamp evening after evening and listen to father read aloud out of great, heavy, serious books, which are not at all the sort of thing that children like to hear read to them? I don't believe there are very many. But there was a little girl long ago, who would listen patiently night after night while her father read just this sort of thing to her; you and I would probably consider them very dull, I fear. She sat very, very still and never interrupted him at all, just listened carefully to every single word he said; and after a great many years when she grew to be a woman, she began to write books herself.

Her name was Maria Edgeworth, and I am sure that your grandmother used to read and enjoy the books that she wrote, ever and ever so many years ago. Maria's father was a stern, severe and very serious man, and he insisted that his children obey everything he said without stopping to question him in any way. He was very cross and stern with them about everything they did, and they did

not dare disobey him, even if they wanted to very much once in a while. He even wanted to put all their playthings and dolls away and to have nothing but the most useful toys in the nursery, but he finally consented to leave them a few of the things they loved the most.

He allowed them to give little plays, however, and on every holiday or festive occasion in the Edgeworth household, the dining room or even Mr. Edgeworth's own study, was turned into the nicest little theatre you ever saw, and all the children and their friends and relatives took different parts and really had the best time imaginable; it always seemed all the more so to them because their good times were really very few and far between.

When Maria was left alone with her brothers and sisters, she immediately started in to manufacture the most wonderful stories in the world to tell them, and they never tired of hearing her many different tales. Often on a rainy day when they were obliged to stay in the house and not make too much noise, they would go to their sister and beg her to tell them something nice; she was always very good about it, even if she had a great many other things to do at the same time.

When she was only thirteen years old, Maria wrote a story called "Generosity," and a number of years later when she had grown up, she published some of the same stories that she had made up just to entertain her brothers and sisters. Some

of these are "The Purple Jar," "Lazy Laurence," and "Simple Susan." Really very pretty names, I think myself.

Maria wrote a good many things with her father's assistance. They were very fond of each other in spite of his sternness and his peculiar disposition. In the course of his lifetime, Mr. Edgeworth had four wives and nineteen children, so he really had quite a good deal to think about altogether. Maria herself never married, and devoted her life to her writing and to the care of her father. She wrote a great many books during her life and lived to the good old age of eighty-two years.

Maria Edgeworth was an intimate friend of the great Sir Walter Scott, who described her as "full of fun and spirit; a little slight figure, very active in her emotions, very good-humoured and full of enthusiasm." She and her father visited the great author at his home and he later paid them a visit in return. They really had a great many interesting friends and acquaintances, and they passed many pleasant hours in company with them.

Some day when you have nothing particular to do, you might look for one of Maria Edgeworth's stories, in the public library. I am sure you would find it very different from the sort of books you read today, but it might be interesting to know just what sort of books our grandmothers really did read!

X

Julia Ward Howe

Reformer and Suffragist

MORE than a hundred years ago when Julia Ward Howe was born in New York City, people did not hear so much about woman's suffrage as they did at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was quite a new and remarkable thing, and when Mrs. Howe organized the American Woman Suffrage Association and the Association for the Advancement of Women, she started a new field which before that time women had not dared to enter.

Julia Ward Howe was the daughter of Samuel Ward, a banker. Her mother was a woman of a good deal of poetic ability and her little girl inherited much of her talent. At a very early age she began to scribble verses on one thing and another, which quite surprised her mother, who thought the verses very good indeed for anyone so young. Mrs. Ward encouraged the child to write and when she was only sixteen she had the good fortune to have some of her poems accepted by New York magazines.

When she was a few years older, this talented

young lady met and married Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was a great philanthropist and a writer himself. He was greatly interested in both the blind and the feeble minded and he was largely responsible for the founding of the famous Perkins Institute for the Blind, just outside of Boston, and also a School for Feeble Minded Youths. Both Dr. and Mrs. Howe were deeply interested in all the great problems of the day and spent most of their time and money in doing things for other people.

Soon after their marriage they went abroad and studied conditions and philosophy in other countries. When they returned to America Mrs. Howe assisted her husband in editing a magazine and also began to write essays and lectures, which she read before a good many schools and clubs. She even preached from Unitarian pulpits, which was an unusual distinction for a woman. At the time of the Civil War in this country she became a strong advocate of the abolition of slavery. Besides her many other interests Mrs. Howe was an earnest worker in the new movement for Prison Reform which started in 1872. She was sent as a delegate to the Prison Reform Congress in London. Since that time many people have been interested in this matter and we hear a great deal more about it today. She was strongly opposed to the idea of war and because of her sincere wish for peace she founded the Woman's Peace Association. She was

President of the New England Women's Club, an organization which is still flourishing in Boston. She was editor of the Woman's Journal and, in addition to all her other activities, she was almost best known as the teacher of a famous deaf mute, Laura Bridgman.

Mrs. Howe's interest in good works and public reforms made her acquainted with a great many other interesting people. Among her friends she was pleased to have Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, and his brother, Samuel, and the famous historian, William Lloyd Garrison. Everyone admired her as a woman and as an active reformer of social conditions.

But outside of her public work and writing, Julia Ward Howe found time for a very beautiful home life. She was the devoted mother of several fine children, four of whom survived her death in 1910. Her daughter, Julia Agagnos, also wrote verse and taught in the Perkins Institute for the Blind, of which her husband was in charge; Henry Marion Howe was an eminent metallurgist and professor at Columbia University; Maud Howe Elliott was the wife of John Elliott, a painter who did a very fine ceiling in the Boston Public Library; and Laura E. Richards has written many delightful books for children, with which you are probably familiar. The famous novelist, Marion Crawford, was her nephew.

Mrs. Howe wrote one or two plays and some

books on society, travel and education. Her beautiful lyric poetry was considered her finest literary form. But with all her achievements, the one for which we shall always best remember her is the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." This hymn was inspired by the sight of Northern troops marching to the tune of "John Brown's Body," in the year 1861—just before the Civil War. It was first published in the Atlantic Monthly, to which she was a frequent contributor. I am going to write down the words here just to refresh your memories.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O! be swift, my soul, to follow him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on."

XI

Sir Joshua Reynolds

A Great Portrait Painter

WHEN Sir Joshua Reynolds was a very small boy he showed such a remarkable talent for drawing that everyone felt sure he would some day be famous, and although loving parents often think this same thing about their children, in this case it really did come true. He made likenesses of his relatives and friends in every position imaginable, and they were so very like the people themselves that they marvelled at his skill. His father was a clergyman in Devonshire, England, and it was there that Joshua was born and brought up. He went to a little school where his father taught, until he was seventeen; then he went up to London and studied portrait painting with a great teacher for three years.

The next few years of the young painter's life were spent in travel, work and study of the works of the great masters who had lived before him; he did not know then that some day other young painters would in the same way study the works of Joshua Reynolds himself. But he was anxious to succeed, and he worked incessantly, improving

his work in every possible way; his efforts were so successful that soon after his return from abroad he was acknowledged to be the greatest painter in the country since the days of Vandyck, and a little later was made President of the Royal Academy, which was a very great honour indeed. The King was so pleased with his work that he bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood, which is the reason he was called "Sir," and not "Mr." Joshua Reynolds.

The fame of the great English portarit painter spread rapidly abroad and the Empress Catharine of Russia decided that she would like to have one of his pictures in her own country; so she commissioned Sir Joshua to paint one for her, leaving the subject, size, and the price to his own decision, which shows that she must have had very great faith in his ability; none but a very great painter could ever have received just such a commission. When the arrangements were finally made he painted her the picture of the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpent," which was considered a very remarkable piece of art. The Empress was so delighted with it that she paid him fifteen hundred guineas for his work and presented him with a box of solid gold, containing her own portrait set in diamonds; this was accompanied by an autograph letter of appreciation.

Sir Joshua found such favour as a painter that his income began to rapidly increase, and before he

realized it he was really a very rich man. But all the success and attention that he received did not in the least turn this great man's head; he was always modest and unassuming and his great friend, Dr. Johnson, said of him: "There goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity." This spoke very well for the character of Sir Joshua, for in addition to all his other commissions he was made portrait painter to the king and continued as President of the Royal Academy for twenty-one years.

He was an unceasing worker and at the height of his success he is said to have had as many as six sitters a day, and to have painted a portrait in about four hours' time. He always worked standing up and used great brushes almost as long as his arm with which to paint. He was always a delightful conversationalist, and he would talk so pleasantly to his subjects that they were completely charmed and their faces would take on the most amiable expressions imaginable; when he thought they looked particularly agreeable and attractive he would paint them. But he did not enjoy only painting people when they looked their best; in fact he often brought out some of their little peculiarities and made them look so natural that their friends would exclaim at the likeness. For this reason he painted Dr. Johnson, who was very near-sighted, pouring over a book with his face almost buried in it. Then, he painted himself holding an ear-trumpet to his ear; Sir Joshua had caught cold

while walking in the Vatican at Rome some years before, and had been deaf ever since. During his life, Sir Joshua is said to have painted almost two thousand canvasses.

This great painter was talented in more ways than one; he possessed much real literary ability and belonged to the famous Literary Club, of which many of the greatest writers of the time were also members. He greatly admired the work of the old painters and especially of the Italian School; Michael Angelo was his particular favourite, and his regard for this wonderful painter was so great that he had a picture of his head engraved on his own seal, so that he could have his features constantly before him.

Sir Joshua was fond of entertaining and he scarcely ever dined alone. Among his friends were Dr. Johnson, of whom we have often spoken, Goldsmith, Burke and David Garrick, the actor. I think you know who all these men were, so I will not tell you. Burke called him " The most memorable man of his time." As a portrait painter and especially as a painter of children, he is practically unequalled and his name will live forever. He died in 1792 and was buried at St. Paul's, near the tomb of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

XII

Booker T. Washington

Negro Educator

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON was born in a little log cabin, down in Virginia, about the middle of the nineteenth century. It was a dreadfully dark, dismal sort of a place, with very little to make it comfortable or attractive. His mother had been sold as a slave and was the cook for the large plantation on which they lived. Booker himself was brought up in slavery and his early years were spent in hard work.

Ever since he could remember, Booker Washington's one great object in life was to secure a good education. This may seem strange to you because your education is taken as a matter of course, and you do not have to fight to obtain it. But this boy did, and it was not until after the Civil War, when the slaves were given their freedom, that he was able to even think that he might some time go to school.

There were no schools for colored people in Virginia at that time, and until one was finally started, a young negro who had had some education himself, went about from house to house, teaching

them and hearing their lessons. Often the distance between the families was very great and the young man would usually spend an entire day with each family; this made it rather pleasant for him, because on the day that he was expected, they were always sure to plan a very excellent dinner in his honour.

At last a small school opened and the little negro children flocked to it from all sides. But poor Booker did not go. At the last moment, his stepfather, for whom he was working, refused to allow him to attend. This was a bitter disappointment to the boy, but he tried to content himself with night-school until his constant pleadings gained him permission to go to school for an hour or two each day.

On the first day of school when the teacher asked him his whole name, Booker did not know what to say. Until that time, he had never had any name but "Booker," but he did not like to hear all the other children say their two or three names without having another one himself. So, as he had always admired George Washington very much he decided to add the name of Washington to "Booker"; some time later his mother remembered that she had called him "Booker Taliaferro," so he added the "T" in the middle and altogether found that he had quite as elaborate a name as anyone else.

For a good many years Booker worked tending

salt furnaces and in a coal mine, getting most of his education through the help of night schools, which were often several miles from his work. After a time he went to work for a "Yankee" woman from Vermont at the very small salary of $5.00 a month, and this woman encouraged his desire to learn and allowed him to go to school for an hour a day, and to study at night. She was very kind to him and insisted upon everything being so neat and clean that he said he never forgot the lessons she taught him all the rest of his life.

While he was working in this position, Booker Washington heard of a wonderful school for negroes at Hampton, and determined to go there. He had scarcely any money, but he took all he had and started out on the five hundred mile journey which lay between him and the great institution. When his money gave out he worked at odd jobs till he had enough to go a little further, and finally managed to reach Hampton in time for the opening of school. What a sight he was to behold! Dirty, travel-worn and almost in rags; even the head teacher eyed him with a touch of suspicion, and only accepted him when he had swept a room so clean that it fairly shone. He was then given the position of janitor, which enabled him to pay for his board and at the same time continue his lessons during the three years that he stayed at the school. It was hard work, but Booker T. Wash-

ington never gave up, and he was graduated with the honours of his class.

A few years later he was invited to return to Hampton as a teacher, and while he was there he greatly developed the night-school and trained seventy-five American negroes. People who were interested in the better education of the negro were anxious to have more schools established, on the order of the splendid institution at Hampton. Booker Washington was appointed the head of a new negro Normal School to be started at Tuskegee, Alabama. The only means of support was a small sum of money given yearly by the state. When Mr. Washington arrived at the chosen spot for the new school there was neither land nor buildings and the school opened in a little shanty and a church with one assistant and thirty pupils. The growth of this institution has been tremendous and it has become the foremost institution of industrial education for the negro. This is largely due to the untiring efforts of Booker Washington, whose energy and enthusiasm never ceased for a moment; as he had once fought to gain an education for himself, he later fought to gain it for his people.

His work and his untiring efforts were more than repaid, for the negroes who came out of this new school were found to be different men from the usual type of negroes. They had trained their minds and their hands to make an ample living and

were neither shiftless nor stupid. The fame of Tuskegee spread far and wide and Mr. Washington became known all over the world as the greatest educator of his race. No negro was ever more honoured by white people than he, and he was entertained at the White House at dinner by President Roosevelt and became the friend of the great financier, Mr. Carnegie, who gave a large sum of money to the school. He was given honourary degrees by Dartmouth College and Harvard University. He travelled all over the country speaking eloquently in behalf of his work and gained much prominence as an orator.

Booker T. Washington wrote a good many books on the negro and education. The story of his life is a very interesting one and is called "Up from Slavery." In one of his books he tells what he believes to be the best thing for his people; they should be taught to save money and cease to be considered a shiftless, careless and poverty-stricken race; and they must study and learn to be independent and self-supporting and able to do things themselves, instead of depending upon the goodwill and energy of other races. Mr. Washington was a wonderful man, and he has done a very wonderful work for the negro people, by helping them to help themselves.

XIII

Madame Pfeiffer

Traveller

NOT many women have been famous for their exploits in the field of travel, but in a very few years Madame Pfeiffer covered such an enormous amount of ground and so accurately described her many journeys that she stands foremost among those who distinguished themselves in this way.

Ida Laura Reyer was born in Vienna in 1797, and from her earliest years she showed a determined, fearless and very independent nature in all things. She married a lawyer named Pfeiffer and had two children, Oscar and Alfred. Madame Pfeiffer was devoted to her two little boys and it was not until they were both grown up and settled in life and her husband had died that she had any opportunity to satisfy the wish of her heart to see the world. Her means were very limited, and she had no chance for extravagance or reckless spending; she knew if she wished to travel she must do so in the most economical and careful way.

Taking the little money she had been able to save in the last twenty years, Madame Pfeiffer

made her first trip to Palestine and Egypt, at the age of forty-five. Her savings were just enough to pay for the journey and on her return she published an interesting account of it which brought her a little more money. With this she next visited Scandinavia and Iceland and described her tour in two very interesting volumes.

The little she had seen of the world greatly encouraged her desire for further travel, and now this remarkable woman decided to go on a longer and more interesting journey. So, she set out from England for South Africa and the Malay Archipelago and spent eighteen months in the Sunda Islands and the Yoluccas. (Look them up on your map if you have forgotten their exact location.) Next she started for Australia, the United States and Central America.

When she returned to Austria after these last tours, the Austrian government granted Madame Pfeiffer the small sum of one hundred pounds as a slight recognition of her great services. After this she immediately set out on a second trip around the world, going around in a different way from the time before. On this trip she went into the interior of Borneo and inspected the gold and diamond mines of Sundak. I do not think there are even many women today who could equal her in courage and perseverance. The more she travelled, the greater became her craving to continue to travel, and to see everything that the world had

to show her. Adventures and hardship, even after she was over fifty years old, only increased her interest and enthusiasm and her desire to go on. Personal comfort meant nothing at all to her, and her endurance and fortitude were truly remarkable.

In Brazil Madame Pfeiffer and a friend were once attacked by a huge negro, who was armed with a lasso and a long, sharp knife. Their only means of defence proved to be two parasols and a clasp knife carried by the lady on all her travels. She was twice slightly wounded in the arm, but fought vigorously against her opponent, whom she was able to keep from seriously harming them until the arrival of two horsemen saved their lives.

This incident did not in any way discourage Madame Pfeiffer's ardour for adventure, and she continued her wanderings through this strange country, riding a mule into the very heart of it; without fear or hesitation she rode through the deepest forests where scattered tribes of the people made their homes. With only a guide and a double-barrelled pistol for protection she travelled for miles and miles until at last she reached the wigwams of some of the natives and was given shelter. While in this part of the world, one of the most interesting things she did was to go on a monkey and parrot hunt with some of the natives.

Madame Pfeiffer's last journey was to Madagascar, where she endured the most frightful hardships and returned home only to die, in 1858. Her

wonderful achievements in the field of travel have even outshone those of Marco Polo and other great travellers. Although not a scientific traveller as the term is understood today, Madame Pfeiffer by her careful and accurate records and keen observation has given the world much information about many places which were little known to people before that time. We should be greatly indebted to her for her untiring efforts and the great work that in spite of many handicaps, she managed to do.

XIV

William Frederick Cody

"Buffalo Bill"

IF anyone ever had a life of adventure and excitement, it was surely William Cody! Born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1845, he was brought up in a part of the West which was not so cultivated or civilized as it is today. There were many Indians in that part of the country, and they were not very friendly with their neighbors, or very quiet among themselves. But William Cody loved action and adventure, and as he grew up he found that there was plenty of them both all about him.

When he was only fifteen years old he set out upon his first thrilling adventure as one of the riders of the Pony Express. This was a mail service established in 1860 by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, to carry mails overland from Saint Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a distance of almost two thousand miles. This was accomplished by means of relays of ponies, and every rider in the service was expected to ride about seventy-five miles a day. In a land as wild as this was at that particular time, the difficulties which the riders encountered

were really very great and their experiences were many and varied. Chiefly on account of the hostile Indians, the station-keepers and the riders both led lives of extreme danger and hardship during the year that the Pony Express was employed. When the Pacific Telegraph Company's line was completed, it was finally abandoned, and William Cody set out to find a new kind of adventure.

At the beginning of the Civil War a new opportunity offered itself, and he became a government scout and guide in the service of his country. His years in the wild country where he had been brought up were of great help to him now, for he knew every inch of the woods and the surrounding country; and there was never a horse that he could not ride successfully. So he enlisted in the Kansas Cavalry and became a very good soldier. At the close of the Civil War he contracted with a very large railway company to furnish buffalo meat to its labourers who were building the line. In this way he earned the familiar title of " Buffalo Bill."

Soon after this he again became an army scout, and served against the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians with great distinction and courage. Then, when the Indians were subdued, he became a member of the Nebraska House of Representatives; but he could not long remain away from the wilds, and during this time he managed to get away long enough to take the Duke Alexis of Russia and a party of well-known New Yorkers on an exciting

buffalo hunt. Not long after this he again distinguished himself in his encounters with the Indians, who had long since learned to dread the sound of his name. At the Battle of Indian Creek he killed the great Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, in single combat.

"Buffalo Bill's" next great exploit was to organize the famous Wild West Show, which represented actual life on the plains, as he himself had seen it. It was a remarkable representation, and nothing like it had ever been given before. It was on a very large scale with innumerable horses, cowboys, and everything else that had ever been known to belong to the "wild and wooly West." "Buffalo Bill" himself gave marvelous exhibitions of horsemanship as he pranced about the interior of the place where the show was given. I remember the thrill I felt, as a little girl, when I saw him ride into the arena at Madison Square Garden for the first time. After his triumphal entrance, he swept his broad-brimmed hat from his head and revolving on his beautiful horse, gracefully bowed to the enthusiastic audience, who were filling the great building with a storm of applause. When he finally took his show to Europe there were more than forty thousand people at the first performance in England, and his success over there was enormous.

Anyone might think that by this time William Cody had had enough of fighting and warfare and encounters with the Indians; but he seems to have

been as ready as ever to shoulder his gun and answer the bugle call, for three years after his trip to Europe he again served against his old enemies, the Sioux Indians. This time he was a member of the Nebraska National Guard.

After this, however, he devoted himself to his Wild West Show until his death in 1917. After his death his body lay in state in the Capitol at Denver and was afterwards placed in a tomb hewn out of the rock at the top of Lookout Mountain, near Denver, with a monumental figure to mark the spot. Many friends and admirers deeply mourned his loss.

" Buffalo Bill " had a useful as well as an exciting life. He has been the popular hero of many and many a boy and girl for his wonderful courage and daring, as a soldier and as a man.

XV

Lewis Carroll

The Man Who Wrote "Alice in Wonderland"

HIS real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and he was one of a family of eleven little Dodgsons, all of whom were the children of the Reverend and Mrs. Charles Dodgson, of Daresbury, England.

When Charles was a little boy he had the loveliest time in the world, inventing all sorts of queer games for his brothers and sisters. They lived in rather a lonely spot, but there were so many of them that they really had a splendid time and found plenty to do with themselves. They adopted all sorts of queer animals for pets and once the village carpenter helped Charles to construct a wonderful little theatre, with a set of marionettes to act in it; this was a delightful form of entertainment and Charles was very clever at making the marionettes perform for people.

When he was eleven years old, Charles was sent away to school, where he won a great many honours and prizes. The teachers were so pleased with his work that the principal wrote to his parents and told them how well he was doing and how very

proud they all were of their new pupil. In the holidays when he came home, Charles amused himself by making up funny little magazines for which he would write all sorts of nice little poems, with queer sketches to illustrate them. He loved dearly to draw, and all his life wished that he could make really beautiful sketches.

When he finished school he went to Christ Church College, at Oxford, which was the same college where his father had gone, a good many years before. After he was graduated from the college he continued to live there, lecturing and holding different positions for the greater part of his life. As Charles Dodgson, he became very well known as a mathematician and wrote a good many books on that subject.

When he began to write for humourous magazines, Charles Dodgson signed his writings "Lewis Carroll," and this is how we remember him best. He was very fond of children and had a great many little friends among them. In his rooms he kept a large assortment of musical boxes and organettes and other things for them to play with whenever they came to visit him—which they very often did. He did not like to go to visit other people very much, but he dearly loved to have them come to see him.

The delightful story of "Alice in Wonderland," which you all know so well, was started first as a series of short tales to amuse three little girl friends

of his, Alice, Edith and Lorina Liddell. It was first called "Alice's Adventures Underground," and was next changed to "Alice's Adventures in Elfland." But when it was finally published, in 1865, it was called by the name by which we know it, and the first presentation copy was given to little Alice Liddell herself; only think how proud and delighted she must have felt. Of course the story was an instant success and was soon translated into a number of different languages. The booksellers tell us today that it is still one of the most popular books for children.

Lewis Carroll wrote a good many other books and the ones we know best are "Alice Through the Looking Glass," and "Sylvie and Bruno." He gave any number of his books to hospitals and to sick children all over the country, and all the profits from one large edition of "Alice" were once turned over to Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children. No wonder they all loved him so dearly!

Lewis Carroll had many very dear friends, and among them were the poets Tennyson, Ruskin, Thackeray, the Rosettis and Ellen Terry, the famous actress. He liked the theatre very much and went to see everything that he could. He was also very fond of taking photographs and became so accomplished in this line of work that he was often highly complimented by real artists for his beautiful pictures. He built a little studio of his

own and he made many delightful pictures of his friends and acquaintances. He was very generous about giving away the lovely photographs that he took of other people, but he greatly disliked giving anyone a picture of himself. He hated publicity so much that he dreaded to have strangers recognize him on the street and speak to him. He was so modest that he even hated to have his books praised in his presence, and would walk miles to escape a possible interviewer.

Lewis Carroll never married, but his life was a busy and useful one, filled with the love of many friends and the sincere admiration of all who read and enjoyed his delightful stories. He was kind, generous and charitable to everyone. Almost up to the time of his death he had been so vigorous and active that he thought nothing of frequently walking eighteen or twenty miles in the country near him. Not many young people we know do that very often today! When he was about sixty-six years old he was taken sick with a bad attack of influenza and died shortly afterwards, in the year 1898. His death was a great loss to everyone, but he has left us "Alice," whom we shall always love, no matter how old we grow.

XVI

John Paul Jones

Naval Hero

WHEN John Paul was very young he sailed from his native land of Scotland for America, where his brother had settled as a planter. More than anything else in the world, the boy John loved ships and the life of the sea. As soon as he could read at all he would bury himself for hours in books that told of the lives and adventures of sailors and sea-faring men; his greatest desire was to be one of these men himself some day. After he arrived at his brother's plantation in Virginia he began to study all kinds of ships and in a few years there was very little about any kind of a vessel that he could not tell you.

It was with a very happy heart that John Paul started out on his first cruise when he was just nineteen years old. Two years later he sailed for Scotland on a brigantine, which was a light sailing vessel of the kind formerly used by pirates, and this trip proved a very eventful one for the young man. On the way over the master and mate both suddenly died and John Paul assumed command and safely steered the ship into port.

For this service the owners of the vessel made him a real captain and sent him on a long cruise to the West Indies. For some years he applied himself to this trade and soon piled up a good-sized fortune in trading and commerce. He might have continued it longer, but in 1773 his brother died, and when he arrived in Virginia he found that he was heir to a great deal more money.

About this time John Paul added the Jones to his name and occupied himself with planting until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he at once offered his services in behalf of the Colonies. The Department of the Navy, knowing his experience in nautical matters, early asked his advice and assistance in purchasing ships for the new navy. Then, in 1775, he started out as an officer on the flagship "Alfred," but after a short cruise was promoted to the rank of captain on the "Providence." In this ship Paul Jones made a cruise to the West Indies and in forty-seven days succeeded in taking sixteen prizes and destroying a number of small ships and the fisheries at Isle Madame.

He was now fairly launched on his adventurous career and his story shows one success after another. He was next transferred to the "Alfred" again and sailed from Newport to Nova Scotia, where he captured a number of British coal transports, destroyed some more of the enemy's fisheries and allowed a hundred prisoners who had been confined to hard labour in the mines, to escape.

When he returned to Boston he brought with him several more prizes.

By this time the British were in great terror of this daring commander. They would rather meet a dozen ships than one with John Paul Jones in command of it. But his greatest exploits were still to come. He was next put in command of the "Bangor," one of the newest ships of the navy and the first ship upon which the Stars and Stripes was ever hoisted. In this ship he seized the port of Whitehaven, burned much of their shipping and seized a large number of their guns. His familiarity with the coast of Great Britain helped him in all these foreign encounters.

Again and again he returned to the English coast, captured important warships, carried 160 prisoners to Brest, terrorized the inhabitants of Scotland by the news of his arrival, and generally created alarm and fear wherever he went. Nothing seemed too dangerous for him to attempt, and no task too difficult for him to accomplish successfully, and in America his fame was fast spreading far and wide.

The greatest battle of his whole career was at Flamborough Head, England. Captain Jones believed that by attacking England at home it would be necessary for her to keep her ships in her own waters where her coasts were practically defenceless. With this end in view, his fleet was fitted out in France and sailed around west of England and

Ireland into the North Sea. His fleet consisted of three or four ships, one of which was a half-rotten old hulk, which appeared little fit for any sort of a fight. Jones soon encountered two large English warships convoying a fleet of forty-one merchantmen, returning from the Baltic Sea. The daring officer boldly attacked the enemy and after a terrible battle captured the men-or-war and won a great victory for this country. This victory also gained for us the respect of foreign nations.

For his marvelous feats on the sea, Paul Jones was presented with a gold-mounted sword and was decorated with the Cross of the Order of Military Merit, by Louis XVI of France. He was also given a gold medal by Congress and the command of a new ship, upon his return to this country. But the British regarded him as a pirate and refused to recognize his conquests.

After the conclusion of the War, Jones, with some others, tried to establish a fur trade between the northwest coast of America and China, but was unsuccessful. He finally accepted an appointment in the Russian service and the command of a fleet with which he took an active part in the Turkish war, but he did not remain very long with the Russian service. In 1792 he was appointed U. S. Consul to Algiers, but died before the commission arrived, the following year.

The body of John Paul Jones was carried by a United States squadron to Annapolis, Maryland,

where it was buried with every naval honour. His funeral was attended by a deputation of the Legislative Assembly. There is a fine bust of this hero in the possession of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.

XVII

Henry David Thoreau

The Poet Naturalist

CONCORD, the historic spot where so many things have happened, was the place where Thoreau was born. There he went to school and studied and worked and played, during his childhood. His mother was a vivacious, cheerful and talkative woman, but his father was very quiet and gloomy, and at times almost morose; he was a maker of lead pencils and he was very anxious to have Henry study his trade and follow in his footsteps in business. But, although the boy tried to do so, he was not interested in that sort of thing and knew that he could not be happy in the work that pleased his father.

He was fond of books and liked to read. After he finished his schooling he went to Harvard College, where he took his degree. He was deeply interested in the North American Indians and he loved the English poets and was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar; but there were many studies he did not like or care to pursue. But better than anything he loved the open fields and the woods and the trees and flowers of the country, and his

most liberal education was gained from the study of these things.

Immediately after leaving college, he did not settle down to any particular line of work, as most young men do; instead of this he spent almost ten years without any steady employment, doing odd jobs that happened to come his way from time to time, in order to earn any sort of a living. But his time was far from wasted, for he was developing himself for his literary life. During this time he began a series of diaries which in the course of ten years filled thirty manuscript volumes.

Because he loved nature so much and was so deeply interested in everything that belonged to life in the open, Thoreau was constantly doing things which other men, accustomed to the regular mode of life, often considered "queer." He made an excursion on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers in company with his brother, and some time later retired to a hut on the shores of Walden Pond, in Concord, to write about it. His description of this trip was finally made into a book called the "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and for two years during the writing he lived in the hut by Walden Pond, devoting himself to his work and to the study of nature. You must not think of him as an actual hermit, however, for he was often visited by his friends and even at times went to Concord to see them as well.

When Thoreau left Walden he immediately set

about having his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" published. One thousand copies were printed and after a while seven hundred of these were returned to him as unsaleable. At that time people could not exactly understand this man or the things he wrote about—few of them had ever thought so seriously about nature themselves, if in fact they had thought about it at all. But it was not very long before they began to believe that Thoreau was not as "queer" as they imagined he was, and it is interesting to know that every one of the seven hundred books which was returned to him was afterwards purchased and considered a very rare prize by the man who bought it.

Thoreau went to the Maine woods several times and also to quaint Cape Cod; he has written books on both these places and described them in a very interesting way. In 1841 he refused to pay taxes in support of a government involved in war and slavery and in accordance with the law he was put in jail for a few hours. While he was there, his friend, the poet, Emerson, came to see him and sadly asked him why he was there. "Why are you *not* here?" he returned promptly, which answer slightly disconcerted his friend.

His whole heart and soul were in the anti-slavery reform and he suffered dreadfully because his country was at war, during the last years of his life. He died three years before the close of the Civil War. Thoreau was so interested in the cause of

the slaves that when Emerson gave his first anti-slavery address in Concord, Thoreau rang the church bell himself to call all the townspeople to a new sort of battle. It is even said that his hut at Walden was used as a hiding place for fugitive slaves.

Among Thoreau's friends were Hawthorne, Emerson, Alcott and Ellery Channing, who later wrote a book about him, which is called "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist." The influence of Thoreau has been very great and he has done much to interest people in nature and to live in a more simple way. In one of his own books he speaks of his mode of life in these words: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

In the haste and confusion of life today, it is only too easy to forget the many beauties of nature that are on every side of us. The cry of Thoreau was "Simplicity!" and this is certainly a good watchword for us all.

XVIII

Ito

Japanese Statesman

JAPAN is so very far away and we study so little about it in history that I am afraid that often we do not even stop to think about all the interesting people who live there. When we do we are always surprised to find what a great many of them there actually are.

I am going to tell you about a wonderful Japanese statesman with a very foreign-sounding sort of a name, Hirobumi Ito. He was born in the first half of the last century and began life as a retainer of one of the most powerful nobles in Japan. He was an alert and keen young man, deeply interested in everything pertaining to his country and its people, and more than anxious to improve their conditions in every way that he could.

At that time it was considered a serious offence for a native of Japan to visit a foreign country, but Ito was very curious to see other nations and to learn their customs and ways. When he was only twenty years old he determined to see something of the world, so with several other progres-

sive young men, all equally anxious for travel and adventure, he eluded the Yesso spies who kept close watch on all sides of the country, and finally managed to escape to England.

For two years he remained in England as a student, absorbing all he could of the advantages and habits of that country, for future application in Japan. He hurried home in order to persuade the Choshu officers from war with the combined fleet of British, United States, Dutch, and French men of war, at Shimonoseki. Although his efforts to prevent war were not successful, he helped to unite his country under the Mikado, with greater power than before; he also induced them to adopt new forms of civilization, similar to those of the Western part of the world. He himself had been deeply impressed by the customs in that part of the world and was convinced that many of them would be of the greatest possible benefit to Japan; among other things he persuaded them to discard the old bow and arrow form of warfare and to use guns and rifles in their place.

Ito came to America and thoroughly studied the coinage system; then he made a report on it at home and Japan adopted a decimal system of money and established a mint in one of their cities. The following year, as vice-ambassador, he accompanied another famous Japanese, Iwákura, around the world to obtain from the Powers some modification of their treaties with Japan. He was placed

in positions of more and more power as the people recognized his wonderful ability and his desire to aid his country in every possible way. There was scarcely a country from which he felt he could learn something which might be of benefit to Japan, that he did not visit, and his life was a long series of trips to Europe and America.

Ito's one thought was to increase the power and prestige of Japan. With this end in view he laboured incessantly and untiringly. Naturally, any man so prominent as he would be bound to have enemies, and Ito had many of these, chiefly among men who were not so advanced or progressive in their ideas as he, and who hated to see their old customs changed in any way. He was in constant danger on this account and had many narrow escapes from being killed. To avoid his pursuers on one occasion he fled and took refuge in a tea house, where a charming young lady hid him underneath the floor of one of the rooms until the danger was averted. This was the beginning of a romance which ended in the marriage of Ito and his rescuer.

When Ito was made Minister-President of State he had still more power in his hands, and in this office he carried out a great many very important reforms. On account of these reforms this period has been called "The Earthquake." He also wrote the long-promised constitution of Japan, and for this reason has since been called the "Father of the

Constitution." After the Chino-Japanese War he was made Marquis.

Ito did a great deal to establish friendly relations between Japan and other countries. His opinion was valued by other nations as well as his own, and his advice did a great deal to shape the course of diplomatic events in Russia. He was also largely responsible for the peace which occurred between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth, and which Theodore Roosevelt also helped to bring about. Many countries honoured him and he received a degree from Yale University. Shortly before his death, as the highest token of their esteem, Japan made him a Prince and later president of the Privy Council.

Ito was a great and famous statesman, and because he was he is sometimes referred to as the "Japanese Bismarck," because Bismarck was one of the greatest statesmen who ever lived. You must not confuse Hirobumi Ito with Admiral Count Yuko Ito, a great Japanese naval commander who was born about the same time; their careers are quite different. Ito, the statesman, was cruelly shot down by a Korean assassin and killed in 1909, which was a great loss to his country and all the world.

XIX

Phillips Brooks

Great Churchman

PHILLIPS BROOKS was a famous American clergyman and author. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1835, and was the grandson of the founder of Phillips Academy at Andover. His father was a merchant in the city of Boston, where Phillips was born. His mother was a woman of great force of character and of her six sons, four entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Phillips Brooks went to the Boston Latin School and later to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1855. At college he did not show remarkable ability in anything except writing. While there he also developed his strong love of reading good books and poetry. One of his favourite poems was Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He took active part in the college life, and even acted in the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals. When he left college he at first thought that he would be a school teacher, and for a year he taught at the Latin school. But

he soon found this was not what he most wanted to do, and he was not making a great success of it. So he gave it up and began to study for the ministry at Alexandria, Virginia.

This was undoubtedly his true vocation, and when Phillips Brooks was ordained he became rector of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia and later of Holy Trinity in the same city. He remained at this church for seven years. During the Civil War he used every opportunity he could to speak for the cause of the North and the negro. He was an earnest believer in the justice of this cause. At the time of the death of President Lincoln he preached a sermon which was a most beautiful tribute to the dead man. This sermon also clearly showed people the splendid character of Phillips Brooks himself. No one could hear him preach and not be impressed by the power and force of his own personality, and throughout his life he sincerely tried to practice what he preached.

When he was about thirty-four years old another change came into his life, and he became rector of Trinity Church in Boston, Massachusetts. The old church is not now standing, but the new one which was erected a few years after his return to this city, is a beautiful piece of architecture. Sunday after Sunday for more than twenty years Phillips Brooks preached his splendid sermons from the pulpit of the present church to a large congregation of interested listeners. He was al-

ways an eloquent preacher and his sermons never dragged or wearied his listeners.

For many years he was overseer and preacher at Harvard University and had a strong influence on the religious life of the college. He refused an offer to become the permanent clergyman and professor of social ethics at that institution. He also refused a number of other invitations to become assistant-bishop and clergyman in different cities, because he felt that his real work was where he was. In 1891, however, he was made sixth bishop of Massachusetts and during the short term of his life which remained he fulfilled his office with dignity and distinction. Fifteen months after his election as bishop he died. Phillips Brooks never married.

He was a man of magnificent physique, standing almost six feet four, and with a very commanding presence. He had a fine, pure, big, and generous character and a very nice sense of humour. He was wise and sympathetic with all who needed sympathy. When he became interested in his subject he was perfectly oblivious of his surroundings and was so carried out of himself that he would put whatever he had to say in the most vivid and interesting way. Many excellent clergymen are not so gifted. His eloquence was so remarkable that his hearers were completely absorbed by his words. He was very broad-minded and showed great deference to men of other faiths and ways

of thinking than his own. This trait won for him many friends of all kinds and helped to gain for him the confidence and affection of all who met him.

The influence of Phillips Brooks as a religious leader was enormous and we remember him as one of the finest and greatest preachers this country has ever known. He received degrees from many universities, among them Harvard, Oxford, and Columbia, and was given constant recognition of appreciation for his efforts in many ways. He has written several books which include a collection of his excellent sermons. He wrote the words to the beautiful Christmas hymn which I am quoting below:

"O Little Town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

"For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

"O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!"

XX

Rosa Bonheur

The Greatest Woman Painter of Animals

DID you ever see a very large picture of all sorts and kinds of horses, standing and waiting their turn to be sold? This is called the "Horse Market," and was painted by Rosa Bonheur, a Frenchwoman, who was famous for her wonderful pictures of animals.

It would be the most natural thing in the world to imagine that anyone so familiar with nature as Miss Bonheur was brought up in the country; but as a matter of fact, almost all of her life was spent in the very busiest part of the city of Paris. When she was still very young, she began to study painting with her father, who was himself a very good artist. Her sister and two brothers also showed talent, and later became well known painters; but none of them ever had the fame and the ability of Rosa.

Although Rosa Bonheur lived in the city she made many excursions to the country, often starting at daybreak and taking her drawing box to some lovely spot, where she was sure to find some of the things she most loved to draw. Then, all

day long, she would work diligently, sketching until she would suddenly discover that it was almost nightfall. Then she would gather her belongings together and hurry home to show her delighted father a sketch-book full of wonderful new pictures. Sometimes she would take a piece of clay with her and mould it into tiny animals, exactly like the cows and the sheep and the goats that she found in the country.

Another regular habit of hers was to visit the public slaughter-houses of Paris. These were not very attractive places to go to, but they were pretty sure to show many fine models of animals for the earnest young artist, who was always on the look-out for any opportunity to improve her work. She would often visit the Horse Market dressed in men's clothing, in order to attract less attention and to enjoy her work with more freedom. There were seldom any women seen at such a place as this, and most of them would have disliked it very much indeed. The dealers, however, believed that Rosa Bonheur was a very bright young man, who was anxious to know something about horses, and they did not pay very much attention to her. Once in a while she would buy one of the finest horses that were for sale and take it home with her, to use as a model.

The place where Rosa Bonheur kept her models was an ante-room, divided from her studio by a very thin partition. It was fitted up exactly like

a stable so that the animals that lived there would be as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. She also established a small fold for sheep and goats, not far from her own studio.

Before she was twenty years old Miss Bonheur had two pictures accepted by the French Salon. One of these was called "Two Rabbits," and the other "Goats and Sheep." After that she contributed regularly and her pictures were very much admired. It was in 1853, the same year that her father died, that her famous picture, "The Horse Market," was the chief attraction of the Paris exhibition. Almost all of her pictures were of animals or of scenes in the country, although she once did a very good portrait of George Sand, the writer.

As Rosa Bonheur grew older herself she became more and more interested in young painters who were anxious to get ahead and who did not always have the means or the advice that they needed to help them. With the aid of her sister, she established a Free School of Design for young girls, which proved to be a great benefit to many young artists.

As the work of this great artist became known throughout the country, people all over the world began to do her honour. She was made a member of numerous societies and orders and her pictures brought very high prices and were in great demand, especially in England. How much was

thought of her work, in Europe as well as in France, can be seen by the fact that during the Siege of Paris, when many buildings were heartlessly destroyed, Miss Bonheur's studio and residence at Fontainebleau were spared, by special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia. This was the greatest possible honour that could be paid to any artist at such a time as that.

Rosa Bonheur, besides being a very great artist, was a woman with a fine, generous and a very beautiful character; she was simple in her habits and tastes and always a very hard worker. She was much admired as a woman as well as a painter and her life was a long and a very useful one. She has been called by another great artist, "The most accomplished female painter who ever lived."

XXI

Lafayette

A Frenchman Who Fought for America

ONE of the bravest and finest soldiers who ever fought for this country was a Frenchman. That was a good many years before this last war, when France and America once more fought side by side. His whole name was Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier—Marquis de Lafayette, and of course you have heard of him before.

Lafayette was not a poor boy who was in search of adventure and had nothing to lose by coming over and so readily giving help to America, at the time he did. He was really a French nobleman of an old and famous family, who lived in a very beautiful castle at Auvergne. When he was only thirteen his mother died and he became heir to vast estates and an enormous amount of money. At seventeen he married and joined the guards. It was soon after this, while he was captain of dragoons, that he decided to join the Americans and help in our war for independence and liberty; this meant the sacrifice of his own life of ease and luxury at home in order to take up the cause that

he thought was a worthy one. His arrival on American soil was greeted with much enthusiasm and his willingness to help us has made him a national hero in America.

It was just one year after the outbreak of the Revolution that Lafayette fitted out a yacht, at his own expense, sailed from France and landed near Georgetown, in North Carolina. For six years he served as a major general, only returning to his own country once during that time—at the beginning of the war between France and Great Britain. In this country he was given the defence of the State of Virginia, where he distinguished himself and rendered invaluable services. It was the campaign of Virginia which ended brilliantly in the capture of Yorktown.

Few men could have done more, and done it more willingly, than did Lafayette in this war with England. Nothing was too much for him to give or to undertake, and his generous character, courage, honesty and remarkable ability made him respected even by his enemies. He furnished clothing and camp equipment, at his own expense, to countless needy patriots, and he seldom missed an opportunity to do a service for anyone, no matter who he might happen to be. He fought with great honour and was wounded at Brandywine. After this he returned to France, but revisited America a year after the close of the war, when he was received with the greatest demonstrations of de-

light and admiration everywhere he went. People were very grateful to the young Frenchman who had so unselfishly taken up their cause, and even to this day there is a warm place in the heart of every American citizen for the name of Lafayette.

After his return to France Lafayette sought to institute reforms and changes without very much effect; shortly after Louis XVI was removed from his throne, at the time of the French Revolution, Lafayette was deprived of the command of the National Guards and was actually obliged to leave France in order to save his own life; that was a time of great confusion and bitter trouble for everyone. After this Lafayette spent a good deal of his time at his beautiful country place, away from the excitement and disturbance of Paris. But he was a soldier at heart and could not long remain away from the army if any chance came for him to be of service; so it was not very long before he commanded an army against the Austrians and was later made a prisoner by them. After spending five years in captivity at Olmfitz he was finally liberated by Napoleon.

To show how well they remember the kindness and generosity of the brave young Frenchman, Americans have named many places after him. In Indiana we have a city called Lafayette, and in Louisiana, Alabama, Colorado and Georgia there are towns by the same name. Lafayette College is in Easton, Pennsylvania, and all through the coun-

try there are Lafayette Streets, Hotels, Squares, and Avenues, to show that his name is an ever popular one. And although his last visit to this country was in 1824, you can scarcely go through a town where Lafayette once stayed without having some of the proud inhabitants point out the house where he slept or dined, so many years ago. Sometimes they will even go so far as to show you the bed where he slept or the chair on which he sat.

This was about a hundred years ago, but the great world war which ended in 1918 has brought the Americans and the French very close together again; and when we think of the two nations fighting together through the long months of the war, we remember all the more clearly the brave young Frenchman who, without a moment's hesitation, came to our assistance when we greatly needed his help. We shall always love the name of Lafayette in America, as well as France.

XXII

Carmen Sylva

The Poet-Queen

PAULINE ELIZABETH OTTILIE LOUISE, Queen of the Rumanians, was well known as a poet and novelist under the name of Carmen Sylva. She was born in Germany, but from the time of her marriage to Prince Charles of Rumania she ceased to consider herself a German, and all her writings and thoughts were closely identified with the Rumanian people, whom she dearly loved.

Queen Elizabeth was a daughter of a German Prince and a Princess, who was really more French than German; her mother was a woman of some literary ability herself and her little girl inherited her taste for poetry and literature. The child also showed a marked talent for languages and music, but most heartily detested mathematics and sciences.

The little Elizabeth was fortunate in being the possessor of magnificent health and good spirits. At the same time, however, she was both studious and thoughtful and at a very early age began to write verses. She had two brothers, Otto and

Wilhelm, and the children were very happy together. Otto suffered terribly from ill-health and died when he was only a small boy, but Wilhelm was strong like his sister; they enjoyed their studies and pleasures together, but in the story of her childhood called "In Memory's Shrine," the queen tells how different their tastes were and how Wilhelm always loved the subjects that she most thoroughly disliked.

The children had a number of different governesses and some of them they did not like at all and were heartily glad when they took their departure. But their mother had a young step-mother whom they dearly loved and whom they always spoke of as "Grandmamma." She lived in the dearest little house imaginable and in summer it was a perfect bower of roses. Little Elizabeth loved to go to see her and many of her happiest hours were spent with her very charming grandmamma. It was in her drawing room that the little princess unconsciously learned her first lessons in good manners. While driving alone with her, she would whisper softly: "Sit very upright, and then people will think you are grown up." And Elizabeth would immediately straighten up and look very dignified and stately. She often stayed with the family for months at a time, for she was very devoted to her step-daughter, besides being her first cousin, and the children adored her. She was really a very young grandmother, for she was only forty-six

when Queen Elizabeth was twelve years old. Her death was a great sorrow to all her family.

So, Queen Elizabeth grew up very quietly, leading a sheltered and far from exciting life until the time of her marriage. Her days were not all happy ones, for her little brother and her father both died during her youth. After her marriage, everything was different, and when Prince Charles became King of Rumania her former passive and quiet existence changed to one of action and deep interest in the affairs of her country.

As I told you at the beginning, Queen Elizabeth identified herself closely with all things Rumanian. She was intensely democratic and studied the industries of the country and the character of her people as if she were really one of them herself. She founded many charitable institutions and was the earnest patron of artists and writers. During the War between Russia and Turkey, in 1878-1879, she was untiring in her care of the wounded soldiers.

The Queen of Rumania had but one child, a little girl, who only lived four years. This was a great grief to the king and queen. They were both fond of children and the queen has written a lovely book of stories for them, which is called "A Real Queen's Fairy Tales."

The customs and folk-lore of the Rumanians are the subjects of many of the writings of Carmen Sylva. She understood and depicted the char-

acter of her people in tales that are full of beauty and truth and the love of nature. She wrote most of her books in German, her native tongue, but one was originally written in French and another in English. Her works have been translated into eleven different languages, and in 1888 she was awarded the " Prix Botta " of the French Academy for her volume of prose aphorisms called " Les Pensees d'une Reine." An aphorism is a proverb or saying.

She was also elected a member of the Academy of Sciences of Bucharest, and in 1914, the same year as the death of her husband, she was elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. During the World War, her sympathies were entirely with the French, and she died two years before its close, at Bucharest.

Many queens have been noted for their good judgment, their good works, their great beauty, or their charm and grace; but there are few who are remembered chiefly for the books they have written. The works of Carmen Sylva are a monument of which the world, as well as her own people, can be truly proud.

XXIII

David Livingstone

Missionary and Explorer

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a Scotchman, and was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, early in the nineteenth century. His family was very poor and in those days children were not compelled to go to school, so at the age of ten this little boy began to work in a cotton factory as a "piecer." This was not easy work, and the pay he received was not very heavy, but it helped a little. Almost all of David's education was gained from a night school, where he picked up some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Can you imagine working all day and then going to school for several hours every night? I am afraid he was more anxious to obtain his education than a good many boys are today. He was so interested and wished so much to learn that every spare minute he had he would apply himself to his books instead of racing and playing with the other boys.

When David Livingstone grew up he studied medicine at Glasgow University and attended a course of lectures on theology; these interested him so much that he offered his services to the London

Missionary Society as a medical missionary when he was still a very young man. The society sent Livingstone to South Africa, where he immediately set out to study the manners and customs of the natives, so that he would be better able to help them; the people soon grew to like him. After he had been in South Africa for some time the young missionary decided that it was hard and uncertain work reforming and converting the savages in this way; he believed that the best thing to do would be to open some of the unexplored regions of the country and to give them work that would occupy them and better keep them out of mischief. So with this end in view he began his explorations.

Soon after his arrival in South Africa Livingstone had married the daughter of a famous missionary who had spent many years in this same country. On many of his expeditions his wife, and later his children, accompanied him, encouraging him and remaining brave and undaunted in the face of all hardships.

Livingstone's first discovery was a beautiful lake, Ngami. After this he caught the exploring fever in earnest and soon added the Zambesi River to his list. These explorations often covered several years' time, and in the course of his career in Africa the explorer travelled extensively through the country. Later he discovered the Victoria Falls, which is considered the grandest cataract in the Old World.

After sixteen years spent in missionary work and exploring, Livingstone returned to England, where he was received with the greatest and widest enthusiasm. In the short period that he remained there he published a book of great interest and value, which was called "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa." A year later he went back to South Africa as British Consul at Quilamane for the East coast of Africa, and also as commander of an expedition to explore Eastern and Central Africa.

Livingstone made only one other trip to England; this was after his discovery of two more lakes, Nyassa and Shirwa, about which he published an interesting narrative. He was so utterly wrapped up in the great work that he was doing that he determined to devote his whole life to achievements of this kind. With each new discovery he became more and more anxious to go further into the unexplored regions of the country; every step he took he felt sure must lead to some new discovery, not so very far distant.

Full of hope and always with a wonderful enthusiasm, he set out to discover the true source of the River Nile, over which explorers and scientists had been much disturbed and perplexed for a good many years. With this end in view he disappeared into the interior of Africa and for two years nothing was heard from him. During this time he endured the most terrible hardships and suffering;

supplies became scarce and were delayed and often plundered before they reached him, and the hostility of the slave-dealers in that part of the country increased his difficulties.

When nothing had been heard of Livingstone for a long time, except the report of his supposed death, Mr. Stanley, of the New York Herald, set out to find him. Boldly pushing his way from Zanzibar to Ujiji, he at last found the explorer, reduced to the greatest want and almost exhausted by his trials and deprivation. His two years' labour had not been entirely in vain, however, for, although he had not succeeded in finding the true source of the Nile, he had made the discovery of some new bodies of water.

All he had lately suffered must seriously have weakened the strong constitution of the great explorer for, in 1873, he died at the village of a friendly chief, Tshitambo, on the shores of Lake Bangweolo. His friendly followers buried him at the foot of a tree, cutting a rough inscription on the bark to mark the spot. Since then a handsome monument has been placed there and the inscription removed to the British Museum. His body was taken to Westminster Abbey.

The world owes a great debt to the untiring efforts of this great explorer, who by opening up so many of the dark and unknown regions of Africa has done more for the geography of that country than any other man.

XXIV

Oliver Goldsmith

Poet and Novelist

ALMOST everyone who goes to school reads "The Deserted Village," that delightful long poem by Oliver Goldsmith; and in English literature they study about a great many other things he wrote, and how much and how well he wrote. Goldsmith was really born in Ireland, and his father was a minister of the Established Church of Ireland. He was one of seven children, and the family were in such poor circumstances that his childhood was spent in the most extreme poverty rather than luxury. Oliver knew a good deal about hardships long before he grew up and set out to seek his fortune.

As a boy he was not handsome, and besides he was unfortunate enough to have had an attack of small-pox, which had left his face badly pock marked. He was not very brilliant or quick at his lessons as many boys are. It hardly seems possible to believe now when we know what a lot of beautiful things he wrote later on, that no one suspected that he had any sort of ability when he was a boy. Poor Oliver went to many different schools, but he

did not make a very good record at any of them, and his family began to think that he was the stupid one among them. But he struggled along after a fashion and at last managed to make his way to Trinity College, where his more studious brother, Henry, had obtained a scholarship. If you went there today, however, someone would show you Oliver's and not Henry's name—with a great deal of pride—rudely scratched upon one of the window panes.

When he took his degree, in 1749, his family urged him to become a minister like his father, but he could not seem to make up his mind to settle down to anything, and for a long time he floated about here and there doing nothing that amounted to anything. He tutored a little and when he had saved about thirty pounds he left home on a very good horse and disappeared for a short time; but he soon returned—on a very bad horse, and without his savings; the only thing he brought back with him was a wonderful tale of the delightful adventures he had had. At last he was induced by his mother to study for holy orders, but when he appeared before the bishop, dressed in scarlet breeches, and failed in his examination, this idea was abandoned as impossible.

Fortunately for Oliver, he had an uncle who was very kind to him and very anxious to see him well started in life; through all his adventures and mishaps he remained a firm and faithful friend to his

nephew, who in the end turned out very much better than any of his friends and relatives had ever expected. After his failure to become a minister, Oliver agreed to become a lawyer. But he could not easily give up his idle ways, and he went no further in this profession than he had in his last. Next he decided to study medicine, and got as far as Edinburgh, and later to Leyden on the continent. From there he went on a delightful walking tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, earning his way by disputing at the foreign universities and playing the flute. In some way he managed to obtain a degree of M. B. at Padua and was thenceforth called "Dr." Goldsmith. Two years later he returned home with nothing but a few half pence in his pockets, but still utterly or entirely unconcerned about his future and as happy-go-lucky as ever.

Oliver Goldsmith tried several other professions before he actually settled down in earnest to becoming a writer of all work for the editor of a London magazine. By this time his kind uncle had died, his friends had almost lost faith in him, and his money was completely gone, so he was compelled to work at something whether he liked it or not, in order to get along at all. Certainly at this time it looked as if he were very far from becoming a famous man.

Soon after this he began to work seriously as an author himself and shortly published several books.

For some time he lived in London, but no matter how much money he had at once he never seemed to be able to keep it for very long; once when he was unable to even pay his rent he was obliged to send for his good friend, Dr. Johnson, to come to his assistance. The doctor took his finished manuscript of the now well-known book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and sold it for what would be about three hundred dollars of American money. That was not very much to pay for a book which was considered such a masterpiece as this was, but with its production, Goldsmith's position as an author was established for all time.

The publication of this book changed life for Oliver Goldsmith; he was no longer lonely and forlorn and unsought by his friends and acquaintances. People now spoke of him with the deepest admiration and boasted of having met him at one time or another. He was invited everywhere and entertained widely by many prominent people. But Goldsmith was shy and awkward at best and he did not greatly enjoy large and formal gatherings. He found his greatest pleasure with a few intimate friends, or in the home of his favourite sister, where he would romp and play with the children in his own careless, happy manner.

Oliver Goldsmith wrote a great many other things besides those I have mentioned. One of his plays, "She Stoops to Conquer," is still given today and has always been very popular with audi-

ences. He wrote a number of books and a great many beautiful poems besides. In 1774 Goldsmith died of a fever, brought on by overwork and worry; he was only forty-six years old and his friends were deeply grieved over his loss. All of his writing was done in fifteen years. Two years after his death a monument with an epitaph by Dr. Johnson was erected in Westminster Abbey, in honour of all that he had done. Dr. Johnson wrote of him as a "poet, naturalist, and historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Although Oliver Goldsmith was careless and extravagant about money, and, like all the rest of us, had many faults, he was always generous and kind-hearted and sympathetic, wherever sympathy was needed; in spite of his peculiarities people loved him and his memory is a very pleasant one for us today.

XXV

Florence Nightingale

A Brave Nurse

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was born in Florence, Italy, and her parents named her after that beautiful city. They were very wealthy English people who were only visiting Italy at that time, so after a little while they returned to their own country with their little girl. They had a lovely home there, surrounded by gardens, trees, and wonderful green lawns on every side; everything in nature that anyone could love was there to make this beautiful home attractive for little Florence on her first visit to England. And she loved it all dearly, and soon the animals and birds and the flowers all became her constant companions.

Florence Nightingale was a very sweet and unselfish child, thoughtful beyond her years. She loved to do things for other people not so fortunate as she was, and her kindness and sympathy were always ready for anyone who needed them. If she heard of anyone who was suffering or sick she would always go to see her, and would do all she could to make her pain a little easier; sometimes

she would go about with the kind clergyman when he made his rounds of visits to those who were in trouble.

When still a child, Florence began to wish that she could be a nurse. Her parents thought that perhaps the idea was only a childish fancy and did not think very seriously about it. But as she grew older they saw that she was sincere in her desire and although at that time it was a most unusual thing for a girl of wealth to want to do any sort of work, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale did not try to keep their daughter from doing what she wanted to with her life.

So it happened that for a long time Florence Nightingale knew just what she was going to do when she grew up. When she was old enough she visited hospitals in London, Dublin and Edinburgh and studied all the different methods that were used in all these places; after that she went abroad to see some of the finest institutions in the largest cities of Europe. Then, when she had seen all she could, she went to a hospital on the river Rhine to study to be a nurse herself; and when she had learned all they could teach her she went to Paris and London to work until she became a wonderfully competent nurse, who understood far more about her profession than most people did at that time.

About the middle of the last century Turkey declared war against Russia, and England and France

joined forces against Turkey. This was a terrible time for everyone and the hardship and suffering of the wounded soldiers at the front was really shocking. People did not know so much about nursing and sickness as they do today, and they were quite unprepared to take care of the large number of men who were in such bitter distress. There was no Red Cross to give them needful aid. The conditions in the hospitals of Turkey were really dreadful, as there were few, if any, nurses to look out for the men, the sick were often taken care of by each other. Besides this, the winter was a cruelly cold one and there were not enough blankets or warm clothing for half of the soldiers; after a time so many became ill that out of nearly forty-five thousand men more than eighteen thousand were reported in the hospitals.

When things had reached this sorry state Florence Nightingale picked up the paper one morning and read a strong appeal for nurses to help the sufferers in Turkey. When she had read the article through she sat down and wrote the head of the War Department offering her services. Almost immediately she was appointed the head of an expedition of women, who, like herself, were ready to do whatever they could in this dreadful emergency. In less than a week, quietly and without any one's knowing of their departure, this little band of women left England for Scutari, a town in Turkey in Asia, opposite Constantinople.

When the nurses arrived at the hospital where the poor soldiers were lying, they found things in great confusion and filth and disorder from lack of sufficient help or attention. Florence Nightingale quickly set about doing everything she could to improve the bad condition of the hospital and to see that the men were given proper food and nursing. She worked incessantly day and night, never saving herself if she could do the slightest thing to help someone else. Even at night when everyone else was asleep, her labour did not cease, and she would make a last round of the wards to see if there were not some small service she could perform to make some poor man a little more comfortable. Her hands were always ready to help and her voice to soothe someone's pain. Daily, letters went home to England from the grateful soldiers for whom she had done so much.

Soon more nurses were sent over from England and Florence Nightingale felt that she could do more good if she were nearer the actual battlefield. So, accompanied by eight other brave women, she went as near the scene of action as possible and there ministered to the wounds of innumerable men as they came from battle. In this way she saved many more lives.

She worked tirelessly and continually until at last her own strength gave out and she fell desperately ill with the fever. For days they feared she would never recover, but at last she slowly

became better, and as soon as she was able to, returned again to her work, greatly against the wishes of the doctors.

At last, after Florence Nightingale had been in the East for two years, the war came to an end and the thankful soldiers returned to England. The English government, in appreciation of the great work Miss Nightingale had done, offered to convey her home on a man-or-war. Her modest nature, however, shrank from any public demonstration and instead she came home quietly on an ordinary steamship, under the name of Miss Smith. She herself felt that she had only done the work that she had come away to do, and she did not wish to be regarded as a heroine.

But the English people thought differently about it and they raised a fund of fifty thousand pounds as an offering of thanks for what she had done; this money she used to found a home for nurses, which was called the "Nightingale Home." Queen Victoria herself presented her with a jeweled badge with the words, "Blessed are the Merciful," written on it in gold letters.

Her long stay in the East had badly injured Florence Nightingale's health, which had never been very robust at any time, and she was never able to do much of the work that she had planned to do upon her return to England. Almost all the rest of her life was spent in her own sick-room, in such pain and suffering that she was scarcely able to

leave her couch, although she lived to be ninety. During this time she managed to write some valuable books about nursing and to give much-needed advice about sanitation in army camps and hospitals. The Red Cross Society was started partly by her work and her example.

In the hall of the Nightingale Home for Nurses there is a marble statue of a lady in the plain dress of a nurse, holding in one hand a lighted lamp, which she is shading with the other hand; this is the statue of Florence Nightingale, a noble woman, who did so much for her country and for humanity. In a poem about her, called Santa Filomena, Longfellow wrote:

> "A Lady with a Lamp shall stand,
> In the great history of the land,
> A noble type of good,
> Heroic womanhood."

XXVI

Richelieu

Cardinal and Statesman

NO history of France could be written without mentioning the name of the great Cardinal Richelieu. Although he was a cardinal in name, in reality he was the true ruler of the country at the time of his long administration. He was a man of great force of character, determination and ability, and he carried out whatever he set out to do with much skill and success. The king, Louis XIII, although he trusted him implicitly, none the less greatly feared his power.

Amand Jean du Plessis, Duke de Richelieu, was born in Paris in the latter part of the sixteenth century. He started his career with the intention of entering the army and with this idea in view went to the Collège de Navarre. But, like many other people, he changed his mind before he had completed his course of instruction, and decided to enter the Church instead, with the hope of succeeding his brother as Bishop of Luçon. This he finally did, and in time became a good preacher and such a fine administrator that he attracted the at-

tention of the queen-mother, Marie de' Medici, a woman of strong character who had a great deal of influence with her son, Louis XIII. Through the queen-mother Richelieu received various important positions in connection with the court and state, and after a time he was made cardinal and Minister of State, which was a very high honour indeed.

Richelieu was a born ruler; when he saw the way things should be adjusted or executed, he set about to see that they were settled in that way, and he left no stone unturned in the undertaking. He arranged an important marriage in the royal family between the king's sister, Henrietta, and the Prince of Wales, who later became Charles I of England. This did a great deal to encourage friendly relations between the two countries. This was only one of a great many very important matters that the cardinal settled. But as his power increased the queen-mother began to be sorely jealous of him and she and her son both became bitterly opposed to whatever he set out to do, no matter of how much benefit it might be to the country. Almost everyone feared this great man's power, and when the king himself turned against him it seemed as if the whole world were opposed to him and hoping for his downfall. The nobles hated him because his influence in the kingdom greatly weakened their personal power. They were continually starting small feuds and conspiracies to dispose of him and

Richelieu found that his path was now anything but a bed of roses.

But Richelieu was not a man to be easily beaten; he had a single aim in view—what he believed to be the good of France and her king. No matter who turned upon him he was determined to do his best to stand by his principles and to work for France till the bitter end. Things went from bad to worse and the king, through the influence of his enemies, refused to even grant the cardinal an audience. But Richelieu was undaunted; he followed Louis to Versailles, obtained an interview and finally successfully overcame his objections to what he wished to do. That day was called "La Journée des Dupes," and from that time Richelieu's position was unquestioned and his power became more absolute than ever.

It is no wonder that the weaker and less able nobles and executives of France feared this remarkable man; to obtain his ends he would use any means that he could and was often most unscrupulous in the way he did things. But he sincerely believed that the end always justified the means, because he was working—for France. It was really through his efforts that the power of the French nobles was finally broken and the king made an absolute ruler of the country.

Outside of his active public life Richelieu found time to be an enthusiastic patron of literature and art, and he was always ready and active to do all

he could to promote interest in them. He was the founder of the great French Academy and the Royal Printing Presses. His own writings fill several volumes. The Palais Royal on the rue Richelieu, in Paris, was his French residence, where he died in 1642. This makes this magnificent building doubly interesting to visitors today. In the great photo-drama of the "Three Musketeers," which was produced a little while ago, Cardinal Richelieu was one of the chief characters.

XXVII

Samuel Morse

Inventor

WHEN you listen to the continual "tic, tic, tic" of the telegraph operator today, do you ever stop to think what a very wonderful thing the electric telegraph is, and who invented it? I am going to tell you something about the inventor himself.

Samuel Morse came from a very brilliant family in the first place. His father was a Congregational minister and the first American geographer, and his grandfather was the president of the College of New Jersey. Samuel was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1791. He was a very bright boy and finished school so early that he was able to enter Yale College when he was only fourteen years old. At college he first became interested in the study of electricity, but for a long time he had definitely made up his mind that he would study to be an artist, so he did not think of seriously studying scientific things after he left college.

The first part of Samuel Morse's life was devoted to art and the last part to science, and in both subjects he showed remarkable ability. When

he had finished his course at Yale he immediately sailed for England to study painting with a well known teacher, Benjamin West. He made rapid progress in his profession and showed great promise as a coming painter. No one ever imagined that he would one day be known as a great inventor. While in England he exhibited a picture called "The Dying Hercules," which received much praise from the critics; while a plaster model of the same subject received the sculpture prize of that year.

After several years of hard study Morse returned to America and first settled in New Hampshire, where he earned his living by painting portraits at fifteen dollars a piece. Thinking he might do a little better somewhere else he moved to South Carolina, where he had no very remarkable success either. It was not until he finally moved to New York, in the year 1822, that he actually began to make any real progress. Soon after his arrival in New York he was invited to paint a full length portrait of Lafayette, who was at that time on a visit to the United States. This was the beginning of his successful career as an artist, which only ended when he turned all his attention to invention.

People now began to believe that they had a very fine new painter among them and were quick to pay him every honour. In recognition of his ability he was made the first president of the National Academy of Design in New York City, and later became

the professor of the arts of design at the University of the City of New York.

Anxious to continue his studies in art, Samuel Morse now decided to make another journey to Europe, where most of the best painters and teachers lived. At that time he had already devoted almost twenty years of his life to the study of art and his name was mentioned as one of authority on all subjects pertaining to his profession. He was still deeply interested in everything that concerned science, particularly chemistry and electricity, but he always thought of these studies as something outside of his regular work, a pleasure rather than a business.

Morse remained in Europe for three years, travelling and studying. On his return home on the packet ship Sully, he happened to hear a man discussing some recent experiments which had been made in Paris with the electro-magnet. It was then that the idea of the possibility of the electric telegraph suddenly sprang into his mind and he hastened from the group of men with whom he had been talking and in the seclusion of his own tiny stateroom he laid out the first rough plans of the great invention which later made him famous. Before the end of the voyage he had drawn out and described this great idea in a much more definite manner.

When he reached New York, he again took up his old profession, but continued to devote as much

time as possible to the completion of his remarkable invention. After many difficulties and general changes in his original plans he at last succeeded in actually operating his telegraph in a room in the New York University Building, with half a mile of wire. The whole apparatus, with the exception of a wooden clock, which was a part of it, was made by the professor himself.

This was in 1835, and it was almost eight years before he was able to receive the desired aid from Congress. But finally thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, and after that everything was easy sailing for Morse. The first message, "What hath God wrought?" was sent from the rooms of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Capitol at Washington, to Baltimore, on May 24th, 1844.

The success of the great invention was instantaneous and Morse found himself the most talked of man in the world before he could even realize it. Soon he was honoured and praised and banqueted wherever he went. Among other things he received a purse of four hundred thousand francs from several European states in appreciation of what he had done for the world. The recording instrument in use in America today is his invention.

Professor Morse and Professor John A. Draper were associated in making the first daguerreotypes in America. Morse also laid the first submarine

telegraph line in New York Harbor in 1842. His death occurred three months after his last public act—the unveiling of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, in Printing House Square, in 1872. There is a beautiful bronze statue of Samuel Morse in Central Park in New York City, which some of you perhaps have already seen.

XXVIII

Andrew Jackson

Every Inch a Soldier

ANDREW JACKSON was of Scotch-Irish descent and was born in the Waxhaw Settlement, North Carolina, close to the border line of South Carolina, in 1767. He always referred to himself as a native of the latter state. His father died when he was a very small boy and the entire care of the farm and the children fell upon his mother. Mrs. Jackson was very anxious to have Andrew study for the ministry, but this idea was given up when the Revolutionary War broke out and her three boys took up arms for their country.

Andrew was only a boy of fourteen, but he had had a hard and difficult youth in the backwoods of North Carolina, and he was strong and had plenty of courage and pluck. Besides this he could ride and shoot better than most men. One brother was killed in the war, and Andrew was taken prisoner and almost starved to death by the British.

One day when he was sitting with a number of other prisoners the commanding officer singled him out and ordered him to clean his boots. This the

boy promptly refused to do. In a rage the officer demanded the reason of such insolence, and the prisoner told him that prisoners of war were not obliged to perform acts of drudgery for their captors. The officer, however, was so infuriated that he cared little for rules and regulations and he raised his arm and blindly struck at the boy with his sword, making a deep gash in his head and another on his hand. The scars of these cruel blows remained with Andrew Jackson until his death and were the evidence of his first real encounter with the enemy. It was worse than many later ones, because at the time he could not strike back.

Andrew survived the war and took up the study of law upon its close. He moved to Nashville, Tennessee, and opened a law office in 1788, and a few years later was elected United States senator from that place. He passed several years of his life in the western part of South Carolina, where his closest neighbors were the none too friendly Indians. During this time he engaged in many fierce battles with these hostile tribes, and his encounters were so successful that he finally gained the complimentary titles of "Shark Knife" and "Pointed Arrow." His final victory over the Indians at the Horseshoe peninsula in the Tallahoosa, completely broke the power of the Indian race in North America.

When the War of 1812 broke out Jackson was made a major-general in the United States Army

and distinguished himself in the service of his country. He showed remarkable ability and courage and had such powers of endurance of all kinds of hardship that his men affectionately nicknamed him "Old Hickory." His victory over the British at New Orleans made him famous all over the country. With an army of 5000 men against 10,000 of the enemy he defended the city against attack, and in half an hour the British had lost 2000 men to our 71. After that they gave up the battle and the war was ended.

With all his many victories behind him, this great general was now enormously popular all through the West. In 1829 he was elected President of the United States and served two terms. The preceding six presidents had all been famous as great statesmen before they became presidents; the seventh was famous because he had been a great soldier—every inch a soldier. They called him the "People's President." Andrew Jackson died near Nashville in 1845.

XXIX

Daniel Boone

Pioneer and Hunter

DANIEL BOONE was one of the pioneers, who, by their courage and endurance, have done much to make America what it is today. It was they who opened up still unexplored portions of the country, suffered bitter hardships through the long winters, and fought the hostile Indians time and time again. There was little rest and ease for these energetic men, and we do not want to forget what we owe to their earnest efforts.

Daniel Boone's father was a Pennsylvania frontiersman who had followed the mountain troughs southward to the Yadkin River and had finally settled in Virginia, where Daniel was born in 1735. After a while the family emigrated to North Carolina, and again to the greater wilderness of Kentucky. Daniel Boone, with five other companions, chopped a narrow path across the unknown regions of Kentucky and succeeded in reaching Red River, north of that state, and was then captured by the Indians. After a difficult struggle he managed to escape and accidentally fell in with his brother, who

had found his tracks, and cautiously followed him to his place of captivity. Eluding the Indians successfully, the two brothers passed the winter months together in a small log cabin. It was a long and a very cold winter, and the two young men suffered many hardships and difficulties during their stay in the forest. Deep snow made traveling of any kind almost impossible, and for weeks at a time they were shut in and were obliged to exist on the scanty supplies that they had on hand at the time. As the bitter weather changed and the snow at last began to disappear, things improved and they were able to get food. In the spring his brother returned home and Daniel remained alone in the perilous forest for some months. His thorough knowledge of the woods and the wild creatures that haunted them, made it possible for him to live, when many another man must surely have perished.

After a time Boone returned to Carolina and was engaged as agent for a company formed in that state for the purchase of lands on the south side of the Kentucky River. It was these continued explorations of his that opened up the route through Cumberland Gap, which was an Indian and buffalo trail. It was also through his efforts that the Americans were able to secure a firm hold in the fertile regions of this new state, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

In 1775 Daniel Boone built a fort on the founda-

tion that is now occupied by the town of Boonesborough, which was named for him. Two years later this place was twice attacked by large numbers of Indians, who made constant attempts to capture it. These were stormy and exciting days for the hardy pioneer, but by this time he was used to all sorts of experiences and adventures. Fortunately, both these attacks were unsuccessful, but a year later the Indians redoubled their efforts, and with four hundred and fifty savages, commanded by a Canadian Frenchman, made a final seige upon the sturdy little arsenal. But although Boone had only fifty men to withstand their attack, these brave men stuck firmly to their guns and in the end succeeded in defeating the enemies, who retired and never afterwards returned.

Soon after this, the Spanish authorities granted Daniel Boone two thousand acres of land in Upper Louisiana, where he removed and settled, after his encounters with the Indians were finally over. He was accompanied by his children and a large number of followers to a place called Charette, on the Mississippi River, quite a distance beyond the inhabited limits of the country. By this time he had surely earned a few years of peace and quiet. He still craved the wilds and the open spaces and had no desire, or affection, for the towns and cities which so many men love.

Here, away from the restriction of civilization, he was still able to continue his beloved pursuits of

hunting and trapping bears and other animals. He loved and understood the forest as few men do, and he was by far the most adventurous of all those pioneers of civilization for whose courage and skill we are so grateful today. He died in 1822, at the age of eighty-seven, leaving a record behind him of which many men would be truly proud.

XXX

Mark Twain

Humourist

MARK TWAIN was christened Samuel Langhorne Clemens, and it was only after he began to write that he took the other name as a pen-name. He was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835. In those days that part of the country was very different from what it is today, and when little Sam's parents went to Florida to live there were only twenty-one houses in the whole town. There were many negroes there, too, and it often happened that Sam's companions were black instead of white.

When he was four years old the family moved to Hannibal, a town on the Mississippi River, about thirty miles away. At that time Sam was rather a delicate child, and every summer Mrs. Clemens took him back to Uncle Joe Quarles' farm in Florida. He liked that very much, and had a wonderful time racing about and playing all sorts of games with his little cousins, through the long summer months.

Sam went to school, but he never liked it. The only subject that he really excelled in was spelling.

Pamela, his older sister, was a much better scholar because her mind was not so inclined to wander to all the interesting things outside the school-room door. Most of Sam's knowledge was about those things—where the best places to hide were; where the most wonderful cave in the world was hidden; and lots of other things that boys like to know about. At that time life on the Mississippi River was far from peaceful and Sam's early years were full of excitement and thrilling events. Many of the interesting adventures in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" actually happened in the youth of the author. He was in such constant mischief and had so many wild escapades that the minister of Hannibal warned him and his companions that he feared what the end might be, unless they changed the error of their ways.

When Sam was twelve years old and his father died he was glad to be taken out of school for good. The family were in sad need of funds, and Sam was really obliged to leave school to try to earn a little money to help them out. So he started in as an apprentice to a printer for nothing more than his board and clothes, and for several years worked at various phases of the printing business. He worked hard and earnestly and by the time he was seventeen, after years of difficulties, he saved enough money to go to New York and Philadelphia to see a little something of the world.

Although Sam had not learned very much at

school, by this time he had become very fond of books, and he would read everything he could lay his hands on. For four years he worked as a pilot on the Mississippi River, and only gave up his position because the boats stopped running at the time of the Civil War. His next venture was to accompany his older brother, Orion, into Nevada, in search of gold. He never found the gold, but he did get a job on the Virginia City paper. It was about this time that he changed his name to Mark Twain.

He now began to write in earnest, and his new name soon became well known to many people. He was equally famous as a lecturer, and would delight the crowded houses who went to hear him all over the country. His life was divided between writing and lecture tours in this country and in many places abroad.

Mark Twain was devoted to his wife and his three daughters, and to several cats, who held a very prominent place in the family affections. The Clemens family lived part of the time in Hartford, Connecticut, and the rest at Elmira, New York, at their delightful old house in the country. A good many of Mark Twain's books were written there.

The last few years of his life were filled with a great deal of sadness. Mrs. Clemens and one of her daughters died within a short time of each other, and Mark Twain could not bear to go back to the old home without them. He took a house in

New York and lived very quietly for some time, devoting a great deal of time to the game of billiards, of which he was very fond. On his seventieth birthday, November 30, 1905, he was given a wonderful dinner by 200 American and English men of letters. On this occasion he made one of the most beautiful speeches which has ever been given. You can see how active and vigorous he must have been still, when you hear that the following year he lectured at Carnegie Hall, New York, to a packed house. Not long after that he went to England to receive a degree from Oxford, and was royally received over there. He had already been given several honourary degrees from colleges of this country. The last two years of his life were spent at Redding, Connecticut, where he died, four months after the death of his youngest daughter. His oldest daughter, Clara, had married the pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitch, the year before.

Ten years after his death Mark Twain was elected to the Hall of Fame at New York University, and with every year his works have become more popular and better appreciated. Those which are best known by boys and girls are: "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer Abroad," and "The Prince and the Pauper," which last has been dramatized and acted several times. There are many of his other books that you will like very much, too, when you read them.

If you would like to know anything more about

Mark Twain, there is a very interesting book by Albert Bigelow Paine, called the "Boy's Life of Mark Twain," which will tell you all sorts of fascinating things about his boyhood, that I have not half room enough to tell you here. I know you would enjoy reading it, too, quite as much as I did myself.

XXXI

Richard Wagner

Composer

RICHARD WAGNER grew up to be a wonderful opera-composer and musician; but when he was a little boy no one thought he was a very unusual one or that he would ever turn out to be a very great man. As a matter of fact he was never a very good student, and he hated to study just as many another boy today hates to do the same thing. He took music lessons, too, but he never wanted to practice, and his mother greatly feared he would never learn to play at all. It was a long time before he made very much progress in any of his studies.

Richard's father was a well-to-do man of the middle classes who had always loved poetry and the theatre, and who enjoyed taking part in amateur theatricals himself; he would probably have been a great help to the boy in his studies and work, but unfortunately he died five months after his son was born. Mrs. Wagner married an actor soon after her husband's death, and Richard's step-father did all he could to start the boy well in his lessons.

The only thing for which Richard showed a

great deal of talent was the writing of poetry. At a very early age he announced his intention to become a poet, and soon afterwards wrote a deep tragedy which completely astonished his family; in the first four acts of the play he killed off in one way or another forty-two of the characters; when he came to the beginning of the fifth act he found that there were not enough people left to finish the play, so he was obliged to allow most of the dead ones to come back, in the form of ghosts.

After a time he gave up the idea of being a poet and began to study music seriously. This meant many years of the hardest kind of work, but he finally succeeded in getting a position as the conductor of a small operatic troupe. Once fairly well started on his career he began to compose in earnest and in spite of many bitter failures he struggled on year after year, knowing that in time he must succeed. Wagner married an actress about this time and together they fought against poverty and defeat, and once narrowly escaped starvation. Things looked pretty dark when his first opera, "Rienzi," was accepted; after that he was engaged as conductor of the Royal Opera at Dresden and this meant better times for the Wagner family. In a very short time the unknown composer found himself a famous man.

After this his operas followed each other in rapid succession, all of them meeting with the greatest success and enthusiasm. Some of them I

am sure you have heard about; "Tannhaüser," and "Parsifal," and "Lohengrin," and perhaps "The Flying Dutchman." "Lohengrin" is the most popular of all his works, and the famous wedding march which is always played as the bride walks up the aisle at weddings is taken from this opera. The first performance of "Lohengrin" was conducted by the musician, Liszt, who was a great friend of Wagner. He understood and loved his friend's compositions as much as Wagner himself, and no other conductor could excel him. The two men were utterly unlike, but there was a strong and sincere friendship, founded on Liszt's genuine admiration of Wagner's work. When Wagner's first wife died, he married his friend's daughter.

Wagner became involved in some political schemes and was banished from Germany for a long time; he settled in Switzerland and much of his work was done in that country. After he had been away from Germany for several years, he was invited to Munich and befriended by the young King of Bavaria, who appointed him director of the opera house there. When his beautiful opera, "Die Meistersinger," was given three years later he had the honour of sitting beside the king in the royal box at the first performance. After that he gained greatly in public favour. "Parsifal," his last opera, was produced in 1882, the year before his death.

The music of Wagner was entirely different

from any music that people had heard before his time. Like most new things that they do not quite understand, people did not know whether they should be pleased or if they should disapprove of the new kind of music. For a long time they did not admit the true genius of this great composer; but now that he is dead his works are steadily growing in popular favour, and what he has done for music is more thoroughly appreciated.

In America the works of Richard Wagner are exceedingly popular. At all the opera houses his operas are repeatedly given to large and enthusiastic audiences who no longer question the ability of this great composer. Orchestras frequently play selections from his works and concert singers sing some of the loveliest of the songs in his operas. Everywhere where music is heard at all his name is greeted with pleasure and enthusiasm. And it is good to remember that Richard Wagner, who turned out to be such a wonderful musician, was just an ordinary everyday little boy like many other little boys, without any very marked signs of brilliancy or talent. Hard work and some ability together can do a lot for us all, even if we all do not become famous.

XXXII

Theodore Roosevelt

Great American Citizen

AS a worthy president of his country, Theodore Roosevelt is remembered by a good many people; but as a splendid American citizen and an honourable man, he is remembered by all the world. His life was so full of hard work and achievement that the story of it has already filled a number of large volumes written by a great many different people. It is hard to say very much about him in so small a space.

He was born in New York City in 1858, and was directly descended from the Dutch. Although a robust and healthy man, as a child, Roosevelt was not very strong; but he was bright and alert and did well at school and Harvard, and later at Columbia Law School. He never practised law, however, and for a long time after his graduation he did not think seriously of taking up politics.

When Roosevelt was a little boy, he liked nothing more than to visit the market not far from his house. There he would look at the queer specimens of fish and animals that were often found there.

He carried a little note-book in his pocket and would jot down interesting facts about the specimens he saw. This was the strange beginning of his deep interest in natural history. As he grew older he studied a great deal about animals and plants and trees, and he learned many things about them. In time he became quite an authority on this subject.

When Roosevelt was only twenty-three he was elected from New York as a member of the Assembly, and at that time was the youngest member in the Legislature. After that he became prominent in politics and was noted for his earnest work in behalf of clean politics; all his actions were marked by a great honesty and uprightness which in time won the sincere esteem of all who loved clean and honest methods of government. Roosevelt held one political office after another and finally became Secretary of the Navy, shortly before the Spanish-American War. He believed that the strength of the navy would protect us from wars with other nations and he was active in building up this department.

You have all heard of the famous "Rough Riders." These were regularly known as the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, which Roosevelt recruited soon after the war broke out. During the war this regiment distinguished itself, and led the charge upon San Juan Hill, near Santiago, Cuba. Their leader proved himself to be a very able military

commander and won the affection and admiration of his men by his fine character, wonderful energy, and his great humanity. He was always interested in everyone and everything about him, no matter how small.

When the war was over Roosevelt left the army and was elected Vice-President of the United States. Then, unexpectedly, President McKinley was killed, and he became President in his place. Three and a half years later he was re-elected, and defeated his opponent by a majority of two million votes. His administration was very successful, and he made many wise decisions and many very excellent reforms. Although we know what a splendid soldier he was when war was necessary, Roosevelt was a strong believer in peace. He was the winner of the Noble Peace prize of $40,000 for helping to promote peace between Russia and Japan. This money he gave away for the benefit of great public enterprises. It was Roosevelt who pushed aside all obstacles and made the way clear for the building of the Panama Canal, which was such a tremendous undertaking.

After finishing his second term as president Roosevelt spent a year in South Africa hunting big game. During this trip he made a very valuable collection of specimens of natural history which he later gave to the National Museum at Washington. In Europe, on his way home, he was received and entertained with every honour. Two years later

he made further explorations in South America, where he discovered a new river in Brazil. During one of these expeditions he contracted a fever which greatly injured his health, and during the last years of his life he often suffered from the effects of it. It was a deep loss to his friends and his country when he died at his home in Oyster Bay, in 1919.

Roosevelt was married twice and he had four sons and two daughters. At one time during the late war his four sons, one son-in-law and a daughter-in-law were all in France at the same time; it was a great grief to him that his age prevented him from going himself, which he greatly longed to do. His youngest son, Quentin, was killed, and another son wounded. After his return from the other side, Theodore, his oldest son, was elected to the New York Assembly on the Republican ticket by the largest majority ever given to a candidate from his district.

Theodore Roosevelt was devoted to his family and his home life was very beautiful. His book, "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," was published shortly after his death, and tells about the happy times his family had together. Roosevelt himself said: "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me." He was not only loved by his family and personal friends, but was enormously popular throughout the country. Men often walked

miles to hear him speak. He was as interested in people as they were in him, which is not a very common quality.

Roosevelt has written many books on history, hunting, war, biography and ranch life, which you will find in the libraries. His collected works fill twenty-five volumes. He was elected President of the American Historical Association and was admitted to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Above everything else, Theodore Roosevelt was a splendid American citizen. In a letter to his son, Theodore, he says: "I need not tell you that character counts for a great deal more than either intellect or body, in winning success in life."

XXXIII

Edith Cavell

A Heroine of the Great War

EDITH CAVELL was the daughter of an English clergyman, who was for forty years Vicar of Swardeston parish, at Norfolk, on the eastern coast of England. Like Florence Nightingale, she had always had the longing to become a nurse, and when she grew up she went to the London Hospital, where she was given her training. When the Ecole Belge d'Infirmieres Diplomées opened at Brussels, in 1907, she was made the matron of the school, where she remained for several years.

When the war broke out in 1914 Miss Cavell might have returned to England with seventy other English nurses, who were allowed to leave Belgium through the efforts of the United States Ambassador, but she would not do so. She had grown to love the people with whom she had spent the last seven years, and although she was not compelled to remain in Belgium, she would not leave at such a time when she felt she might be of great service to them.

And so she stayed, nursing and working and

helping the sick and suffering in any way she could, for with England fighting as well as France, she now felt that she must not spare herself in any way if she could be of the slightest service to her country. She never thought of danger or trouble for herself, and she never hesitated if what she did for her own soldiers was something that was punishable with death in a country controlled by those most cruel captors, the Germans.

For almost a year she continued to nurse the sick and the wounded, and after a time the Germans became suspicious and believed that she was using her house to shelter soldiers of the Allied armies, with whom she was naturally in sympathy. They began to watch her actions closely and German soldiers kept her house under sharp observation so that no one who might be in hiding there could escape without their seeing him.

Then, on August 5th, 1915, they arrested Edith Cavell, and charged her with having sheltered in her house French and British soldiers, as well as Belgians of military age, and of having helped them to escape from Belgium, in order to reach the armies of the Allies. The prisoner freely confessed to the truth of these charges, because she had done these things to help her country, and no matter what happened to her, she was not afraid. Under the German military code what she had done was an offence for which she must die, the fact that she was a woman being of no consequence in the

matter. And so, on October 11th, she was condemned to death, on the following day.

The cruelty of the sentence shocked and horrified the entire civilized world, and every effort was made to in some way lighten the awful sentence. But the efforts of other powerful countries, ambassadors and people of great importance had no effect upon the German officials and at 2 A. M. on the morning of October 12th, the English nurse, Edith Cavell, was shot by a firing squad of German soldiers. Up to the very hour of her death, through all the dreadful weeks of suspense and uncertainty as to her fate, she had shown the greatest fortitude and resignation; there was no complaint or weeping, and when she faced the firing squad on that last morning she did not flinch. Disliking to kill a woman in cold blood, the soldiers chosen to kill Miss Cavell had taken such poor aim that she was not killed at once, and was only slightly wounded by a single bullet. This infuriated the German officer in charge, who evidently was not overburdened with a tender heart. Drawing his own revolver, he shot her himself without the slightest hesitation. The tragic death of their countrywoman greatly affected the English people, in whose eyes she has since been regarded as a martyr, and almost a second Joan of Arc.

A memorial service was held at Westminster Abbey, and was attended by Mr. Asquith, as well as representatives of the royal family, and the

streets were thronged with great numbers of people who were anxious to do her honour. In May, 1919, her body was transferred from Brussels to England, and another great crowd assembled to see the departure from Belgium for England. On May 15th the body was taken to Norwich, England, where a funeral service was held in the cathedral there. Then, with every honour, Edith Cavell was quietly laid to rest in the beautiful and peaceful little cemetery.

XXXIV

Napoleon Bonaparte

A Great Soldier

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE must have been destined to be a fighter; it is said that the first garment in which he was wrapped was a piece of old tapestry which was decorated with pictures of the battles of the Iliad.

He was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, and his father, Charles Bonaparte, was a brave officer in the army. He fought against France the year before Napoleon's birth, at the time when that nation annexed the island of Corsica.

When little Napoleon was only ten years old he was sent to a military school at Brienne, in France, where he remained for five years. After that he went to Paris to finish his studies. In the last part of the eighteenth century, when the French Revolution broke out, the young man found that he was no longer interested in studies and soon afterward left school. Three years later when France was declared a Republic, he was made captain of artillery.

From that time on, for more than twenty years, his life was a constant whirl of battles and warfare.

The year after he was made a captain he drove the English and Spanish forces from Toulon. After that his victories followed each other with great rapidity, and with every year his name became more and more famous. He was sometimes called the "Little Corsican Officer," because of his birth.

For twenty years the power of Napoleon was enormous. He was made general when still a very young man because of the remarkable things which he was able to accomplish. With unfailing courage he defeated troops which doubled his own in numbers, and at the same time kept his own men happy and willing to do whatever he wished them to do. With little or no money, he began his great campaigns, often gaining enough by his victories to clothe and feed his own army for some time to come.

Napoleon gradually gained in power until at last he was made Emperor of France. The Pope himself made a special journey to Paris to bless him in this new office. Napoleon then crowned himself and his lovely wife, Josephine, with a golden laurel wreath.

The other rulers ruled by divine right, but Napoleon said that he ruled by the choice of the people themselves. Long years of repeated success made Napoleon believe that he could not be defeated. But things could not go on like this forever, and twenty years of continued victories were followed by a series of bitter defeats, ending in the Battle of

Waterloo. After that he escaped to Paris, but afterwards gave himself up to the English authorities, who finally sent him as a prisoner for life to the desolate rock of St. Helena. There he spent six lonely and dismal years until his death in 1821.

Napoleon had four brothers and three of these he made kings. His three sisters he also elevated to positions of power. His mother was a woman of great beauty and remarkable strength of character and Napoleon said of her: "It is to my mother and her good principles that I owe my fortune and all the good that I have ever done." It was a great source of distress to the Emperor that the Empress Josephine had given him no children. His greatest wish was a son who would carry his name and achievements from generation to generation. At last he obtained a divorce from his first wife and soon afterwards married the Princess Marie Louise of Austria. They had one son, who was called the King of Rome.

Napoleon was only fifty years old when he died and there are few men in history who have had such a remarkable career in so short a time as he. He was a man of tremendously strong will who seemed to be able to do almost anything he set out to do, once he was actually determined to accomplish it. In twenty years his victorious armies had been in almost every capital in Europe, except Constantinople and St. Petersburg.

But although Napoleon did much to wreck the

country and to decrease the population by his many great conquests, on the whole his career had lasting results that were for good. He helped to spread the principles of political liberty and equality which were started by the French Revolution and to break many despotisms to pieces. His indefatigable labour helped France to come forth from the anarchy of the Revolution and to become a stronger and more united nation. His love of power and conquest was the cause of his final downfall.

XXXV

Dante

The Divine Poet

JUST a little more than six hundred years ago, in thirteen hundred and twenty-one—the "Divine Poet," Dante, died in Italy. His real name was Durante Alighieri, but he has always been known to everyone as Dante.

He was born and spent almost all of his life in the beautiful city of Florence. In an unpretentious corner of the oldest part of this beautiful city he lived in a neighborhood that was almost a small village itself. In this district, everyone knew everyone else, and they were not very well acquainted with the rest of the city outside of their own little section.

In 1265, when Dante was born, none of the great churches or wonderful buildings of Florence had been erected. The beautiful cathedral, which has since become so famous, was not even commenced, while the churches of Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novello, and the Giottos Campanile were all yet to come. The city itself was in a constant state of uproar from the quarrels of the parties who ruled it. In fact, five years

before the birth of Dante it had almost been destroyed.

Dante's father died when his son was very young, and he was carefully educated by his mother. She was advised and counseled in the task by a great scholar and statesman, Brunetto Latini. When Dante was old enough he studied philosophy and other serious subjects at the cities of Padua and Bologna.

He was a gentle, courteous, and earnest youth, but quiet and solitary in his pursuits and intent on study from his earliest years. Although he was born among the gaity and cheerfulness of the south, he himself was always a grave and solemn person, never given to light thought or action, and melancholy in his appearance.

At a very early age he first saw the beautiful lady Beatrice, and ever afterwards, all his life, he worshipped her from afar. His first work, the "Vita Nuova," was all about her wonderful beauty and charm. It was a series of songs or "canzoni," as the Italians call them. A great deal has been written about the love of the poet, Dante, for Beatrice.

The lady, Beatrice, in spite of Dante's continued adoration, married a nobleman named Simon de Bardi, and died about 1290. Then, some time afterwards, Dante married Gemma Donati, who seems to have made him a good and devoted wife. They had seven children and one of them was called Beatrice.

Dante became involved in politics and joined the Bianchi, or White Party, and was finally banished from Florence. He was never allowed to enter the city again, and after this he visited Paris and England. The closing years of his life were spent at Ravenna under the protection of Guido Novello da Polenta. While on a mission for this prince, to Venice, he became ill and died—in 1321.

We know him for his immortal work, the Divine Comedy, which has been translated into almost every European language. There are more than 300 editions of this great work, and it was considered so remarkable that fifty-two years after his death a certain sum was set aside by the representatives of Florence for public lectures, explaining it to the people. These lectures were given in one of the churches.

At the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death Italy spent an enormous sum of money at the celebration in honour of him. All over the world the occasion of this great poet's anniversary was remembered.

If you should ever go to Florence, midway between the two central points of the city—the Palazzo Vecchio and the great cathedral—there lies a tiny opening among the thronging houses in which the little old church of San Martino still stands. In the thirteenth century this is where the houses of the Alighieri stood, and an old doorway opposite is almost the only thing which remains of

the original house where the Divine Poet was born. But who knows—by that time, the generous Italians may have restored all these old houses and churches which were connected in any way with Dante, and you may see something very much more imposing!

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