



THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

THE great necromancer, Hawthorne, remarked in his "American Note Books" during this month fifty-four years ago: "I found a maple leaf to-day, yellow all over, except its extremest point, which was bright scarlet. It looked as if a drop of blood were hanging from it. The hue of the berry bushes at a distance is lustrous scarlet—a beautiful fringe on autumn's petticoat . . . It is pleasant to notice the wide circle of greener grass beneath the circumference of an over-shadowing oak . . . A gush of violets along a mud path . . . I saw a mosquito, frost-pinchèd and so wretched that I felt avenged for all the injuries which his tribe inflicted upon me last summer, and so did not molest this lone survivor. In the village graveyard I saw a man digging a grave and one inhabitant after another turned aside from his way to look into the grave and talk with the digger. I heard him laugh, with the traditionary mirthfulness of men of that occupation." Later he encounters "people who are aware of some decencies, but not so deeply aware as to make them a matter of conscience. The foliage having its autumn hues, Monument Mountain looks like a headless sphinx wrapped in a rich Persian shawl. There is still a shaggy richness on the hillside."

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AMONG well-known women of the day, few enjoy a fuller measure of success than Frances Hodgson Burnett. Endowed with a personality at once beautiful and gracious, her claim to popular esteem does not rest solely upon a brilliant career as a writer of juvenile classics and of much-read and exceptionally interesting novels. Her early

short stories, and romances of greater length, were written and published in the United States, and for some years there prevailed an impression among readers that Mrs. Burnett was a Southerner by birth and education. As it really is, she was born in England, and in early girlhood accompanied her parents and brothers and sisters when they left the old home to start life anew, establishing their household gods in a sparsely settled region of the Tennessee Mountains. Love is no laggard in coming to a nature like that of Frances Hodgson's. In her sixteenth year she had won the life's devotion of a young physician, Dr. Swaim Burnett, a slender, dark-eyed cripple, with a face indicative of an intense spirituality of mind and heart. In that war-devastated district everybody was poor, and the Hodgsons and Burnetts did not escape the popular affliction. While both were still very young, the Doctor married his sweetheart, and together they sought and found a wider usefulness.

Habitues of Washington society and of summer resorts in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee, remember these wedded lovers as the centre and inspiration of whatever circle they chanced to enter. And now that for many years Mrs. Burnett has lived in England, we learn that abroad, as at home, she is honored as men honor those whose lives withstand reproach and whose geniuses include a talent for the humanities in the best and widest significance. At a recent banquet given in her honor by the Authors' Club, of London, Mrs. Burnett enjoyed the unique compliment of being the first woman guest of a noted society of men.