

# The London Advertiser's Weekly Music Feature

## MY OWN

Sung with Great Success by "LILLIAN RUSSELL"  
At The New Brighton Theatre.

*Moderato.*

1 Where the riv - er greets the wil - low, Bend - ing  
2 Wave, ye wil - low branch - es, lac - ing In your  
3 Az - ure vi - o - lets in hid - ing, Mind me  
4 Where the riv - er greets the wil - low, There I

to re - flect its grace; Where the moss - es form a  
net - work sun - beams bright; Ah! I know a form whose  
of her eyes' soft blue; Look - ing ten - der, sweet son -  
meet my love, my own; And my dar - ling's face I

pil - low For the vi - lets mod - est face; Stand I  
grac - ing Far ex - ceeds your mo - tion light; And though  
fid - ing, Ev - er faith - ful, pure and true; And the  
pil - low On my heart no more a lone; I for -

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*And.*

wait - ing for my dar - ling, And sweet na - ture's ten - der  
thro' your tress - es glanc - ing, Gold - en gleams the sun - light  
star - ling's voice so thrill - ing, Of the mu - sic of each  
got the mur - m'ring riv - er, And the breeze - swept wil - low's

*And.*

hush; Brok - en by the voice of star - ling, Makes the flow'rs with rapt - ure  
fair; Pur - er, bright - er gold is danc - ing In the mesh - es of her  
tone; That my heart, my be - ing fill - ing, Tells me she is all my  
sigh; Flow'r and song - sters trill and quiv - er, She's my own, and her's am'

*And.*

blush, hair, owa, I.

## KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN TELLS OF HER TALK WITH DICKENS

As a Child She Sat Beside Him on a Railway Train—How the Little Girl Amused the Great Author—Had Read His Books "All But the Dull Parts."

In all the flood of Dickens material that is regaling us in this centenary year, little if anything has been said that equals for genuine human interest Kate Douglas Wiggin's account in the Outlook of a railway journey that she took with the famous writer when he was on a reading tour through the States. She was a small child then, of course, and she and her mother were on their way from their home in the village of Hollis, Maine, to Charlestown, Massachusetts. Dickens was on his way from Portland to Boston. She had read every story that Dickens had published up to that time, and in her childish imagination she had pictured him as one of the greatest men that had ever lived. The train stopped for three minutes at North Berwick, Maine, and she joined several older persons who were gazing through the car windows, and there and then began what was to be a real adventure to her. She tells us:

There on the platform stood the Adored One. His hands were plunged deep into his pockets (a favorite posture), but presently one was removed to wave away a piece of the famous Berwick sponge cake offered him by Mr. Osgood, of Boston, his travelling companion and friend.

I knew him at once; the smiling, genial, mobile face, rather highly colored, the brilliant eyes, the watch chain, the red carnation in the buttonhole and the expressive hands, much given to gesture. It was only a momentary view, for the train started, and Dickens vanished, to resume his place in the car next to ours, where he had been, had I known it, ever since we left Portland.

When my mother was again occupied with her book, I slipped away and entered the next car. I took a humble, unoccupied seat near the end, close to the much-patronized tank of (unsterilized) drinking water and the train-boy's

basket of pop-corn balls and molasses candy, and gazed steadily at the famous man, who was chatting busily with Mr. Osgood. I remembered gratefully that my mother had taken the old ribbons off my gray velvet hat and tied me down with a blue under the chin, and I thought if Dickens happened to rest his eye upon me, that he could hardly fail to be pleased with the effect of the blue ribbon that went under my collar and held a very small squirrel muff in place. Unfortunately, however, his eye never did meet mine; but some family friends espied me, and sent me to ask my mother to come in and sit with them. I brought her back, and unfortunately there was not room for me with the party, so I gladly resumed my modest seat by the popcorn boy, where I could watch Dickens quite unnoticed. Half an hour passed, perhaps, and one gentleman after another came from here or there to exchange a word of greeting with him, so that he was never for a moment alone, thereby inciting in my breast my first, and about my last, knowledge of the passion of jealousy. Suddenly, however, Mr. Osgood arose, and with an apology, went into the smoking-car. I had no plan, no preparation, no intention, no provocation; but invisible ropes pulled me out of my seat, and, speedily up the aisle, I planted myself squarely down, an unbidden guest in the seat of honor. I had a moment to recover my equanimity, for Dickens was looking out of the window, but turned in a moment and said, with justifiable surprise, "Oed bless my soul, where did you come from?"

She replied that she lived in Hollis and was going to Charlestown to visit her uncle and his family and that she was very sorry she had to miss his lecture the night before. Incidentally she told him of someone who had been there, but, unfortunately, had not read all his stories. Here is her account of what followed:

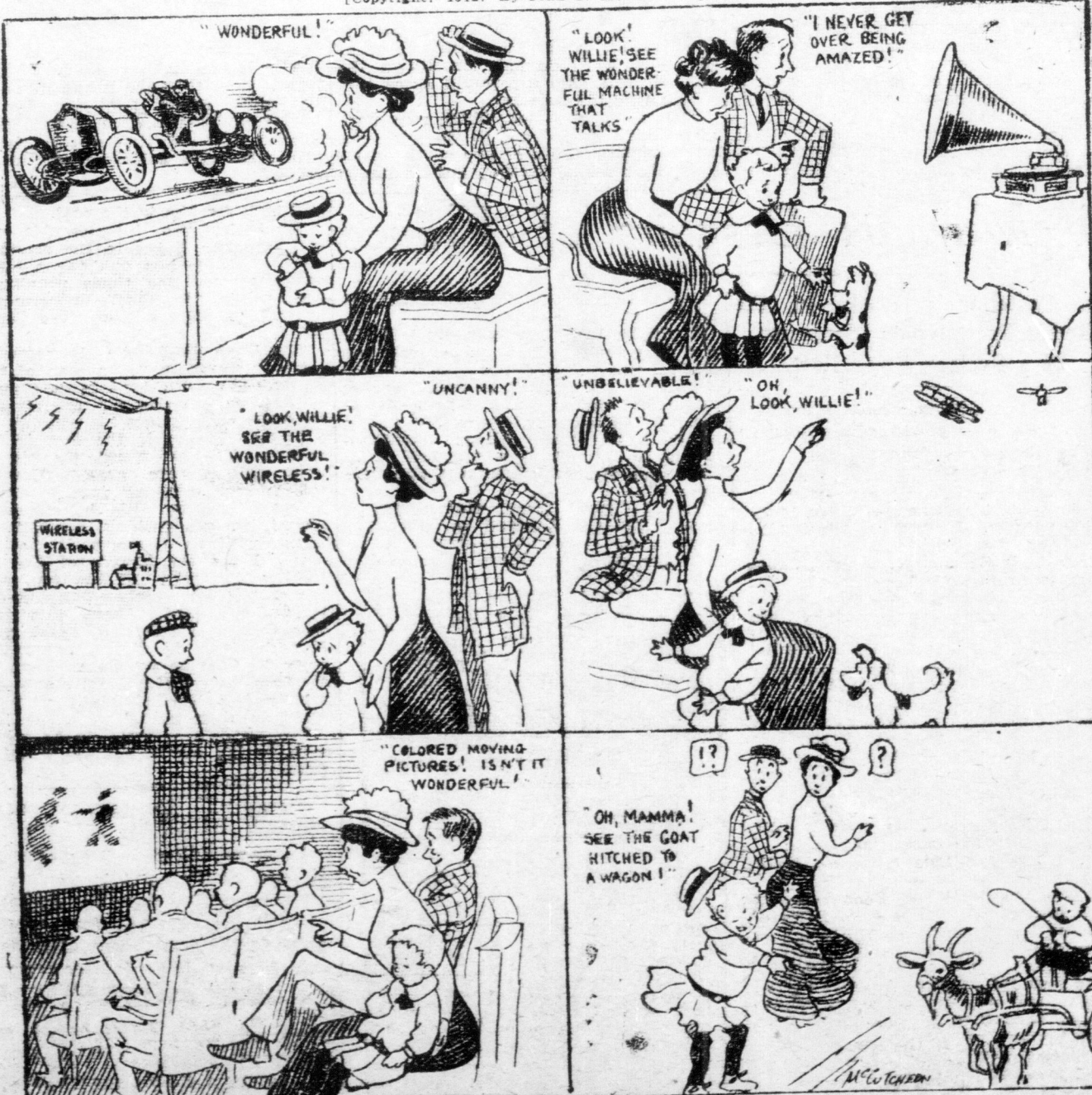
"Well, upon my word!" he said "You do not mean to say that you have read them?"

"Of course, I have," I replied. "Every one of them but the two we are going to buy in Boston, and some of them six times."

## THINGS DON'T SEEM WONDERFUL IF YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL YOUR LIFE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated again. "Those long, thick books, and you such a slip of a thing."

"Of course," I exclaimed, conscientiously, "I do skip some of the very dull parts once in a while; but the short dull parts, but the long ones."

He laughed heartily. "Now, that is something that I hear very little about," he said. "I distinctly want to learn more about those very dull parts," and whether to amuse himself or to amuse me, I do not know, he took out a note-book and pencil from his pocket and proceeded to give me an exhaustive examination on this subject—the books in which the dull parts predominated, and the characters and subjects which principally produced them. He chuckled so constantly during this operation that I could hardly help believing myself extraordinarily agreeable; so I continued dealing these infant blows under the delusion that I was feeding him bouquets.

It was not long before one of my hands was in his and his arm around my waist, while we talked of many things. They say, I believe that his hands were "undistinguished shape, and that he wore too many rings. Well, those criticisms must have come from persons who never felt the warmth of his hand clasp. I am glad that Pullman chairs had not come into fashion, less I never should have experienced the delicious joy of snuggling up to a Genius, and of being distinctly encouraged in the attitude. I wish I could recall still more of his conversation, but I was too happy, too exhilarated, and too inexperienced to take conscious notes of the interview. I remember feeling that I had never known anybody so well and so intimately, and that I talked with him as one talks under cover of darkness or before the flickering light of a fire. It seems to me, as I look back now, and remember how the little soul of me came out and sat in the sunshine of his presence, that I must have had some premonition that the child who would become to be one of the least of writers was then talking to one of the greatest; and talking, too, of the author's profession and high calling. All the details of the meeting stand out as clearly as though it had happened yesterday. I can see every article of his clothing and of my own, the other passengers in the car, the landscape through the window, and above all, the face of

Dickens, deeply lined, with sparkling eyes, and an amused waggish smile that curled the corners of his mouth under a grizzled moustache. A part of our conversation was given to a Boston newspaper next day by the author himself, or by Mr. Osgood, and a little more was added a few years after by an old lady who sat in the seat next to us. (The pronoun "us" seems ridiculously intimate, but I have no doubt I used it quite unabashed at that date.)

AN EPICUREAN SONG OF SPRING.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]  
The tender vines that cling  
Make springtime glad;  
But I prefer to sing  
About the shade.

I love the robin blue  
For its own sake;  
Yet there is something due  
The berry cake.

The daffodils are nice,  
Serene and shy;  
But what can beat a slice  
Of rhubarb pie?

Convicts at the state prison in Kansas have been given permission to smoke in their cells after each meal. Warden Coddling gave them this privilege. The reason the warden gives for granting them this permission is that it will make the men more content. Often men have been unable to work for some weeks after they come to the prison because of the condition their nervous system is thrown into when deprived of tobacco.

## A GOOD REMEDY FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones. They are absolutely safe, being guaranteed by a government analysis to contain no opiates or other harmful drugs. They cure constipation and indigestion, expel worms, make teething easy, in fact cure all the minor ills of the little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Murray Marshall, Zephyr, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children and always with the best of results. I can recommend them as a good remedy for little ones to every mother." The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.