

LITERARY NOTES

THE GREAT DEAD.

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

How soon the great dead are forgot!
They lie

Learning far grander things, for
they must know

The silent grey-eyed mystery of rain
And hear amid the dark the daisies
grow.

They lie, not knowing how the world
forgets,

Not caring for the idle feet that
pass;

For God has much for the great dead
to do

Within His dusky city 'neath the
grass.

—Smart Set.

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SOME HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

SOME time ago, it was announced in this column that Mrs. McClung, a western writer, had arranged for the publication of a book of short stories, to be called *Sowing Seeds in Danny*. The title is taken from the first story, which is concerned with the experiments of Mrs. Burton Francis, a dreamy woman with theories to burn, who victimises Danny Watson, the small son of the woman who does the family washing. The theorising lady has no children, whereas the charwoman possesses nine soiled and healthy youngsters of whom the eldest daughter, Pearl, is a prodigy at epigrams, a kind of understudy for Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch memory. This young person has a sprightliness which no hardship can subdue and repeats Mrs. Francis' dissertation on disease and germs with a healthy gusto.

"But, oh ma," she said, as she hastily worked a button-hole. "You don't know about the diseases that are goin' 'round. Mind ye, there's tuberoses in the cows even, and them that sly about it, and there's diseases in the milk as big as a chew o' gum and us not seein' them. Every drop of it we use should be scalded well, and oh, ma, I wonder anyone of us is alive for we're not half clean! The poison pours out of the skin night and day, carbolic acid she said, and every last wan o' us should have a sponge bath at night."

Mrs. McClung's description of the meeting of the Band of Hope will bring back to nearly every Canadian reader the days when he also said his "piece," describing the horrid ravages of King Alcohol. Do we not all recognise the following?

"Then the White girls recited a strictly suitable piece. It was entitled 'The World and the Conscience.' Lily represented a vain woman of the world bent upon pleasure with a tendency toward liquid refreshment. Her innocent china-blue eyes and flaxen braids were in strange contrast to the mad love of glittering wealth which was supposed to fill her heart: 'Give to me the flowing bowl,

And Pleasure's glittering crown;
The path of Pride shall be my goal,
And conscience's voice I'll drown!"

Of course, a villain is needed to give the chronicles of the community the proper flavour and the miserly farmer, Sam Motherwell, comes near to playing such a part. The writer records a novelty when the young clergyman, Hugh Grantley, insists on returning to the miser a subscription of twenty-five dollars which the latter had grumblingly bestowed on the "cause."

The young English gentleman who goes to Manitoba to study practical farming has been variously depicted but the youth who is attached to the Motherwell household is a martyr, in-

deed. "Arthur Wemyss, fifth son of the Reverend Alfred Austin Wemyss, Rector of St. Agnes, Tilbury Road, County of Kent, England, had but recently crossed the ocean. He and six hundred other fifth sons of rectors and earls and dukes had crossed the ocean in the same ship and had been scattered abroad over Manitoba and the Northwest Territories to be instructed in agricultural pursuits by the honest granger, and incidentally to furnish nutriment for the ever-ready mosquito or wasp, who regarded all Old Country men as their lawful meat."

The story of these very human folk of Millford is told with a bright sympathy which will make *Sowing Seeds in Danny* a popular volume, especially for the modern Sunday School library which is in need of stories that are wholesome without the "goody-goody" taint. The odious *Elsie* books should be discarded in favour of the chronicles of *Pearl* and *Danny*. Toronto: William Briggs.

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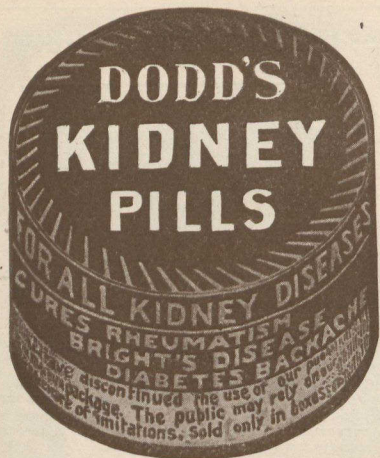
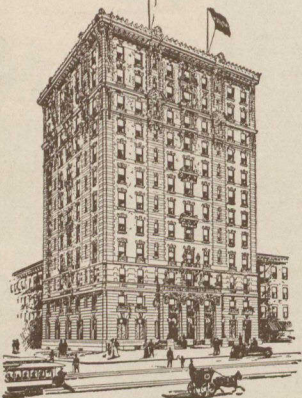
AN UNEDIFYING NOVEL.

MR. ROBERT HERRICK is said to be a Chicago professor. In his leisure moments this gentleman writes fiction and some of it—such as *The Common Lot* which appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*—is decidedly good. His latest venture, however, entitled *Together*, leads one to marvel that a novelist who has written such a keen and sane analysis of modern financial and domestic conditions as his former work, should have chosen material so trashy for the present volume. Mr. Herrick writes six hundred pages of dreary slush about half a dozen or so unhappily-married people whose characters and temperaments are such that they could be suited nowhere—save within padded walls. The women are neurasthenics—or worse—and the men are either cads who deserve a sound kicking or mercantile machines, with the business face and no digestive organs worth speaking of. They are really a deadly dull lot who neither do nor say anything worth printing. It is manifestly unfair to write a novel of six hundred pages containing no sane nor sunny character. Nervous women and stupid men are tiresome enough in daily life but a whole book of such freaks is an infliction indeed—especially in this weather. Mr. Herrick appears to have fallen off in accuracy of style. One does not expect a professor to make such a flagrant error as repeated confusion of the verbs "lie" and "lay." Lord Byron committed such a blunder in a memorable line but the rest of the stanza atoned for the lapse. Let us hope that Mr. Herrick's next novel will be less sordid in material and less clumsy in manipulation. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

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A CANADIAN AS DRAMATIST.

OCCASIONALLY we have an instance of a play converted into a story. *The Squaw Man* is a striking case and now comes the announcement that *The Grand Army Man*, the play in which Mr. David Warfield has almost equalled his former success in *The Music Master*, is to be published as a novel. Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, a well-known Canadian writer, is in charge of the "fictionisation." Mr. O'Higgins' most remarkable publication up to date is the novel *Don-a-Dreams* from whose excellence we are led to expect a careful and spirited rendering of the popular play.

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