

DONALD G. FRENCH.



The Unmercenaries

Jolly good fellows who die for the death of it, Fight for the fun of it, live for the breath of it; Catch at the instant and drink of the minute. Thinking not, caring not, what may be in it;

Foolish good fellows (and all of us know it), Wasting their midnights in being a poet, Giving their lives to the life of humanity, Dreaming of fame-that extreme of insanity;

Silly good fellows who labor for science, Lighting the way for their race's reliance. Bearing their burdens with mien of a stoic, Dreaming of gratitude-myth unheroic;

All the good fellows who think not of wages, Foreign, in part, to the thing that our age is, Giving no heed to the weight of the coffer, Taking-what Fate and not men have to offer:

They and the like of them, here's a health to them! Taint of our lower aims never undo them; They will survive us all, passed thru the portal Life often jests at what death makes immortal! "The Humbler Poets."

THE OLD DANCE MASTER,

By William Romaine Paterson. Readers who have taken pleasure the character of the old professor music as acted by David Warfield in "The Music Master" will find a great cheal of the same kind of quaint and charming lovableness in the Herr represented twenty firms, and plied so smallest of which is writing a "best thriving a trade in ingeniously useless seller" in what was practically her first "The Music Master" will find a great presented, however, with more humor goods that he was able to refuse and less pathos. Those who like a long cash offer from the village tradesme "The Old Dance Master" very delightful in many widely varying ways. The ambition to be a philosopher, his idea follies of society and the follies of of the same being that of a gloriously philanthropy are both treated with languid person who resided in a tub genial but pungent satire. There are, and thought out courses of action for pictures of life in the lower middle class that are done with a vividness and a grotesquerie, and at the same time with such truth and aliveness as make one hark hack to thoughts of make one hark back to thoughts o Dickens and Dick Swiveller and Mr. Gamp. The book contains a wealth of characters in all stations of London life, each one portrayed with just that touch of humorous exaggeration that makes it seem all the more true to life. But the characters, are not the whole And on almost every page one comes across good things one reads over again with a chuckle of appreciation. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston).

MILLER OF THE OLD CHURCH.

By Ellen Glasgow. This book contains graphic pictures of southern life and southern people. Its scene is laid in Virginia in the period following the civil war, when the bonds that held together the older social organization were breaking under the stress of change and readjustment, and in the unaccustomed equality of opportunities those who one of the most outstanding and interesting of all the many southern
plain-folk characters Miss Glasgow
has pictured so vividly. The book tells
his love stery, the romance of a man
who comes into a finer and nobles good in other who comes into a finer and nobler soul in an other. inheritance by the purifying power of Futher, the style-of the book makes

THE TENNESSEE SHAD.

By Owen Johnston

readily comprehend what is going on in the great world of higher politics and finance. "The Tennessee Shad" is the narrative of the rise and fall of novel, but it is highly original in conthe firm of Doe Macnooder and the Tennessee Shad, schoolboy exponents of "high finance." Their schemes are as varied as those of the most criminal monopolists and their devices are Limited).

great manipulators of predatory wealth look like puppets. In the person of Macnooder was a mine of undeveloped experience and rascality which needed only the philosophy of the Tennessee Shad to be molded into a great power cash offer from the village tradesmen to abandon the field," while "The Tennessee Shad frankly confessed his

formerly would have had but little Gods" can carry so many descriptive chance were acquiring wealth and titles is proof that while the story political power. Abel Revercemb is

the love he thinks he has abandoned. it readable. There are many meta-phors and similes borrowed from the theatre; also the author frequently uses an Americanized diction and sometimes American slang, as, e.g., the term "bluffing"; and finally, the Owen Johnson has published another author's psychological analyses are Lawrenceville story which presents like those of the late Professor Wm. things so that the juvenile mind can James, always acute but phrased col-

GENE STRATTON PORTER INTERPRETER OF NATURE

How the Beauties of the Limberlost Swamp Were Given to the World-Interesting Interview With a Nature Writer Whose Books Are Highly Popular - Mrs. Porter's Work Among the Birds, Trees and Flowers.

teady and at the same time a large sale are those of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, particularly "The Girl of the Limberlost" and "Freckles." Our readers will be interested in this account of a recent interview with Mrs. Porter. "I could not help loving nature, and I could not help writing—so it was perfectly natural that I should write of that which I loved so well."

Thus recently spoke Gene Stratton Porter, who was born and raised, and who has made her life-long home close to the great Limberlost swamp in Indiana, in the Town of Geneva. Mrs. ing swamp lands of Indiana in her books "Freckles," "A Girl of the Limberlest," etc., and a new one, "The Harvester," is now on the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Porter was rejuctant to talk of "Freckles." She was ready enough however to talk of her beloved birds, moths, and other creatures that live in her forest swamps.

"I could not help loving nature." continued Mrs. Porter. "My father knew and loved it, and from childhood I lived in it and with it, without play-fellows but surrounded by the birds and the flowers. I don't know how the ways of the birds can be learned. I never learned them-I grew up with



"I always wanted to write," she confessed. "I've had the impulse ever since I was a lonely child and used to go away by myself and write things that no other eyes ever saw. Now one she for its distinct of my most earnest endeavors is to treat the English language as it deserves and so seldom is treated. want to say; my endeavor is to learn



"Always in the forest there is the music of my own, heart over some flower or landscape picture. The trees

have in my heart and mind what I and ranks amongst the very best son-



LIMBERLOST COTTAGE, HOME OF MRS. PORTER.

WITH地GOSSIPS

Wounding of Stonewal! Jackson.

The particulars of the tragic wounding of General Stonewall Jackson as printed at the time in The Richmond Inquirer of May 13, 1863, are of special interest to readers of Mary Johnston's latest book, "The Long Roll": "Gen. Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning about a prominent place. Mr. Beresford is the son of an English country parson. He was articled to a country architect worked at his profession in London. It was not until three years ago that he took up writing for a livelihood. He has served as a reviewer on the staff of The Westminster Gazette. The Literary World and The Academy. His first book, "The Long Roll": "Gen. Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning should be son of an English country parson. He was articled to a country architect work at the son of an English country parson. He was articled to a country architect work at 17 and afterward worked at his profession in London. It was not until three years ago that he took up writing for a livelihood. He has served as a reviewer on the staff of The Westminster Gazette. The Literary World and The Academy. His first book, "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," has been so favorably received.

Stahl," has been so favorably received the showing their natural waterproof costume.

"The only way to love the forest is to live in it until you have learned its profession in London. It was not until three years ago that he took up writing that the girl business?" Then after the lone have sent on his quest for his Dream Girl by his dog Belshazzar which answered the was articled to a country architect with the son of interest to readers of Mary Johnston's are the sone in the staff of the was articled to a country architect with the son of interest to readers of Mary Johnston's are the sone in the staff of the was articled to a country architect with the son of the sum of the large was articled to a country architect. The Harvester's about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff and part of his couriers. The caval-cade was in the darkness of the night mistaken for a body of the appropriate publishers. mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls, one thru the left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief satery; another ball passed thru the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit thru the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the dle, passing thru, and broke two bones. He fell from his horse and was caught by Capt. Wormley, to whom he remarked: 'All my wounds are by my own men.' He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road before he left the lines. The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. Just then some one cried out, 'Cavalry, charge!' and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke rward to ride thru our line to escape

J. D. Beresford.

n that group of recent English writers, who, by their ability to depict the life of to-day and their power of subtile character analysis, form almost a distinct school of fiction, Mr. J. D. Beresford, the author of "The Early Market and School" is continued to History of Jacob Stahl," is entitled to

and widely read in England that he is now much sought after by the London publishers. He is now at work on a new book, which will not, however, follow the later career of Jacob Stahl; that will be his third book

A Unique Review.

The interest with which Owen Wister's "Members of the Family" is being reviewed is well shown in the following original rhymed review from The St. Louis Post-Dispatch:
"When Owen Wister roamed the West He found the land he loved the best, And on its unforgotten heights Spent many pleasant days and nights. With that rogue Scipio Le Moyne He loved to broil a tenderloin Beside a spring and lay him down About four thousand miles from town.

In a rising and laming a process, birds and animals are the soloists, most of them singing, while some are performboth.

Guess They Had To.

They were discussing compromise at the club.

"Compromise is a good thing," said one speaker. "Take the case of a young builder. He got married about fused. The interest with which Owen Wist-

A certain thrilling book was made, And, one the which we have not yet Been able wholly to forget.

Of all the novels of the West, We liked this narrative the best, And anything which echoes round That hook is placement. That book is pleasant, we have found.

And these are echoes fine and clear Of many a well-remembered year When Wister rode the passing West With Scipio and all the rest.

Alas' and what a West it was,
And how one interested does
Enjoy the treasured memories
Of such fine little tales as these!"

habitants of the little home naturally put themselves into the picture you want to record. You must not mind if the sun broils you nor if the rain que bird portraits showing their nat-

slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision.

There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists Girl back to health, after he had found the merical system. Some started on the quest that called upon all his science of life-giving herbs to bring the seen, flowers and vines the botanists Girl back to health, after he had found the merical system. Some started on the quest that called upon all his science of life-giving herbs to bring the great trees. You wholly wreck withal Xylophagous Xantippes, xylophagous Xa fail to mention, such music as your he Music of the Forest.

"From the all encompassing volume of sound I endeavor to distinguish the the Wild," "Birds of the Bible," etc. instruments from the performers. The

A Wise Providence.

Song of the Cardinal" is the love story

of a pair of cardinal birds; the action

of "Freckles" was set in motion by the

creatures; while "The Harvester" was

Beside these Mrs. Porter has written

A Kansas senator was in Philadelphia at shad time, and his political pleasure and had a great and wholethe club.

"Compromise is a good thing," said one speaker. "Take the case of a young builder. He got married about a compromed and the compromediate and the compromediate and the last forty years, and it is believed that the tens of thousands of readers of "Little Wong are describing, is of supreme fused to admit that Pennsylvania as the country over will be interportance.

The country over will be interportance. young builder. He got married about a year ago, and after the marriage he a year ago, and after the marriage he a state, was superior to his loved Kan
men' the country over the country over the country over a small take of causing their unlearned characters to converse too freely. The una year ago, and after the marriage he and his wife had an interminable dispute as to whether they should buy two motor-cycles or a five-horse-power runabout suitable to their means. He said the other day:

"My wife and I wrangled for months and months, but, thank goodness, we've compromised at last."

"What have you compromised on," I asked.

"A baby carriage," he answered, with a proud, glad smile."

I asked.

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"A baby carriage," he answered, with a proud to death a mount, toward the preservation of the ast that all about to thome.

The house and sufficient land about to the producate deperson does not put together many sentences at once, He is unsate the house will be repaired and placed in lan

Full many a flower is born to blush And waste its sweetness on the deser

[Editor's Note: The object of this department of our page is to print from time to time short poems of special merit—not oft-quoted selections from well-known authors, but "gems" from the "unfathomed caves," the best work of minor poets. Readers are invited to send in favorite selections. A short appreciation of the poem and a note on the author should accompany it.]

WHEN WE ARE ALL ASLEEP. (By Robert Buchanan)

When He returns and finds all sleep-

shall I comfort them in their despair, If they cry out 'Too late! let us sleep on?'"

Perchance He will not wake us up, but When Me He sees us look so happy in our rest Will murmur, "Poor dead women and dead men! Dire was their doom, and weary was their quest. Wherefore awake them into life again? Let them sleep on untroubled-it is

This sonnet is from the section of The Book of Orm entitled "Cornisken Sonnets." and in it we see the poet's able for its distinct grace of expression and musical ebb and flow. de-Tho it has a pessimistic strain, it is none the less beautiful for all that

cans can't cope,
Delivering dublous delicacies—dietetic England's efforts extra extravagance entail;
Frivolous French fricassees for filling foodstuffs fail.

Great Gemin! Greasy, gristly

Hohenzollern headcheese horrifieth Hub! Indianapolis imitations, irritating, irk, justifying Jersey justice—jail, judge, jury, jerk: Knickerbocker knuckles knobby knickknacks knead, knacks knead,
Labeled lavishly, "Look! Look! Ladyfingers lead!"
Mexico makes messes; Maine makes many more: Nonparell Near Nourishment! Nutritious? Nevermore:

Ohio offers oatmeal-officiously obstrud-

ling,
Plaguing people's palates—people prefer
pudding.
Questionable Quakers querulously quack,
Recommending rubbish. Railway, road, fall of a feather; "A Girl of the Limb-erlost" loved and studied the forest Subway, "Shredded Silvers!" shout (sorry, sorry stuff!), Telling thrice ten thousand taradiddles Cough.

vigorous vim vanishes, vap'rous, volatile.

While Woolly Whole Meat Waffles wholly wresk without we reserve right to be discovered.

Beside these Mrs. Porter has written "What I Have Done With Birds," "At the Foot of the Rainbow." "Music of the Wild," "Birds of the Bible," etc. She was born in Wabash County, Indiana, and has lived in the Hoosler State all her life, breathing deep of State all her life, breathing deep of the respectable of the state of the respectable of the respectab Louisa M. Alcott Memorial. in a rising and falling accompaniment that never ceases. The insects, birds and animals are the soloists, most of the atmosphere that makes all manament men and many of her other stonged in the atmosphere that makes all manament men and many of her other stonged in the house is almost unchanged in its general features, but is now unoccupied and in great need of repairs. Its desolate condition is a pathetic sight to every one who has loved Louisa Alcott's stories and the characters she created. These stories and

RARE GEMS OF VERSE OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS FOR WEAK CHILDREN

> Fighting Predisposition to Tu- in an unused portion of the regular berculosis and Other Diseases With the Open-air Idea-How the Work of the School Is Carried on-Highly Beneficial

A new phase of the fight against culosis is seen in the establishnent of open-air schools. By this is ot meant merely the holding of school in the open air during the warm weather, but continuous sessions in the

some old, some young, some fair, and some not fair,

Will He stoop down and whisper in each ear,
"Awaken!" or for pity's sake forbear,
Saying, "How shall I meet their frozen stare
Of wonder, and their eyes so woebe-

negroes.
School was held in a large army tent, photograph of which is shown

All Hir

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Macphers

ditions of

Work in School. The program as well as clothing has to be varied during the winter month. The variety in the scholastic particle of the scholastic particle particle of the scholastic particle of the

The general program is changed in a few respects. Breakfast, consisting of a milk gruel, is served in the ter when all are snugly wrapped in the bags and in the dining-room when the

bags and in the dining-room when the weather is warm.

The individual program is modified to the needs of the child. Any of may, when advisable, put his he on his desk and rest and those have sleeping soundly at the close the rest period are not disturbed.

Easy Discipline.

The children are allowed to talk

Easy Discipline.

The children are allowed to talk except during the three hours and fitteen minutes devoted to school work when frequent rests and symmastic are given. They may also talk during the rest hour.

A rest hour was hardly the right



The Writer's Corner Under this heading will appear each week short articles of special interest to writers. Original contributions to this page are invited—articles on suitable topics, short stories or sketches (not exceeding 1000 words in length). A handsome prize book will be given for every contribution used. Persons desiring private criticism of their writings—poems, stories, artitheir writings—poems, stories, arti-cles, book manuscript—can have ar-rangements made for this. Address all

Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto.

CONTESTS FOR AMATEURS.

Everybody Try! Amateur writers are invited to take part in the following contests. 1. An essay or article on some literracetrack, bway, "Shredded Silvers!" shout (sorry, sorry stuff!), closes August 1. Prize for best article \$2 worth of books; second prize, article \$1 worth of books; second prize, article \$2 worth of b

2. A short story or sketch, not to ex-\$1 _worth.

worth.

We reserve right to publish any article or story submitted. Discussion of faults of various contributions will be taken up under "Talks to Amateur Writers." Private criticism of manuscript arranged for if desired. Prepay your letters fully. Enclose self-addressed envelope and full postage for return. Address all communications:

Literary Editor, Sunday World, To-Address all communications: ry Editor, Sunday World, To-Mark envelope "Amateur Con-

THE STORY CHARACTER.

By Geneva M. Sewell. The skilful story teller is the one who

tells things just as they happened -or would have happened. To be natural, characters have given many hours of as every successful writer knows, is especially, truth to life, in the characbearing as in real life, his true nature.

may not have subjects or verbs and are practically never perfect, per feet and in a continuous stream, as we see in current representatives the shrewd unlettered, where the char

acters are made to spout eloquence b Illiterate persons always use very briefest sentences possible, if they finish them at all. They never employ clauses. They never say which or who except interrogatively. To who except interrogatively. them, it is impossible to construct a sentence like: "The man who seen ye come along that road which ye passed jest now." Such a cor ation of careless and careful English coming from the lips of an illiterate character is absurd—yet we may find similar sentences in almost any current country tale. Observe the une

people of your acquaintance and note this is not true. It is an excellent plan for the dialec s'ory writer to read his story out loud, giving to each sentence as far as possible the "twang" that would be given it by the character written about. In ters in stories should not talk lik characters in real life. It is defective art to put words into a characters mouth that do not come naturally out of that mouth.

Do not for the sake of dramatic or sensational effect sacrifice patural ness. It is the breezy lively which deals with real people, such as we all see every day in real life, deals with them in a natural healthy way; this is the story the public wants and for which editors are cagerly watching.

To be natural a story writer must show human nature as it is or can be, the character must be of real Ylesh and bones, with warm red blood flowing thru their veins, and human nature governing all their actions. Let each Let the drama take place before reader's eyes; let him see and judge the character for himself; let the always toward the object, the denoue-ment; then-not another word-the end

Look not between the shel'tring ball Upon to-morrow,