

Ideas and Inspiration Taken by
One Author From Another.

BUT GENIUS BORROWS NOBLY

The Crude Ore is Refined and the Raw Material Fashioned into a Thing of Beauty—Shakespeare as a Most Brilliant Example.

Our great writers are not great robbers. Literature is not a repository of stolen goods. What seem like stealings by the steel pen are rather the output of the lapidary or a reissue of the mint or, better still, the borrowings from a bank repaid with interest. "It is wonderful," says Charles Reade, "how genius can borrow." "All literature," remarks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "lives by borrowing and lending," and, he adds, "A good image is like a diamond, which may be set a hundred times in as many generations and gain new beauties with every change." This is not a question of originality. "The lighting a candle at a neighbor's fire," observes Dean Swift, "does not affect our property in the wick and flame." "Genius borrows nobly." The transference is often a transmutation. For brass, the borrower brings gold, and for iron, silver, and for wood, brass, and for stones, iron. The crude ore is refined and the raw material fashioned into a thing of beauty.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Huth in his "Life of Buckle" that there is a kind of pedigree in literature. Dante avows his indebtedness to Virgil, as the latter himself was under obligations to Homer.

Ariosto owes much to Virgil, and Spenser borrows frequently from Ariosto. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" gave birth to Fletcher's "Purple Island," and this to Bernard's "Isle of Man," and this in turn to Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—all like so many blossoms rising from the one stem.

Shakespeare has been called "the great Warwickshire thief." So inveterate is his borrowing habit. He invaded literature like a Napoleon and brought back the rarest art treasures to enrich and beautify his verse. One is surprised to learn that our dramatist has no original plots, that he has given to poetry no new rhythm or stanza and that "he ran not only in the old road, but in the old ruts." His "As You Like It" is taken from an old romance. The characters of his "Julius Caesar" are old Romans taken from Plutarch. But what borrowing! Dry bones are turned into living men. The commonest materials are taken into the lambent flame of his genius and transmuted into airy beauty.

Milton, too, is a free borrower. It is this fact, indeed, that makes his verse so rich in learned reminiscence and so gorgeous with "barbaric penit and gold." He owes much to Shakespeare. Some critics think Milton's Eve is borrowed from Shakespeare's Miranda. In the "Taming of the Shrew" occurs the line:

As morning roses newly washed in dew,
While Milton in "L'Allegro" speaks of—

Fresh blown roses washed in dew,
Milton is a very mine to many. Pope is his debtor. Milton's "Smoky Sorceress"—a woman to the waist and fair, but "ending foul in many a scaly fold voluminous and vast"—is made to say, "They call me sin and for a sign portentous hold me; but, familiar grown, I pleased and with attractive graces won the most averse." Pope sings:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Tennyson must have had in mind Milton's

Hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world
when he wrote:

The whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson, indeed, derives much of his exquisite imagery and felicitous phrasing from authors whose names, even many literary men do not know.

Pope borrows his "Vital Spark" idea from an old poem by Thomas Flatman. Byron gets his "Eagle Feather" image in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" from Aeschylus, who flourished in the fifth century before our era.

Coleridge owes his "Ode to Mont Blanc" to a German poem by Friedrich Brown.

Bishop Ken is indebted for his thought in "The Evening Hymn" to Sir Thomas Browne in his "Colloquy With God."

In his own characteristic manner Rudyard Kipling has met the question of unconscious thievery with a bit of verse which commences:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
'E'd 'ard men sing by land and sea,
And wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went an' took the same as me.

Let Shakespeare's lines close this paper:

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an ardent thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compost of stolen
From general excrement; each thing's thief.

—S. B. Dunn in Circle Magazine
Mercy to him that shows it is rule.—Cowper.

LITERARY LOG ROLLING.

How Some Famous Authors Sought to Advertise Themselves.

The examples cited by Francis Gribble in his article on "The Comedy of Literary Log Rolling" in the Strand Magazine arouse some suspicion as to their absolute authenticity, but are amusing enough whether true or not. Sainte-Beuve increased the circulation of his books by insisting upon fighting a duel in the rain with an umbrella over his head. Gerard de Nerval used to be seen in the streets of Paris leading a lobster by a string. Mme. Krudener, the author of "Valerie" and the friend of Alexander I. of Russia, made the fortune of her novel by calling at all the Paris shops and asking for various articles of dress "a la Valerie." Of Victor Hugo and of Alexandre Dumas the elder the following stories are told:

Nor was the great poet ashamed to roll his log even at a funeral. He seized the opportunity at the obsequies of one of his own sons. It happened that on the way to the cemetery the procession passed a traveling menagerie, and the lions, for whatever reason, stopped roaring just as Victor Hugo was in front of their cage. His companion, a minor poet named Pelleport, drew his attention to the fact. "Master," he whispered, "the lions recognize you and hush their voices. The king of beasts is silent in the presence of the king of men." Victor Hugo bowed and turned the matter over in his mind. Then, after meditation, he said: "Pelleport, that was a happy thought of yours. Couldn't you write something about it?" And Pelleport wrote a sonnet about it, and the fame of the master stood on a higher pinnacle than ever.

And finally there was the case of Dumas, of whom it may almost be said that his whole life was an advertisement. Some one once said of him that his vanity was such that he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to demonstrate that he had a negro footman in his service. He certainly did many things almost as absurd as that in his restless pursuit of acclaim. One of his delights was to clothe his noble proportions in a uniform and to embellish the uniform with decorations to which he was not entitled. He even went so far as himself to design the uniform in which he fought—or, rather, did not fight, for he arrived after the fighting was all over—in Garibaldi's army, and he achieved a tremendous advertisement by conducting a well known actress to a court ball to which she had not been invited. He got another advertisement by allowing himself to be sued for non-delivery of a feuilleton. He was utterly in the wrong, and he lost his case, but he kept the court in roars of laughter while he explained his literary methods and the nature of the distractions which had interfered with the fulfillment of his contract. But the best of all his advertisement was attained when the announcement appeared that M. Alexandre Dumas would write the last chapter of a forthcoming romance sitting in a shop window, for all the world to see how it was done. One can understand that that sort of advertisement would suit the authors who are also interested in the sale of hair restorers. They almost owe it to the public to exhibit themselves in this way, killing two birds with a single stone. But for the author of "Monte Cristo" to do it was surely the ne plus ultra of the comedy of log rolling.

The Old Time Stagecoach.
In 1762 there were, strange as it seems, only six stagecoaches running in all England, and of course these were the only public vehicles for travelers. Even these were a novelty, and a person named John Crosset thought they were such a dangerous innovation that he wrote a pamphlet against them. "These coaches," he wrote, "make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do except upon urgent necessity. Nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives come often up, who rather than come such long journeys on horseback would stay at home. Then when they come to town they must be in the wade, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy after."

The Chameleon Goshawk.
I know no bird which passes through so many changes of plumage and color of eyes as the goshawk. A young one which I have mounted is about the size of a small hen and is covered with white down. His eyes are pale blue. I colored the eyes exactly from life. When fully grown, the first plumage is dark brown above and the eyes are pale yellow. No one would be likely to suspect this being a goshawk who had seen only adult birds. Later it changes to the dark slaty blue of the adult, and the eye, after passing through all the intermediate changes in color from straw yellow, orange yellow and pink, finally assumes the deep rich red of the adult. I know no other hawk, adds Manly Hardy, writing in Forest and Stream, so handsome as the goshawk.

A Difficult Feat.
Have you ever tried to stand upright on a log perhaps a foot across the butt out in an open lake, keeping your balance to every roll and dip of the log? Well, if you had you would realize better the marvelous balance of the man who not only has to do this, but also maneuver other logs down the current with a long pike pole, chain booms together with nipped fingers, and, in fact, do the whole of his day's work while balancing on a twirling, twisting, half submerged tree trunk.—Wide World Magazine.

Old World
And New.

.....By W. S. ODLIN.

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He looks as if he were one of the heroes, just a part of this wonderful picture of the old Italy and the new world into one," mused Penelope Gardiner. "He is really more than life size—six feet four if he is an inch."

Her aunt, Mrs. Hammell, swung around sharply. "Who? Oh, that guard? It is his helmet, my dear child, and his high heeled boots. Wouldn't you think he'd be ashamed to pose like that at the head of the grand staircase? Did you ever see so much gilt braid and shiny leather on one human being?"

Mrs. Hammell's voice had executed a gradual crescendo, and Penelope reached forth a protesting hand. "Don't speak so loud, auntie, dear. He might understand."

But the great, square shouldered figure in glittering uniform stood as impassive as the knight in the old Gobelins tapestry before which Mrs. Hammell stood enraptured, though she continued to criticize the king's guard.

"That's just the difference between our soldiery and what we see abroad. Every one of our lads holds possibilities of doing big things. Foreign soldiers are mere puppets."

Penelope replied with conviction: "I don't agree with you. That man has the face, the bearing, of one who will some day do things that are worth while. He makes me think of that tapestry knight, setting out to fight for his true love."

Mrs. Hammell gasped and closed her Baedeker with a snap.

"My dear Penelope, I am amazed! If you behave this way over the first handsome man you see in uniform, how will you feel by the time we have attended a few receptions and met the real nobility, rising young diplomats and all that sort of thing?"

"Thoroughly disgusted, I presume," said Penelope coldly. "and I hope we shall not go to any receptions where thin men, with waxed mustaches and mining steps, will look through my backbone to daddy's newly acquired bank account. It is because that man is so big, so strong and looks as if he could move heaven and earth to relieve for the woman he loved that I was studying him. It is so seldom that I meet a man whom I could look up to," ended Penelope, with a sigh for her five feet eleven inches of graceful slenderness. "I was considering him only as an abstract quantity, a hypothetical man, so to speak."

"I should hope so," was her aunt's indignant reply. "Why, these special guards of the king are gathered in the north of Italy solely for their height, the guidebook says, and no doubt he was found grubbing in some wretched farm or vineyard. In New York he would be working in the subway."

Penelope turned and started to cross the great throne room where through an open window the soft Italian sunlight beckoned to her. The martial figure at the entrance so close to the Gobelins tapestry had not moved the gold of an inch, but above the gold braid on his collar and rising up the peak of his helmet was an unmistakable flash.

Penelope paused, frozen in her tracks, but the man looked straight ahead. She crossed to the window, resting her head wearily on her gloved hand. Her glance traveled over the great courtyard of the palace, while Mrs. Hammell completed her tour of the tapestry hung walls.

"He understood English—every word we said. How intolerably stupid of us! And auntie said he probably grubbed on a farm! No wonder these foreigners think we Americans are rude. We are so secure and snug in our ignorance of their language that we cannot believe they understand ours."

The sunlight waned, and Penelope knew that out on the Applan way tender amethyst shadows were settling. Why could not her aunt be satisfied with Rome's beautiful outdoor life, its drives and walks? Why must she spend days and days in dusty churches and hideously garish palaces? She looked back into the room. Lovely shadows softened the gilt frames and furniture, red and blues blended into purple, and the uniformed figure right faced abruptly. He had dared to watch her as she stood thus at the window! Well, it served her right for talking about human beings as if they were statues or curios.

That night she wrote in her diary: "Spent entire afternoon in the royal palace. Tapestries remarkable, but rather boring. Bedrooms reserved for various royal guests reminded me of Waldorf-Astoria. Were not permitted to enter royal suit, of course, but heard laughter of royal children through folding doors, and a hurdy gurdy playing in what must have been the nursery. Italy is a place of disillusion. The natives are learning English, the better to do you, my dear!"

Penelope Gardiner held off the plate card at arm's length and studied it critically.

"It's lovely, Pen—you ought to charge more for your work. You could get it, you know. Rich women love to patronize girls like you!"

"Who once ate off their plates, instead of painting plate cards for them? I think I will charge Mrs. Fitch half a dollar more for each of these cards. They were done to match her Italian villa dining room, you know."

"What I do know," pursued Penelope's caller, "is that you are going

with me to Archie Hunter's studio this afternoon. The way you have shut yourself off from all of us, just because your father dropped money in the wrong copper mine, is inexcusable. Pen—there are so many who loved you in spite of your money and love you more now because you haven't any—won't you come?"

St. Anthony himself couldn't refuse you, Kathie," said Penelope, pushing aside her work. "I am going, and what is more, I shall wear my new spring frock, made over from one that last year I might have given to my maid."

Penelope could say such things with out a touch of bitterness. She seemed rather to glory in the fact that she was self supporting, able to face the world which had promised her so much and then withdrawn its hypocritical smiles.

Through the open door of Hunter's studio came the click of teacups and a confused murmur of well bred voices.

"Jolly glad to see you," exclaimed Hunter, looking up into Penelope's gray blue eyes. Sometimes he had thought that if he could have looked down instead of up, she might have said "Yes," instead of "No."

"Isn't it a good crowd today? You see, I had something special to bring them. You haven't met Lecca yet, have you? Hello there, old chap! I want you to know Miss Gardiner. You wouldn't think he was an Italian, eh, Pen?" Hunter rattled on. "Who ever heard of a six foot Italian, with blond hair at that?"

"My friend Hunter said that he would not make of me either a lion or yet a curio, but listen how he talks." Some one turned on an electric light, and before its flash the soft shadows of the studio disappeared. Penelope gave a little gasp and slowly from Lecca's face every vestige of color faded.

Penelope recovered first. "Ah, there is Dorothy Kent pouring tea. I know it will be worth drinking." And Lecca, dazed, watched the trail of a shimmering ciel blue voile skirt across Hunter's priceless rugs to the tea table. There for several minutes she stood with her back turned full upon the group around her host and his guest of honor.

She was the center of another laughing group when she felt his compelling gaze drawing her away from the chatter. Hunter was speaking to her in a tone which the tense, nervous girl did not realize was one of renunciation.

"Lecca has been unpacking some of his traps in my farther room. He wants to know if you would like to see them. It's an honor, Pen. Even I have not seen the picture he expects to exhibit at the academy next month. He's a fine fellow. Met him last year in Paris. Awfully glad he has taken a shine to you."

Without speaking Penelope passed through the door whose hangings Lecca drew aside for her. He crossed to a canvas and threw back the drapery which hid it.

"I have named it 'The Old World and the New,'" he said simply.

Penelope looked with widening eyes. There was the tapestried wall of the throne room in all its old world colorings, faded, in places almost obscure, while against it, vital, full of grace and vigor, was the figure of an alert, American girl clad in navy blue broadcloth, a velvet picture hat on her soft brown hair and a great bouquet of Roman violets at her belt.

"You see, I have done what you said—something worth while—and, having done it, I have come to show it to you and your people. I wanted you to know that you had made it possible—it is not for sale." He drew himself up proudly, and she reached out her head pleadingly.

"And if it was—I could not buy it. Much has happened to me since the day—in the throne room. We—we have lost everything."

"Ah!" The man drew a long, deep breath. "Fate has indeed been kind; otherwise I might not speak! I was a foolish boy, unworthy son of a gifted father, proud of my authority in the royal guard and my toy uniform—faugh—until you came and the man in me cried out in shame. You said I could do it. Have I done it well enough to please you?"

She bowed her head and then raised it again. Yes, without the helmet and the high heels, he still towered above her, and then her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"That day—it was the same, the glance, the flash, you will forgive me, the message of love. In our country love does not wait. Yet for five years I have worked for you. All I am you have made. Today I may be artist to our king. Will you come?"

"To my king—yes."

And, though his next words were of his own country, the girl understood, for the language of love is the same in the old world and in the new.

Men as Boarders.
A woman who has made a modest competence by running a private hotel says she would rather have women as boarders than men. Perhaps they are a little inquisitive about one another's affairs, she admits, and disposed to find fault oftener than they are justified in doing. On the other hand, they usually voice their complaints either directly or in such a manner that the criticisms soon reach the landlady's ears. Men, on the contrary, don't lodge so many open complaints, but they make bitter remarks one to another, and it is seldom their remarks are repeated to the hostess until too late to offset their bad effect. This woman puts herself on record as saying that when men are inclined to be at all disagreeable they are much more difficult to deal with than women. One can always soothe disgruntled women by a little extra attention to their comfort, she says, but the male boarder or hotel guest who undertakes to criticize a place harshly is a hopeless case.—Kansas City Star.

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