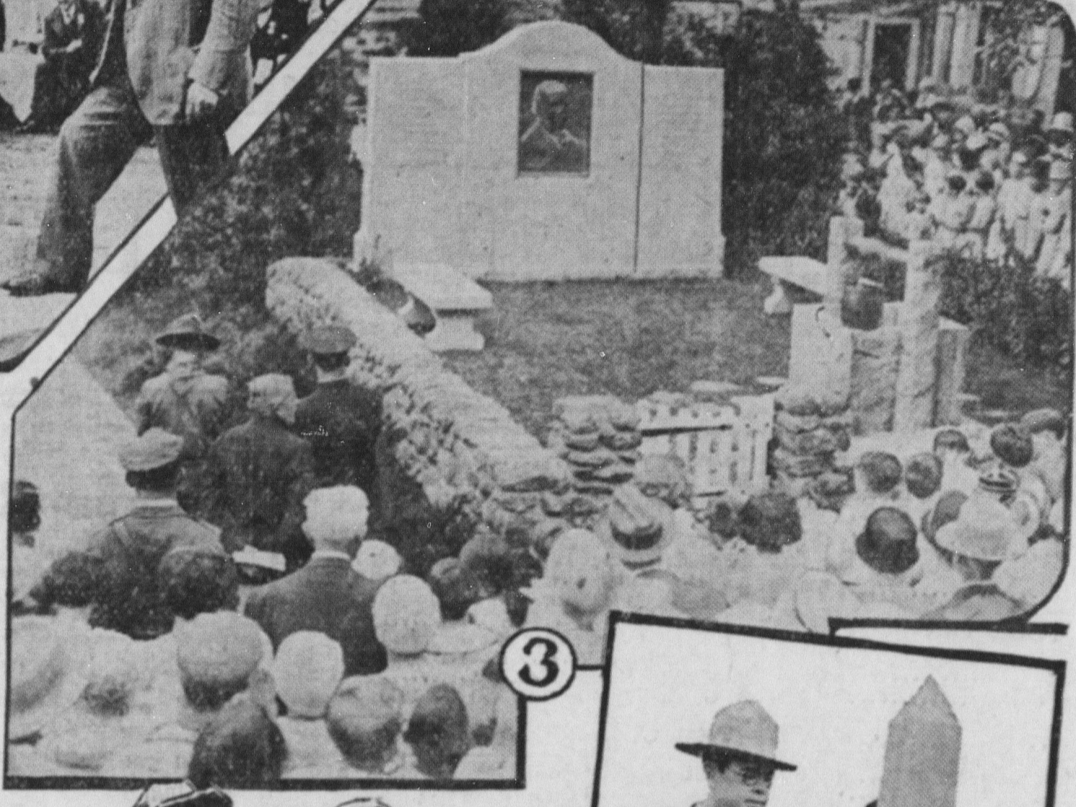


# Literary Statues and Memorials



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



ALL started when Lewis Gannett, literary critic of the New York Herald Tribune, in reviewing a recent book, "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes," said: "When London gets around to honoring Sherlock, Hannibal, Mo., the home town of Huck Finn and his statue, will lose its proud claim to being the home of the only statue ever erected to a character of fiction in the world."

Whereupon Carolyn Marx, literary critic of the New York World-Telegram, reprinted Mr. Gannett's statement and added: "How about Framp-ton's Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens? And the statue of Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit unveiled only last month in Wales?"

But that was only a starter, for, as Mr. Gannett confessed in his column a day or two later: "Let Hannibal, Mo., boast; a flood of correspondents deny its claim to the only statue of a fictional character. Most of them recall only Peter Pan in London's Kensington Gardens; E. I. K. of the department of romance languages at Columbia says there is a statue of D'Artagnan in Auch, France; Carolyn Marx in the World-Telegram mentions the Wonderland White Rabbit recently unveiled in Wales; and Christopher Morley thinks he recalls a Little Nell in Philadelphia and Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy somewhere else. But, Chris, they don't count if they are in private homes; they must be public monuments to match Hannibal's Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. . . . Are there more?"

There were more, indeed! Several days later, the Herald Tribune reviewer printed this:

Late additions to the lists of literary statues: Hans Christian Anderson's Little Mermaid, near the Royal Yacht club in Copenhagen.

Paul and Virginia in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris.

Longfellow's Evangeline in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia.

Mistral's Mireille in Les Saintes Maries in Provence.

Puss in Boots in the Tuilleries, Paris.

The Roaring Camp group on the Bret Har-tate statue in San Francisco.

Velleda, voluptuous Breton druidess from Chateau-land's "Les Martyrs," near Boulevard Saint-Michel Gate of the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris.

Which, with:

Peter Pan and Rima in London

The White Rabbit in Wales

Little Nell and Tam o' Shanter in Philadelphia

Leatherstocking in Cooperstown

The Circuit Rider in Salem, Ore.

The Barefoot Boy in Ashburnham

make more than a dozen rivals to Hannibal, Mo.'s Huck and Tom, "the only monument in the world to a fictional character."

And even that list might be extended. Over in Madrid, Spain, four years ago there was unveiled in the Plaza de Espana near the royal palace a huge memorial consisting of two monuments. One of these monuments, standing 60 feet high, was a life-size bronze group of Don Quixote on a horse and his man, Sancho Panza, on a donkey. Crowning the main column was the figure of Cervantes, the man who gave to literature the famous fighter of windmills, and at the base of the monument was an allegorical representation, the "Fount of the Castilian Tongue." Although the memorial was primarily to honor the genius of Cervantes, at the same time it preserves imperishably those two famous fictitious characters, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

But to return to America—a little investigation will reveal the fact that the list of statues and memorials to fictitious characters is not limited to the compilation of the New York columnist. Be it remembered that the genius of Daniel Chester French, the dean of American sculptors, not only produced, among others of his great pieces of work, a bust of Washington Irving, but he also made a full figure statue of the famous character which Irving created—Rip Van Winkle.

And Philippe Hebert's statue of Evangeline at Grand Pre is not the only one which recalls Longfellow's immortal heroine. Hebert's statue was erected more than a decade ago, but it was only about three years ago that there was unveiled at St. Martinville, La., another statue of the Maid of Grand Pre. This was done in the presence of several thousand Louisiana Acadians and of two hundred Acadians from Moncton, Montreal and Grand Pre, who made a pilgrimage to the Bayou state for the ceremonies connected with the dedication of the statue which stands over the grave of Emmeline Labiche, who was the original of Evangeline.

Go out to Denver, Colo., and visit Washington park. There in the center of a pool is a fountain where you can see immortalized in stone Eugene Field's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." Or go to Lincoln park in Chicago and look upon them as they are portrayed on the Field memorial there.

As for the monument to Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer which gives Hannibal, Mo., the right to make its "proud claim," it was made by Frederick C. Hibbard, a Chicago sculptor, and

1. The Lewis Carroll memorial at Llandudno, Wales, which features the White Rabbit of "Alice in Wonderland." Beside it stands David Lloyd George, former British premier, who unveiled the statue.

2. Statue of Evangeline, which stands in St. Martinville, La., over the grave of Emmeline Labiche, the original of Longfellow's heroine.

3. The Captain's Well in Amesbury, Mass., made famous by the ballad by John Greenleaf Whittier.

4. Memorial to Eve, erected in Fountain Inn, S. C., by Robert Quillen, noted newspaper paragra-pher and editor (who stands beside it).

5. Statue of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer which stands in Hannibal, Mo., Mark Twain's boyhood home town.

presented to the city of Hannibal by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan. It stands at the foot of Cardiff hill where foregathered Tom and Huck and Tom's immortal gang.

Closely akin to the practice of immortalizing in stone characters in fiction has been man's practice of doing the same for mythical and legendary figures. Some of the greatest sculptors of ancient Greece and Rome found their inspiration in the gods and goddesses whom the Greeks and Romans honored. Similarly, in modern days, names in the Bible have been translated into stone. Two of the finest pieces of work by the great French sculptor, Rodin, are his figures of Adam and Eve, and in America we have such statues as William Henry Rinehart's Rebecca, with her pitcher at the well. Down in Fountain Inn, S. C., is an unusual memorial—not a statue, but a simple white shaft erected to the memory of Eve because Robert Quillen, editor of the Fountain Inn Tribune, and a famous paragra-pher, thought that "insufficient honor has been paid to the mother of the human race."

"Do you remember that ballad by John Greenleaf Whittier which tells of the shipwrecked New England sailor who was cast away on the East Arabian coast and as he tolled across the hot desert sands, hungry and thirsty, cursed the day of his birth and then, suddenly overcome by a finer emotion, "prayed as he never before had prayed?"

Pity me, God! For I die of thirst;  
Take me out of this land accurst;  
And if ever I reach my home again  
Where earth has springs and the sky has rain,  
I will dig a well for the passers-by  
And none shall suffer from thirst as I.

Then, do you remember, how the shipwrecked mariner came back safely at last to his home-land and,

When morning came he called for his spade,  
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

So he tolled day after day out in the yard behind his house until at last "the blessed water, the wine of God," gushed forth.

Perhaps you thought that story was just a creation of the New England poet's. But it was something more than that. Although Whittier's

poem made the legend of "The Captain's Well" familiar to all Americans, it is a legend that had a very substantial basis of fact.

Go to Amesbury, Mass., and see for yourself "The Captain's Well" there as it has been restored by former State Senator and Mrs. James H. Walker of Amesbury and presented to the Town Improvement society. You can drink from its pure waters, and as you do so you will be reminded not only of the hero of Whittier's ballad but of all the adventurous New England seamen who once carried the American flag to all corners of the globe. For the restored "Cap-tain's Well" is a memorial to them.

The hero of the ballad was Valentine Bagley, a native of Amesbury, who, at the age of eighteen, went down to the sea in ships late in the Eighteenth century and the story of his adventures can be found in an old book, published in Salem in 1794—"The Journal of the Travels and Sufferings of Daniel Saunders, a Mariner on Board the Ship Commerce of Boston, Sam'l Johnson, Commander, Which was Cast Away Near Cape Morebet, on the Coast of Arabia, July 10, 1792."

Bagley was a carpenter's mate on the Commerce when that ship sailed from the Isle of France on January 27, 1792, bound for Madras. There she exchanged her Boston master, John Leach, for a Rhode Islander, Samuel Johnson, and on April 28 set sail for Bombay. However, the new captain, "being unacquainted with the coast," steered too far to the west and the ship foundered off Cape Morebet July 10.

The crew, "thirty-four souls in number, twenty whites, thirteen Lascar sailors and one African black," took to the boats and for three days made their way along the shore. Then they were driven ashore by a storm which drowned three of them.

Starting up the coast, the 17 white men, tortured with thirst, hunted everywhere for water. Becoming separated, they wandered about in small parties and one by one they laid their weakened companions under bushes and left them there to die.

On and on they plodded across the burning sands and Bagley, thinking no doubt of the damp, fog-swept town of his nativity, forced his parched throat to utter the promise to his God that if ever he got back to that town he would dig a well where all who passed might drink.

At last the castaways fell in with a party of Arab traders, traveling on camels toward Muscat, who took them along. On August 12, six of the seventeen arrived at Muscat where most of them took ship for home. But Valentine Bagley evidently was in no such hurry. Still seeking adventure, he shipped on an Arabian vessel and followed the sea for three more years before going back to Massachusetts.

Two years later Bagley kept his vow by digging the well and for years from its cool depths bubbled the precious water which he had craved so much on the hot sands of Arabia. But after his death the well fell into disrepair and its waters were drained away by excavations for a deep pipe line in 1912. But the restoration four years ago of the well and the erection of the memorial designed by Leonard Craske, an English sculptor living in Boston, has guaranteed perpetuation of the story of Valentine Bagley, a real character in a ballad of a famous Amer-ican poet.

## POINTS OF VIEW CALL FOR CODE OF GOLDEN RULE

"It occurs to me," said George B. Cautious, at the weekly meeting of the Rowan club, "that we need some sort of a national code or agreement fixing more definite regulations for individual points of view. There is an old expression that circum-stances alter cases. It might have been broadened to include the obser-vation that circumstances alter points of view, and that what a man thinks and feels one moment may be wholly foreign to his mental reactions the next.

"Take, for example, the man who drives his car downtown. All the way down, and while he is going through the business district, he is motor minded. He toots his horn for pedestrians to get out of the way and fumes if the sign changes sooner than he expected. But the moment he parks his car and begins to walk his point of view changes, and he becomes pedestrian minded. He is severely critical of motorists who do exactly what he did a few minutes before. Now then, it seems to me that there ought to be a middle ground somewhere. Such persons—and that means all of us—should be more tolerant of pedestrians when they are driving, and inclined to be broader minded when they are walk-ing.

"I know a citizen who becomes fu-rious when he finds that a lawn sprinkler is throwing water where he has to pass. But when he reaches his own home he is likely, in season, to start the sprinkler going, and the spray causes pedestrians to go into the street to avoid a wetting. I know men who permit their shrub-bery to cover most of the sidewalk and who declare that the shrubbery of other like-minded citizens should be torn out by the roots. Every day we see men and women do things they do not want others to do. It is proper for them, it seems, to take up enough room in a street car for two persons. If they see somebody else

do it they declare that something should be done about it. Maybe the Golden Rule would be code enough for all of us, but we seem to be off the golden standard, and I have men-tioned the matter here today in the hope that some of you gentlemen might suggest a way out of our diffi-culties."—Indianapolis News.

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Child (pointing to bald-headed man)—Mummy, is he a nudist?  
Mother—Yes, dear; but only a be-ginner.

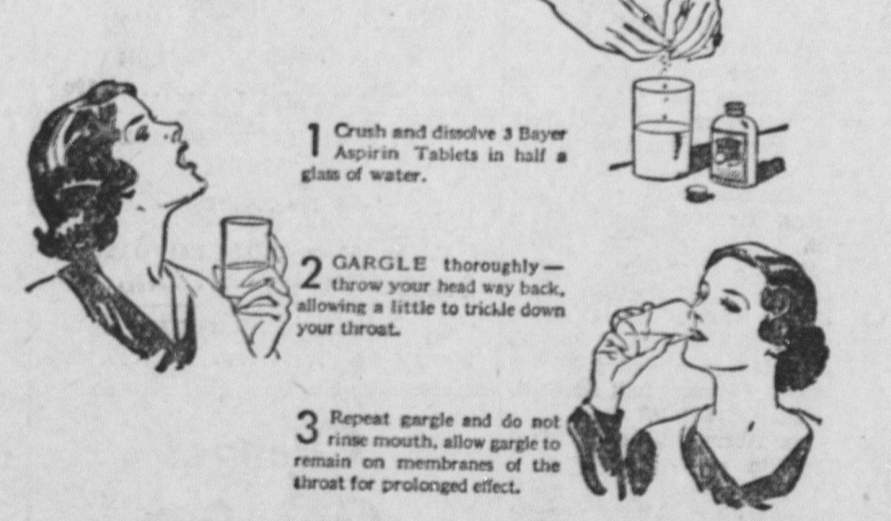
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