

## LITERARY NOTES.

The last six months have seen the event of at least three books of poems by Nebraska writers. The latest is "A Harp of the West" by Isabel Richey of Plattsmouth from the press of Charles Welle Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y. It is a very dainty little volume printed on good paper and the typographical work is very fine. The poems are sweet and pretty. They are written in an artistic manner, a great many of them being in the sonnet form, a difficult but pleasing form. Here and there are dainty little touches that makes one love the author. Such a one as this is called "Promises:"

When I am grown a man, mamma dear,  
I'll build for you a palace, do you hear?  
    And I'll make it very grand,  
    Just the finest in the land,  
All of marble, understand, mamma dear?  
I'll buy rings and chains, mamma dear,  
All the nice things earth contains, never fear,  
    And I'll buy a dress for you  
    Either white or either blue  
Or perhaps I'll get you two, mamma dear.  
He never grew a man here below  
But the place has been built, that I know,  
    And I hope to enter there  
    His immortal bliss to share  
And the promised robe to wear, when I go.

One poem, the "Millionaire's Dream," has in it the effect of the unrest of the times in regard to capital and labor. The little book is deserving of a place on the book tables of those who love Nebraska and her literature.

Dr. Parkhurst's first article to women in *The Ladies' Home Journal* has proved so popular that the entire huge edition of the February issue of the magazine was exhausted within ten days, and a second edition of 45,000 copies is being printed.

Lady Aberdeen tried a novel solution of the ever-vexing servant-girl problem in her homes in Scotland and Canada, and in the April number of *The Ladies Home Journal* she will, in an article, explain the method she adopted.

"Why? Says Gladys" is the odd title of a novelette by the distinguished English author, David Christie Murray, that heads the collection of attractive literary productions in the March number of "Tales from Town Topics." It is a brilliantly written story of love and matrimonial infelicity, presented in dialogue form, and the author treats his theme with such gayety and eloquence that one cannot fail to be interested and amused. *Gladys* is a lovely American girl who marries a reformed English rake, and, as it turns out, the rake proves to be the steadfast and true element of the partnership whereas *Gladys*, in an absurd spell of emotionalism, brings disaster into her home. Mr. Murray is at his best in recounting the misadventures of this strangely assorted pair, and produces a very good philosophical argument on the matrimony question as well as a captivating piece of romantic literature. The volume containing the novelette is crowded as usual with the bright array of stories, sketches, poems and colloquies culled from the back pages of *Town Topics*. Town Topics Publishing Co., 208 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## WROTE A POPULAR SONG.

Tom Hesdon, who lives on the West side, has allowed his talent to show itself in various ways.

His daily occupation is that of a driver. He has charge of a delivery wagon and is employed by one of the large department stores down town.

Out of his pay he has managed to save enough money to open a newstand, which he manages by proxy.

Incidentally, he is a song writer. Several years ago he found that he had the knack of composing simple airs, with which he entertains people along the route of his delivery wagon. Then he began writing verses to fit his tunes and, being duly encouraged by local admirers, he had some of his compositions sung in public. He formed a partnership with a man named Harcourt who could write music, and they worked together, producing ballads and comic songs, some of which they sold to professionals.

One of the songs they wrote has achieved a wide popularity, and the authorship is generally credited to the professional who brought it out. "The Fatal Wedding" was sung everywhere, and the minstrel man who bought the song made plenty of money out of it. This success caused Tom Hesdon and his partner to abandon the practice of selling their rights in a song. They began to publish on their own account and, as a side issue, to write parodies for professionals. The senior member of the firm still drives the delivery wagon and "thinks out" the lines of his "mother songs" while he is at work.—Chicago Herald.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC FAGTS.

De Caverly—How long an exposure is required to take a picture?  
Chalk—About ten seconds.  
De Caverly—But if it's a living picture?  
Chalk—Then there's no limit to the exposure.

## SELECTIONS FROM TOWN TOPICS.

"Marry that Fat Woman?" repeated the Living Skeleton, with a look of horror. "Nit! I can't bear her. At least the modern Samson couldn't, and I have no reason to believe I can."

Marie—Why did you run out of church so suddenly during the Fair.

Reggy—I didn't run out of church half as suddenly as I ran out of money!

"Well, Mrs. McBride," said the butcher, "what will you have today? Shall I send you up a nice leg of lamb?"

"Yes, Mr. Chops. You may send a nice limb of lamb."

The Husband—The policeman must be in love with the cook.

The Wife—What leads you to think so?

"Tommy says he wants to be a policeman when he gets to be a man."

B'Jones—That was a funny thing about that sheriff down south who attempted to levy on the Jollity Company's wardrobe, wasn't it?

B'Jinks—How's that?

B'Jones—Why, it was a living-picture show, you know.

Madley—Have you read Bourget's novel in the *Herald*?

Sadley—No; I'm waiting until it is translated into English.

Miggs—Why did you deny your identity to that man? Is he a tradesman's collector.

Priggs—No; he ran away with my wife a few months ago. I was afraid that he was bent on restitution.

I think her bloomers just immense,  
Her sleeves, oh my! are great!  
No wonder, when the dear thing weighs  
Five hundred and seventy-eight!

Manager—Well, what now? More trouble among the freaks, I suppose?

Assistant—I should remark! The Fire Eater has been kissing the Fat Woman till she's melted down half size.

Jack—She's expecting me to propose to her soon.

Fred—And me too. Let's go down tonight and get it over with.

I saw her dainty petticoat,  
Its ruffles blown awry,  
I saw a blue silk stocking, too,  
With more than half an eye,  
And—ah!—I saw the white lace frill  
Of something else—oh my!  
Why not? 'Twas but my lady's laundry  
Hanging up to dry.