

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Rhymers and writers of our day,
Too much of melancholy!
Give us the old heroic lay;
A whiff of wholesome folly;
The escapade, the dance;
A touch of wild romance.
Wake from this self-conscious fit;
Give us again Sir Walter's wit;
His love of earth, of sky, of life;
His ringing page with humor rife,
His never-weary pen;
His love of men!

Builder of landscape, who could make
Turret and tower their stations take
Brave in the face of the sun;
Of many a mimic world creator,
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;
Of nothing human he the hater.
Nobly could be plan:
Master of nature, master of man.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,
And on this pretty planet laid us,
Made us to work and play
Like children in the light of day—
Not like plodders in the dark,
Searching with lanterns for some mark
To find the way
After the stroke of pain,
Up and to work again!

Such was his life, without reproach or fear,
And at the end,
When Heaven bent down and whispered in
his ear
The word God's saints waited and longed
to hear,
I ween he was as quick as they to compre-
hend;
And when he passed beyond the goal;
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.
—From the July Century.

BRET HARTE'S WASTEBASKET.

He Used to Fill it with Rejected Drafts
of Everything He Wrote.

Writing of "Bret Harte in California"
in the July Century, Noah Brooks tells
of the story-writer's fastidiousness:

Harte's first literary work was done
in San Francisco, after he had tried his
hand at school-teaching in the interior
of the state, and had ventured tenta-
tively in other casual pursuits, as was
the manner of all the Argonauts of
those days. In 1863, while he was set-
ting type in the office of the "Golden
Era," a literary weekly paper of some
local renown, he offered to the editors,
with much diffidence, occasional contri-
butions, which he had already set up in
his composing-stick. They were short
and unambitious, but they were so
highly approved by the managers of the
paper that the young author was en-
couraged to offer more of the same sort.
A year later, Harte accepted a writing
engagement on the staff of the "Califor-
nian," another literary weekly, then
edited by Charles Henry Webb, better
known to old Californians by his pen-
name of "John Paul." Harte became
editor of this newspaper in 1865, when
Mr. Webb relinquished its manage-
ment. Another contributor to the col-
umns of the "Californian" was Samuel
L. Clemens, who was then making his
first essays in composition under the
since famous sobriquet of "Mark
Twain." Like Goldsmith's parson, who
was counted "passing rich with forty
pounds a year," these two young writers
were well content with a compensation
that would now be regarded by either

of them with amused contempt. In the
"Californian" Harte printed nothing
more ambitious than bits of verse and
slight local sketches in prose. The
titles of some of these were "Side-Walk-
ings," "On a Balcony," and "A Boy's
Dog." Nearly all of them, I think, were
hunted up and reprinted in more en-
during form when Harte had become
a celebrated author. His celebrity gave
these trifles an importance which he
never dreamed they would acquire.

Harte always manifested in his work
that fastidiousness in choice of words
which has characterized him ever since.
It was humorously complained of him
that he filled the newspaper-office
waste-baskets with his rejected manu-
scripts and produced next to nothing
for the printer. Once, assigned to the
task of writing an obituary article that
was not to exceed "two stickfuls," in
length, he actually filled a waste-basket
with fragments of "copy" which he tore
up before he produced the requisite
amount of matter. Going into my own
editorial room, early one forenoon, I
found Harte at my desk, writing a little
note to make an appointment with me
to dine together later in the day. See-
ing me, he started up with the remark
that my early arrival at the office would
obviate the necessity of his finishing the
note which he was writing, and which
he tore up as he spoke. When, this
little matter was settled, Harte had
gone out, crumpling in his hand the
fragments of his unfinished note, I
chanced to look into my waste-basket,
and saw a litter of paper carrying
Harte's familiar handwriting; and turn-
ing over the basket with quiet amuse-
ment, I discovered that he had left
there the rejected manuscript of no less
than three summons, which any other
man would have disposed of in some-
thing like this order: "Dear Brooke:
We will dine together at Louis Din-
geon's at 6:30 p. m. tonight.

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WHY EDITORS DUN.

Suppose that a farmer raises 1,000
bushels of wheat a year, and also sells
this to 1,000 persons in all parts of the
country, a great portion of them saying,
"I will hand you a dollar in a short
time." The farmer does not want to be
small, and says, "all right!" Soon the
1,000 bushels are gone, and he has nothing
to show for it, and he then realizes
that he has fooled away his whole crop
and its value is due in a thousand little
driblets, consequently he is seriously
embarrassed in business because his
debtors each owing him one dollar, treat
it as a small matter, and think it would
not help much. Continue this kind of
a business year in and year out, as the
publisher does, how long will he stand
it? A moment's thought will con-
vince anyone that an editor has cause
for persistent dunning.—From "The
Newspaper Maker," New York, May 4th,
1899.

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"What's this pretty little thing used for?"
"Nothing I guess. It's a progressive euchre prize."

"I wonder why they are called the sad sea waves?"
"Because the men don't come near them I suppose."