

listen and to whom they reply in their own tongue with a comprehension that only a poet or another child can understand. By a birth gift more wonderful than that of second sight Jean Ingelow has kept the imagination of a child after having acquired the technique of maturity. For the rest her love poetry is apt to be obscure though the three times seven girl as she leans out of the window breathes a simple wish that is no more mysterious than loving.

"I leaned out of the window,  
I smelt the white clover,  
Dark, dark was the garden,  
I saw not the gate;  
Now if there be footsteps,  
He comes my one lover;  
Hush nightingale, hush,  
O sweet nightingale wait  
Till I lister and hear  
If a step draweth near,  
For my love is late."

Her poems of childhood and to young love sing themselves. Their lyrical quality makes the work of the composer as easy as putting together the parts of an already fitted whole. "Off the Skelligs," and "Fated to be Free" are the two best known of her novels. But her fame rest upon her poems of childhood. Her point of view enabled her to write:

"O Columbine open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;  
O cuckoo-pint toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell."

The psychologist knows that a child dwells in a world of symbols, that to him H is a ladder, S a snake, K a farm gate, O a bowl of bread and milk, a row of chairs is a train of cars, a cane is an untameable steed, etc. Miss Ingelow remembers the glory that enveloped those things and is able thus to keep up her communication with that child world that is shut upon most people and sealed with a lock which will not yield when *Welt-schmerz* cries out "open."

When Tennyson died Queen Victoria was importuned to appoint Jean Ingelow poet laureate. Although not of the same rank with Tennyson, Jean Ingelow's appointment would at least have been the recognition of a poet. She is incapable of the absurd solecisms which the present laureate commits without compunction on the nation's anniversaries. But Queen Victoria does not believe in recognizing anything feminine. Her ministers, poets, playwrights and gillies are men and if she knows her mind her appointees will be masculine, to the end of her reign.

Jean Ingelow's work is not so popular as it was ten years ago. Like Mrs. Oliphant, she felt that her day was over. With the modern school of art for art's sake they had not much to do. The style which made them the vogue may come again but just now it is for hilltop novels, impressionism and realism. Rudyard Kipling and short story writers of the last end of the century have made people impatient with the classicism of twenty or fifteen years ago. It is idle to predict what another ten years will do. Therefore it is only safe to say that the children will go on committing "Songs of Seven" for they are not influenced by fads or schools. Mother Goose is as popular as she was before language songs, lesson songs and all kinds of kindergarten methods laid siege to the heart of a child. Jean Ingelow died at the age of sixty-seven a gentle, pink cheeked old lady. We are personally attached to her as we were to Longfellow, for his goodness and sweetness. When Mrs. Browning died it was predicted that Miss Ingelow would take her place. Critics do not admit Miss Ingelow's work now to so distinguished a place. She has not fulfilled her early promise.

Her work lacks strength, verity. Aerial flight, descent into the depths of the soul, or that breezy, ironical view of types that Kipling and his humble followers take, is not to be found in Miss Ingelow's work. It is of the school of Longfellow, Cowper, Southey and Wordsworth and these do not interest as they used whether because the century is degenerate or because we have more light, we are too near to say.

#### "The Courier's" London Correspondent.

The Queen dislikes Buckingham Palace and will not sleep there if she can help it, preferring to go to Paddington, two miles from Buckingham, and take the train for Windsor Castle which is twenty-four miles away, even if she has to return the next morning.—Ed.

As Richard Harding Davis says, London is a show city. There is always a uniform or a band or some royalty to be looked at.

One of the most interesting scenes for an American tourist is a view of the Queen on her way from Buckingham palace to Windsor.

It is announced in the morning paper that Her Majesty will drive through Hyde Park at 4 o'clock, on her way to Paddington station. So about three I wander over the green grass of the park which has no warnings to keep off. Here one can seat himself comfortably some where in a penny chair and await the great event.

About 4 o'clock all traffic is stopped along the route and mounted policemen gallop back and forth with an air of mystery. A crowd begins to gather along the main road and I realize that I am getting a little excited with all these preparations going on.

First five or six vans appear, bringing the royal baggage. The Queen's arm chair, which always travels with her, is conspicuous in one van. She never uses a rocker; perhaps like Patti, she believes it will make her grow old.

When the vans with their brown horses and scarlet liveried drivers are out of the way, the carriages come with officers of state, ladies in waiting, the royal children and last, but not least, four Indian attendants. Some ten or fifteen minutes have passed before, through the trees, is seen the shimmer of the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards. Seven attempts have been made on Queen Victoria's life so it is no wonder they are commanded to ride fast, the guards with their guns pointed and a military clank of armor which is quite thrilling.

When the Queen, dressed in black, appears in her open carriage, I am delighted to see that she looks exactly like her pictures. Her daughter, Beatrice, is always with her. Two Scotch attendants in full Highland uniforms are in the carriage. The people hardly have time to cheer before her Majesty is past. The crowd closes in, the delayed traffic moves on and we wander home to discuss royalty in a familiar manner at the dinner table in the evening.

I once had the honor to meet a small boy, who, along with fifty other blue coat boys, was chosen for good behavior and a good drawing to visit her Majesty at Windsor.

"When we arrived," he told me, "we were all taken into a long hall where we knelt on one knee holding up our drawing. Then a little hip-pity-tippity old lady came in, dressed in black who did not look as well as mother. She walked down the line examining the drawings through her porgnettes and occasionally saying one was good. When the end of the line was reached she left the room, but a very gorgeous looking man appeared and gave every boy whose work had

been admired a bronze medal.

After that we were all invited into the dining hall and told to order what we wanted to eat or drink."

At this point I asked the little boy what he ordered, and guess what it was—a mutton chop and a glass of pop.

Tongues of peacocks, exotic fruits, pyramids of cakes; what delicious things we have heard of as being served on a Queen's table, but never before have I pictured a mutton chop and a glass of pop as even finding a place in the royal kitchen.

Patriotism ran very high in London before the jubilee. One man in the Royal Institute gardens forgot to lift his hat during the playing of "God Save the Queen." A kind gentleman knocked it off for him and then a fight ensued.

If "God Save the Queen" forces every man to take off his hat, let some great musician compose a tune that will make a lady take off her chapeau.

#### STORIES IN PASSING.

Three Lincoln young men went out to Colorado for a month last summer and many and varied were their experiences. The last week of their stay they spent at and around Colorado Springs and Manitou and the last day was devoted to the ascent of Pike's Peak on foot. They had put this off until the last that they might the better be able to stand the walk and as a fitting climax to the trip.

The ascent was to them what it is to every one who makes it on foot—one long continuation of magnificent scenery, little showers, cog-road, and constant knee-action at an angle of sixty degrees. Of course they took a lunch from Manitou out, or rather up—boiled eggs and doughnuts and sandwiches and the like bulging out their pockets; but what with munching continually on the way and losing part by one of the young fellows slipping down a ravine into the brook, and the cheers and the doughnuts getting ground up into a mealy mass with the eggs, there was little of that lunch left by the time the three struck the red section house that is the real half-way resting place up the mountain. From there on it is a long, steady, upward pull, mile after mile, with the end seemingly never in sight until you made that last turn and janting, falling, cold, faint, exhausted and dead-beat, you tumble into the stone house at the top and call for a lunch. Everybody feels about the same and everybody eats and thinks about the same—if they are not too ill to look at food.

These three Lincoln young men were not ill—the atmosphere made little difference to them—but they were cold and wet and hungry, and they ordered nearly everything at hand—whole pots of coffee, cakes, steak, potatoes, toast and more coffee. Now, if you have ever visited that eating house on the summit of Pike's Peak, you know the place and you have had experience with the prices. The young men had never been there before and no one had even told them about it. So when they called for the bill and the waiter counted up and said, "four dollars and seventy-five cents," it took their breath away in earnest and for the moment at least they felt the altitude.

"Oh, Lord!" said the big, brown-haired fellow who is a foot ball man and had eaten as much as the other two.

"Four dollars and seventy-five cents," said his brother, "well, at that price we can let nothing go to waste," and he fell to again, cutting off a bit of steak close to the bone.

But the third young man was silent, for he alone realized the gravity of the situation. He was treasurer of the

fund which they had pooled in starting, and he of the three knew how the finances stood. He ran his hands down through all his pockets and brought out some loose silver. Then he called on the others and they added a few dimes and nickels. He counted the money over and pushed it across the counter.

"Two ninety. That's all we've got and no way of getting any more until we reach home. Send the rest to you then."

And then the three filed out the door and headed down the mountain and that night took the Rock Island for Lincoln which place they reached the following afternoon, ravenous as wolves, for that four dollar and seventy-five cent lunch on the Peak had deprived them of every chance of anything to eat for twenty-four hours.

Two other young men had an experience over a lunch but it was in coming out from Chicago and in quite a different way. They had left Chicago in the evening with nothing but their tickets and seven cents between them. The next morning the train stopped at Pacific Junction for breakfast and the two young men walked into the lunch room.

"I'll just take a cup of coffee," said the taller of the two, he of the five-cent piece, "What'll you have, Will?"

"Oh, nothing," said Will, "I'm not feeling very well this morning and don't believe I could stand anything to eat." And he went over to the ice-water tank, took a drink, and bought two sticks of gum with his pennies. Then he leaned up against the wall and watched his friend drink the coffee, and looked lovingly at a large package of lunch the waitress had wrapped up and placed on the counter near his friend, evidently for some one in the adjoining dining room.

Will thought his companion hung over his coffee-cup an unusually long time, but the young man had a purpose. He kept pouring in a little more cream and sipping slowly until the engine gave a shriek and the bell clanged. Then in the general rush of passengers from the lunch room the two young men reached the car.

When they took their seats Will saw that his friend had the package of lunch which had been placed on the counter so conveniently near. They found fried chicken, bread and butter sandwiches, a half of pie and some devilled eggs. They washed it down with ice-water and then walked through the train. But save a florid old gentleman who told his wife gruffly to go into the diner for breakfast while he took a smoke, they found no one who seemed to have lost a lunch in the general stampede from the station.

It is a big, barn-like structure just to the west of the depot at the little town of Greenwood down on the Burlington between here and Omaha. Years have passed since it served its purpose, for the windows are paneless and the doors stand gaping. The wind sways the hanging shutters and keeps up a mournful tattoo on the loosened weather-boarding. The bricks of the chimney have fallen away until merely a stump remains. There is a big rent in the roof which admits rain, sun, dust and the birds that haunt an old house. At the side the remains of a "lean-to" still stand, but threatening to collapse at any moment. Tall weeds and sun-flowers hide the approaches and choke the doorways. Through this growth a dog sometimes noses its way, or a boy and his companions play hide-and-seek there but not often, for the old building has an evil name among the young of the village. It has never been occupied within their memory and that is enough to suggest almost anything in their imaginative little brains. To the older inhabitants of the town it brings back early years of prosperity and business and high hopes, now gone. They gaze