

LIFE OF CHALES DICKENS

(Continued from page 1)

His father was a good-natured, lazy man, and his mother a well-educated but not a very warm-hearted woman. Little Charles was taught to read by his mother, but he attended a school at Chatham where they lived for a time, and the great delight of his early boyhood was the reading of a little library of stories which he discovered in an upstairs room of his father's house. It is said that he would go about for a whole week together imagining himself to be the hero of some of these romances.

Dickens always believed that his feeble health in childhood was in one way an advantage to him, for, while the other boys were playing, he had to read.

His father got into debt and the family moved to a miserable house in Camden town, London.

Charles, who longed to go to school, was turned into a little house-hold drudge and his parents seemed to forget about his education entirely. His school days were over when he was but fifteen years of age.

In 1827 he was employed at a salary of thirteen shillings sixpence a week. This work was so well done that he got a raise to fifteen shillings.

Later on his father was imprisoned for debt, the bailiff took away all their furniture, leaving only the beds and some pots and pans; and, worst of all, they took the story-books which had given so much delight to Charles.

In those days a man who was imprisoned for debt could have his family to live with him in the prison, where a fair amount of liberty was allowed; and so Dicken's mother, with her other children, went to stay at the prison with his father while he was sent out to work at the distasteful task of sticking labels on blacking bottles, whereby he could earn a dollar or so a week. At last his father was released and they rented a home elsewhere.

When Charles was twelve years of age he was taken away from his dirty work at label pasting and sent to a school in Hampstead Road, where the teachers seemed to have been the queerest sort of people imaginable. But Dickens was happier now than he had ever been. He could indulge his taste for reading.

He left school when fourteen years old and studied shorthand so that he could be a newspaper reporter. So he taught himself shorthand, and by spending much of his time at the British Museum managed to make up for the shortcomings in his education.

He was twenty-two years old when he became a reporter. He saw so many funny, or queer, people that he decided to write about them. Dora in "David Copperfield" was about his sweetheart who married some one else.

He was presently the happiest and most successful story teller in England. To the end of his days he kept the love of the multitudes of readers which his stories won for him.

He traveled a great deal. First he went to Edinburgh and the people gave him great banquets. Then he came to America and all the people thought as much of him as we did of "Lindy." He was not pleased with all this fuss. It made him sick, but he came back again. When he went back home he had all kinds of trouble. There were deaths in the family and his health was failing.

In 1865 he was riding on a train that was wrecked. This scare made him very nervous and he never got well. In 1867 he came to America again and contracted a very bad cold. He was not able to throw this cold off and he grew so sick that he could not sleep.

On June 8, 1870, he fell in a faint and died the next day. According to his wishes he had a very plain funeral. He was buried at Westminster Abbey.

I AM MUSIC

Servant and Master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me the spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage alter, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of the lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on the rockribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on the city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

I AM MUSIC.

MOTION PICTURES

Nov. 24	-	-	-	-	-	-	Almost Human
Dec. 1	-	-	-	-	-	-	Flying Luck
Dec. 15	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hold 'Em, Yale
Dec. 26	-	-	-	-	-	-	King of Kings
Jan. 12	-	-	-	-	-	-	Beau Geste
Jan. 26	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fireman, Save My Child
Feb. 9	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rough Riders
Feb. 23	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chang
March. 9	-	-	-	-	-	-	Old Ironsides