

# "MOTHER GOOSE" LIVED IN CHARLESTOWN



to make a volume. These he printed and bound them in a book, which he offered for sale under the following title: "Mother Goose Melodies for Children—Printed by T. Fleet, Pudding Lane, 17, Fleet, two coppers. This title page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of some in-law is not of a recent origin. They were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law.

How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, however, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all other trials and annoyances of her life. She possessed her soul in patience and continued her gentle ministry to the little ones, still uttering them into her arms and soothing and gladdening their hearts after the shadows of old age had fallen about her, not weary of her task but busy as ever with it when the time came for her motherly soul to spread its wings and fly away to the great company of children in heaven.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose.

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## PERSONAL HONOR—HOW TO DEFEND IT—Some Deductions From Shakespeare's Drama, King Henry IV

By Ernest Von Wildenbruch, famous German poet.

"WELL, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yes, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to law? No. For an arm? No. Or take away the grief of wounds? No. Honor lives in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? What is that honor, air? A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died of Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yes, it is. But will it live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore, I'll have none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

These words are Falstaff's, whom Shakespeare in his drama, King Henry IV, makes philosophize about honor. After he has finished the trumpet ring out, and on the field of Shrewsbury the two Henries—Henry Monmouth, Prince of Wales, and Henry Percy, called Hotspur—rush at one another, both inspired with the only thought to win honor by slaying the other in duel, Henry Hotspur falls at the hands of the future hero, King Henry V.

Never as long as men have thought, as poets have written, and poets have sung, has the idea of honor been so masterfully characterized as an "insensible" as here, where irony, speaking through the lips of Falstaff, tells all that honor is not able to do. Never has the power of honor been shown more powerfully than here, where the two most glorious heroes of England, thirsting for honor, rush at one another, because they cannot have it in the same course. It is not two men, but two different kinds of men who are described here. Falstaff is the one, Henry Monmouth and Henry Percy the other. The former wants to have nothing to do with honor; it cannot give back an arm or a leg; it is also a very difficult thing to get, and a very difficult thing to keep. The latter wants honor, and he is worth more than life because it is everything to him. He is a great poet, does not judge. The fact which he tells us here is this, that honor in the soul of Falstaff is ridiculous, but in the soul of a Henry it is a feeling and emotion stronger than anything else.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is very plain to make.

But Shakespeare wrote in the sixteenth century, and his ideas and sentiments are no longer ours. Isn't that so? Honor, however, that whenever King Henry IV played, the question of honor which it takes up moves us as if it were something happening at the present time. How that only the strong is strong enough to awaken in us a feeling which is dormant in us almost as long as we live. The electric current causes the leg of a frog to move, although it has been dead for a long time. It can hardly be so, and almost simultaneously with Shakespeare, other great poets in another country, Spain, Lope de Vega and Calderon, have written dramas in which the question of honor has been touched upon, but their sense of honor awakens absolutely no feeling within us.

What does this show? That the word honor as Shakespeare felt it, is also felt by us, and that it cannot be dead, but must be a living power in our souls.

And this is what it means: Honor as felt by men of the German race is different from the conception which have the Latin nations, to whom it means a conventional idea; to us it is a matter of sentiment, and for this reason we speak of sense of honor. But because we speak of the element upon which is based the whole life of the Germans, and because sentiment is the immortal part of the German character, an honor which arises in the electric current soul most comprise within it all that is noble and good.

The sense of honor is a flame, a fire that never goes out, but always burns upon the altar of our soul. An idea which permeates our whole being, and tells us that besides the written law there is a very different law, which we must obey as explicitly as we must obey the codes. We carry this unwritten law in our hearts, we have it in every difficult situation, and the judge who sentences according to it is our own inmost self.

Falstaff laughs at the thought that he should let an idea tell him what to do, but even the man who is no Falstaff feels too exceedingly difficult it is at times to follow the dictates of honor. It is a very difficult thing to speak to be your own God and master without any law to show you the way, without an authority to give the law for you.

There have been times in history when this task has been easier. Those were the times when powerful movements came into the world which did not leave the individual being a time or power to form his own mental ideals, but forced him with all his power and strength to take part in the evolution of mankind. Such times were those of the reformation and of the revolutions, or of the great wars in which whole peoples arose to demand the nationalities. These times were ruled by thoughts which were so powerful that they awakened even among the masses the desire to fight for the evolution of mankind.

But holidays soon pass. For every holiday in a week there are six weeks of work. And week-day feeling does not look upward, but downward; does not arise in lofty flight towards the sky, but crawls along the ground. Week-day feeling is the command of feeling. Therefore, woe to the nation which knows and understands only week-day feeling, and woe to the individual whom the feeling senses.

At times when no storm of thought carries humanity upward, when no strong religious feeling helps man to look upward beyond every day into eternity, where shall we look for the power, and what power is it which keeps us from being absorbed in material affairs, and which tells him that there are things in existence which you cannot feel with your hands nor see with your eyes, and which are of immeasurable value? This power does exist, and it is the one of which I am speaking—honor—and the sense of honor.

Honor, as I feel it and understand it, is not a conventional idea, it is not the property of any single estate or profession, it is the feeling which lives in the heart of every individual that he as a man is responsible for his thoughts and acts, responsible for himself, that every man in his soul a mirror which shows him to himself just as he is.

The consciousness of having within yourself such a sentiment, such a feeling, must develop the best qualities of the human character, and where such feelings are living in the human soul, there arises the noble type of humanity—the proud man, the strong individuality. A nation who allows this type to die out and disappear is doomed, and no power in the world can save it. Therefore, the question arises: What may we do to protect it? The answer is: We are to do it in defense of our honor.

When this question is put in this way, it is easy to see that it is wrong, that it is wrong to let an individual human soul, cannot be attacked by any outsider. Only one person can endanger the sense of honor within him, and that is himself. He must only be convinced that his conscience is clear. It does not matter how much outsiders attack and cry out against me, they will meet them with contempt, and contempt is silent. The more a person is able to meet with silent contempt, the more he is worthy of honor. On the other side, if nobody attacks me, if nobody says a word against me, and my own conscience condemns me, I will not let myself be read in newspapers about suicide for which no reason can be found. We try to explain them in every possible way, but we do not let them have the right to be sick or to have suddenly become insane. But there is still another explanation, that the judge who lives in the soul of every man has condemned the man to die.

But even if it is true that honor cannot be naked from about, and that it needs protection against the outside, it is also true that we see every day furious and poisonous attacks against those who are successful in their honor and sense of honor. The Falstaffs are not dead today. They are even now far more numerous than the heroes of Homer, Monmouth or Henry Percy. As long as the world shall exist we shall see the struggle between the Falstaffs and the Henries.

The Falstaffs have lost the wit and humor, but his gall is as bitter and as plentiful as ever. This man is a creature which from time to time appears on the surface, an anti-social, anti-militaristic, anti-religious movements are they really more than a mere fancy? Are they a hatred of the masses against anything which shows signs of strong individuality.

## POLAND'S MOST VERSATILE GENIUS--Strange Life Story of Stanislas Wyspianski, Poet, Painter, Sculptor

From a Staff Correspondent.

WARSAW, Jan. 14.—Death has just laid its hand upon a remarkable man whom competent critics have declared to be the most versatile genius Poland has produced in a century. He died at the age of thirty-eight, before his work was half done. Poet, painter, dramatist and sculptor, Stanislas Wyspianski painted a masterpiece at twenty-five, wrote another at twenty-six, and gave more literature to the world in the last decade of his life than the author of "Ode Vadis" in a life-time.

His life story is as strange as his talents were great and varied. Born in the old-world town of Cracow, where Poland's history is written on every stone and Italian architects have laid their mark on every house, he grew up amongst traditions and things beautiful. The son of a sculptor he began to work with his chisel. But he worked with his brain as well as his hands, and the thought of the foreign work under which his people groaned weighed heavily upon him. This melancholy is common to Polish and Russian youth. They draw it, or try to drown it, in dissipation. Wyspianski did likewise and toiled like the proverbial lark as well.

His health began to fail him. Then the Bohemians to get away from the hysterical women of their class. Artists, poets and sculptors married peasant women—healthy, nervous, ignorant. The new race which sprang from these unions they believe are destined to liberate Poland. Wyspianski was attracted by the movement and to have his peasant woman. Her coarse ideas and shrewish tongue grated against his delicate nature; but before he was twenty-five she bore him a son. Other children followed and finally he married her.

A fatal disease, his enemies say the result of dissipation, now made his appearance. The doctors said he could not live long, especially as his lungs were also attacked. He said he had much to do before he died—and began to write his first masterpiece, a play called "The Warsaw Woman." He was very poor, and painted pictures, glass windows, maps, posters, altars and restored medieval work as few people nowadays know how, for a mere pittance. But in 1901 his three-act drama, "The Wedding," placed him high in public esteem and caused him to be acknowledged as the greatest writer of Poland during the past century. Beauty of language, Dantelian strength, immense dramatic effect, a portrayal of the events of every-day life, blended

with an exhibition of the supernatural are worked into a play which only a master could have done. The effect that keeps its audience spell-bound and breathless. Many other pieces followed this "Wedding," including "Deliverance," "Bolsheviks the Bold," "Calmir," "The Great," "Lelewek." "The Rock" and several plays and poems built after the Greek model.

Many times he was at the point of death and many times his strong spirit, which said he must work, triumphed over the pain-wracked, diseased body. His great grief, some months before his death, was that he lost the power over the fingers of his right hand and could no longer paint. But he made the doctor fix a pencil to his hand and continued to write. The proofs of his last drama, "Judges," were corrected in this way for publication in book form, a couple of weeks before his death. There is little doubt that had he lived his work, which improved steadily every year, would have won for him world-wide recognition. He was a fervent Roman Catholic, and his religious agonies and conscious to the last moment, died with the calmness that only great souls can show when crossing the gulf.

Iowa is also becoming doubtful. The main trouble is Governor Cummins, a rank disturber of the G. O. P.

## KING OF DIAMONDS VERSUS PRINCE OF ADVENTURES

Revelations at the Trial of Franz von Veltheim, Charged With Blackmail by Solly Joel, Promise to Be Startling--Secret Political Plots May Be Uncovered

LONDON, Jan. 25.—All England is expectantly awaiting the coming trial of Franz von Veltheim, the daring soldier of fortune who has been called "the prince of adventures." As readers already know, Von Veltheim is charged by Solly Joel with an attempt at blackmailing. Von Veltheim was arrested in Paris, extradited, and after a preliminary hearing a few days ago, was held for trial at the New Bailey.

Solly Joel is chief of South African multi-millionaires, head of Barnato brothers, and the De Beers Diamond mines—a veritable King of Diamonds. England is awaiting the coming fight to a finish between these two strong men with intense interest because of the extraordinary and sensational secrets which the testimony promises to reveal. At the preliminary hearing the cross-examination of witnesses were called in fact. But there was a hasty drawing aside of the curtain in the cross-examination which gave an insight into what is to come.

Thus it was revealed that there is a mysterious young girl in the case, the name of "Kismet." It is known that she was beautiful and the daughter of one of the best families in South Africa. It is asserted, too, that she had friendly relations with the Barnato firm and motives of hatred against Solly Joel, and that her father, who is said to have been a political spy. In the troublous times in Johannesburg of murders and sudden deaths, this girl was found dead in bed, on the very morning she was to have given testimony in the trial of Von Veltheim for the killing of Woolf Joel, brother of Solly. Von Veltheim was acquitted of the charge of murder after a three-minute deliberation of the jury.

One Minor Prophet.

Looking through a somewhat celebrated encyclopaedia the other day I came across this passage: "Joel—One of the minor prophets. Nothing is known of his personality, but it is commonly accepted that he belonged to Judah." That paragraph suits Solly Joel to a T. The publications devoted to the biographies of eminent men, millionaires, actors and so on condescend to mention Solly's brother, Jack, but not the great South African multi-millionaire in the old lady's mouth she insisted on going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To trip to South Africa and that with Von Veltheim a free man he does not venture to overthrown the Boer government. A former plot, the well-known Jameson raid, is said to have been engineered by the Barnatos and Joel. Solly Joel was not one of the actual raiders but was a member of the reform committee, was later arrested, jailed and in peril of his life, being saved at the eleventh hour by Barney Barnato.

Von Veltheim will claim that he was employed by Barney Barnato on a secret financial mission to Johannesburg for a month and unlimited expenses and that his demand on Solly Joel for \$50,000 is not blackmail but a business request for money properly due him. Von Veltheim will also charge Joel with prosecuting him in revenge for the death of his brother, who was killed by a machine which almost killed him and with causing the burning of the grounds of the hotel in which Von Veltheim lay helplessly sick.

The Joel batteries will hurl many more accusations against the soldier of fortune than the one charge of blackmail. In Solly Joel's affidavit, on which the Faristan extradition was secured, he charges Von Veltheim with being among other things a murderer, bigamist and deserter.

There are South Africans in London today claiming to know who declare that they would not give 20 cents for Solly Joel's life if he were sent to the penitentiary. The adventure has a memory, is a hale and hearty giant physically and even after a 10-year sentence probably would seek his revenge. There are others again who declare that Joel is so strenuously prosecuting because he realizes that he is a marked man and that Von Veltheim is only awaiting his opportunity. They say that Joel finds it necessary to take a



travaicant supper to the chorus of comic opera companies, of big wagers won and lost in gambling houses. Things, in fact, got so lively that two things were noted in the London-South African affairs, then the editor of the Johannesburg Critic, published a column headed "Letter of Advice to Solly Joel." In it there occurred the significant sentence: "You can't burn the candle at both ends forever, my boy."

Solly Joel was, and still is, noted for his high rate of gambling. He is in the center of his life, the other the bouquet of roses he always wears in his coat. He is probably the only man in the world who wears a hat on the back of his head so that all can see his eyes and nose and the rest of him, he is just over fifty, five feet eight in height, well built but stout, with a typical German heavy nose, and a high forehead. His moustache is very black and very heavy.

All the Joels are born gamblers. They love racing. Solly and J. B. are two of the biggest race horse owners and breeders in England. And so they were in South Africa. Solly would attend strictly to business in the morning, his company's great office on Fox and Loveday streets in Johannesburg, but in the afternoon would drive out to his stables and watch the training of his horses.

Joel's extravagance was such that when South Africa he memorably bought the papers published in the name of Solly taking a bath in soda water and in champagne. A small soda cost forty cents and champagne was a crack. Later on this extravagance was applauded. It was at the time of the Vrededorp explosion a dozen years ago. Fifty tons of dynamite went off and forty lives went out with the entire village. Solly heard the news while on a train. Within five minutes he was taking round the hat for sufferers. He put a cheque for \$25,000 in it to start. In an hour the fund was completed and \$40,000 had been subscribed. This act brought President Kruger to Joburg for the first time in years, and Joel was officially thanked.

None of the Joels. Solly and Joel Solly came to England, where he has lived for the last ten years. He has a magnificent town residence in Grosvenor street, Mayfair, and two country places—Malden, Epsom, near Reading and Childwickbury, which he bought from the late Sir Bundell and his wife. Despite his wealth he does not go into society or approach the royal or smart circles at all. He devotes most of his time to his race horses and occasionally to his business. He is a familiar figure at all race meetings, which in England are held during the year round. His stable has won some of the classic events of the British turf, being the Gold Cup at Ascot. It is customary in a big event such as this for the owner to lead his horse into the paddock after the race and to suffer the insults of the crowd. King Edward has done this himself. But Joel at Ascot did not, and the fact was much commented on. One of the London papers gave as his excuse, "Mr. Joel was afraid of selling his dainty yellow kid gloves."

Solly Joel has a neighbor in London, a friend went to Monte Carlo to buck the bank. They tried of roulette and wandered off to the trente et quar-

A Secret Plot.

The principal sensation of the coming trial, however, is expected to be the revelations concerning a secret plot to overthrow the Boer government. A former plot, the well-known Jameson raid, is said to have been engineered by the Barnatos and Joel. Solly Joel was not one of the actual raiders but was a member of the reform committee, was later arrested, jailed and in peril of his life, being saved at the eleventh hour by Barney Barnato.

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Joel Became Popular.

One would think that the Joels would be right in their element in Johannesburg. South Africans are wont to call the city Joburg for short. But while Woolf Joel became popular, was elected a member of the exclusive Rand club and was often seen at society events, Solly never managed to better than the sacred portals. While he had friends and he entertained he was not and is not today a popular man. In Joburg he was famous as the "white-haired boy of the Fenderion." In that district of the city he was a prince. They tell strange stories there of "birds in a gilded cage," of gay revels, of ex-



Warning to Trolley Car Drivers.

Henry van Dyke in Harper's Magazine. Every time from our tents on the terrace above an ancient tablet in a pleasure garden or from our red tiled rooms in the good Hotel d'Orleans, to which we have been driven by a driver who carries a file in the camp, we are taken into a chapter of the Arabian Nights entertainments.

It is true there were electric lights and there was a trolley car crawling round the city but they no more made it better than the modern city. A necklace would change the character of the Venus of Milo. The driver of the trolley car looked like one of "The Three Calendars" and a gaily dressed little boy beside him blew loudly on an instrument of discord as the machine tranquilly advanced through the crowd. A man was run over a few months ago; his friends waited for the car to come round the next day, pulled the driver from his perch and struck a number of long knives through him in a truly oriental manner.

ants tables. Here they played the maximum on red and black and the color. Red made one of the most remarkable runs in history and the punters were driven by a driver who carries a file in the camp, we are taken into a chapter of the Arabian Nights entertainments.

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"Solly Joel" millionaire nephew of the late Barney Barnato