

Cooper Honored at Yale



Memorabilia of America's First Representative Novelist

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

DYES Young America of today know its "Leatherstocking Tales"? Has it ever read of such personages as Harvey Birch and Long Tom Coffin and Mabel Dunham? Probably not. And yet James Fenimore Cooper was America's first representative novelist. He was one of the best-known figures of his time, in Europe as well as in America. And what is more—Europe is still reading his novels, with apparently unabated gusto.

Yale is honoring her famous son these latter days in what is to be called the Cooper room of the Sterling Memorial library. In this Cooper room will be housed memorabilia, which the university has lately acquired by gift from James Fenimore Cooper of Cooperstown, N. Y., grandson of the novelist.

These memorabilia include the manuscripts of the "Leatherstocking Tales" and other Cooper stories. There are also three diaries of the author, a marble bust by David, portraits and a great collection of letters. Some of these letters are to members of his family. Others form his correspondence with such distinguished contemporaries as Sir Walter Scott, Lafayette, Washington Irving and Samuel Morse. There is much that is new in these letters, for most of them have been kept private in accordance with Cooper's expressed wish that this biographical material should not be published during the lives of his descendants who were living at the time of his death in 1851.

Cooper was born in 1789 in Burlington, N. J., but was taken in infancy to the family's new home at what is now Cooperstown, near Lake Otsego, N. Y.—the Glimmerglass of his novels. He went to Yale at thirteen, but an unappreciative faculty sent him home at the end of his second year. Then followed a short period as a merchant sailor and four years in the navy of the United States. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married and settled down as a gentleman farmer.

Until he was thirty Cooper apparently had no desire to write. Then he produced "Precaution," a dull story of English life, of which he then knew nothing.



Illustration by H.C. Wyeth for "The Deerstayer" (Charles Scribner's Sons)

"Has a Huron no ears?" scornfully exclaimed Uncas: "twice since he has been your prisoner has the Delaware heard a gun that he knows. Your young men will never come back."

"If the Lenape are so skillful, why is one of their bravest warriors here?" "He followed in the steps of a flying coward, and fell into a snare. The cunning beaver may be caught."

As Uncas thus replied, he pointed with his finger toward the solitary Huron, but without deigning to bestow any other notice on so unworthy an object.

"Reed-that-bends," said the chief, addressing the young culprit by name and in his proper language, "though the Great Spirit has made you pleasant to the eyes, it would have been better that you had not been born. Your tongue is loud in the village, but in battle it is still. None of my young men strike the tomahawk deeper into the war-post—none of them so lightly on the Yengeese. The enemy know the shape of your back, but they have never seen the color of your eyes. Three times have they called on you to come, and as often did you forget to answer. Your name will not be mentioned again in your tribe—it is already forgotten."

As the chief slowly uttered these words, pausing impressively between each sentence, the culprit raised his face, in deference to the other's rank and years. Shame, horror and pride struggled in its lineaments. He arose to his feet, and baring his bosom, looked steadily on the keen glittering knife that was already upheld by his inexorable judge. As the weapon passed slowly into his heart he even smiled, as if in joy at having found death less dreadful than he anticipated, and fell heavily on his face at the feet of the rigid and unyielding form of Uncas.

And here is a bit that shows Cooper's style in his sea stories. The excerpt is from "The Water-Witch," and is part of the description of that mysterious and beautiful brigantine's escape through Hell-Gate:

At such moments of intense anxiety, the human mind is wont to seek support in the opinions of others. Notwithstanding the increased velocity and the critical condition of his own vessel, Ludlow (commander of the cruiser Coquette) cast a glance in order to ascertain the determination of the "Skimmer of the Seas" (commander of the privateer Water-Witch). Blackwell's was already behind them, and as the two currents were again united, the brigantine had luffed up into the entrance of the dangerous passage, and now followed within two hundred feet of the Coquette, directly in her wake. The bold and manly-looking mariner who controlled her stood between the knight-heads, just above the image of his pretended mistress, where he examined the foaming reefs, the whirling eddies, and the varying currents, with folded arms and a riveted eye.

"Luff!" called out the Skimmer, as quickly as to show that he took the movements of the cruiser for his guide. The ship came closer to the wind, but the sudden bend in the stream no longer permitted her to steer in a direct line with its course. Though drifting to windward with vast rapidity, her way through the water, which was greatly increased by the contrary actions of the wind and tide, caused the cruiser to shoot across the current; while a reef, over which the water madly tumbled, lay immediately in her course. The danger seemed too imminent for the observance of nautical etiquette, and Trysail called aloud that the ship must be thrown aback, or she was lost.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted Ludlow, in the strong voice of authority. "Up with everything—tacks and sheets!—main-top-sail haul!"

The ship seemed as conscious of her danger as any on her decks. The bows whirled away from the foaming reef, and as the sails caught the breeze on their opposite surfaces, they aided in bringing her head in the contrary direction. A minute has scarcely passed ere she was aback, and in the next she was about and full again. The intensity of the brief exertion kept Trysail fully employed; but no sooner had he leisure to look ahead than he again called aloud:

"Here is another roarer under her bows. Luff, sir, luff, or we are upon it!"

"Hard down your helm!" once again came in deep tones from Ludlow. "Let fly your sheets—throw all aback, forward and aft—away with the yards, with a will, men!"

To the taste of today Cooper's stories show many shortcomings. Just the same Thackeray ranked Leatherstocking, Uncas and others of Cooper's men with the best of Scott's, Hugo ranked them above Scott's, Irving, Balzac and Conrad are among the many who have paid tribute to Cooper's power.

And there was this other thing about James Fenimore Cooper: No more ardent American ever lived, as Europe quickly learned when he went abroad to enjoy his popularity. His controversies kept two continents alive with interest.

"The Spy," "Pioneers," and "The Pilot," all written before Cooper was thirty-five, are a trilogy sufficient to make the fame of any writer. Yet he went on and in 29 years he produced 32 novels. Some of them were mere pretexts, written in the heat of his many controversies at home and abroad; some were not worth while. Yet when he died of a dropsy in his prime he was the unquestioned chief of American novelists, with a public that reached from Rio Janeiro to St. Petersburg.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Theological School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 31 JESUS FEEDS FIVE THOUSAND MEN

LESSON TEXT—John 6:1-14: 32-37. GOLDEN TEXT—Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst—John 6:35. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Feeds Many Hungry People. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Is Helped by a Boy. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Feeds a Hungry Crowd. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Why People Follow Jesus.

I. Jesus' Compassion for the Multitude (vv. 1-4. Cf. Matt. 14:4). The sight of a crowd always excited the Lord's sympathy. He knew that they were as shepherdless sheep (Mark 6:34). They were going forth with no one to care for them. Besides, they were so ignorant that they had no appreciation of Him. Added to this was their physical hunger. This condition aroused the Savior's pity. This is true of the multitude today. Sin had so thoroughly blinded them that they are not conscious of their lost condition.

II. Jesus' Conference With the Disciples Touching the People's Need (vv. 5-9). This was not done for His benefit, for He knew what He would do (v. 6). His object may be summed up as follows:

1. To Teach Them Their Sense of Obligation to the Multitude. We are workers together with God (II Cor. 6:1).

2. To Teach Them Their True Helplessness in the Face of Such Great Needs. The loaves and fishes were as nothing in the presence of five thousand men, besides women and children. Well might Andrew exclaim, "What are these among so many?" We may plant and water, but the increase entirely comes from God.

3. To Teach Them That Their Sufficiency Is From the Lord. Without Him we can do nothing (John 15:1-8). Christians can no more carry on the Lord's work of themselves than the branch can bear fruit without the vine. The branch supplies the life and strength for the production of fruit. Philip's arithmetic was of no use in the face of such need. Jesus has all power, nothing is too hard for Him.

III. The Lord's Method of Accomplishing His Work (vv. 10-13). Observe here the orderliness of Christ's work. He paused to give thanks for the scant supply, teaching us that we should always bring our abilities and gifts to God that He might bless them to His use.

1. The Lord's Part Was to Bless and Break the Bread, Even to Create the Needed Supply. The disciples could not perform this part. The same kind of bread was provided for all, rich and poor, young and old, women and children.

2. The Disciples' Part Was to Distribute That Which He Had Passed and Consecrated. This is true of the Christian worker today. Our part is to take from the hands of the Lord that which He has blessed and consecrated, and distribute it among the starving multitudes. We are not responsible for the supply, but are responsible for its distribution to all those who are hungry and perishing for the Bread of Life.

3. The People's Part Was to Sit Down and Eat. They had no part in the provision, neither in its distribution, but only to take from the hands of the disciples and eat that which the Lord had provided. This is exactly our situation. The people are responsible for the taking and eating of the Bread of Life; faith with obedience is their part. This is an illustration of the part obedience plays in our salvation.

IV. The Effect of This Miracle (v. 14). The people recognized Him at once as the prophet who should come. They believed Him for His works' sake.

V. Jesus, the Bread of Life (vv. 32-37).

1. What Bread Is to the Body, Christ Is to the Soul. Bread is a staple food. It is necessary for the body. One never tires of it. Even so is it with Christ.

2. How to Obtain This Bread. It is by coming to Christ and believing on Him.

3. The Blessed Issue of Taking This Bread. The one who eats this bread shall never hunger, nor thirst. Hunger and thirst return after partaking of natural bread and water—not so with those who have partaken of Christ.

Ardent Prayer As well might we expect vegetation to spring from the earth without the sunshine and the dew, as the Christian to unfold his grace and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer.—J. Abbott.

Sin's Ending There is more bitterness in sin's ending than there ever was sweetness in its acting. If you see nothing but good in its commission, you will suffer only woe in its conclusion.



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THE RATTAN WORKS, No. 128 Babcock Bldg., Santa Barbara, California.

Age and the Old Will Hayes, the movie magnate, said at a Los Angeles tea: "Age is a very sensitive subject, especially in the movies. In the movies, you see, one is old so soon."

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Dream of a Dress "Why do you refer to your new dress as a 'perfect dream'?" "Because," answered Miss Cavenne, "it is beautiful and yet so slight in material fabric."

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin Touch plumples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Alphabetical Love She—Will you have some tea? Her Lover—I'd rather have what comes after tea.

Poor Prospect Grocer—How about some nice apples? Mrs. Dumber—Apples? I hate 'em. My mother died of applepie.—The Progressive Grocer.

"And to think I was poisoning my own Baby!"

"I couldn't see why he didn't gain. I never dreamed that my constipation was responsible until the doctor told me."

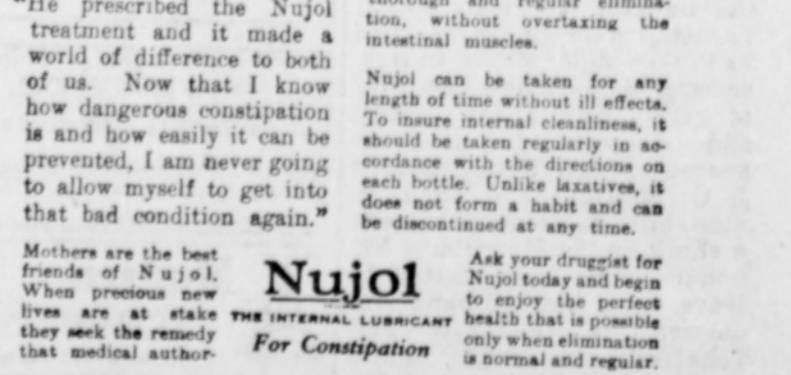
"He explained that faulty or slow elimination of waste matter allowed poisons to form and be absorbed by the blood—and this meant tainted milk for baby."

"He prescribed the Nujol treatment and it made a world of difference to both of us. Now that I know how dangerous constipation is and how easily it can be prevented, I am never going to allow myself to get into that bad condition again."

Nujol helps in Nature's own way Nujol simply makes up for a deficiency—temporary or chronic—in the supply of natural lubricant in the intestines. It softens the waste matter and thus permits thorough and regular elimination, without overtaxing the intestinal muscles.

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Ask your druggist for Nujol today and begin to enjoy the perfect health that is possible only when elimination is normal and regular.



Nujol THE INTERNAL LUBRICANT For Constipation

Getting His Own Back

Among the guests at a wedding breakfast in the country was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, though nigh unbearable, was put up with for some time, until he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him and remarked in a voice of intended humor, "Is this pig?"

Ancient Tobacco Shop

The oldest "Segar" shop in London is said to be 146 Fleet street. The house was built in 1667, the year after the fire of London, but the tobacco and snuff business was not established until 1700 by Mr. Hoare. Since then it has changed hands only twice.

Hunt Is On

Mrs. Newed—Before we were introduced I longed to speak. Mr. Newed—And since we were married you speak too long.—Sydney Bulletin.