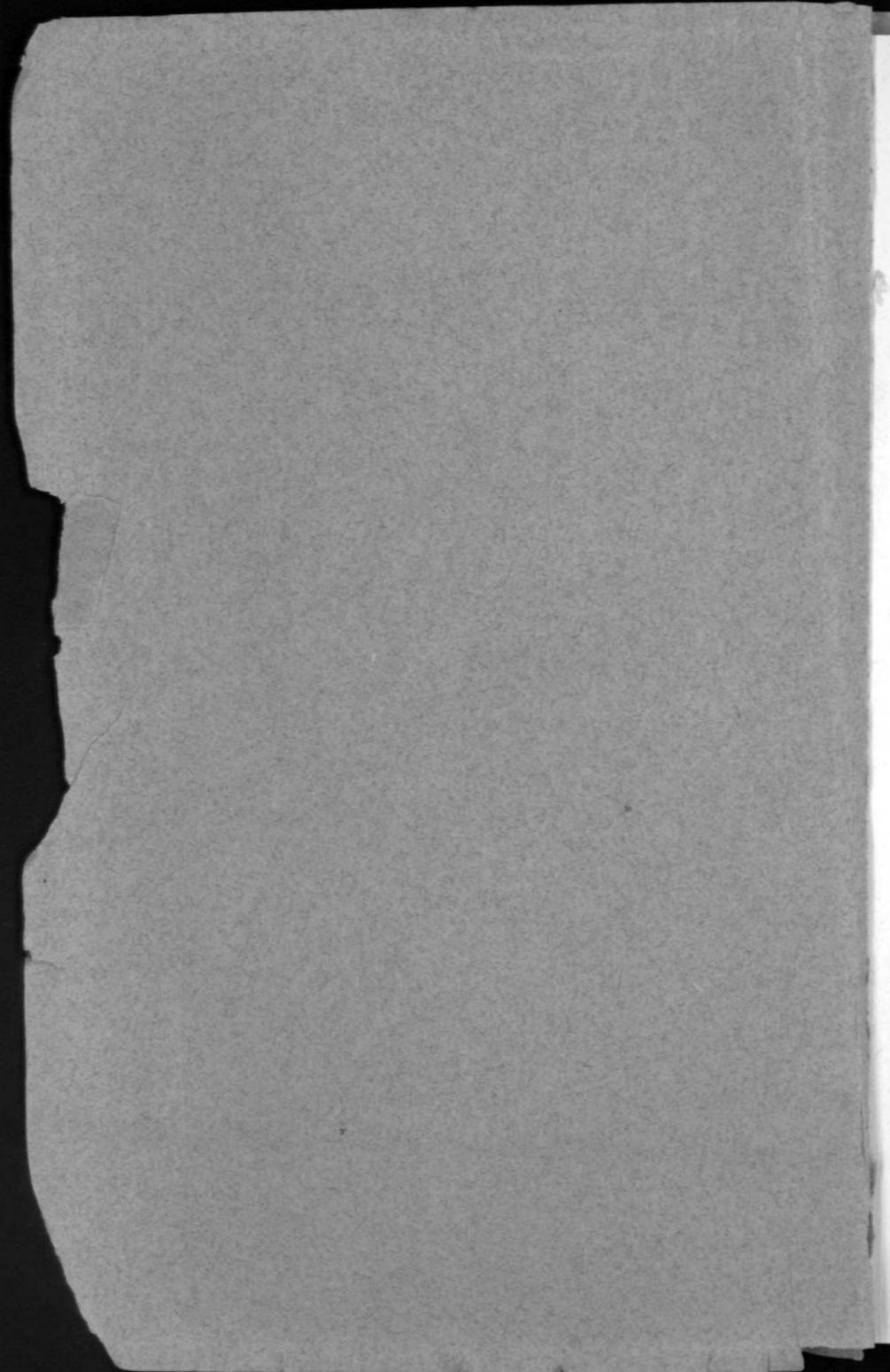


PEBBLES

BY
BERT FINCK



Price, 35 cents



SECOND COPY,
1899.

FEB 20 1899

Edward
and
Pebbles  By Bert Finck



Louisville  John P. Morton and Company  1899

L.

D.P.F. 81
AP-3.8.1899

13929
Ms. 90.99



TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

COPYRIGHTED, 1899, BY BERT FINCK.

26265

Ms 3511
I 53 P4
1899

Ms 281

ms. Jan. 1899



PEBBLES.



Wisdom is sometimes heavy as stupidity.

How many of us, while in pauper's rags, are Cæsars in a world of dreams.

Who can not dream may never know happiness; for happiness is built of dreams.

I have known people that studied themselves ignorant. And schools often narrow as much as they widen.

There is much in a name, my dear Shakespeare! Let the reputed wise man make a foolish remark and his hearers all still call it wisdom; yet when the poor fool says a thing that is wise it but adds to the fame of his folly.

We often lose by searching.

Nothing so pompous as ignorance.

We reach after imitation diamonds and
pass by pure gold.

How oft is the song of the bird sacrificed
for the bird's feathers !

The doom of the wise is to struggle ;
God always takes care of the fool.

An amiable fool always finds company
somewhere ; but a disagreeable fool is
shunned by all.

Behold man against man for a bag of
gold, and dog against dog over a bone ;
then with reason ask, "Which the dog?
Which the man ?"

We make promises from amiability ;
we keep them from duty—not always
amiably. As there is more amiability
than spirit of duty within us, we make
more promises than we keep.

Longing is the soul at prayer.

Deed is wave of spirit's ocean unrest.

We become rude from studying manners.

One ounce of hope outweighs tons of despair.

Our faults are oft the cradles of our virtues.

Night's trinity genius—thought, dreams, and sin.

The world is not made better by holding the fallen down; more effective than all tribunals or prisons is one Christ-like word of mercy, one Christ-like hand stretching forth help.

That man alone is priest whose height was reached through suffering soul, his strength gained through weakness's fall, his peace victory o'er wild self, his hope born of despair.

Naught more domineering than pretension.

Go, seek nature; she is tuner of the soul.

'Tis unhappiness that creates progress; happiness sits still.

Our weaknesses often win us friends, while stronger spirits create enemies.

None talk so loudly about right paths in life as they that are following wrong ones.

Popularity sins and is smiled upon; unpopularity makes an error and is condemned.

There's such a thing as the audacity of innocence—misunderstood and maligned the most of all.

We shut out knowledge when our thoughts dwell upon self; for egotism dwarfs the mind's growth.

All the world hates the boaster.

Our real creeds are our actions.

There are two things no one is without — a tyrant and a vice.

Not rarely has reason been saved from the madman by the fool.

Idleness is often the word with which envious madmen pelt the sane.

Adversity, the night of life, brings forth our nature's brightest stars and fiercest beasts of prey.

There lies nowhere a ball but that a foot is near by to kick it, nor has there ever yet lived a fool without a knave ready to use him.

Beware of bestowing gifts which you pay for with stolen money; the curse of the poor, cheated washerwoman goes along with the present that robs her of bread.

The greatest height is clad in the garb of perfect simplicity; what is greater than childhood?

Sorrow is Christ to the soul, teaching it mercy and leading it to the gentle life of poetry and thought.

They so quickly hasten to church to hear the word of God that they see not God Himself along the way asking their help.

⊗ A career hangs on a woman's smile; the world's progress lies in the sparkle of her eye; her frown has made of sages fools, and turned masters into slaves.

How many a vessel of ambition starts out upon life's sea, pennants flying, seemingly perfect, but with an unseen leak; the ship sinks almost before manhood's deep rolling waters are reached, and where its struggles should just be beginning, it has sunk forever out of sight.

'Tis only the fools that are heard of ;
wise men remain unknown.

Sometimes that sweet word, self-denial,
serves as proud timidity's veil.

Joy dancing to the sigh music of sor-
row is the world over and over again.

How oft does gilded baseness steal a
place in the golden light of that all-pro-
tecting word, art !

We waste one half of our life tumbling
into pitfalls ; we use the other half strug-
gling to get out of them.

Not rarely do thought gods drift through
an idle spell ; a butterfly fancy oft breeds
a spirit that turns the way of an age's
career.

He that gives expression to his happi-
ness the world calls mad ; who puts forth
his misery, it, too, calls mad ; inanity,
in its eyes, alone is sane.

Art is the daughter of soul and sorrow.

Fate writes her tales with the pen unrest of man.

Love is a revel of life ; after most revels come nauseas.

He that dreams is never alone ; angels or devils are forever at his side.

When what we do becomes habit, 'tis time to stand still and look about us ; we are on a road to either our ruin or our salvation.

About success's throne, high seated, sits many a sniveling slave. Lackeys in royal garments, princes in rags, almost at each street corner we may behold.

There is no beauty that breathes not forth sadness ; no sadness unillumined by beauty's light ; all which us tells their soul is common—that soul at once a smile and a sigh of God.

Much is forgiven a poet; a critic
nothing at all.

We search among the stars for what is
lying at our feet.

Who has not beauty in his heart can
never recognize beauty.

A man's noble feelings spring from his
memory of a good mother.

From an angry woman's tongue the
heart of bravest man recoils.

To be thoroughly advertised, create
enmity; a foe will speak far more of you
than will a friend.

There's the good nature born of wis-
dom; there's the good nature to which
stupidity gives birth.

Voices have been killed by training;
genius through cultivation crushed; truth
has oft been lost by searching; despair
reached through forced peace.

With what glee do we sometimes pity!

There is music in the rustling of dry leaves.

The knave oft wears the garb of the fool for disguise.

We can hear the Miserere in the sobbing of the rain, and the wild Marsellaise in the wind.

Many of us spend our lives deliberating what paths to pursue; death finds us deliberating.

How much wild philosophy that has disturbed the quiet of ages could easily have been tamed by the powers of one full meal!

Behold God's theatre, the evening sky, where revels the grandest play of all—the sun dying with a radiant smile at death, knowing the morrow will see him rise again.

Successful genius masters the world, but all the world kicks genius that has failed.

We stone the sin, but never put balm on the pain that caused and that follows the sin.

One man struggles for years to reach after that which a moment of recklessness may throw at another.

When a man falls perfectly under a woman's control, she will do all she can to turn him into a woman, too, and then hurl at him her contempt for his weakness.

All lies in our thinking; we may be clad in rags, yet walk so royally that each one passing by salutes us as they would a king; or we may be robed in princely garments but so act that we be taken for a valet dressed in his master's clothes.

Worry is poetry's foe.

Many have prayed their souls away.

There is the weirdness of simplicity.

Dogs and artists dread the housewife's broom.

What is most simple is the least easily understood.

Men pray from custom, but from impulse they swear.

Some travel more standing still than others do moving.

As soon as hatred enters the heart the mind begins to narrow.

Success, like too much wine, reveals the most secretive natures.

An hour never passes away which does not bear with it an opportunity lost.

Who loves not nature loves not God, though he pass his life muttering prayers.

A slave is never without a master ; a master without a slave.

From toil the poet's heart recoils as the goat shrinks from the rain.

Man is greatest while he struggles ; his goal once reached, he becomes little.

We are all more or less wronged in this world, and all of us more or less wrong.

Cirrus clouds — white ships of peace sailing o'er the interminable blue seas of hope.

A wise man is oft bored, but never bores ; a fool often bores, but is rarely bored.

He fears most greatly his honor is attacked that possesses the least amount of honor.

The ghosts of murdered hopes oft arise to us and arouse creators of successful plans — 'tis their revenge.

Hatred is not rarely proud fear.
Simplicity must be reached by climbing.
Oft lies are holy while truths are crimes.
Suffering flesh becomes cruel ; suffering
soul, kind.

Many a noble dog has for its master a
sneaking cur.

There are sleeps that are awakenings ;
awakenings, sleeps.

Sometimes failure gives light, while suc-
cess casts darkness.

Eccentricity is often a cloak to hide
defect or ignorance.

There is the cruelty of refinement and
ruffianism's kindness.

There is a smile that means a prayer,
and a laugh which calls forth tears.

Self-consciousness is the serpent which
destroys all Edens of talent and thought.

We sometimes fall by trying not to fall.

Dignity is oft the refuge of the stupid.

We begin life arousing unrest ; we end it imploring peace.

The crown of greatness is a life's failure
— triumph in death alone.

Love is a madness ; marriage is the
asylum where it gets cured.

We often rail against frivolity because
we are too stupid to be gay.

He that hopes is a fool divine ; who-
soe'er despairs is a fool of hell.

Philosophies and revolutions of the
world ride on the backs of frailest inci-
dents.

Why not try? We can no more than
fail, and then we are in the grand proces-
sion of life's majority—the procession
lengthy as that of the dead.

Who is successful? He that has had
the most happy days without days of
regret to follow.

The poet's cathedral is night ; the high-
mass of his dreamings, the stars.

POET'S RHAPSODY.

In mine arms I feel the Divine All,
And my soul quivers thereunder !
I am great, and I am little,
Lo ! a god, and frailest gnat !

My sighs are the wind's sighs,
My rage is the sea,
My weird hope, the stars' light,
My gratitude, the rose,
And my love is with the wooing of the birds!

ALLEGRO.

There's hope in the heavens,
There's peace in the air,
There's love in the flowers,
And God everywhere,
When soul doth but dare !

IN THE COUNTRY.

Yes, here is peace in the country, and freedom, peace's spouse, where the musty breath of conventionality does not choke you nor opportunity pressingly urge to be insincere. Where "How are you?" is an honest question, not merely same as a careless bow, which for custom's sake must be indulged in, and "Stay for dinner" means not, "It is time for you to go." All the powers of nature smile here on duty; 't is a pleasure, in the freshness of morn, to take your place in the gently moving scenes that form the glorious panorama of day.

Breathing air of which each current is a thought of purity and health; with above, the skies, dreams of freedom, hope, heaven; about, the woods, mystic guardians of peace — God's light falls on us here in the country, while the city gives us

rather the shadow of God's foe. And surely the good God of justice will not so strongly condemn the one who sins in the city's darkness as him that errs in the country's light.

PITY.

Why angrily crush the poor insect so unfortunately daring as to crawl on you, when you could merely shake it off to the ground and let it live? And, perhaps, with this thought, "It is I that am to blame, not you, for I stand in your way. What know you of me any more than that an object which tempts or impedes invokes your nature, made by God, to curiosity or defiance. Just so, do I—do all of us—pry into or defy the powers of fate along life's road, with the result that we disturb, we pain, destroy, or are destroyed."

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THE FRIEND AND BIOGRAPHER OF LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.
(DIED MAY 12, 1897.)

She was an artist with all the longings, struggles, and career of unrest which is ever the shadow of an artist's soul ; and like all artists, by the world misunderstood, because she lived her nature and was true. Her's was one large personality of emotion, self-trust being her eventful life's creed—self-trust, the artist's chief spirit, whose very errors spring from the heart and are good. With self-trust there must be always courage ; fear to obey the voice of her heart's conscience, Octavia Hensel never knew ; a priestess to her art, she would at once obey that voice, did it bid her give strength to struggling talent, or to stand alone against what it deemed to be wrong. And though the reward of this fidelity was oft ingratitude or a foe, she remained true to her life's

mission, triumphed and suffered as only artists may. To the last, she was Octavia Hensel, the artist nature given her by God. That itself was a religion—a religion from which fell some seeds into the hearts of all who knew her, and through those seeds Octavia Hensel will never die.

FAILURE.

Who has failed in life? succeeded? can we ever truly know which vain or despondent mortal played his life play best of all? Spirits of the dead alone can tell, looking down on the stage they have quitted, and witnessing the living play out of the old, old parts.

That man there, in fortune's favor high seated, watched by the envied envy of the world, have all the hopes of his youth been realized? Perhaps he himself would hardly know; so drunk with the stupefy-

ing wine of the world's flattery—for flattery dulls its victim's brain—he may not be able to remember his youth's hopes with the daring flight of their dreams. To have forgotten what we started out to reach, can that be called success? How few finish the part given them to play! They take another through some wild perversity, or worse still, hypnotized by the glitter of gold, remain hypnotized till the play is over; their very success is unreal, and yet they would say they have thrown their dreams away and lived. As if any one untrue to himself has lived, has played a good part, though all earth's gold be his! Witnessing audience composed of the dead, would you not say, "That man has failed?!" Still the world creeps to him and whiningly cries, "Let us kiss the feet of success!"

But this other, with head and heart heavy, and railing against fate at his fail-

ure in life, struggled till all power to struggle left him, to reach his ambition's goal; he lived true, but what has he gained but company of ghosts of wrecked hopes and dreams? And bitterly he cries, "O God, I have never lived!" Yet, as to them that have finished life's acting, what we here call success is failure, might not apparent failure be success?

The artist's soul is greatest when he feels the weakness of his work; who yearns to climb still farther is stronger than he that smiles self-satisfied at how far he has gone. For there's the triumph of failure and the defeat of success.

MINORE.

There are sighs amidst the whispering of the
leaves;
Sobs of a deathless unrest the wind heaves;
Longing's revel is the passion of the sea;
For nature breathes forth naught but tragedy.

PEACE.

There are rare moments when moods of utmost peace fall upon us; when we seem to be lifted far above the material world, and we look below as if all were scenes there of panorama. Our hopes and ambitions, sorrows, joys, appear then as spirits of ages ago, with which we have simply played; we look tenderly upon them, for they were once so much to us, but we now feel that they were nothing, nothing. There need never have been such toys to play with, for all is well, and they had naught to do with making it so.

WOMAN.

The strongest friends of great men have usually been women. There is always one woman at least to be found who believes in the struggling genius, and who

shines forth as his guiding star amid his night storm of discouragement and despair. Genius, in fact, must worship woman, for it is she that keeps it alive when the cold winds of Circumstance do all they can to freeze it unto death. And with the birth of any new idea, woman's native sympathy draws her towards it; because it is an appealing babe, lone amidst the spirits of a selfish world.

A GARDEN.

Among a poor struggling garden's flowers, where weeds and wild vines most triumphantly reign—like a nature whose frailties and uncontrolled fancies spread over the space where thought plants should grow—some flowers uncared for bloom brightest of all.

Strange, is it not, that this spot better watered, and even a few weeds from its

softer soil removed, should give such sickly drooping flowers, while there, unthought of, neglected, bursts forth the flower that alone redeems the failure of its sisters' expected success. How much like unto a character this! the talents cultivated most oft reach but to mediocrity's level; genius struggles alone, in hard ground amidst weeds, to one day startle with a glory that is the garden's, the neighborhood's pride.

Still this timid little heliotrope was almost choked to death by a weed; freed, it frailly thrives, even blooms—it gives not much, yet what it gives is sweet. Often so, gentleness oppressed, given freedom by some pitying strength, though delicate from its wrongs of the past, touchingly expresses, with an appealing flower, gratitude for its recovered life.

HOPE.

It has ever been, and it will ever be, that what has fallen from greatness, dreams but of arising to that greatness again. A tower is overthrown, and we see it in fancy even higher than it had been before. A mighty empire has crumbled to dust under the bane of weakness or the sword of a conqueror, and its scattered children in bondage chant wildly its renewed magnificence; in chains they describe to each other the coronets they soon will wear; their native land, a desert, they extol as presently to be flowing with milk and honey. The ruined man of wealth, the disgraced favorite, the conquered leader, join together in ecstatic chorus, "Glory soon greater than before." Hope singing while buried alive.

A DAY.

The day falls heavily bright, and all around, where blooms wild red flowers' peace, one feast of golden warmth reigns high, and air sprites softly dance. Just so, a deep, wide nest of whispering song suggests endless expectancy of life that never perishes until all life is dead. And mystic hope of something more in store, gently arriving, yet does not arrive, as the angels of the noontime sea ne'er cease to murmur till the noon is past, and greyer spirits sing. While peace's clouds of tenderest white glide lazily o'er hope's deep sea of blue, above — to deeper or to lesser seas? Uncertainty alone stays.





