



THE RETURN.

After long following of stranger faces

By untired hills and over fretful foam,
After long wandering in alien places,
Tonight I sleep at home.

Tonight the old house opens tender arms
To draw me in, away, to its breast,
While, slow, a throng of scarce-remembered charms
Weaves me a spell of rest.

Ah, nowhere else in all the world can dark
Come down so velvet-footed through the air
And spread its quiet, too, too dim to mark,
In all the world, nowhere!

With slow, reluctant colors in the west,
And spires outlined against the light, afar:
Crown-like upon a lonely cedar's crest,
The jeweled evening star:

Distant, a trumpet, cowbell, lost and late,
With soft reiterated silver word:
Faint in the nestling-tree beside the gate,
Croon of a crowsy bird.

I shall lie down in an old, brooding room,
On restful pillows fashioned for my head,
And watch with drooping eyes amid the gloom
Dear shadows by my bed:

And breathe awhile the faint, familiar breath
Of dew-wet garden roses, half-averse
Of murmuring voices in the hall beneath,
And soft steps on the stair.

Dear God of sleep, make me forget tonight
The way I came, the world I learned to roam:
Let me be dreamless till tomorrow's light
Wakes me again at home!

Nancy Byrd Turner.

NOTES

Marianna Wheeler, for 20 years head of the Babies' hospital in New York, revised recently for the Harpers an edition of her standard work, "The Baby: His Care and Training," to which the distinguished authority of Dr. L. Emmett Holt is lent in introduction. "It is beginning to be appreciated in this age," writes Dr. Holt, "that knowledge of the proper care of the child does not come by intuition, and that maternal instinct, no matter how strong, is not a safe guide." Mrs. Wheeler herself hazards the belief that the fact that maternity in these days is often anticipated with a deplorable dread, is due not to the hard-heartedness of the modern woman, but to her realization of her own unsafe ignorance.

The writings of the late Edward Everett Hale, who died at his home in Boston, June 10, aged 87, must be included among the classics of the English language, and classed among the very best productions of American literature. His writings are not only in some cases conspicuous, but in some cases, as everybody knows, a man of great and varied activity, within and without literature.

No American author has held a warmer place in the hearts of his countrymen. He had the affections of all classes and conditions of readers. His writings expressed the best and noblest of that great and pure New England character which has stamped itself deepest on the life of this Republic. When the works of a contemporaneous writer receive embodiment in a definitive edition a certain stamp of classicity seems to be set upon him—so far, at least, as the word "classical" can be applied to literature that is current. Dr. Hale attained this distinction in his ripe old age for a uniform library edition of his works in 10 volumes, issued several years ago by his Boston publishers, Little, Brown & Co., under his own supervision, with new prefaces in which Dr. Hale expressed himself in his best vein of genial reminiscence.

This library edition contains practically all of his best known books, including his famous "The Man Without a Country," and "In His Name," "Ten Years One," "The Book Moon," "Philip Nolan's Friends," "A New England Boyhood," "How to Do It," "Addresses and Essays on Subjects of History, Education, and Government," "Sybarite," and "How They Live at Hampton," and "Poems and Fancies."

William Dean Howells' daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, is the latest writer to be added to the list of supposed authors of "The Inner Shrine." The list of suspects as filed in the Harper archives now numbers 34.

Hamlin Garland is at his summer home, Mapleshade, in West Salem, Wisconsin, where, despite his announced resolution not to write any more novels—only plays—he is said to be now and again occupied with a page of fiction.

Lighting hundreds of incandescent lamps in the Omaha auditorium by electricity transmitted without wires from a plant six miles away is the wonderful achievement of Dr. Frederick Miller of that city.

This remarkable demonstration of what may be done by wireless electricity opens up vast possibilities. The same inventor, a year ago, made an electric truck which was successfully operated without wires in the Union Pacific railroad yards at Omaha, which indicates that naval torpedoes may be guided and exploded in the same way, from ship or shore. In fact, such an invention is said to be in the possession of the British government.

It seems possible that wireless electricity may revolutionize the world. If it be feasible by this means to explode powder magazines, or to blow vessels or in fortifications, from a distance of miles, war may soon be a thing of the past.

It is not clear whether, in writing "Elusive Isabel," Mr. Jacques Futelle had word of the work of Dr. Miller or had heard of the experiments of the British government, the secret of which has been so carefully guarded. Perhaps the ideas which he develops in his romance for the explosion of submarine mines by wireless were only dreams of the fictive imagination, art's anticipation of science. It is in any event certain that he makes ingenious use of these ideas for the purposes of his plot.

He supposes that the Latin races have combined against the Anglo-Saxons. Both alliances have submarine mines, equipped with a cap, tuned, so to speak, to a certain number of vibrations and half-vibrations; a wireless instrument of high power, with a modifying device, has only to be set in motion to discharge it at any distance up to 25 miles.

Now the tuning of the caps which the Latin races use is known only to the "Elusive Isabel," while the

a nation's. The book contains a photographic portrait and 25 other illustrations.

Abbott's Automobile Law for Motorists, is a new and important contribution to the literature of motoring. This is the first book of its kind. It presents for motorists the general principles relating to the use of highways and the law of the road, and carries as well the statutes of the various states, thus becoming an authority on the law relating to automobiles. Lyman O. Abbott is the author of a number of well known books, and stands high in his profession. His name will be recognized immediately by the legal fraternity. The statutes contained in this book are the latest work of the legislatures of the various states. Automobile Law will be revised from time to time as fresh legislation may require. So varied are the laws pertaining to automobilism that it is essential that motorists should know their rights, as well as obligations, especially in interstate trips. Thus, this small volume becomes a real necessity and fills the bill most completely.

MAGAZINES.

A new magazine called Vagabondia, edited by Everett Lloyd, is devoted exclusively to people who write and draw—authors, playwrights, and illustrators—has made its appearance in Chicago. For its title it seemingly should give credit to the originators of present-day enthusiasm for the mythical land of the never-do-weels, Messrs. Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, authors of "Songs from Vagabondia," "More Songs from Vagabondia," and "Last Songs from Vagabondia," the three constituting a great American epic of all outdoors.

According to the leading booksellers, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harcourt) \$1.50. 296
2. Katrina. Lane. (Harcourt) \$1.50. 219
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill) \$1.50. 205
4. Mr. Opp. Rinehart. (Century Co.) \$1.00. 162
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan) \$1.50. 99
6. 50-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill) \$1.50. 94

Some of the contents of the July Bookman are as follows: "Chronicle and Comment on the Book Market," "The Matter of Literature and Life," "A Frost" (verse), by E. H. du Bois; "The Bookman's Letter Box," "Bookworms of the Seas," by George Jean Nathan; "The New Bookkeeper" (illustrated), by Hayne and Trouville; "Diamond Cut Paste," chapter VII and VIII, by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "The Measure of a Song" (verse), by Roland Holt; "The Bookman's Review" (illustrated), by Edward Clark Marsh; "The Church of Saint Ethelburga" (illustrated), by W. L. A.; "The Foreign Selling and Some Recent Books," by Frederic G. Campbell; "The Bookman's Green Banner," "Dragon's Blood," "Beyond the Skyline," "Red Cloud of the Lakes," "Heather," "The Inner Shrine."

There is a suggestion of pathetic contrast in the fact that F. Marion Crawford's last appearance as unquestioned master among serial novelists should be made with such happy and debauched story as "The Undesirable Governess," which begins in the Cavalier for July. The story is laid in England of today, and deals with a family of position and wealth, who have had unfortunate experiences with governesses. The mother inserts the following advertisement in a newspaper:

GOVERNESS WANTED—To take charge of two girls of 14 and 15 respectively; family residing in Yorkshire and London; must have first rate degree and references; must be of the highest symmetry of form, and brilliancy of conversation especially not desired, as husband and three grown-up sons much at home. Apply by letter to J. P. P. O. Hanton, Yorks.

Judging from the first instalment, this story must rank with the cleverest and witliest of his productions, while his famous qualities of plot, construction and vivid characterization are in splendid evidence. Further contents of the Cavalier include five other serials, a complete novel, based on a baffling murder mystery, and 11 short stories. Conspicuous among the names of other authors are Eden Phillpotts, S. Carrington, Stephen Chalmers, Theodore Roberts, James Francis Dwyer, and Thomas R. Barr.

"Men, Women and Mirth" is the title of a new work about to be put out by Life Publishers. It is a collection of like companion volumes, "The Social Comedy" and "The Comedy of Life." It is made up of the more important large drawings from Life, reprinted on heavy coated paper, and handsomely bound. These three volumes cover something more than a decade of American social life, and are a sort of pictorial history of manners and customs, as recorded by the best draftsmen and artists.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 26 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, July 12, 1909:

REFERENCE.

Hasse—Economic Material in Documents of the state: California, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brandes—Anatole France.
Cole—Accounts.
Cottis—Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages.
New York Etching Club—Etchings.
Caffin—Appreciation of the Drama.
Hadow—Oxford Treasury of English Literature, vol. 2.
Stetson—In This Our World.
Mayton—Friendly Stars.
Sabin—House Painting.

FICTION.

Ayscough—Dromina.
Bashford—Pilgrim's March.
Davis—Wallace Rhodes.
Fennell—Red Horse Hill.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Burnett—Two Little Pilgrims' Progress.
Caldecott—Panjandrum Picture Book.
Judson—Montana.
Lee—Simeon Tettlow's Shadow.
Smith—Eskimo Stories.
Stratemeyer—Dave Porter at Oak Hall.

A CONTENTED WOMAN.

is always found in the same house with Ballard's Snow Liniment. It keeps every member of the family free from aches and pains. It heals cuts, burns and scalds, and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago and all muscular soreness and stiffness. 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by Z. C. McJannet, 112 and 114 South Main Street, Salt Lake City. B.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Via Denver & Rio Grande.
To Provo Canyon 7:50 a. m. \$1.25.
To Ogden 10:25 a. m. 1:25 p. m. \$1.00.
To Panguitch 12:30 p. m. 5:00 p. m. Provo Canyon tickets will be honored only on 7:50 a. m. train. Returning leaves Provo Canyon at 2:45 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Trout and chicken dinners at Canyon Resorts. Good fishing.

Marcel Prevost—Sybarite

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)
OXFORD, June 23.—Marcel Prevost, the French novelist and new "Immortal," grows more interesting the more one hears about him. Whether or no a member of the French academy is required to entertain his fellow big-wigs at table, I am unable to say, but it can be prophesied that if the other academicians ever dine with the latest addition to their number, they will "fare sumptuously" and no mistake. By his own confession, the author of "Letters to Francois" is one of the greatest sybarites in France. Like Dumas' hero, D'Artagnan Prevost is a Gascon and he declares that it is "only in Gascony that one knows how to love."

This novelist's habitual menu would make Lucullus turn green with envy. He likes ortolans, but "they must have been fattened for six months in a cage in my own house." Even his "plainest" repasts are prepared with infinite pains. A certain "estouffade de bœuf" seems a simple dish, but it "must have simmered slowly for two days." Roast saddle of lamb sounds equally simple, but when M. Prevost has it at home he will eat only lamb that has been brought up since birth by two ewes, "devoted entirely to the service of that one lamb." One of his favorite sweet dishes is compounded merely of milk, eggs, sugar, and vanilla, but "it takes exactly 24 hours in the making." The novelist's cook is a stout matron from Gascony, and he despises men chefs, especially Parisians.

CHESTERTON, THE UNKEMPT.

In physiognomy and portliness, not to mention an almost entire disregard of such small matters as dress and personal appearance, I doubt if there is another modern writer who so greatly resembles the late Dr. Johnson as does G. K. Chesterton, author of "The Man Who Was Thursday" and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and just about the best brilliant essayist of the day. I have often encountered Chesterton sweeping along Henrietta street toward his publishers, ruddy of face, preoccupied in expression, vast of bulk, broad brimmed felt hat crammed over his mane of tawny hair, clad in a sort of yellow-brown "greatcoat" with a cape, a mass of manuscripts and quarterly reviews under his arm, and said to myself, "Johnson at 45 to the life."

Now, in the London Mail's description of the English Church Pinner, I read: "Many inquiries have been made as to the identity of the performer who so admirably represents Johnson. It is Mr. G. K. Chesterton."

Johnson, though fat, was notoriously grouchy; Chesterton is a humorist

who sees things almost topsy-turvy as does W. S. Gilbert, and who shakes with laughter as he talks to you. He and a fellow author were at a table near mine in a restaurant lately and the Chesterton ruffians, like those of Porthos, literally made the windows rattle. At this time there was nothing glaringly amiss with his attire, but his "get up" at a certain evening reception at his flat in Battersea never will be forgotten by at least one who beheld it. Chesterton wore a dinner jacket—or Tuxedo—which was well enough, though not according to Hoyle. He wore it, however, with a brown vest and trousers of the same color, and I fear that his neck-tie was, at the best, not exactly what the lady novelist calls "a faultless evening dress." But he talked gorgeously—absolutely wrong in his arguments, perhaps, but absolutely brilliant and overwhelming in his presentation of them. And roaring at his own sallies.

HIS QUEER BOOK PEOPLE.

As everyone who has read his self-illustrated "Club of Queer Trades," knows, Chesterton, like Gilbert again, has a wonderful gift of drawing queer looking people, generally with big heads and little bodies, like those in the "Bab Ballads." While I in the "Bab Ballads" have been in the midst of these monstrosities, he is steeped in the lore of philosophers, theologians and all sorts of profound writers, but my arrival found him immersed in a "penny dreadful" called "The Blood-Red Mask" or something of that kind. Nor did he thrust it aside, shamefacedly. Instead he confessed that he revels in detective stories and declared that, as he could not get good ones, nowadays, he was forced to put up with bad. In the "Club of Queer Trades" he demonstrated that he could write "bully" ones himself, although, characteristically, every one of them had a more or less farcical and humorous element.

I notice that a leading American magazine is publishing a series of articles by Chesterton, whose work in this line is unique. On the few occasions when he and Bernard Shaw have crossed fells it is not Chesterton who has got the worst of it. He now is going to the "Note Book" in the "Illustrated London News"—which, up to the time of his death was written by the late L. F. Austin—and this week's commentary is characteristically Chestertonian. It is a charming shafting his country on all the pother that was made recently last a painting by Hill-bein, property of the Duke of Norfolk valued at over \$200,000 and alleged to be coveted by an unnamed American millionaire, should be "lost to England," says Chesterton.

A PICTURE AND AN UMBRELLA.

"There is a law in Italy forbidding people to sell to foreigners those pictures which are the eternal glory of the Italian genius. But there is in Eng-

land not only no such law, but no such public sentiment. The Duke of Norfolk's Holbein no more belonged to England than the Duke of Norfolk's umbrella. There might very possibly be an American millionaire of so mystical a type of servility that he would be willing to pay \$200,000 for the Duke of Norfolk's umbrella. In this case of a purely business question, I should recommend the duke to close with the offer.

"And I should think it rather unreasonable to the English papers published London with posters saying, 'Duke's Umbrella in Danger—Can We Save Duke's Umbrella? Umbrella Almost Gone! Eleventh Hour Rescue of Duke's Umbrella!' I should begin to examine myself for emotions which would not be there. I should begin to remind myself that, until the newspaper boom began, I had not even been aware that the duke had an umbrella. There would be a slight element of unreality, not to say humbug, in describing me as so particularly attached to the umbrella. It may be a very nice one; but so far it has been very possibly not mine. I had never heard of it until the moment when the American gentleman was mysteriously moved to ask for it. That is often the fate of the great private picture in this country. It is hidden, like the family curse, it is never found till it is just going to be lost."

SEE A BYRON HANDWORK.

Most American visitors to the Lake of Geneva go to see, if not to stop at, the hotel at Ouchy where Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon." Few, however, travelers will have no difficulty in identifying it, for the facade of the old hostelry—the "Hotel d'Angleterre"—has just been marked with a plaque stating that Byron stayed there. Byron took refuge at the hotel, then known as the Hotel de l'Ancre, owing to bad weather, while on a voyage on the yacht around the lake. This weather-bound, he wrote his famous poem. Should this note meet the eye of Anthony Comstock, that indefatigable defender of morality in the United States is adjured to "watch out" for Gabriele d'Annunzio's forthcoming novel. D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death," it may be remembered, started Mr. Comstock on the war path directly he had read it, and from all accounts the Italian novelist's new work, which is to be called "Perhaps Yes? Perhaps No," will go far beyond his earlier work several better, or worse! D'Annunzio, who has been devoting himself to the stage, has not written a novel for 11 years, but now is going to make up for lost time. The theme of his new romance is to be the Eternal Passion, and D'Annunzio has told an interviewer that in it he will "speak of love with complete expressions, profoundly, without pity, justly, and with courage; with that courage of expression which seems in me a quality even superior to my intelligence." Judging from his other books, if D'Annunzio requires courage to do so, he now has to say on paper, it certainly is up to Anthony Comstock to be on the lookout for "Perhaps Yes? Perhaps No."

Continuing on the same subject, D'Annunzio said: "I do not know whether you have

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noticed how incompatible the heroic forms of modern civilization, sports, are with love. The contempt of women is the vital condition of the modern hero, just as the contempt of men is that of the latter-day heroine.

"A beautiful shoulder with which we are in love becomes at once immense; it takes the proportions of the Himalayas, obliterating the horizon, that horizon, great and free, into which modern life throws itself. In this book I shall study the young girl, and the work will interest the young. I cannot say whether as a consolation or as a despair."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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OSMOPOLITAN contains within its always charming covers, something for every member of the family. And that something is the best of its kind in every case. The magazine's great prestige and purchasing power enable it to command the best work of all the most popular and highly paid writers and artists—not merely now and then, but twelve months in the year.

Its special articles are always unusually vivid and readable studies of the most significant of contemporary men and movements, prepared by the ablest writers, at great expense and only after months and often years of expert, first-hand investigation.

Its short fiction is representative of the most popular short-story wizards of the day and runs the whole scale from grave to gay, with such especial emphasis on the note of humor that all lovers of a good laugh have come to look upon **OSMOPOLITAN** as peculiarly *their* magazine. Its continued stories are invariably by master novelists, full of color, packed with movement, breathless in interest—the "novels of the year."

OSMOPOLITAN is famous for its cover designs—the most striking on the newsstands, month after month. Its illustrations are the best work of the greatest magazine artists, and its monthly series of theatrical portraits, always uniquely presented, is one of its most perennially popular features. In poetry, it has published some of the most notable work of recent years. Its trenchant, critical articles and briefer notes on literary folk and phrases are, without exception, the ablest in magazines.

All in all, **OSMOPOLITAN** is the most universally interesting, the most sanely all-round magazine of them all—and at the same time the most refreshingly individual. Wherever *anything* is read, **OSMOPOLITAN** will be read with delight.

As an advertising medium, **OSMOPOLITAN** is among the greatest of the great. Just now it is riding the crest of the wave. In volume of advertising it has stood first among all the popular monthly magazines *twice* during the last few months. Its February number not only headed the list in its class, but showed the greatest gain in advertising of all the monthlies over the corresponding issue a year ago—namely, 30 pages. Its April number—out March 1st—carries more net cash advertising than any previous number in the history of the magazine. And this in spite of our firm conviction that the pre-panic numbers established a high-water mark that would not soon be touched again. "**OSMOPOLITAN**—ward the Empire of Advertising Takes Its Way."

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