



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Whereas on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and fair as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, mid the aforesaid boughs enshrine
In freedom nests; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigners.

O huiest term of Cupid's court
When tender plighting actions bring
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

—Henry Howard Brownell.

PRAYER OR BLASPHEMY.

You who have called up War from its dread lair,
You who have thus flung wide the doors of hell
And harnessed all the fiends by your dread spell—
Rulers and Kings, whilst thus God's wrath you dare,
And plunge the earth in misery and despair,
And from the fragments of each murderous shell
For Progress forge its latest manacle—
Say, is it meet to beg God's aid with prayer?

Death and the Purges now control each day,
Your cause, like all full things, is in their care,
But God's pure favor is a thing unweaned
To rage and slaughter and the lust of sway;
Make, if you must, the fair earth bare and red,
But crave not God to bless you while you pray!

F. H. de Quincey, in Black and White.

WAR AND PEACE.

War, and nations clashing madly
In a bout of deadly strife,
Each with furious hate and anger
Menacing the other's life;
War, and battle in the open;
War, and grief on land and sea;
Who shall count the sum of bloodshed,
Who shall gauge its misery?

Peace, and the ploughshare driven
Deep into the teeming soil;
Peace, and the fruits that furrow
Every waste, with fields of toll;
Peace, and songs above the cradle;
Peace, and heaven let down on earth;
Who shall estimate its blessing,
Who shall gauge its ceaseless worth?

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Every Where.

NOTES.

Who are the American poets of today? is a question often asked by those who are trying to estimate the reputations of 10 years hence. An answer is given by William Morton Payne in the latest number of *The Dial* in an able article on "Recent American Verse." He divides the laurels between George Edward Woodberry and William Vaughan Moody, weighing the scales in favor of the latter poet, if a verdict is to be awarded on quality alone. "The Masque of Judgment," and "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," are the two poems which influence Mr. Payne's opinion. "The Masque of Judgment," is, by the way, the second volume of a trilogy based upon the Promethean legend. The first volume, "The Fire Bringer," is just published.

M. Frederic Masson is one of the most interesting literary figures of France. His formal reception into the company of the immortals, not long ago, was a notable occasion.

Masson represents the extreme limit to which "intimate biography" may be pushed. He is what Boswell was to Johnson, what Miss Strickland was to certain British statesmen, what the seat was to himself—and more. Mr. Masson holds not only ex pede Hercules, but from the boot, the sock, yea, the pocket-handkerchief, of his hero, he would derive a man. M. Brunetiere was of course sarcastic, but nevertheless truthful, when in his speech in reply to the new member, he addressed him thus:

"You have followed him (Napoleon) not only in his battles, but in his walks across Europe, in the forests at Malmaison, and the official receptions at the Tuileries, but also in his intimacy, in his private apartments, bedrooms and dressing-rooms. You have followed him, wash-36 (pencil) underneath, nine dozen white shirts, bosoms of hollands, at 4 francs apiece, but 60 francs when they are all hollands; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, three dozen 'folded towels,' about which you regret that you have not gained any further information; three dozen merino foot-warmers, but, perhaps, as you say, 'these were socks.'—Argonaut.

Albert Sornichsen, author of "Deep Sea Vagabonds," was recently put in a very uncomfortable situation by a typographical error in an article about him printed widely in the western press. Among other things the reviewer said that he found Mr. Sornichsen "smoking fat cigars which his Filippine wife had taught him to love. Mr. Sornichsen's friends believed him a bachelor, and this was astonishing news. Mr. Sornichsen's father wrote regretting that his son had not confided in him, and the author of "Deep Sea Vagabonds" spends hours each day now explaining that he is not married and that the author of the article wrote "Filippine" instead of "Filipino" wife.

The methods of work of Miss Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Deliverance," are extremely interesting. Unusually successful authors, she has in two periods of work during the day. She begins at 11 o'clock in the morning

and works until 2, and then she rests or walks during the afternoon. After dinner, in the evening, she resumes her work and works three or four hours. "I always look my door when I work," she says. "I can't work when I realize that I can be interrupted." The first draft of every chapter that Miss Glasgow has written has been written in pencil. She usually writes her scenes in a large rocking-chair, with her pen in her lap. "The Deliverance" was written three times. Many of the chapters were written five or six times, and one chapter was written no less than 10 times. Miss Glasgow never uses a typewriter, and never dictates. Her final drafts of her novels are all in her own handwriting, which is large and very legible.

The publication of Onoto Watanna's new novel was unavoidably postponed until April 13. "Daughters of Nijo" is to be a beautiful volume, with many illustrations and decorations by Kiyochi Sano, who made the pictures for the same author's last story, "The Heart of Hyacinth."

Mrs. Wiggins' "Rebecca," according to reports in the American and English Bookman, stood among the three or four best selling books during the month of February in the United States (England and Scotland). The publishers state that they have just had to send the book to press for the tenth time, making the total number of copies 120,000.

Everett Tomlinson, author of "A Lieutenant under Washington," and many other popular historical stories for boys, has just been given another five years' imprisonment as member of the New Jersey State Library Commission by Gov. Murphy. Dr. Tomlinson lectured last week on "Heroes and Heroines of the American Revolution," before the cadets of the Municipal Military Academy.

Will Carleton, the author of "Songs of Two Centuries," when a boy took a long journey from his home to the nearest county town, in order to hear Cassius H. Clay, the Kentuckian make a speech. On reaching the "fair grounds," where Clay was to speak, he found such a crowd assembled that he could not see anything of the eloquent southerner. At last, by crawling between people's feet and taking other boy-methods of making progress, he gained a friendly note not far from the stand, and climbed up among its screening branches. All went well until the speaker, to illustrate the ignorance of some of his political opponents, exclaimed with an emphatic gesture: "They don't know any more about it than that boy there in the tree!" A thousand eyes were at once levelled upon the bashful urchin who had so suddenly been made an object-lesson. "The sensation," said Mr. Carleton, in telling the story, "was very much as if some ice-water were being poured down my back. I tried to conceal myself among the branches, but that would not work; and I was not long in 'slipping down' and making myself scarce. At home, I had no sympathy; they told me 'I should have stayed and fought it out,' not knowing that my sensitiveness at that time was positively abnormal. My father called me Xanthus for a year after."

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Rulers of Kings," will be published by Harper & Brothers this spring. The book deals with life among certain high circles of European nobility and American people of wealth, and its material has been gathered by Mrs. Atherton in Vienna and other foreign cities. The influence of the real Rudolf, the ill-fated crown prince of Austria, whose career the author has studied at first hand, is woven into the story.

Among the many men of foreign birth who have become naturalized citizens of the United States and won eminence in their adopted country, few have had a more varied and romantic career than Henry Villard whose memoirs will bear the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Landing in New York in 1859, and trying in diverse ways to earn a livelihood, Mr. Villard finally worked his way into journalism and achieved distinction as a field correspondent in various New York papers during the Civil war. Subsequently devoting himself to railroad construction and finance, he founded in Oregon the railway and steamship companies which gave such an impetus to the development of that great state, and carried to completion the Northern Pacific railroad.

Mr. Villard has recounted frankly his achievements and failures, and has given interesting glimpses of the leading public men of his day, with most of whom he came into close contact. Notable among these were Lincoln,



MRS. H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays's new book, "He That Eateth Bread With Me," deals with divorce, and probably for that reason will have a very wide circle of readers, since divorce is certainly the most important question that faces American society today. Mrs. Keays has gone to the bottom of the subject and written a book that is intensely interesting as a story, powerfully emotional, yet sane and un-hysterical.

British Canadian stock, she was born in Woodstock, Ontario. She is the wife of a minister and has lived chiefly in the west, following her husband as he went from pastorate to pastorate, taking full advantage of her position to study life as it was, of course, intimately revealed to her. Mrs. Keays is a rarely gifted woman, and adds to her ability with the pen notable accomplishments as a musician and as an art connoisseur.

Chase, Greely, Garfield, and Blismark. Of the great battles of the war of which he was a witness, Mr. Villard has given extremely full and valuable descriptions of Bull Run, Shiloh, Fredericksburg, Charleston Harbor and Chattanooga, as well as of Chickamauga.

The new life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which the Macmillan company will publish this week, is by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, who is known chiefly through his life of his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and through several volumes of distinctly fine poetry. He is a Cambridge man, and has been Master at Eton college since 1885. He is a brother of E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo."

Shan F. Bullock's new book to be brought out this spring by McClure-Phillips will be entitled "The Red Leaguers."

A new edition of William Allen White's delightful stories of boys in their natural haunts, "The Court of Boyville," has been put on the press by McClure-Phillips.

On Feb. 22, the University of Pennsylvania honored the Hoosier poet with the degree of Doctor of Literature. The occasion inspired the poet of the Hartford Courant with the following effort: Now this Doctor Whitcomb Riley, Say, James, how does it feel? Doan't make you sort of reel? Jes' think you back to old days, James, when you was paintin' signs, And the melody of bluebirds kind a-gittin' in your mind, James, Didn't think in them old times, James, "so happy and so poor." That some day you'd be doctorin' other fellows' liver-tor, I doan't quite understand, James, Jos' w'at you're goin' to do, ? Ther's lots o' stuff to doctor, an' you may be won't get through Rebellin' rhymin' stuff that rolls in like the sea. In time to write a word or two for common folks like me. You've got your recognishin, James; It's likely to endoor, Doan't waste your time a-doctorin' other fellows' liver-tor. Now, James, you've been a speakin' round the country many a day; I s'pose of course your grammar has improved along the way. And the proud ones like to know ye and it may not do ye harm, But, member, James, your story 'bout 'How Johnny Quit the Farm,' You may go to Philadelphia, see the greatest Folks 'at be, And 'en want to write an epiok er a classic rhapsodee; Coso, ther ain't no use complainin', but we'll always take more stock In 'the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock.' But Doctor Whitcomb Riley, may you long be known to fame, And the future generations sing your songs and praise your name; May your life be sweet and merry as your song of "Little Brook," And the folks never fall to buy and read your little book.

Harold R. Durant, a young lawyer of Waterbury, Conn., has his first

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A MINER'S TROUBLE.

REACHES A CLIMAX AFTER YEARS OF SLOW DEVELOPMENT.

A Settlement Happily Effected in the Case of Henry Story in Time to Avert a Serious Misfortune.

If all the troubles of the coal miners could be adjusted as satisfactorily as that which for many months disturbed the happiness of Mr. Henry Story, of 332 Muskingum avenue, Zanesville, Ohio, it would be a most welcome relief for both the men and their families.

The miners form a large and important part of our population, and they will be greatly interested in the solution which Mr. Story found for a difficulty in which any one of them may find himself at any moment, as it is a frequent incident in the miner's occupation and a serious hindrance to his success.

The facts in the case were related by Mrs. Story, who was deeply concerned, and who is a very happy woman today because her husband has had such a fortunate escape from the calamity that threatened him.

"My husband," says Mrs. Story, "is a very hard working man and has always been very healthy, but some months ago rheumatism got hold of him, and made him suffer terribly, and would soon have put him up if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which, we think, are the best medicine in the world."

"He suffered so much in his legs that he could hardly stand; his back hurt, and he had such pain in his left arm that he could not rest night or day. His arm would turn numb and I would have to rub and bathe it in hot water. I tried everything I could think of to give him relief."

"At last he went to a doctor, who told him that his trouble had come from hard work. The doctor gave him some medicine, but it did not do any good."

"In the meantime I picked up a paper and read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thought that my husband's trouble might be with his nerves. I got two boxes of the Pills for him and had to urge him to take them, because he had always been so healthy that he was not in the habit of taking medicine."

"After he had taken the first box he felt much better, and when he had finished the second box he was better still. So I bought a third box, and then he and he took four of them, that is six boxes in all. That is three months ago and he has never had an ache or pain since and can do a hard day's work with any young man."

These famous pills cure all diseases of the blood such as rheumatism, and of the nerves such as neuralgia, and partial paralysis. They effect radical cures in obstinate maladies because they go to the root of the trouble, expelling all poisons from the blood, and supplying nutritive elements that repair worn tissue and give fresh vitality to weakened nerves. They are sold by all druggists. A special booklet on Nervous Disorders, or on Diseases of the Blood, may be obtained by simply writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

which the Macmillan company, have published under the title of "Christ." Dr. McConnell's thesis is that the idea of Christ in the modern mind is very confused; and he has sought to bring order out of this confusion and to present the real Christ in contrast with the unreal Christs of theological fiction, and the simple and sufficient foundation of religious faith.

"The Praise of Shakespeare" is the title of an English anthology of prose and verse which has just been published by the Hobb's-Merrill company. The compiler of the volume is Mr. C. E. Hughes, and Mr. Sidney Lee has written a preface for it.

It is an outgrowth of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Many Baconians and more skeptics have affirmed that the facts recorded of Shakespeare by his contemporaries are scanty, and that his career is clothed in a mystery that justifies wild attempts at solution. To show the utter falseness of this conception, Mr. Hughes collected all the notices of Shakespeare penned in early days, and has enlarged the scope of his understanding that it might form a continuous history of Shakespearean homage down to our times. The proof is conclusive that we know almost as much about Shakespeare as we do about that other Elizabethan dramatist. Interesting in itself, the volume is an important contribution to a never-ending discussion.

Dr. Lewis O. Brastow's volume of biographical and critical essays on "Representative Modern Preachers" opens with Shleiermacher, through whom the experimental factor has been restored to modern preaching, and closes with Spurgeon, the Puritan pastoral theologian. Between these two are elaborated the development, the representative qualities, the personal characteristics, and the homiletic methods of Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, Phillips, Brooks, Newman, May, and Thomas Guibus. The volume is a contribution to practical theology; but it is more likely to attract attention as a series of essays in biography.

Dr. Samuel McConnell, the author of "The Evolution of Intellect," and the rector of All Souls church, New York City, has written a new book

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

"Uncle Jim's Burglar" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion. When Carolyn Came Home," "Knockers Last Granny," are other pieces of short fiction, and there is an interesting article by G. A. Stephens on "James Holman, the Remarkable Blind Traveler," as novel and wonderful in incident as the life of Helen Keller. There are two excellent poems and, usual good reading in the departments.

A letter just received by the Century Co. from Nome, Alaska, dealer states

that up in far-away, ice-bound Nome his sales of The Century last summer averaged fifty copies a month. He is sure, he writes, that he will increase these sales materially another year, in spite of the many difficulties he and his customers must overcome to secure good reading. That there are at least fifty families in Nome, cut off entirely from the world six months of the year, who care enough for a magazine of The Century's rank to make the sacrifices necessary to secure it, will give most persons a new idea of the people of that distant frigid town.

ALL RUN DOWN

In the Spring is when you notice it the most. The system is full of impurities that have accumulated during the winter months, which must be dispelled at once. The quickest and safest way is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing else is so good to cure Spring Fever, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver troubles, La Grippe, Colds or Malaria. Fever, any Aque. We urge you to try a bottle today.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

showed to each other, and gradually this little circle widened until it included nine or ten members. These formed the "Magpie Club," and then came the idea of the Magpie Magazine. The girls found a woman friend who was willing to act as secretary, and to her each "Magpie" sent every month a piece of fiction signed with her nom de plume. These were written on paper of a uniform size and when all the contributions were received, they were stitched together and bound in a permanent cover bearing the name, "The Magpie Magazine." The magazine, by the way, included a number of blank pages, upon which criticisms were to be written, and after it was bound, the periodical was sent in turn to each member of the club, who read it and then set down in it her opinion of its various items. I have read a number of these criticisms, and to describe them as "free" or "outspoken" would be drawing it mild indeed. They were the most striking thing about the "Magpie" apart from the really uncommon literary quality of its contents. Most of the stories in the Magpie, too, revealed a knowledge of life on the part of their authors which was really startling when one considered these girls' environment.

The "Magpie Magazine" had existed in this way for a year or two before the girls discovered it was eventually to introduce the "Magpies" to the reading public. This was Miss Constance Smedley, whose novel "An April Princess"—recently a success in America—was not then published, but who already had attracted attention by her short stories, dramatic criticisms and the one act play of hers which was produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Miss Smedley became acquainted with Miss Agnes Weekes, whose novel, "Yarborough the Premier" has just been published, and through her with the Magpie Club, of which Miss Weekes is a member.

A regular feature of the Magpie Magazine is a serial story, "Yarborough the Premier" ran in the "Magpie" and to it Miss Smedley, who soon became an enthusiastic member of the club, contributed her "April Princess." Oddly enough, in spite of the amount of writing that was done by the "Magpies" not one of them ever had thought of publishing their stories. Miss Smedley, however, after having read a few numbers of "The Magpie" told herself that the stories therein were distinctly saleable. Among the Magpie productions which actually struck her as perhaps most promising were three novels which had run as serials in the amateur magazine, "Yarborough the Premier," by Miss A. K. Weekes, "Love in Chief," by her sister, Miss R. K. Weekes, and "Lance in Rest," by Miss L. A. Talbot. The Harpers had

recently published Miss Smedley's book of essays "The Boulder Critic," and so this young writer advised her Magpie friends to send their books to the American firm. They followed her advice and the three romances were accepted almost immediately. Another "Magpie" novel, "The New Eden," found a publisher in Dublin, and the early notices of it have been flattering. One reviewer in fact, declared that at last a successor to "The Duchess" had appeared. Miss Smedley tells me that a number of short stories originally contributed to the "Magpie Magazine" have been literally snapped up by different London periodicals, and says that the idea of the periodical written by these English girls for their own amusement, contain much work that needs only to be made public to be recognized as uncommonly good.

The announcement of the impending sale of the original warrant on which John Bunyan was arrested 230 years ago, and clapped into Bedford jail for a canting, crop-headed vagabond, has evoked many expressions of fervent hope from English bibliophiles that the document will not be allowed to cross the Atlantic. Interest in Bunyan relics is very keen among collectors and it is sure to fetch a big price. Three years ago a first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—published at 36 cents—fetched \$375. But when the warrant was first offered for sale at Sotheby's many years ago, in some inexplicable way it eluded the vigilance of some of the keenest eyes among European antiquaries. Perhaps the warrant was due to the way it was catalogued among a lot of valuable old manuscripts, the entry relating to it reading: "Bunyan—Letter to the constables of Bedford relative to the imprisonment of John Bunyan for preaching. Autograph signature and seals, March 4, 1674." The only man who recognized its value was the late W. G. Thorne who tells the story in his "Still Life of the Inner Temple." By "being low and saying nothing," he managed to buy the document on the fateful day of the sale for a few sovereigns. Great was the dismay of the rich collectors gathered out at the auction when Mr. Thorne explained to them what a treasure they had allowed to slip through their fingers. In the warrant Bunyan's name appears twice, the first time spelled "Bunyon" and the second "Bunnon." It is signed by 13 justices of the peace, six of them baronets and seven esquires, and little they could have dreamed that in their ordering the arrest of the said "John Tyndler," as he is styled in the warrant, they were doing the only thing in their hands that would preserve their names from complete oblivion. The document will be sold at Sotheby's on April 23. HAYDEN CHURCH.

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