DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

we would suppose for a moment

ttilude; but in the case of this man

the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds can-

land, when we are together.'



TO FAITH.

de thy gracious hearth content I with thee fate's appointed journey in upon thee when my step is slow, rap me with thee in the naked day.

h thee, no loneliness, no pathless

wind is heaven's, to take as it e that thy voice, thy hand, I need

not know: not know; may not murmur, for I shall not stray. -By John Vance Cheney.



y, this is the cup the White Men Then they go to right a wrong, I that is the cup of the old world's

uel and strained and strong.

have drunk that cup-and a bitter, bitter cup-And tossed the dregs away, ut well for the world when the White

Men drink To the dawn of the White Men's day,

ow, this is the road that the White Men tread

When they go to clean a land-ron underfoot and levin overhead And the deep on either hand.

hat road-and a wet and

not only rubbish but is rubbish in vaster amount than was ever before known. The rubbish-fall last year was unprecedented in the history of-why call it literature? It isn't altogether a matter of advertising. He seems inclined to hold that five or six men must write trash because five or six millions, lately reclaimed from absolute illiteracy, want trash.

"Perhaps there is more to the matter than that. Perhaps the editor of Harpr's Magazine had something more on his mind as he wrote the reflections in this month's Study. They amount al-most to a defense of the Harper's tra-dition of "respectability." Mr. Alden himself feels that "the spiritual growth of the Amounca people has more than f the American people has more than

kept pace with its material progress during the last forty years. Our loves and our sympathies have deepened and expanded. And to a corresponding degree our literature has grown in all its values and meanings." That is to say, it has admitted subjects which it had before refused to admit. Now if it has done this, one must say it has done it largely in **spit**e of the old and respec-table magazine. Mr. Alden apologizes for Tellus, he conference that his adi

for Trilby: he confesses that his edi-torial conscience has been sadly perplexed by Thomas Hardy, and he owns up to an unpleasant surprise on finding that a recent number of the magazine contained three tragic deaths. It is well known that there are sides of life perfectly familiar in European literature, situations constantly contrived by Lord Houghton and viceroy of Ireland, had been expressing his opinion that Sarah Grand had no right to call her-self "madame." that title being the privilege, he said, of three ladies only in the United Kingdom-Her Majesty in the United Kingdom-Her Majesty

in the United Kingdom-Her Majesty and two Irish ladies-the wife of O'. Donogiue and another. A well known man of letters conveyed this conver-sation to Sarah Grand. "Oh!" said she, "pray tell Lord Houghton that I do not call myself madame after people of that kind, but after my dress-maker-a woman of taste, to whom I owe a good deal. strong fidelity of the man, in the revelation of his most tender thoughts-not that. owe a good deal. that there is anything singular in his

While certain daring critics have been flou, d for comparing Mrs. Hum-phry Ward to George Ellor, and while we would not for a minute be suspected we would not for a minute be suspected of placing the author of "Eleanor" on the same high level of artistic achieve-ment wich the creator of "Adam Bede." it must be admitted that, as a novel, lat whose imaginative work embodies a high etnical teaching. Mrs. Ward oc-cupies the foremost place in the serious fiction of today. It is a truism to say that offectimes our very proximity to an author tends to deiract from a prop-er estimation of his gifts, and it may not, therefore, be importing to another the serious not, therefore, be impertinent to quot the opinion of a world-famous citit with regard to Mrs. Ward's literary po stion. In her forthcoming book, which with her happy faculty for choosing a title, Miss Lilian Bell calls, "The Soc ond Time," she relates a visit which she made to Toistol last summer. In the course of conversation, Miss Bell asked the Russian novelist the question, "Who would you say is the greatest living author of the day?" and the answer came back quickly, with no uncertain sound, "Mrs. Hum-phry Ward, undoubtedly."

A poet who rightly looks on the mak. ing of a play as a serious and the max-ing of a play as a serious and worthy performance is Mr. John Davidson, whose "Ballad of a Nun" first made his name well known in England. Mr. Davidson is, I believe, a Scotchman by birth, and is by profession a London journalist, or pressman, as he loves to call himself in his "Fleet Street Ecol-gues," and one whose thoughts are more often secretly loltering in country ways than pursuing news along the Strengt His new characteristics the the Strind, His new play, "Self's the Man," which is shortly to be published, is by no means Mr. Davidson's first been an ambition of his to see good effort at playwriting, for it has long romantic drama on the stage, and he romantic drama on the stuge, and he has already taken several steps towards lits fulfilment. The present play was commissioned by Mr, Tree, and was finished in September, 1899. "King of the Lombaros," was the original titls, but it was changed on the publication of Mr, Swinburne's "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," to "Self's the Mani A 'Tragic Comedy," Although the play may be referred to the eighth century may be referred to the eighth century A. D., it is entirely modern in concep-

thin cut treatment, and, with that ex-ception, is not on "the lines" of any preceding work of the author. It bears on the title page the couplet: Be your own star, for strength is

from within; And one against the world will always win."

Mis Gwendolen Overion's novel The Heritage of Unrest has had a good re-ception in England. A new edition for the English market has just been de-manded. Miss Bulah Marie Dix whose clever story The Making of Christopher Ferringham was published two weeks ago, also wins the approval of her Eng-lish readers. Both these books by American women are having a very

closely-fibred moral heroes of American were in like or similar relation to the burning thought of the hour. But some . . .

burning thought of the hour. But some of them sold like hot cakes, and these very some now zeem as cold as the hot Could anything be finer in sentiment Could anything be finer in sentiment or more true to the spirit of hearth and home than the following extract from one of Bismarck's lettern to his wife, just published in "The Love Let-ters of Bismarck," by Messrs, Harper & Brothers? There is something strangely pathetic and beautiful in the strangely pathetic and beautiful in the akes which were cooked on yesterday's The change in literary fashions is not

as arbitrary as that in the clothing of men and women. The people of our great world have their clothing deigned for them, and they are glad of a engined for them, and they are glind of a change when any fashion has become so universal that the cook, the cham-bermaid and the girl behind the coun-ter go out to take the air in gowns and bonnets of the same design as those worn by the fine lady who has two men on the box of her carriage and a liveried butter to serve her when she feeds. The high fashionables wish that there should be differences between whose will was iron, whose words were blows, the contrast is the more striking and the more remarkable: "I mar-ried you in order to love you in Gad and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of there should be differences between them and more humble folk, and the them and more humble folk, and the tailors, and milliners, and mantua-mak-ers anticipate this desire, so that each season pretty nearly a whole new ward-robe is necessary. In literature, I fancy, not chill and where I may lind the warmin of the home fire to which I cagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without, but not to robe is necessary. In literature, I takey, there is not quite so much design and a good deal more chance, while hol polloi assists in an active rather than in a passive way. We get tired of the same old thing done over and over again, we get tired of the same manner, even when the matter is different. I shall cherish and nurse your little freplace, put wood on it, and blow and protect it against all that is evil and

s nothing which is dearer and more I believe the passing vogue of the his-torical and romantic novel was due in a very large measure to the fact that the necessary to me than your love and the homelike hearth that stands be-tween us everywhere, even in a strange very large measure to the fact that the reading public had become wearled to somnolence by the realistic school of flotton makers. New I am not saying anything in disparagement of realistic fiction as it has been written by the masters of the craft. They did not weary the public, nor did the public tire of them. The masters of realism have been and are artists who will always be held in high and reverent esteem. It is the second and third class realist who From the countless books upon native flowers that have been issued during the past half dozen years, it would seem that they had been viewed from very possible side, yet Mrs. Mabel Osroad Wright in her forthcoming book—The Flowers and Ferns in Their is the second and third class realist who has brought reproach on the school. This is neither right nor fair, for art should be judged by the work of the Haunta (Macmillan)-treats them from wholly new standpoint. The flower is not considered mergly as an aggregation of calyx, corolla, stamens and pistli that leads to its correct naming or masters and not by the bunglers. Here is where the realists have been at fault Here from the compler mechanism that calls for the ald of insects to insure its fer-They have insisted that the very dullest exponent of their school was a better tilization, but for its value as a part of the landscape. artist than the most skillful worker in those fictions which soared into the un-The author holds that if one wishes known and the impossible, even though the atmosphere was poetic and the sentiment heroic. This was a great mistake; it made us tired. We read these o know the wild flowers really they nust visit them in their haunts, for the more exquisite then in their haunts, for the more exquisite the flower the more completely does it lose its characteris-tics when separated from its natural surroundings. The fifty full page illus-trations are also made from this point of view, being extremely beautiful photographs of flowers, ferns, vines, etc., taken as they grew, by the author, and by Mr. J. Horace McFarland, the numerous marginal engravings being also from direct photography, the work stupid books because we were au-thoritatively told that we should, and we found them about as entertaining as catalogues and inventories. We found the company as dull as could be and the workmanship on a par with the hurried stuff which the reporters for hurried stuff which the reporters for the daily newspapers turn out at break-neck speed while the presses and the newsboys wait. We do not read novels to be instructed. We are not hungry for sociological facts and conclusions when we take up a book for an even-ing's entertainment. No, we want to be entertained by hence successful out of also from direct photography, the work of securing the subjects in the right Ing's entertainment. No, we want to be entertained by being removed out of ourselves. But I should rather be my-self and bear with my own infirmities and perplexities than to spend a whole evening with a lot of very dull people in my neighbor's kitchen. Now, your real-ist of the second and third class takes you into a kitchen through the area you into a kitchen through the area door, and he does his very best to make door, and he does his very best to make you feel the you are one of that circle of domestics. I have no objection to kitchens, and none to domestics. Both, in our present scheme of economy, are very necessary. But if I go to a kit-chen or am taken there, I want it to be worth while. The dull picture of it as the dull realist makes it does not entertain It does not enlighten. It merely teriain it does not enlighten. It merely bores. And yet because it is called real these mistaken folk say it is art, and insist that it must be respected. As a matter of fact, it is not art at all, but the reverse of art. And yet the great realists are great artists. Jane Austin, Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola and Howells, all are artists of high rank, several of them of the highest rank. Flaubert polished and polished until his whole literary output does not until his whole literary output does not in the volume of it exceed that of some of the realists of today for a year. His craftsmanship was as nearly perfect as possible, and his artistic achievement commands the respect of all who are familiar with it. The same may be said of our own Howells, who revises



The Most Important Period in a Woman's Existence.- Mrs. Johnson Tells How She Was Helped Over the Trying Time.



Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying, and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it

seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. The three following letters are guaranteed to be genuine and true, and still further prove what a great medicine Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is for women.

Mar. 12, 1897

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :- I have been sick for a long time. I was taken sick with flooding. All my trouble seemed to be in the womb. I ache all the time at the lower part of the womb. The doctor says the womb is covered with ulcers. I suffer with a pain on the left side of my back over the kidney. I am fifty years old and passing through the change of life. Please advise me what to do to get relief. Would like to hear from you as soon as possible."--MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

Jan. 23, 1898.

"I have been taking your remedies, and think they have helped me a great deal. I had been in bed for ten weeks when I began taking your Vegetable Compound, but after using it for a short time I was able to be up around the house. The aching in the lower part of womb has left me. The most that troubles me now is the flowing. That is not so bad, but still there is a little every day. I am not discouraged yet, and shall continue with your medicine, for I believe it will cure me."—MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monelova, Ohio. April 13, 1900.

"I send you this letter to publish for the benefit of others. I was sick for about nine years so that I could not do my work. For three months I could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had five different doctors, and all said there was no help for me. My trouble was change of life. I suffered with elceration of the womb, pain in sides, kidney and stomach trouble, backache, headache, and dizziness. I am well and strong, and feel like a new person. My recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knew me. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not do without your medicine for anything. There is no need of women suffering so much if they would take your remedies, for they are a sure cure."-MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monelova, Ohio.

When one stops to think about the good Mrs. Johnson derived from Mrs.

rapid sale on the other side. The re-port in the New York papers that Eng-lish book trade is dull seems to apply to the works of English authors.

Poets should rejoice that there are no published statistics from which it would be possible to calculate the average

condition having been over two years. As a whole the book considers the dowers from the human, not the tech-nical side, and for the pleasure they give us, a special chapter being de-voted to the romance of the walfs and trays that have escaped from forgotn gardens to the highways and fields ten gardens to the highways and fields to be the only evidence of old homes. The book is divided in twelve sec-tions: The Coming of Spring, Along the Waterways, Escaped from Gardens, In Silent Woods, Humble Orchids, Poisonous Plants, The Triumph of the Vine, A Composite Family, Wayfarers, The Fantasies of Ferns, The Open Fields, and Aftermath,

MAGAZINES.

The fact that Mary Johnson, of "To Have and To Hold" fame, begins her new Virginian romance, "Audrey," in it gives special interest to the May Atlantic. It is not a "historical novel," but a romance pure and simple. The scene is laid in the Virginia of 1727, in the society of the colonial capital, Wil-llamsburg, and several historical characters appear in it, yet these are but subordinate to the purely romantic story. Audrey, the orphan girl who number of copies sold of the many hun-dred volumes of poems published each year in America, but I venture the opinion that it does not exceed 150, says "A Publisher," in the Boston Trans-tor Work and Publisher, and the story opens well. Sarah or a dream-child who awakes to die." The story opens well. Sarah gives the story its name, is "a charac-ter wonderfully charged with poetry to die." The stary opens well. Safah Orne Jewett's serial, the "Tory Lover," continues to be of absorbing interest. The Reconstruction paper of the number is William Garrott Brown's ac count of the Ku-Klux Klan, in preparing which he had access to much un-published material and was allowed to use the personal testimony of some prominent actors in the Ku-Klux movement, Prof. Munsterburg has a strik-ing paper on "American Productive Scholarship." Prof. A. S. Cook, of Yale contributes a notable essay upon teach ing English. Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, has a story entitled "The Professor's Chance." There is a discussion of American prose style by Prof. J. D. Logan, of the University of South Dakota and of American poetry by Josephine Dodge Daskam Bradford Torrey has a delightful out door paper on the mountain "Moosl-lauke" and Edmund Gosse a study of lauke Mandell Creighton, the late bishop of London, a ripe scholar who had many friends upon this side of the water. The May Harper's Magazine carries along the two serial novels, Gilbert Par-ker's "The Right of Way" and Mary E. Wilkins' 'The Portion of Labor'' with increasing interest. Mr. Parker's story increasing interest. Mr. Parker's story being in all respects the strongest work he has yet produced. Woodrow Wil-son's history of "Colonies and Nations" progresses well and the illustrations highten its value. Dr. H. M. Hiller has an illustrated account of "Wild Moun-tain Tribes of Borneo." J. J. Benjamin-Constant gives an account of portraits of notable people he has made, with ex-amples of his work. Dr. Andrew Wil-son writes of "Hallucinations." There are complete stories and sketches by W W. Jacobs, Katharine De Forest, Fran ces Aymer Mathews, Lillan Bell, Aub-rey Lanston, Henry Heowizi, Marion Alexander Haskell and others and poems by John Burroughs, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Sara King Wiley, Franres Du Bignon and others. It is a very good number and the announcements for the June number promise several striking and some novel features. The important article in this week's Youth's Companion is "Young Con-tributors and Editors." by W. D. How-ells. "The Piper Girl" is the title of the opening story, and following it are two other short stories entitled respectively y Heweit and The Prairie and "The Rousing Up of the Smlley The final thrilling Misses Jennings.' chapter in "The Submarine Susan" is reached and there are two beautiful poems "The Forest Litany," by Mabel Earle, and "The Chrysalis," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Besides these are the usual number of bright anecdotes and children's stories. THE PASSING OF THE HISTORIC-AL ROMANCE. lergymen. Fashions in literature do not pass as pulckly as those in women's gowns, but hey change just as surely. They come and go, and come again, very much as and go, and come wings from side to side. That which was in vogue a few years since may also have been very much the fashion fifty years ago or so ago, but now seem quite out of date. I suspect that we are inclined to exag-gerate the hold that the historical and omantic novels have had on the American and English reading public within the last five or ten years. It merely

windy road-Our chosen star for guide. Dh, well for the world when the White Men tread Their highway side by side,

w, this is the faith that the White

Men hold When they build their homes afar:redom for ourselves and freedom

for our sons And, failing freedom, War." have proved our faith-bear wit-ness to our faith, Dear souls of freemen slain!

ell for the world when the White Men Join To prove their faith again!

-By Rudyard Kipling. MY LORD THE BOOK.

book is an artistocrat;

The pampered, lives in state; stands on a shelf, with naught whereat To worry-lovely fate! Enjoys the best of company; And often-ay, 'tis so-

ke much in aristocracy, Its title makes it go. -John Kendrick Bangs.

NOTES.

John Davidson, having read in the London Chronicle a review of a new May of his, "Self's the Man," writes a er to the paper answering some of questions put by his critic. His comfleation is in dialogue form, and se of the replies are droll enough. gh we are not sure that this was Davidson's Intention. "Since the sufall of Napoleon III. I have con "Since the ed much at intervals the advenof kingship, an adventure apt to in our times." Indeed! "I wish my ings to be entirely non-moral. I Id not persuade the world for or Lucky world! of course, imperialist British imperialism To the question as to he had made "so luxuriant a plot" orts that "art is selection, and always selects as much of as it can," a truly colossal But it is not with the unhumor of Mr. Davidson's exdione that we are concerned. The amusing thing is his fancy that explanations are in order at all.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" is now being ranslated into the French and the Story will appear in book form in ce during the coming season. The tory of the French hero, with his many ntures and his love affairs, ought prove interesting to his native land. fact that "Beaucaire" was a cousin he of the French kings will surely add to the attractiveness of the tale for French readers. McClure, Phillips & Co., the American publishers, have also ceived application for a German translation. 1.1.1.

Seldom or never in the United States s there been so long a spring list of w books as that of this first year of the new century. The list alone, with tables of books and the authors' and publishers' names, would fill a volume as large as a novel of average size. Aside from its length, the list is sug-sentive by what it have a wall as by gestive by what it lacks as well as by its contents, for it is notably short in the departments of history, blography, theology, belies-lettres, and the arts and sciences, but astonishingly full of

. . . The editor of Current Literature is inclined to think that the "popular" novel is a more significant literary phemenon than the critics understand. mmenting on remarks lately made

by Win, D. Howells and Henry M. Alsays "Mr. Howells pours his sarcasmuch of it deserved, no doubt-upon the writers of trashy novels and the people who read them. The produc-tion of books is phenomenal both as to fuality and quantity. The rubbish is

the events of actual life, motives with out which no description of human life is complete, which never appear in the pages of the American magazines which, like 'Harper's, aspire to an in-nocence which may "freely be admitted to every home." Now we are not as-suming that the popular literature of the day deals prominently with these sides of life. It does not. But it is pos-

sible it is in a way more human than the literature of culture. The popular novel of today is either homely or it is ultra-romantic. In both cases it something of primitive quality. I has not clever. It is often crude. Very well, at the basis of human life there is something which does not submit itself to refined description. What we are attempting in haste and brevity to suggest is that the literature of culture may want a certain rough vigor, that it may be over-refined, that it is cer-tainly over-squeamish. What we ventainly over-squeamish. ture to hope is that the astonishing enlargement of the literal audience

margement of the interal audience may yet invigorate refined literature with a perception of the breadth of men's interest, of the essential clean-mess and health of even low scenes and health of even low scenes and hateful situations when they dent to a noble purpose, of the fact that that art which would adequately deal life must accept all the elements which complicate it.

* * * "Eabs, the Impossible," though out but a fortnight, is having great suc-cess, and is about to go to press at the Harpers' for a third edition. It is related of the author of this and of "The Heavenly Twins" that, soon after the appearance of that latter much discussed book, Lord Crewe, then



ear as quickly as a discord would strike the ear of the leader of an

orchestra. He thinks more of his engine than himself. That is why he neglects to notice symp-toms which are full of warning. The foul tongue, the bitter taste, sour risings, and undue fullness af-ter eating are but symptoms of dys-pepaia or some form of disease in-volving the stom-ach and organs of He thinks more

volving the stom-ach and organs of digestion and nu-

trition. In time the heart, liver, lungs, or other organs are involved and the engineer has to lay off. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

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sound healthy flesh. "I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his' Piezs ant Pellets' a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana, "Word's fail to tell how thankful and for the relief, as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me ogood. I got down is weight to zay pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh iso and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recom-mended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

I will frankly confess that cript. have published many volumes of poems of which I have sold less than 150 Two years ago I published copies. volume by an English poet who had contributed to at least two American magazines, though otherwise unknown here. The poems were all charming while many of them were of striking merit. Eleven of the best papers reviewed the book favorably, several magazines quoted from it, and I spent over \$40 in advertising it. At the end over \$40 in advertising it. At the e of the year I had sold six copies! At the end had always believed that this was the regularly published book, until a brother publisher confided - to me, not long ago that-well, that it was not. Of another volume by an American poet I sold only forty-two copies (not count-ing those bought by the author.)

Charles Scribner's Sons have pub-lished "Mistress Nell," by George C. Hazelton Jr. The novel reverses the literary process that has been so common, and instead of dramatizing a story, the dramatist has here turned his play into a novel. He has, how-ever, done something more, for though he has used many of the situations of the play, he has done much in the way of elaboration.

Another book with a theatrical at-mosphere recently published by this house is "Mrs.Gilbert's Reminiscences." Everybody, of course, identifies Mrs. Glibert with the delightful comedian associated for so many years with Mr Daly's company. She has woven into her narrative a large amount of most interesting reminiscence of the earlier days of the stage and of famous actors and actresses that many of us were famaliar with in our younger days. The book has been edited by Mrs. Charlotte

M. Martin. Prof. Guy Carleton Lee writing in the Baltimore Sun says that Miss Beulah Marie Dix's new novel The Making of Christopher Ferringham is "far and away the best story that has

appeared this spring." BOOKS.

It is interesting to note that in the present struggle between liberalism and clericalism in France perhaps no book has exerted so strong an influence on public opinion as Mr. Henry C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition of the Mid-dle Ages." This work has been generally accepted as the best authority in its field. The French translation was-made by M. Soloman Reinach, and this edition has attracted such marked attention on the continent that several applications have been made for the privilege of translating the book into other tongues. A German translation

has just been intrusted to Prof. Joseph Hausen, director of archives Cologne. . . . Seldom does the first novel of a nev writer receive such unanimous prais as has been awarded "Martin Brook published by the Messrs. Harper a few weeks ago. The secret of this is no far to seek, for it is intensely Ameri

can in spirit, convincing in its sincer ity, and most refreshing in its natura panorama of events as they occurred in northeastern New York, just before and during the civil war. Among the cordial letters of personal commenda-tion which the book has elicited, we are permitted to publish one from Bishop Hurst. "Martin Brook," he says, "has many literary and moral evolutions. many literary and moral excellences which commend it. It is a faithful and lifelike picture of the times in which he story is laid, and a wholesome and dramatic description of the various types of character, who all wear the appearance of actual personality. An exceedingly difficult task has been ac-

complished in the blending of the Cav-aller and Puritan in the person of Northcote, and 'Martin Brook' will take

happened that they were particularly in fashion at a time when that public expanded to proportions very much larger than that which writers and publishers ever before had to cater to. Cheaper books more extensively advertised have without any question stimulated purchases, so that a novel nowadays may run through edition after edition to a total previously quite unheard of, except in unusual cases, where the topic of the book and the hot and immediate interest of the public were the same. Such was the case with Mra. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It can hardly be said, however, that any of the

with such painstaking care that not in-frequently. I am told, his proofs have to be set up again-new type-setting Leing cheaper than to make the many corrections. I do not believe, however, that many of Howells' followers take any such care. All they appear to strive for is to get a very homely sub-ject and then smear it with dirt and other filth. Then it is realism, then it is fine literature, according to their no-tion of what literature should be.

But the public wearled of this when the novelty and the shock of it wore off. During the time of its short ascendency it tried to take also the stage, and in a measure succeeded. A real turkey taken smoking from a real stove, with the aroma of the cooking bird assailing the nos rils of the audience, Was considered by many the crowning glory of a realistic drama, in which and conscientious players were doing their very best to portray real men and women to the life. The puerile accessories and the tedious insistence of the realists ended, for a period, at least, the reign of that fad both on the stage and in novels, and the pendulum swinging back to the other side of the clock, we had the ro mantis fictions, imaginative and his torical, and a much expanded public was eagerly ready to read and to en-

This way nothing entirely new, but a literary remaissance. We had had Du-mas and Scott, and Choper and Thackray, not to mention dozens of We were tired of the sordid, and the common size, and the uneventful. We wanted life, strenuous life. We wanted wanted life, strenuous hie. We wanted action, action writ large. And we got all that we wanted-perhaps a little more, Instead of the piodders in mills and fuctories, instead of bookkeepers and clerks in counting rooms and shops. instead of dull farmers in tiresome fields; we got fine ladies in paint and patches, gallant gentlemen in silk stockings and powdered wigs, soldiers of fortune and adventures of every degree and kind. We heard the clash of word on sword, for the clock Was turned back a century or so, and we lived over again the days when a strong arm and a quick wit were equipment enough for success in a vorid which had not been commercial ized. At least we seemed to see these people of our great-grandfathers' time. I fancy they were really not much lik what has been portrayed for us, but they write real enough as substitutes for the dreguy folk who had been bor-ing us. We therefore took them to our hearts, and the fortunate creators of these old-time characters had the satinfaction of numbering their readers by the hail-million and the profit of drawing royaltics so large that some of them enjoyed incomes as great as sucessful actors, lawyers, doctors and

This taste for the historical novel, especially the American historical novthat d, was greatly stimulated by the little way we had a year or so ago with Spain. Of course, we always were pa-triotic, but there had been nothing acthe book is tedious and thresome. tively to excite our patriotism for a whole generation. This little row whole generation. about Cuba wrought us up dously, and when we knocked the Span. ish navy to "kingdom come" at Ma nila and Santlago the pleasant conciousness that we are a great and powerful people came to us as some-thing almost new. The patriotic so-cletles which had in a languid way been trying for twenty years to make us fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, nephews, nieces and cousins of colonial and revolutionary patriots took a new lease of life, and we all wanted to be omething or another in this organiza. tion or that, so as to show ourselves and our neighbors that we were some, bodies and that our forebears were such that we could not help our distinc-tion, even if we tried. How natural therefore, was it that we should be in-terested in the times of those who made Northcote, and 'Martin Brock' will take hardly be said, however, that any of the the beginnings of our country's great-his place among the cleanest and most recent historical or romantic novels ness and of our own! Here was the reptitiously read at school beneath the

Pinkham's advice and medicine, it seems almost beyond belief ; yet it is all

true as stated in her three letters published above at her own request. As a matter of positive fact Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of letters from women who have been safely carried through that danger period "Change of Life." Mrs. Johnson's cure is not an unusual one for Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to accomplish.

S5000 REWARD. — We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial lettors are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

historical romance ready at hand, and | lid of the desk on which innocently remany of us were glad to accept the pictures of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Ford and Miss Johnston as faithful portragals of the manners and the cus-toms of those who made us eligible for decorations in our buttonholes and membership in the societies aforesaid and We read greedily, being greedy for the knowledge given, and also hungry cause the fiction that preceded this had been unappetizing and unsatisfying. long

But the taste did not last very and the general opinion seems now to be that we have had enough of this kind of thing for a long while to come. Why should the taste have changed and the appetite have been satiated so soon? That appears to me to be an easy question to answer. These novels were not good as novels, they were not weil written, they were not amusing and, above all, they were not convincing, Let us look briefly at two or three of those which were the most greedily read, "Richard Carvel" has been justi; advertised as a "phenomenal success I have little hesitation in saying that n book of equal dreariness ever received such high consideration. It was long and tiresome, and from cover to cover there was not, as I read it, an entertalking or amusing incident in the whole tale. It was by some of the re-viewers compared to "The Virginians" of Thackeray. It undoubtedly plaglar-ized the incidents of "The Virginians," and young Carvel and young Warring. ton had very similar experiences in London. But, goodness gracious! Thackeray is delightful in the telling of the tale, regardless of the merits of it as a tale. Every page is bright, every chapter illuminated by the brilliancy which Thackeray shed with the inevi table certainty of a constant luminary I do not know how many times I have read "The Virginians." It is always delightful, always fresh-fresh as bright, cool day when each familiar hill and well known tree surprises with its beauty, I read "Richard Carvel, too; I read it once, But I am sure should have given it up long before ar-riving at the middle chapter had it not been that I was engaged to write a review of it, and therefore was paid to finish it. It was a hard job and a serious trial of patience. My judgment at the time was not that of other read ers, dor scemingly of other reviewers Two years or so later, however, I find the discriminating among -015 acquaintances do not disagree with me. On the contrary, they say with me that

Now take another book, a book that is much better written and with, at the same time, a surer and more deli-cate touch in narrative, "To Have and To Hold," Besides being well written there is displayed a fertility of inven tion which is absolutely bewildering When a reader begins a new chapter he is sure of a new complication, and he begins to read just about in the same frame of mind that he occupie a barber's chair in response to the in viting call of "next." If the incident which crowd upon the heels of or another in this book were convincing the reader would get into a condition of distressful perturbation that would b hard to bear. But they are not con vincing. We are quite sure the things never happened, and our interest is very like that we feel when we give ou puzzles and try to guess them. Indeed, the class to which this book belongs became familiar to me in my youth, when Beadle's Dime Novels were surposed some text book to give the sem-posed some text book to give the sem-blance of respectability to my earnest occupation. Then we have "Janice Meredith." I am not as familiar with the seises puppets that Mr. Ford the sexiess puppets that Mr. Ford manoeuvres with ill-concealed strings as I might be if I read his books. have read enough, however, and all I mean to read. The man who in at-tempting to portray "the real Ben Franklin" took away from that won-dearful derful man pretty nearly all of his vir-llity and turned him out a Sunday school here type may have wonderful espacities of creation, but I do not believe that ne can possibly know any-thing at all about life itself. Verily he oks at it as through a glass dark-

These three books are the stars of the present era of the historical ro-mance. They were advertised and poshed. They were praised as almost beyond compare. And the public took them at the valuation put upon them the the radiustry and the retirement. by the publishers and the reviewers. It was a kind of unconscious bunce game. The public no doubt likes to be hum-bugged, but it gets tired of the same old game. There must be new devices, There was nothing new here, however, so the public has given up the passing fad and is ready to turn to something else, more real, perhaps, or perhaps more preposterons, and further removed from the accualities either of the present or the past. This is so notwith-standing the fact that the great book the present moment is an historical mance. But Mr. Hewlett's "Richard romance. But Mr. Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay" is not only historical and romantic, but it is literature of an otder so high that I do not know of any colleague who is in the same class with him. To make such a book dis-tinguism d required no fad of the reading pause, no stimulation of the public taste by flavn advertising; it is great by reason of inherent merits and be-cause the writer has the genius for beauty that shelley and Keats and Pue had. I have no notion how Mr. Hewlett happened to choose this histerical subject just at the moment when such romances were most in vogue; but why he did it is neither here nor there. The important fact is that his book

stands by itself and cannot be affected in its success with the public or its hold on the attention of those who dis. crimiliate in literary matters because of the prevalence or the passing of any mere fad. Fads do not make greatness, nor can they prevent it .- John Gilmer Speed.

In the spring the birds are singing As they build their summer home, Blades of grass and buds are springing, O'er the mead the cattle roam, In the spring your blood is freighted With the germs that cause disease, Humors, boils, are designated Signals warning you of these. In the spring that tired feeling ling Makes you every duty shirk. Makes you feel like begging, stealing, Rather than engage in work. But there's something known that will a Man to health and vigor lead. You will find Hood's Sarsaparilla Just exactly what you need. ARTISTIC JOB WORK

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