

LITERATURE

THE FORELOPER (THE HITHERTO LOST POEM.)

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will by unknowing his desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And drive the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies,
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand,
To wring his food from a desert land, his foothold from the sand,
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till South is North, and North is South,
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and a king;
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce, cool camp,
There he shall blaze the roaring street, the derelict, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with latches and with brand,
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's landmarks stand.
—From Kipling's Lost Poem, by Roy D. Pinkerton, in the Bookman.

NOTES

The Canadians, apparently as a reward for his intrepid attack on the Canada-Packets, have adorned one of the townships along the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with the cognomen of Arthur Stringer, whose "wireless" romance, "The Gun Runner," has just been published by B. W. Dodge & Company. As a matter of fact, about 2000 new names were needed for this country-to-be, and as the line-protection had run into the territory of well known provincials from Laurier to Oronyaka, and all the established names from Aberdeen-Angus to Sussex and Shorthorn, to say nothing of the patronymics of the many local employes and seagoing men in the home cities, a native author or two worked very handily. When the author of "The Silver Poppy" and "The Wire Tappers" learned of the honor that had come upon him, he wrote out to the distant city of "Stringer" and suggested the contingency of proffering the newly-christened community with a limited free library of his own books. In two weeks a messenger came back. It was signed by one "Sid Wappler." It said: "Don't bother about sending them books out to this here metropolis called Stringer. I guess they are good books, all right, but the Crow Breed who runs the water-tank engine ain't educated in English and I'm busy track-walking."
"P. S.—Us two is the metropolis."

In less than six years, 338,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in the states and moved to free homesteads in the Canadian northwest. The story of this immense migration and its significance—"one of the most epic movements of the century"—has been written for the May Century by Agnes C. Laut, author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," who has recently traveled through this interesting region.

Everybody has heard of talking the hind leg off a donkey. Lloyd Osbourne, author of "Infatuation" and other popular novels, once actually tried to do this—to a man! It happened when Mr. Osbourne was in the South seas with Robert-Louis Stevenson. The man in question was a magnificent specimen of humanity, six feet high, about 30 years old, with a superb development. He was a Samoan who had been shot through the knee in one of the civil wars of the island, and was lying in an improvised military hospital. The naval doctor told Mr. Osbourne that this man would not allow his leg to be cut off, which was the only possible way of saving him. Knowing that the author spoke Samoan fluently and was a man of standing among the natives, the doctor asked him to try and persuade his friend to consent to losing his leg. For an hour Mr. Osbourne exercised every argument he could think of, but the Samoan, with a sort of splendid untamed nobility, said he would rather die than walk about a cripple for the rest of his life. It was said to have been him and feel that his resolution could not be broken.
In three weeks he had perfectly recovered, and, except for a slight stiffness, was the same superb specimen of humanity he had always been. Mr. Osbourne confesses that he never liked to meet him very much, as that leg of his always inspired a feeling of shame.

Two posthumous papers by Ouida have been secured by J. B. Lippincott company for publication in Lippincott's Magazine, and the first will appear in the May number. Their titles are: "Shall Women Vote?"—a study of feminine unrest—its causes and remedies; and "Love vs. Avarice"—a frank analysis of the causes which make for social evil.

Prof. A. E. Kennelly's "Wireless Telegraphy and Wireless Telephony," which Moffat, Yard & Company have nearly ready for publication, has had an advance sale equal to that of the first edition of three years ago. This is due to the fact of the marvelous growth of "wireless" during these years and the introduction of that wonderful new application, wireless telephony.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome was opened to the public on April 2. The purchase of this house, wherein Keats died, was concluded some time ago, but at least \$25,000 more must be secured to pay off an overdraft and properly to equip the house. Many relics of Keats have already been put in place there. It is said that the curator is to be an American.

BOOKS

T. A. Daly, whose new book of verse, "Carmina," issued from the press of John Lane company in April, is unquestionably one of the most versatile of the younger American poets. His skill in the handling of Irish dialect may be easily explained, for one of his ancestors who emigrated to this country early in the last century went to boast his descent from the great O'Dalys, the ancient bardic septs of which he was to sing of heroic deeds before the kings of Tara. Daly's gift of Irish song is his heritage, therefore, but his remarkable understanding of the Italian character is not so easily accounted for.
"He Italian studies," says Julian Hawthorne, "are really marvelous. These Italians have a captivating and interesting life and character of their own, only awaiting proper insight and knowledge and human sympathy to be grasped as a valuable national possession in our life as well as our literature. Mr. Daly brings to his task precisely the sympathy and insight required. His art, like other new art, eludes analysis. The thing is done, the effect produced, but how, perhaps, he himself could hardly tell. The spelling, like that of Thackeray's 'Jemima Yellow,' is in itself a work of genius; but the secret is not all there. The little stories or themes, of the poems are charmingly apt and characteristic; but neither do they quite account for it. Somehow, we are made to feel the very nature and way of thinking and feeling of the persons whom he pre-

sents, not their national peculiarities merely, but their individual ones. Pathos, fun, tenderness, humor, beauty, all here, but the drama is pervaded of the little dramas have each his or her special touch and coloring."
—John Lane Co., The Bodley Head, New York City.

Joys of Earth's title of a neat little volume of verse written by Henry W. Wilcox of Chicago who will be remembered as the author of "Fables of Benches and other books."
This is his first attempt in the poetic field and will agree that he has made a good start. The poem of which the book derives its title is a charming presentation of the pleasures that abound on this planet and it falls to delight the reader, even if he comes nothing for poetry in general. Its principal theme is the thought that much of the bliss we expect to find in heaven abides on earth and that earth life is a pleasant journey upward to a spiritual existence. The ideas are exciting and the rhythm is musical and each part sufficiently varied from the others as not to become monotonous.

The volume contains also, poems of love, poems of patriotism and pointed in two weeks ago. However, some of the more powerful pieces in blank verse. Many of these must prove useful to elocutionists and public entertainers. The pieces entitled "The Great Operation," "Honest Tom," "Natural Justice," "Mose Cohen's Insurance" and "The Fear of Ghosts" are high-class humor and are sure to cause much merriment, delight, wherever read or recited. The poem entitled "Our Country" is a fine tribute to our nation.—Wilcox Book Concern, 163 Randolph street, Chicago.

"Katrice," the new novel by Elinor Macartney Lane, which Harper & Brothers are about to publish, takes its title from the heroine, like "Nancy Stair." Mrs. Lane has been fortunate in her women, since her heroines have appealed to women as well as men. In the case of "Katrice," her story is the romance of a woman's triumph through her own gifts, and through her great love.

The scenes are laid on a historic plantation in North Carolina, in Paris in a musical atmosphere, and in New York. As her multitude of readers know, Mrs. Lane is not a believer in the analytical or problem novel, and her genius for romantic story-telling will find characteristic expression in "Katrice."

Bailey & Germann's Number Primer, by M. A. Bailey, A. M., head of the department of Mathematics, New York Training School for teachers, and George B. Germann, Ph. D., principal of public school No. 130, Brooklyn. American Book company, New York.
Unlike most books for the first year and a half of school, this is intended from the very start to go into the hands of the pupil. It teaches the fundamental combinations of addition and subtraction, with incidental measurement, comparisons, etc. In every case these are developed from concrete representations, pictures being used as stepping-stones from the known to the unknown. Up to page 20 the reading demands the knowledge of only six words; from that point the vocabulary increases gradually, but is extremely simple throughout, and relates to the child's daily experience.

"Coe's School Readers," by Fanny E. Coe, teacher of English in the Boston Normal school, American Book company, New York. Third Grade Reader, 380 pages; Fourth Grade Reader, 380 pages.

These books offer much new, fresh and interesting material, including stories of adventure of humor, of child life, of animal life, of chivalry, etc. They will appeal to the teacher as well as to the pupil. The selections are of literary value, the teaching sound and wholesome, with ideals high and yet compelling. The books are carefully graded, and the principle of correlation is kept in view by such an arrangement of the selections as secures the greatest possible "thread" of impression. The illustrations are numerous and most attractive. The books are admirably suited for supplementary use in connection with any standard series of readers.

MAGAZINES

One of the most interesting efforts in education today is the school at Overbrook, Pennsylvania, which represents the greatest achievement thus far in fitting the blind child to overcome his handicap and to take his position as a useful citizen in the world. The story of Overbrook, and of the New York Association for the Blind, as illustrative of "The New Basis of Work for the Blind," has been told for the May Century by Samuel H. Bishop, who shows that his new basis, and the fundamental inspiration of all the work at Overbrook, is hope. The concrete results of this rapidly broadening work both at Overbrook and in New York make interesting and inspiring reading.

Ainslee's Magazine for May has a table of contents of unusual brilliance and intense interest. Four names, by themselves, are enough to give extraordinary lustre to the magazine. In the present case, Harold MacGrath, Joseph C. Lincoln, Leonard Merrick and Marie Van Vorst have most creditable support from the excellent stories of the other contributors.
Leonard Merrick, with his complete novel, "A Family Tangle," is perhaps entitled to first mention. The author of "Lynch's Daughter" has excelled his best work in this new novel, which is distinctly a story for women about a woman. It is a tale of exceptional plot and action and deep interest. Harold MacGrath's new novel, "The Goose Girl," reaches its fourth installment in this number, and it grows in complication of plot, development of character and interest constantly as it has from the first chapter. It is a great story.
Joseph C. Lincoln has another of his inimitable Yankee stories. This is called "The Cure," and shows up Mr. Lincoln at his funniest. Marie Van Vorst concludes her story, "In Ambush," in this number. It has turned out to be a

story of great strength in which the interest has been maintained throughout.
In addition to these, Steel Williams has one of his best stories of the west which he calls "A Hand in Politics." Caroline Duer contributes the third of her "New York Night Adventures," wherein M. Drake appears again after an absence of two months with one of his army stories, "Washington Quest," and Henry G. Payne contributes "The Rie both have stories of unusual interest.
William Armstrong's article, "In Muskegon," is as interesting as ever. This series, which has run through the autumn, winter and spring months, has been the most striking and successful of anything of the kind that has been published.

One reason why journalism is a lesser thing than literature is that it subserves the tyranny of timelessness. It narrates the events of the day and discusses the topics of the hour, for the sole reason that they happen for the moment to float upon the surface of the current of human experience. The flossum of this current may occasionally have dived up from the depths and may give a glimpse of some underlying secret of the sea, but most often it merely drifts upon the surface, indicative of nothing except which way the wind blows. Whatever topic is the most timely today is doomed to be the most untimely tomorrow. Where are the journals of yesterday? Dig them out of dusty files, and all that they say will seem wearisomely old, for the very reason that when it was written it seemed spiritlessly new. Whatever

wears a date upon its forehead will soon be out of date, and the interest of news is newness; and nothing slips so soon behind the times as novelty.
Literature speaks because it has something to say; journalism speaks because the public wants to be talked to. Literature is an emanation from an inward impulse; but the motive of journalism is external; it is fashioned to supply a demand outside of itself. It is frequently said, and is sometimes believed, that the province of journalism is to mould public opinion; but a consideration of actual conditions indicates rather that its province is to find out what the opinion of some section of the public is, and then to formulate and express it. The successful journalist tells his readers what they want to be told. He becomes their prophet by making clear to them what they themselves are thinking. He influences people by agreeing with them. In doing this he may be entirely sincere for his readers may be right and may demand from him the statement of his own most serious convictions; but the fact remains that his motive for expression is centered in them instead of in himself. It is not thus that literature is motivated. Literature is not a formulation of public opinion, but an expression of personal and private belief. For this reason it is more likely to be true. Public opinion is seldom so important as private opinion. Socrates was right, and Athens was wrong. Very frequently the multitude at the foot of the mountain are worshipping a golden calf, while the prophet, lonely and aloof upon the summit, is hearkening to the very voice of God.—Clayton Hamilton in the Forum.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward Planning To Write a New Robert Elsmere

London Literary Letter

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 22.—There have been a good many rumors about the novel Mrs. Humphrey Ward has just set forth to Italy to write, and some of them have been wide of the mark. It is true that the story will be a kind of companion novel to "Robert Elsmere," the work by which she suddenly became famous, thanks in part to the attention Mr. Gladstone called to the book. But Mrs. Ward has no idea of calling it "Robert Elsmere Twenty Years After," as has been announced, or even of introducing into the story Robert Elsmere himself, or any of the other characters in the novel that made such a sensation two decades ago.

Mrs. Ward's new hero will reflect the present state of the eternal conflict between doubt and dogma just as Robert Elsmere did, and probably will make as much pulp commotion, but the problems with which he is forced to wrestle will be apparently quite different from those which the embodiment in brick and mortar today is the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock street. That flourishing institution was the direct outcome of "Robert Elsmere," just as the People's Palace in the East End of London was the outcome of Walter Besant's novel "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Mrs. Ward put the finishing touches last week to the novel which is now completing serial publication in McClure's Magazine in America and the Pall Mall Magazine here, and which is to appear on both sides of the Atlantic in book form a few weeks hence. Considerably enlarged and altered under the title of "Daphne." Immediately after dispatching the proofs to her American publishers she started for Italy, where she will probably stay throughout the spring, completing another short novel which is to appear in the autumn in the Ladies Home Journal in America and the Cornhill Magazine here, and will come out in book form doubtless in the spring of 1910. It is understood that the new, so-called Robert Elsmere novel will be definitely begun in Italy, although Mrs. Ward has been meditating on it, and gathering material for it for a long time. She will also arrange as to the illustrations for the collected edition—de-luxe of her novels which is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Olcott of that firm having come all the way over from Boston to consult Mrs. Ward on the subject, following her from London to Italy last week. It is said that many of the illustrations will be special photographs of the scenes described, and will be taken under Mr. Olcott's personal supervision.

What of the other English women novelists especially favored by American readers? Well, Miss May Sinclair has been busy, I am told, with a novel that has been making famous progress since Christmas—not a short novel like "The Immortal Moment," but one that will be as big as "The Divine Fire," and that will be, it is said, more on the lines of that novel than either "The Immortal Moment" or "The Helmsman"—more charm and less sex.

WRITES ONCE IN THREE YEARS.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley, although happily in better general health than for some time past, has apparently contented her muse with short stories. Unlike various popular novelists who write three novels a year, Miss Cholmondeley's average is one in three years, and as the time grows nearer "Prisoners" was completed is somewhere near it is rather likely that Miss Cholmondeley will be heard from presently. But publishers need not become excited by this information, however, for this author's next novel, whenever she chooses to write it, is already arranged for, both in England and America.

The mysterious author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"—who is English born though she bears a distinguished continental title—has just completed a new novel, which is to be published serially in England and America before it appears in book form, and is to be called "The Caravaners." It deals, I believe, with English country life, and was founded by Edward Knoblauch on her novel "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" has just been contracted for by the new theater in New York, and is to be produced as soon as possible at the new theater building in Central Park West is ready for use.

WHY AUSTIN WAS SELECTED.

Queen Victoria was considerably blamed for making a nonentity like Alfred Austin poet-laureate when such a poet as Swinburne was available. In the present case, Harold MacGrath, Joseph C. Lincoln, Leonard Merrick and Marie Van Vorst have most creditable support from the excellent stories of the other contributors.

Leonard Merrick, with his complete novel, "A Family Tangle," is perhaps entitled to first mention. The author of "Lynch's Daughter" has excelled his best work in this new novel, which is distinctly a story for women about a woman. It is a tale of exceptional plot and action and deep interest. Harold MacGrath's new novel, "The Goose Girl," reaches its fourth installment in this number, and it grows in complication of plot, development of character and interest constantly as it has from the first chapter. It is a great story.
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said, "people choose to regard me as, and to call me, a Socialist."
Furthermore, there is on record the following letter from Swinburne in response to a discreet semi-official indication that he could have the laurel crown if he wanted it:
I am not a professional or official poet, and could not undertake to write any verse—patriotic or other—to order.
Yours very truly,
A. C. SWINBURNE.
That leaves little doubt as to the fact that Austin was chosen for lack of anyone else amenable.
CHARLES OGDENS

Many weak and nervous women have been restored to health by Foley's Kidney Remedy as it stimulates the kidneys so they will eliminate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities depress the nerves, causing nervous exhaustion and other ailments. Commence today and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take.—The F. J. Hill Drug Co. (The never substitutes.) Salt Lake City.

Hear big orchestra, Saltair tonight.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following thirty-four volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, May 3, 1909:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bury—Ancient Greek Historians. Compayre—Montaigne and the education of the Judgment. 10 vols. Library of Original Sources, 10 vols. Ray—Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

FRENCH.

France—Opinions de M. Jerome Coignard.

GERMAN.

Hauptmann—Biberpelz. Jensen—Imimal. Jensen—In Majorem Dei Gloriam. Jensen—Nutterrecht. Kretzer—Familiensplaven. Kretzer—Madonna von Grunewald.

FICTION.

Bell—Whither Thou Goest. Brennan—Bill Truefall. Brady—Rings and the Man. Dudney—Rachel Lorian. Morse—On the Road to Arden. Ray—Bridgebuilders.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Curtis—Grandpa's Little Girls at School. Leith—Iceland. Longfellow—Hiawatha. McManus—Our Little Egyptian Cousin. Madison—Peggy Owen. Roulet—Our Little Grecian Cousin. Three Years Behind the Guns.

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HUMORS.

Come to the surface in the spring as in no other season. It's a pity they don't run themselves all off that way; but in spite of pimples and other eruptions, they mostly remain in the system. That's bad.

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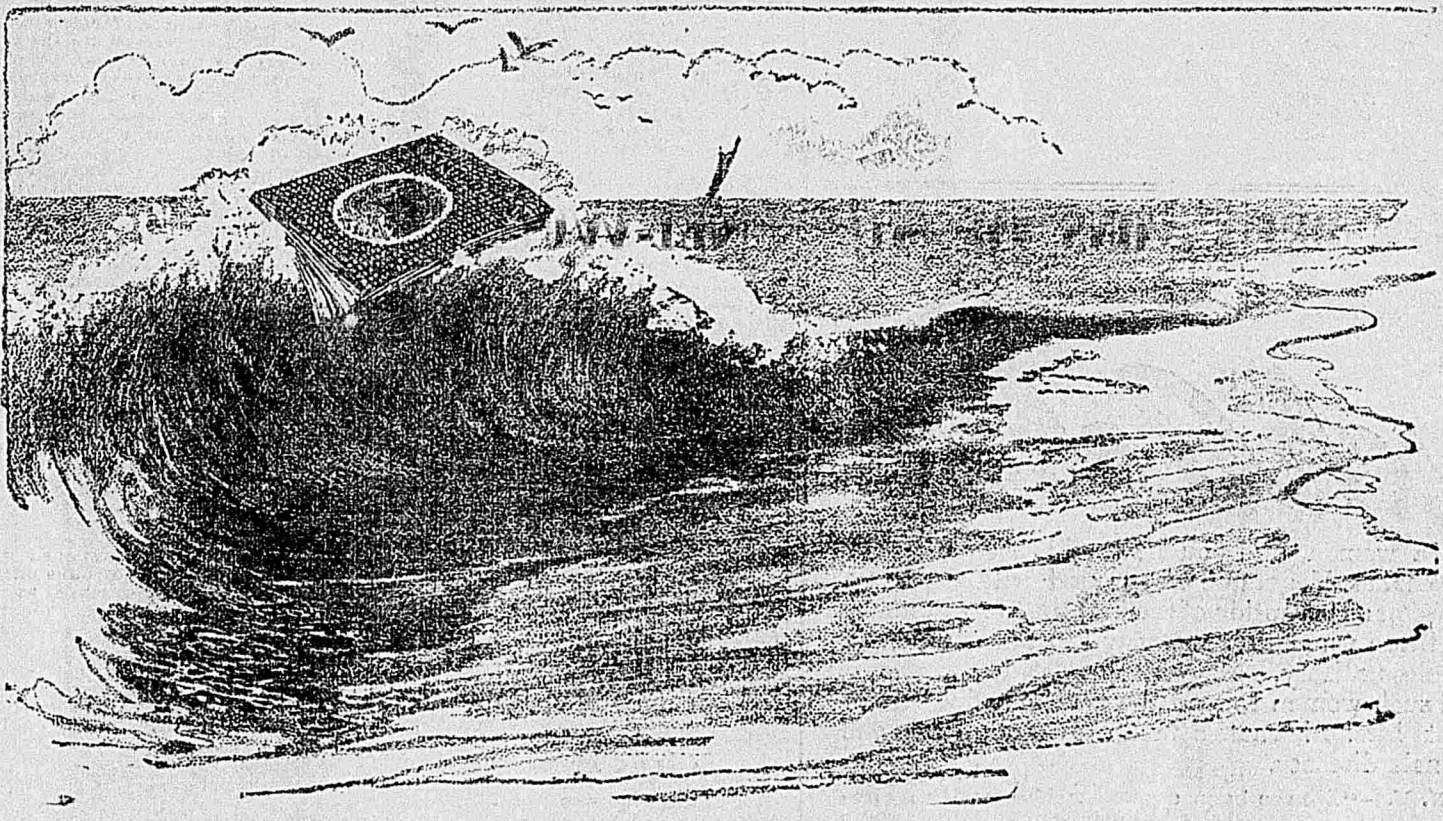
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268 Pages

Ellis Parker Butler

"Pigs Is Pigs," and Ellis Parker Butler is Ellis Parker Butler. No one can give the quaint turn and the chuckle-compelling twist to a ludicrous situation like Mr. Butler. He will be heard from in the Cosmopolitan this year, and a broad grin is bound to follow the reading of his tales.

More "Aunt Jane" Stories

It is more than ten years since "Aunt Jane" began telling her stories in the pages of this magazine, and there is still call for them from all quarters of the globe. "Aunt Jane" is the "real thing," and her tales are the "real thing." We are going to have more of them during the coming year, and they will be the best things Eliza Calvert Hall has ever done. Once you read them, you never miss any.

14 Short Stories

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Depew's Reminiscences

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120 Illustrations

Elbert Hubbard

The writings of Elbert Hubbard on the opening pages of our issues are among the magazine's most popular features, and will be continued during the coming year.

A great feature of the coming year will be a life of Charlemagne by Charles Edward Russell, whose forceful and picturesque writing are always welcomed.

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