

THE LATE DAVID O. CALDER ABOUT 1862.

shown as he looked in the early sixties. Mr. Calder founded the music firm

that bore his name, then became Calder & Careless, later Calder & Sons, still

later the Clayton Music company, and eventually the Clayton, Daynes Co., of

The well remembered music dealer, journalist and Church worker is here

French Noble's Ridiculous Protest Against Pantheon for Zola.

Our London Literary Leffer.

Special Correspondence

ONDON, April 1,-17, in the Elysian Fields, Emile Zola is still cognizant of what goes on in this mundane sphere, he must smile at the rumpus that is being raised over the transport of his mortal remains to the Pantheon. If he had not written his celebrated letter, "J'accuse" and secured the re-trial of Dreyfus, no storm would have raged around his name. Concerning his books there will always be difference of opinion. But outside of France there is no differ-ence of opinion as to the part he played in righting the wrongs of the unfor-tunate Dreyfus. It stamped him as a hero and worthy of being honored as such. And yet, such is the irony of fute, it is because of this heroic work that protests have been raised against his interment in the French Valhalia. The climax of the ridiculous, how-ever, has been achieved by the Duc de Montreello. He, it seems, is the and secured the re-trial of Drevfus, no Montecello. He, it seems, is the grandson of Marshal Lannes. Marshal grandson of Marshal Lannes. Marshal Lannes rests in the Pantheon. Bui if the duke can help it his bones won't stay there after Zola's get in. He has written a grandliquent letter to M. Clemenceau, the prime minister, de-manding that he be allowed to take them away. After telling what a glo-rious man his grandfather was, and with what extraordinary pomp his body was borne in triumph to the Pantheon, whose Was borne in triumph to the Pantheon, he goes on: "The Pantheon, whose facade still bears the words. 'Aux Gands Hommes, La Patrie Reconnals-sante,' was then worthy to receive and to keep this coffin. Now this temple with the fronic facade is about to re-ceive Zola, the insulter of The French army. In the name of the whole of my family, of my indignant friends, of all who respect the memory of my illustri-

en for the national esteddfod of 1894, nd won the prize offered for the best ale descriptive of Welsh life and chartoter. Three years later came her first novel, "A Weish Singer," of which yer a quarter of a million copies have seen sold up to the present time.

WHY WADE IN MUD.

Some of Allen Raine's critics have Some of Allen Raine's critics have taken her to task because her books, they say, are too idealistic. Her de-fense is that she is fully aware that there are dark stains on the morals of Wales, as on those of all countries, but she adds, "I do not consider it necessary to wade through the mul-lying underneath the stream whea-there are so many flowers growing on its banks ready to be culled." The daughter of a busy solicitor, the

Its banks ready to be cuiled." The daughter of a busy solicitor, the novelist spent all her early days in the heart of Wales, and so came to know every aspect of life among the peasant class. "To that happy inti-macy," she once remarked to an in-terviewer, "I owe the power of laying before my English readers, however imperfectly, the romance and poetry still clinging to rural life in Wales. Bestdes which, I still spend much of my time in my native country, there betime in my native country, there be-ing scarcely one scene depicted in my books which I have not personally wit-nessed or at least known to have or at least known to have CHARLES OGDENS. occurred."

A KNOCKER

Is a man who can't see good in any per-son or thing. It's a habit caused by a disordered liver. If you find that you are beginning to see things through blue spectacles, treat your liver to a good cleaning out process with Ballard's Her-bine. A sure cure for constipation, dis-pepsis, indegestion, sick seadache, bill-ousness, all liver, stomach and bowe trobules. Sold by Z. C. M. I Drug Dept., 12-114 Main Striet, B

Don't miss Held's Band Concert a

Liberty Park Sunday afternoon at 3

WEDDING OF LINCOLN.

Mary Todd Wore Gown Made for Her

Sister Some Months Before,

"Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married at the home of Miss

Todd's sister, Mrs. Edwards, in Spring-

but her sister, Frances, had been mar-

a'clock.

ate life, "Allen Raine" is Mrs. Benvon

If it persists, or there should be con-tinued evidence of disordered kidneys,

The following 38 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, April 13, 1908:

Jamison - Advanced

Latone-America as a World Power, Library of Congress-Gardiner Greene Hubbard Collection of Engavings

teference). Murray-English Grammar. Nicholson-Literary History of the

Nights at the Opera-Handbooks, 13 Nights at the Opera-Handbooks, 13 volumes: Carmen, Faust, Don Giovan-ni, Rigoletto, 11 Trovatore, Flying Dutchman, Lohengrin, Meistersinger, Rheingold and Walkure, Slegfried, Tannhauser, Tristran und Isolde, Stimson-American Constitution. U. S. Census Bureau-Manufactures, mart three.

part three,

Crawfurd-Revelations of Inspector

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Children's Hour-Jeva March Tappan, editor, 10 volumes: Vol. 1, Folk Stories and Fables; Vol. 2, Myths from Many Lands; Vol. 3, Stories from the Clas-sios: Vol. 4, Legendary Heroes; Vol. 5, Seven Old Favorites; Vol. 6, Stories and Poems; Vol. 7, Out of Door Book; Vol. 8, Adventures and Achievements; Vol. 9, Poems and Rhymes; Vol. 10,

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH STRUP. BEST FOR A

of Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Walter L. Pat-terson of Springfield, "Miss Julia Jayne, an infimate friend (afterward the wife of Lyman Trum-bull), was one of the bridesmaids, and Miss Elizabeth Todd, a cousin, was the other. This cousin was twice married— first to Mr. Grimsley and later to Dr. Brown, of Springfield. She remained close in the friendship of both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and spent six months with them in the White House.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. LADIES

"To all who dumbly suffered, His tongue and pen he offered. His life was not his own, Nor lived for self alone.

TERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

"Hater of din and riot He lived in days unquiet; And, lover of all beauty, Trod the hard ways of duty." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,

PASS IT ON.

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. It was not for you alone-Pass it on. Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears, Pass it on.

NOTES

FROM "AN AUTOGRAPH."

By J. G. Whittier.

And, while my words are read,

"What 'er his life's defeatures,

He loved his fellow-creatures,

"If, of the Law's stone table,

To hold he scarce was able

The first great precept fast,

"Through mortal lapse and dulness What lacks the Eternal Fulness,

"Age brought him no despairing

Did the fifth Duke de Choiseul-Pras-

did not anticipate the controversy which has now been aroused by this particular subject, in England as well as in France. But it has had the of

particular subject, in England as well as in France. But it has had the ef-fect of bringing to light much that is of interest bearing upon the matter, all tending to confirm the story that the duke survived his alleged death in prison, and attention has been called to the fact that in Augustus Hare's "Story of My Life," which has been so widely read on hoth sides of the At-

widely read on both sides of the At-antic there is the following corrobora-tion of the intimation in "Emerald and Emmine." Under the date of Dec. 6,

1886, Augustus Hare writes as follows:

1886, Augustus Hare writes as follows: "Luncheon with Miss Seymour to meet Mme, du Quaire, widow of the Viconite du Quaire, who talked of the Prasiin murder. She was with the old Du-chesse de Grammont soon after, and Mme, Alfred de Grammont was there. They began to discuss the division of money apportioned to different mem-bers of the family, according to the Fench system, and they spoke of a member of the Praslin family whom they thought stingy. One of them added up the different expenses of this

member of the Praslin family whom they thought stingy. One of them added up the different expenses of this member of the Praslin family, ending with. 'Et puis les dix-miles france pour l'Angleterre' [And then the 10,000 frances for England]. It was then,'' said Mme. du Quaire. 'that I first learnt that the Due de Choiseul-Praslin was alive, and that they knew it. The next day the Due de Grammont came to call on me, and I told him of this conversation, adding. 'I now know that the duke is alive.' He neither allowed it nor de-nied it. A few days after, however, the duke came again, and sold, 'I have

of the world's future faring;

He found more good than ill.

He kept for man the last.

If still our weakness can

Love Him in loving man?

In human nature still

Let this at least be said:

the University of Michigan; Kendrick Charles Babcock, Ph.D., president of the University of Arizona; Frederick Jackson Turner, Ph.D., of the Universi-ty of Wisconsin; George Pierce Garri-son, Ph.D., of the University of Texas; James Kendal Hosmer, LL.D., recent librarian at the Minneapolis public lib-rary; and Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago.

Did the fifth Duke de Choiseul-Pras-lin really survive his alleged suielde in prison in Paris on Aug. 24, 1847, while awaiting trial by the French chamber of peers for the nurder of the duchess, a daughter of Field Mar-shal Sebastiani? The questin has been ence more brought forward by the au-thor of "The Martyrdom of an Em-press" in her latest novel, "Emeraid and Ermine," under the Harper im-print, in which the most interesting chamber-mamely, the Hermit-Is By a curious coincidence, there is to be a production in London soon of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," a truly American play. It will displace "The Squaw Man," which the English have decided is also truly American, and which they forced into a new book edition that the London house of Har-pers called "A White Man." More than this, the same star that made a success of one will be set to making it of the other. Mark Twain has won the Brit-ish public with his books, and the play is expected to be an unqualified suc-cess. It is remembered that "Pudd'n-bead Wilson" has been played over here to the delight of many audiences, and "The Squaw Man" is running in New York at the present moment "Thomas Hardy's deepening popularity By a curious coincidence, there is to print, in which the most interesting character-namely, the Hermit-ls plainly identified with the fifth duke, and is portrayed as an old man who had survived the tragedy by nearly twoscore, years. It may be stated that the author is peculiarly well equipped, by reason of family con-mections, to write with some authority about the matter, though she probably is not entidente the controversy

Thomas Hardy's deepening popularity has long been apparent to the critical reader, but it is becoming obvious now to the casual one. Within the last to the casual one. Within the last fortnight three of his novels have gone into reprint through an American house, the Harpers. Tha three are "Life's Little Ironies," "Jude the Ob-scure," and "Under the Greenwood Tree." Mr. Hardy's novels are al-most prolific in number, and yet this scarcely reconcles the reader to the author's determination, reiterated withauthor's determination, reiterated with in the week, that he may write a little hereafter, but certainly no more novels.

Mark Twain and Gertrude Atherton are fren placed side by side as having attracted the British public more than any other American authors. A few weeks ago at a dinner to Gertrude Atherton in London a story was told by a woman who had been present at a New York luncheon when the author of "Ancestors" and the author of "Huckleberry Finn" were introduced, and placed next to each other. Mark Twain thought his neighbor was about to speak and gallantly waited for her, while Mrs. Atherton, with her custom-ary reserve of manner, waited for him. There ensued a chilly silence, which was broken by Mark Twain saying, as he shook his white locks: "Child, child, don't be so terribly bolsterous!"

"Winston Churchill is a sure enough winston Churchill is a sure chough politician," said an old-time Washing-ton newspaper correspondent the other day. "I always thought he was just one of these amateur reformers, like

"The Love Sonnets of a Car Con-ductor." Is the title of a new volume by Wallace Irwin and this is the pub-isher's notice: Are you on? Then we're off! Do you remember that cluster of real refined music, "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum?" Do you remember how it batted such a line of yellow lan-guage into the family circle of higher

of a Hoodlum?" Do you remember how it batted such a line of yellow lan-guage into the family circle of higher literature that professors of English and professors of puglilsm rubbered at the hole in the sky till their lamps be-gan to smoke? And do you remember how, when Wallace Irwin, the boy au-thor, saw the sales sky-hooting upward to the extent of about 100,000 copies he got scared and promised never to do it again? Well, that Irwin boy is sure a welcher! When he heard that barrel-organ muse tuning up in his head it was him for the inkstand, and before he realized the full extent of the crime, he had finished another passionate pamphlet, and this time it was called "The Love Sonnets of a Car Conduc-tor." Say, it's theit uneful trolley, all right, all right? It rings up the first fare at unrequited love, switches at jealousy curve, transfers to hope cor-ners, takes a long run down St. Val-entine's street till it reaches the car-barns at Paradise park. And there it's all out to hear the merry bells, while Charley, the handsome car conductor, swings tight to pansy the peach and the gospel referee ties a holdfast knot little

the gospel referee ties a holdfast knot in the marriage license. But the course in the marriage license. But the course of true love isn't any gondola ride for Charley the car conductor, Nix nix, Claudia! Gilly the Grip, the caglest home-breaker that ever came over the rails, almost gets Charley's goat on the girl proposition. When Gill invites Charley's queenerette to the carbarn, the trolley boy has a brainstorm and there of thus: tapers off thus:

If this keeps up I think I'll finish swell Among the jabbers in a padded cell.

. . .

"BEST REMEDY"

tetter's Stomach Bitters. For absolute proof of this assertion, it is only neces-sary for every sufferer to get one bot.

sary for every sufferer to get one bot-tle and give it a fair trial. In this way thousands have been cured and thus convinced that

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STOMACH BITTERS

family, of my indignant friends, of all who respect the memory of my illustri-ous ancestor, I protest, and I ask for authorization to transfer his body to the Mutmartre cemetery, to the famil-ly vauit, where his heart already rests. The state, which has not feared to rob the dead, will not dare. I would believe, to dispute their remains. Heir of the name, guardian of the traditions of Marshal Lannes, it was for me to claim his remains, and to refuse henceforth for him an honor which would only be an insult to his past. It is a duty that I fulfil and a right that I claim." two men with knife and six-shooter. As in The Spoilers, Mr. Beach carries HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

As in The spinlers, art. Beach carness the suspense of nerves and sinews strained to the breaking point. There follows the rescue of Necia, who has been spirited away doyn the river by an accomplice of Stark. This is ac-complished by Poleon Doret, the big French voyageur, who has been a sil-our lower of the sind involves composi-French voyageur, who has been a sli-ent lover of the girl, involves a canoe race against time, and is one of the hig, stirring incidents of the story. The Barrier thrills with the excite-ment of the gold fever, the love of man for woman, and the hearty senti-ment of friendship hetween man and ment of friendship between men, and is a strong, compelling drama. Mr. Beach's miners furnish plenty of comedy, and their speeches are a reminder that Mr. Beach has lived among them and knows the life, as they would say up there, down to the ground. If the reader wants a breath of fresh air, lot him read The Barriers. (New York: Harper & Brothers).

"Priest and Pegan" is a new novel by Herbert M. Hopkins. Mr. Hop-kins in this absoribing novel shows a notable capacity to express experience, moods, and the subtler complications of character. The scene is laid in the half-wooded suburbs of New York City called the Brons at is laid in the half-wooded suburbs of New York City, called the Bronx, at the home of an unmarried Episcopal clergyman, and at the lonely country house of a neighbor. The swiftly moving plot opens with the appear-ance of a worldly, scholarly man, who has allowed his friends to think that he was drowned off the coast of Al-geria. While visiting with whimsical anuscment a mausoleum at Woodamusement a mausoleum at Wood-lawn cemetery, which has been crect-ed to him by his uncle, he is surprised into assuming a false name by the sudden appearance of the young clergyman. He goes home with the rector, and finding in him and his life a new sensation for his jaded mental appetite, he stays with him, and very soon comes to know the her-oine. The outcome of her choice be-

Why didn't Charley drag his dearle to the barn dance himself? Ask me! If you really want to know, blow your-self to a copy of the book. It only costs 50 cents to try it. If you don't like the language send your copy to Ger-many where they don't care. The clang is up-to-date, the sonnets are up-to-ment the care conductor is up-totween this priest and pagan is worked ith keen understanding and dramatic Dower. Mr. Hopkins is the first rector of the Church of the Holy Nativity in the Bronx, and quite a little of his own is up-to-date, the solities are up-to-snuff-the car conductor is up-to-everything till Cupid rings off, and it's all over but paying the rent, "The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor" ought to make as big a hit as "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." If it does, the state militia can't stop the value eronx, and quite a fifthe of his own experience as a church builder is wov-en into his new novel. The Lorillard Mansion in Bronx park, the Poe cot-tage, and Nolan's tavern, all of his-toric interest, and also St. John's col-lege at Fordham are introduced in the story. Herbert Muller Hopkins was born at Hannibal, Mo., in 1870. His father was a clergyman, and his grandfath-er was the first Episcopal bishop of Vermont. Mr. Hopkins graduated at Columbia university in 1893, and took the degree of Ph. D. at Harvard uni-versity in 1898. He was instructor in Latin in the University of California from 1898 to 1901, professor of Latin As a descriptive title "Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children," doesn't quite do justice to Mrs. Wheel-ock's book. For not merely does she tell the stories but she gives the very spirit of the operas, and interprets them so clearly and so fully that you can "see the things happening." The stories are brimming with interest not Latin in the University of California from 1898 to 1901, professor of Latin at Trinity college. Hartford, from 1901 to 1905, and a member of the staff of Grace church. New York City, until he became rector of the Church of the Holy Nativity in 1907. In 1899 he married Miss Pauline B. Mackie, herself an author. stories are brimming with interest not merely for children but for grown-ups as well-or all, in fact, who want their opera lore put in a simple, concise and entertaining way. They have a sort of vocal directness, because they are actual conversations, set down exactly as they have been many times "talked off" by the author to children

DICKENS'S SON WAS

'BUMBLE'S' COUNSEL

Argued Case in Which Charac-

ters and Scene Paralleled

His Father's Novel.

London, March 28 .- By an amazing

series of coincidences. Henry Fielding

Dickens participated this week in a suit in which was enacted the crux of the plot of his father's novel, "Offver Twist." Mr. Dickens, who is a king's counsel, was retained by the plaintiffs in an action for libel. They were two officials in the Chat-haw were two officials in the Chat-

They were two officials in the chat-ham workhouse, and they had sued a man who likened them to Mr. Bumble, the beadle of "Oliver Twist." Now, Chatham is near Gad's Hill, so the chain of coincidences began hear the scene described by Charles Dickens. The defendant, moved by charity, had scored to the workhouse an alling

The detendant, moved by chairly, had escorted to the workhouse an alling woman and her baby and pleaded for their admission. He complained that the officials refused shelter or relief, limiting their interest in the case to a perfunctory request that the woman fill out an application blank.

fill out an application blank. The philanthropist wrote to the local newspaper in Rochester and the fol-lowing was included in the letter: "I never thought there were two men in Engand who could treat any human being in the manner in which I saw this woman and her babe treated at Chatham Union. Shade of Dickens!" The defendant admitted to Lawyer Dickens that the two men who charged him with libel reminded him of char-acters described by Charles Dickens as contributing to conditions immortalized in "Oliver Twist." Lawyer Dickens presented the cases

fendant was ordered to pay \$25 dam-

Dickens presented the cases

The duke says that all the members of his illustrious family are agreed that the remains of his renowned ancestor must not be contaminated by the pres-ence of Zola's corpse under the same roof. If M. Clemenceau tells him he can bury his grandfather elsewhere he will do so at once. And if M. Clemen-ecau says he can't he will hire ex-pensive lawyers and start a legal fight. It is a pity there is no way of inter-viewing the ghost of Marshal Lannes on the subject. He would probably express the opinion, in the choicest French, that his ducal grandson is making an ass of himself. But the filustrious dead have never rested very securely in the Pantheon. Many who have been buried there have been un ceremoniously kicked out by the victors in a revolutionary struggle. And his-tory has a trick of repeating itself. CRITICS VS. PUBLIC. field, on Nov. 4, 1842. As the decision was so hastily made, there was no special dress made for the bride," says Mrs. Jessie Palmer, of Springfield, III. ried only a few months before, and her wedding dress was worn by the bride. "It was a white brocade silk, made by hand, of course, as it was before the days of sewing machines. At the wed-

The duke says that all the members

ding Mr. Lincoln, or perhaps some one else spilled a cup of coffee on that bride's gown. It was never worn again. CRITICS VS. PUBLIC. Which of the two is right—the critics or the public? That is the query which Joseph Hocking propounds apro-pos of the fact that the critics spoke slightingly of his first literary success. "All Men Are Liars," which has reach-ol a circulation of 40 000 contes while It is now owned by a granddaughte of Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Walter L. Put

slightingly of his first interary success. "All Men Are Liars," which has reach-ed a circulation of 40,000 copies, while a later novel, "Mistress Nancy Moles-worth," which they commended, did not sell anything like as well. Mr. Hocking does not answer his question, but he draws the obvious inference that what the critics say does not count for much with the public, after all. As for much with the public, after all. As regards the relative merit of the two books concerned he agrees with the critics. But the circulation of "Mis-tress Nancy Molesworth" has scarcely reached one-third of that of the old-er book. Perhaps the latter owes some measure of its success to its striking title. That was the publisher's idea. "I have got a story, but I haven't got a title," Mr. Hocking told him. "What is it about?" he was asked. "The logic of pessimism," was the response. "Here is your title, then," he answered right away, "All Men Are Liars." for much with the public, afte

THE TRUTH ABOUT **KIDNEY TROUBLE** Kidney trouble is inflammation of the

kidneys due to colds, exposure, worry, excesses in eating and drinking, etc. Backache is seldom an evidence of inflammation of the kidneys. Smokiness or sediment that can be seen with the maked eye are not usu-ably evidences of a very sections stars

ally evidences of a very scrious stage of the inflammation. Both often show in people otherwise well and commonly disappear with the exciting cause.

The patient should dist, avoid colds and live carefully and the ordinary case of kidney trouble will with care and treatment usually disappear the first faw modes

it should demand the attention of the patient in view of the position taken by medical writers that about the sixth

patient in view of the position taken by medical writers that about the sixth month the inflamed condition becomes chronic and incurable. It will be seen through all the above that the real trouble is inflammation in the kidneys. While there are many kidney stimulants they have been abandoned by physicians, for they now know that none of them carry repair to inflamed kidneys. The late John J. Fulton was the first man in the world to discover an emol-lient that reaches the kidneys. It reverses the old treatment. In-stead of irritating the inflamed kid-neys with stimulants, the effect is the gradual reduction of the inflammation and for the first time kidney disease, both in the first time kidney disease, both in the first and second stages, is amenable to treatment, Fulton's Renal Compound abating the inflammation in about \$7 per cent of all cases. Literature mailed free. JOHN J. FULTON CO., Oakland, Cal.

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Mechanical Drawing.

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Morgan

Morgan. Gale-Loves of Pelleas and Ettare. Hopkins-Priest and Pagan. London-Love of Life. Phillpotts-Mother of the Man. Scudder-Disciple of a Saint. Snaith-William Gordon, Jr.

Children's Hour-Eva March Tappan,

Vol. 9, Poems Modern Stories. and Rhymes; Vol. 10,





today. He was for a time manager of the Deseret News, and for many years counselor to Prest. Angus M. Cannon in the presidency of the old Salt Lake stake. Mr. Calder died on July 4, 1884. His old homestead in the Eighteenth ward, on B street, once famed for its orchard and grape vineyards, is now the site of a row of handsome residences, and the valuable corner lot on B and First, is on the real estate market at a stiff price.

nied it. A few days after, however, the duke came again, and said, 'I have a favor to ask of you.' It was that I would never repeat to his mother what I had suid to him, since it might up-est her. Of course I promised. But then I knew the duke was alive." The duke, it may be remembered, was The duke, it may be remembered, was supposed to have killed the duchess with a sword, for the sake of his chil-dren's governess, who, free from all complicity in the matter, came to this feedback in the matter, came to the country married the Rev. Dr. Henry Field, brother of Cyrus Field, and lies burled in Woodlawn cemetery. The eldest son and successor of this duke married Miss Elizabeth Forbes of New and died about a year ago.

The arrival of Mrs. Humphry Ward The arrival of Mrs. Humphry Ward for the first time in America, on March 19, on the Adriatic, has aroused more interest than the visit of any English Eavelist for a long space of years. Mrs. Ward's uncle, Matthew Arnold, in 1883, came to the United States for the first time, and repeated his visit three years afterward. The present hostess and cousin of Mrs. Ward, Ms. Frederick W. Whitridge, who is the daughter of Mat-thew Arnold, was likewise his hostess, and the Whitridge dwelling at 16 cast Eleventh street, being one of the older Beventh street, being one of the older mansions of New York, is the same that Arnold visited then. Mrs. Ward bas been besieged to tell whether she has come for "impressions" of America, and to reply infinites mercia that the cannot help but get them. That Mrs. Ward finds one of her own novels, "The Testing of Diana Mallory, running in Harper's Magazine contemporaneously with her visit is of special interest to her great American public.

One notes of the American Nation: A History," recently completed by Har-per & Brothers, that western scholarper & Brothers, that western scholar-ship is conspicuously represented throughout the series. Some of the men among the 24 who were associated in the work are Evarts Boutell Greene. Ph.D. of the Illinois State university; Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D., secre-tary of the State Historical society of Wisconsin; Coorge Elliott Howard, Ph. D. of the University of Nebraska; Claude Halstead Van Tyne, Ph.O., of



one of these amateur reformers, lot of writers who have broken into the political game and broken out again. But Churchill is in it to stay, you'll see. How do I know? Be-cause he has a pet superstition. Pocause he has a pet superstition. Po-liticians aren't a rabidly superstitious lot, but every last one of them that amounts to anything has some one cherished weakness in that line. As soon as I heard that all Churchill's books begin with 'C' I made up my mind that he had good political blood in him, and was in the game to stay.

mind that he had good political blood in him, and was in the game to stay. There's "The Celebrity,' 'Richard Car-vel,' 'The Crisis,' The Crossing,' 'Coni-ston,' and now 'Mr. Crewe's Carcer.' That isn't just accident. By the way, did you ever stop to think that Con-gress begins with 'C?''

An unusual experience related by Ellsworth Huntington in his recently published book, "The Pulse of Asia," was when, at the height of 20,500 fect in the Himalayas, he heard the song of a bird, probably a migrant from In-dia to Turkestan. It is certainly a marvelous thing that these little war-blers with the most wavering and unblers, with the most wavering and un-certain flight, should be able to cross 200 miles of bleak desert, most of the way at an elevation of nearly four miles above the level of the sea. of all ages.

BOOKS

of all ages. There can be nothing but admiration for the skill and sympathy Mrs. Wheelock shows in putting into story form the work of the immortal master singer.—Bobbs Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind. Indianapolis. Ind. The novel of the month is a big, buoyant, bracing story of straightfor-ward love and adventure in the gold country of the north. The new novel is The Barrier, by Rex Beach, with the scene laid in Alaska, as it was in The Spoilers, the story that gave the young author bis first fame. Without doubt the special virtue of Mr. Beach's work is that he tells a good story and tells it well, and makes no pretense of doing anything more, a quality that will win many readers who, so far from wanting anything more, ask just exactly this much of a novel. It seems that young Lieut. Meade Burrell, sert to Flambeau on the Yukon to maln-tial order, falls in love with Necia Gale, daughter of the post trader. But "Old Man Gale" is a squaw man, and the lieutenant, with his proud Keq-meky traditions. cannot marry a "breed." Burrell fights down, first, his passion and then his prejudice, and makes honorable love to Necia, but the girl renounces him when she learns the havoe a union with him would work on his career. Then Gale steps in and sacrifices himself for the girl's

"Worlds in the Making, the Evolu-tion of the Universe," by Svante Ar-rhenius, under this picturesque title, a fearless new theory of the universit has been formulated by one of the most independent of modern scientists. From the principle of the mechanical radiation pressure of life-that rays of light falling upon a surface tend to push that surface back—a new theory of world-building has been evolved. Nebulous bodies are absording dust from the sun, and themselves grow-ing warmer, while our sun grows cold-er, Old suns collide with one another, new "stars" flash up and new star clusters—and the cycle repeats. Bold speculations! Yet they can explain why it is that the familiar elements of our little globe are identified in all the bodies of space, and they refute the possibility that the universe is driv-ing towards a final end. A remarkable book both for science and general read-ing. The author, a Swedish philoso-pher, is commanding the attention of use continents.—Harpers.

in and sacrifices himself for the girl's happiness. He tells the lieutenant a story which removes the stain from "A Short History of Our Own Times." by Justin McCarthy, author of "Por-traits From the Sixties." etc. This his-tory was meant to suit those who like a condensed narrative in readable form. Necia's birth, though it shows that he himself is a refugee from the law, THERE'S BUT ONE for a had stomach, a torpid liver or constipated bowels, and that is Hos-tetter's Stomach Bitters. For absolute

a condensed narrative in readable form, not requiring many volumes or much shelf space. The subject matter has been revised and brought to date with special reference to the years extending from 1880 to the present day. Some of the events occurring at home and abroad during that time have been among the most important and thrill-ing in modern history, and the record of them as contained in this present volume is accurate on the one hand, and suggestive, clear, and vivid on the other. The author is a master of a vigorous, yet smooth and lucid, style, and he is especially happy in the porand he is especially happy in the por-traiture of various statesmen, reform-ers, authors and scientists whose lives figure prominently in the times of which he writes. This is one of the few histories that deserve a place also DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS. "Directly after its publication." Mr. Hocking says, "I was pelted with let-ters from all over the English-speak-ing world. By one post I received two letters which show how strikingly dif-ferent is the way in which many peo-po read books of a serious nature. The writer of one of them said that I ad-work strongly for it, while the other thanked me for having opened the eyes of young men to the pernicious be-lief which had been poisoning society. I recall another incident in connec-tion with this book which was both interesting and amusing. Someone in Australia sent me a copy of a daily apper, which reported the trial of a youth who had been brought up before the law courts in one of the cities, and found guilty of swearing to a false-hood. On being asked what he had to say by way of justification, he replied: "Joseph Hocking has said that all men are liars, and I don't want to be an ex-ception to the rule."

ALLEN RAINE'S VOGUE.

ALLEEN RAINE'S VOICE. Probably few authors are less in-debted for their success to the critics than "Allen Raine," the Weish novel-ist who has just published another book, under the singularly unattractive title, "Neither Storehouse Nor Barn." Yet her books have reached the enor-mous circulation of 1.714.500 copies without counting American sales, which places her well in the running for the blue ribbon of the book world. In prilue ribbon of the book world. In pri-



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