



## THE CZAR'S ALLY

(The czar, on his way to Livadia, stopped at the railway station of Tula, and sent a request that Count Tolstoy would come to meet him. The greeting and conversation passed as described below.)

The white czar looked across the world and saw  
A tax-wrung Europe sweat in barren  
And each great power built up of petty  
And his the greatest. So a thought  
arose—  
"I am the master: surely there is  
help."

The white czar sent a message to the  
courts,  
And from the courts a courtly answer  
came:  
The white czar sent his message to the  
world,  
And from the world a sullen laughter  
came.

The white czar called his servants, and  
said:  
"What help?" They answered, "Lord,  
there is no help;  
You are the master. Spend, and we are  
safe."

The white czar pondered. "Lo!" he  
cried "a help!"  
And southward sped along the iron  
way,  
Built to bear armies. In his course he  
stayed,  
And sent to one, no summons but a  
prayer.

He came, the peaceful rebel, chief of  
those  
Who thought to suffer, will not learn to  
slay,  
He, the strange saint, the new August-  
tin, came:

All peasant in his garb, rough, sheep-  
skin-clad,  
Then on his shoulders the white czar  
laid hands,  
Kissed him on cheek and mouth, and  
spoke his word.

"You heard my message. Is there any  
help?"  
What peace for Europe? And the other  
said:  
"Lord, you are master; bid your power  
disband."

The white czar's eyes looked that level  
gaze  
Dropped, and his voice: "I am not  
master here.  
You are a name in Europe. Speak of  
peace."

The other answered: "Lord, it shall be  
done."  
And so they passed, crowned dreamer  
and uncrowned.

One to his heart, there free at his own  
will  
To live, love, suffer—free at last to  
dream;  
The other guarded, fenced about with  
awe,  
Lord of the swarming legions at whose  
word

To the far east lays pathways for his  
might;  
And bids the sea be furrowed with new  
depths,  
Strong to lay burdens on the groaning  
ocean.

O strengthless might! O impotence of  
power.  
—Stephen Guinne in N. Y. Journal.

## NOTES.

The third edition of "The Benefactor" is on the press for publication within a week of the book's first appearance. The first two editions were taken up on the day of publication. In this latest book the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" gives us a novel in which the heroine—a well equipped, wholesome, and independent girl—inherits a German property. As may be imagined her German cousin loses their bearings, greatly to the humor of the story.

The publishers report a large and unexpected advance sale for "The Stars: A Slumber Story," by the late Eugene Field. The book, which will contain an appreciation of Field's love for children by Will M. Clemens, will be ready in a few days.

Adam Rust, the stalwart American hero of "When a Witch is Young," the latest success in historical novels, was sent to England to cultivate society. "He fenced and fiddled, fought with holy friars and princes, swore oaths with prelates and bishops, danced with nurses, and dachshunds, and rode to hounds with curs and kings," and he returned to America much more a man than when he went away.

The authorship of "When a Witch is Young" is a awakening much curiosity. Behind the non de plume of "W. L. P." is an American novelist who is far from being unknown in literature. The hand, the last name to be mentioned in connection is that of Edward Eggleston. It is said the story was commenced five years ago, and that the bulk of it was written long before the appearance of "Richard Carvel." It is with good reason that this novel is succeeding solely upon its merits.

"The Odes of Anacreon" is to be published in a few days by the New Amsterdam Book Company. It will be limited to an edition of 210 signed and numbered copies. Ten of these copies are

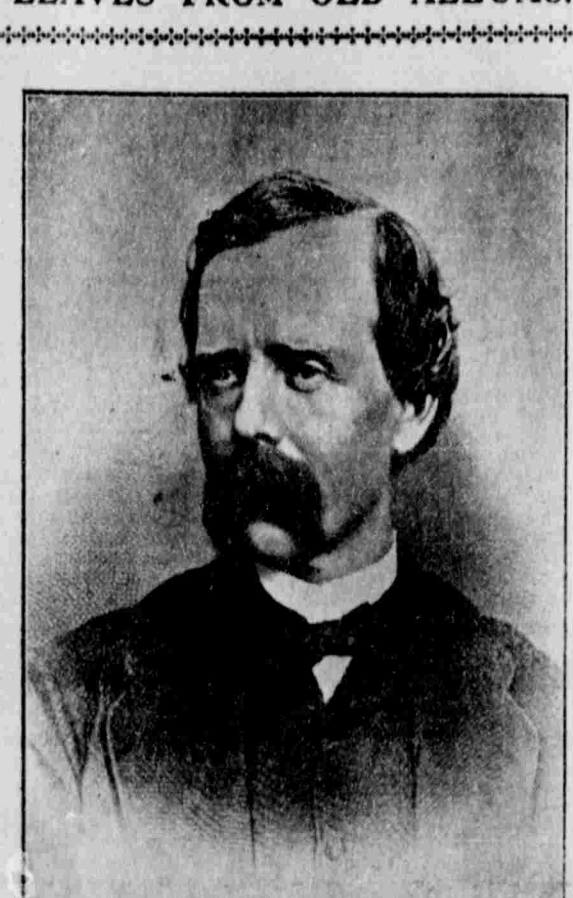
the most unique and attractive gift book of the publishing season is announced by J. P. Taylor & Co. of New York. The volume is entitled "The Book of Sports," and is published under the patronage of J. Pierpont Morgan. George J. Gould, William C. Whitney, James R. Keck, H. C. Pierce, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Whitelaw Reid and others. For two years the publishers have been engaged in collecting the materials, portraits, and manifold details that go to make a work of this character. The edition will be limited to 2,000 copies at prices ranging from \$20 to \$100.

In the dissemination of news concerning the record sales of fiction, the fact is lost sight of that many books which are not fiction have sales which even the lucky authors of successful novels might envy. Amongst these are literary properties many libraries of reference hold first place, simply because they have become part of the furniture of every man's library. The Harpers, who publish George Crabbe's "English Synonyms," state that they have printed 49,000 volumes of this famous work, and that every year its sale is as steady as the sale of fiction is uncertain.

The general impression prevails, much to the blight and discouragement of youthful poets, that books of verse do not sell, and that commercially minded publishers, being in business for his bread and butter and not for his aesthetic culture, is prone to decline book-making enterprises of a poetical nature. While this is true, in the main, there is evidently a kind of poem which does sell, and from which both author and publisher derive comfortable profits. Probably one of the most striking instances of profitable verse making and selling is that of Mr. Wm. C. Carter, whose publishers, the Harpers, state that they have published and sold 525,000 copies of Mr. Carter's six volumes of "Farm and City Ballads." The total amount received for these volumes of verse, at retail rate, has amounted to over one million dollars! This is truly a remarkable record, and indicates the possibilities of the commercial success of verse.

Lazair, Mrs. Catherwood's new novel

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



BISHOP H. B. CLAWSON,  
As he looked thirty years ago.

which is so widely praised, abounds in telling little epigrams, yet the wisdom is not forced; nor does Mrs. Catherwood weigh down her charming story with a load of it. Here are some sayings that attract particular attention:

"Why should we lay up grievances against one another? They must disappear, and they burn our hearts."

"Man's success in the world is proportioned to the number of forces he can secure to work with him."

"There are several kinds of ambition, as there are several kinds of success. You have to know people down with each kind if you want it acknowledged."

"One day is really never like another, though it seems so."

Speaking of the striking adaptability of "Lazair," Amy Leslie says in the Chicago Daily News:

"Lazair" is a book for the Hacketts and the Sotherns to hand out to their relatives.

Mrs. Catherwood's charms as a writer are so many and dazzling, her wit so exquisite, her sharp maxims and aphorisms so original and convincing, her dialogues so exactly natural; that the trick of putting her name into dramatic form will not be despising if intelligence and amiability be joined pleasantly together in the making of the play—"Lazair."

"Nothing is so thoroughly satisfying and really brilliant literary work as ever written has such consuming and delicately sweet romance, nor holds out so many picturesque invitations to the costumer, and to the painter."

The cascades of critical abuse that have swept down on Caine's "Eternal City," far from submerging it, have sent it rushing aloft as no book was ever before floated. The first edition of 10,000 was largely subscribed for by bookshelves. The work of translating the novel into German, French, Italian and Spanish is progressing rapidly.

Caine says that he awaits the passing of the storm of hostile criticism before replying to the charges of inaccuracy in his description of clerical public life in Rome. He claims that he has made a close and impartial study of it, and can vindicate the life in Rome as depicted by him in this book.

A telegram to the Journal correspondent from Rome states that according to the best literary authorities there the books are in doleful condition with the struggle between the church and the government, and omitting the study of socialism in Rome which is already a most powerful factor in state and clerical circles. The work creates intense interest in Rome. The pope had the general outline and tenor of the story described to him, and caused many of the passages to be read to him.

Talking of fighting, Mr. Kipling has written the following lines for the memorial to the English "dead" at Kimberley:

This for a charge to our children in sign of the price we paid:  
The price we paid for freedom which comes unsold to our hand;  
Read, review, and uncover—here are the victors laid.

They who died for the city being sons of the land, and paid for freedom?"

Does Mr. Kipling mean the freedom of the Boers?

Talking of Mr. Kipling here is a statement, just made by his publisher,

of the mythical order that finds often beautiful art often wearisome and wordy expression in the later poems, the following stanzas may stand as representative:

"O guardian of the pallid hours of night!  
O tireless watcher of the smitten moon!  
O sworded with the majesty of light,  
O girded with the glory of the moon!  
Angel of absolute splendor! Link of mine  
Old weary spirit with the All-Divine!  
"Ship that shalt carry me by many winds  
Driven on the ruthless ocean! Mighty

By which I force that barrier of the mind's  
Miscomprehension of its own true  
loud."

Listen, and answer, and behold my brow  
Fiery with hope! Bend down and touch it now!"

"Press the twinawn of thy destroyer's lips  
In the swart maces of my hair; bend close,  
And shroud all earth in masterless  
teens  
While my heart's murmur through the being flows,  
To carry up the prayer, as incense  
Skyward, to those immeasurable  
streams!"

No one who reads such poems as these, and in addition the strangely visionary "Nameless Quest," the sonnet to Allan Macgregor, and "The Rosicrucian," can doubt that this poet is authentic and will reveal to the world much new beauty.

## MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine for October has the conclusion of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim," a paper by Cyrus Townsend Brady on "Frontier," the Saviors of Canada," a character sketch of J. Pierpont Morgan by Ray Stannard Baker, an account by Clara Morris of the stationing of "Miss Merton," an illustrated ballad by Rudyard Kipling, "M. L." (Mounted Infantry); another of Josiah Flynt's "graft" papers, "The Tammany Commemoration," a Nebraska pioneer story, "The Honor of a Transgressor," by William R. Lightner; another of Robert Barr's stories of the Scottish king, James V., "The King's Visit," "The Ironmaster's Story," by Frank H. Spearman, and an account of "Elephant Hunting in Africa" by W. S. Cherry.—The S. S. McClure Co., New York.

The Century for October covers a unusual range of topics and appeals to a variety of tastes, and yet the topics are so well chosen that the reader will find each article attractive. The leading paper, a descriptive and anecdotal discussion of "The Practice of the Law in New York," is by Judge Henry E. Howland, and is accompanied by portraits of the noted lawyers and judges of the State. Within the narrow compass of the magazine article Judge Howland has given a comprehensive and entertaining view of the legal profession in the business center of the new world. A still newer world is treated in the account of "The Men of New Japan"—the creators of the new power that has already made itself a determining factor in Eastern politics. The latter-day crusade that has recreated the Land of the Rising Sun is not to be comprehended without personal knowledge of these amazing statesmen of Japan, and their side glance at our western civilization are most enlightening. No more sensational romance than the lives of these reformers need be sought by the most fastidious reader. The new woman is depicted in the most realistic manner by Helen C. Hill Candler, whose study of "Madam President and Her Constituents" is not only excellent as a character study and examination of social types, but has the solid statistical information and contains helpful suggestions toward making the woman's club a truly valuable element in the community.

The Youth's Companion for this week has three interesting short stories entitled respectively "On the Bucket Fulley," "Self Helpers," and "Profitable Prospecting." The first is a sad story of the life of a young backwoodsman who is bitten by a mad dog. "Profitable Prospecting" tells how a little girl rescues the owner of a rich mine from dying of thirst on the desert and is rewarded in a substantial way by her grateful benefactor. What will interest scores of readers is the magnificent list of premiums offered by the Youth's Companion for new subscribers, the list being surprising in its munificence.

## THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

The literary year begins in September, as the fiscal year begins in July and the calendar year in January. From September until New Year's a Niagara of books comes pouring from the presses of the States, and the publisher's books, gift books and holiday books of every sort. Then there is a lull until the latter part of March, when the Spring books begin to appear, followed in due order by the books which represent "high reading" for the summer. Literary forecasters generally make their predictions during the early part of September, and their predictions are announced in part by the publishers' announcements for the coming season, in part by what they themselves are fond of calling the "trend" of popular taste so far as they are able to perceive it.

What sort of books will be most popular during the coming year? Many persons are guided in this matter by the Cycle Theory of literature. They say that the reading public represents in its preferences a definite rotation of tastes, each of which is gratified in turn. Thus, at one time historical novels will be chiefly in vogue. Then, after the public has grown weary of these, it will turn to some form of reading quite antithetical to the realistic fiction of purely romantic novels, to problem stories, or perhaps at times to more serious reading, such as history, biography, or even popular science. Finally, after going through all these different phases, there will once more be a reversion of a kind to bring us up precisely at the point from which we started.

This theory is undoubtedly true, because it is based upon an understanding of the desire for change, for variety in reading which resembles a like desire in the matter of food, of fashions, of religious novels, or of any other particular sort of literature. What is it that leads them to the next point in the cycle? What makes them turn at one time to one sort of reading and at another time to another?

The answer to this question is, I think, to be found not in the psychology of the reading public, but in the record of the author's achievements. For instance, why have there been such a craze for realistic fiction some twenty years ago, continuing for quite a long time? Simply because the works of realistic fiction which were then appearing were far better in their way than anything else that the publishers had to offer. At that time Zola was becoming generally known to the English and American public, and he was being read through the best and most powerful books he ever wrote—"Le Assommoir," "Nana," "Germinal," and "La Terre." Maupassant was then

## DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN

Requires Treatment Which Acts in Harmony With the Female System.

Letter from Mrs. Wright, President of Brooklyn, N.Y., Round Table, Proves this Claim.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which while it causes disturbances similar to ordinary indigestion cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar utero-tonic effects as well; in other words, a derangement of the female organs may have such a disturbing effect upon a woman's whole system as to cause serious indigestion and dyspepsia, and it cannot be relieved without curing the original cause of the trouble, which seems to find its source in the pelvic organs.

As proof of this theory we beg to call attention to the letter from Mrs. Wright, of Brooklyn, N. Y., herewith published:



MRS. MAGGIE WRIGHT.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I suffered more or less with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unfit to properly attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous and nothing I ate tasted good and felt like a stone in my stomach. I tried several dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me permanently. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a different woman. Seven bottles completely cured me, and a dozen or more of my friends have used it since."—Mrs. MAGGIE WRIGHT, 12 Van Vorhis St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## How a Serious Tumor Case Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Some time ago I wrote you that my regular physician had made an examination and told me I was afflicted with a tumor in my womb. I had backache, headache, bearing down pains and very profuse menstruation. My limbs would ache so I could not sleep and I was very weak and nervous. I was bloated from my head to my feet. After receiving your letter I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and followed all the rest of your advice as near as I could, and the tumor was expelled in pieces, and I regained my natural size. I continued taking your Vegetable Compound for a while longer and felt like a new woman. I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and what your medicine did for me. It certainly saved my life."—Mrs. PERLEY S. WILSON, Vershire, Vt. (March 11, 1901.)

It would seem by these statements that women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice as soon as any incipient illness appears. Her advice is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

**\$5000 REWARD.**—We have deposited with the National City Bank of New York, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

alive and was also producing some of the most extraordinary of his novels. Daudet was likewise at his best, and these writers were supplemented in England by George Moore and by Ches. Why is it that realistic novels do not sell today? It is not because the public taste is fundamentally altered, but rather because no good realistic novels are being written. If Zola's "Leah" and George Moore's "Sister Teresa" and Gertrude's "Poma Gordy" have fallen flat during the past year, this is not due to any distaste on the part of the public for realism as such, but because of a general recognition of the fact that the realistic novel, as it is written by public and by critics that the books just mentioned are poor stuff. Zola and George Moore have written themselves out, and Gertrude is too intensely Russian to be acceptable or even comprehensible to the average English and American reader.

Again, why have the historical and romantic novels had so great a vogue during the past few years? Simply because such really good books of this genre have been written and published to turn the public's mind in that direction. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," and his "Rupert of Hentzau," Mr. Mark Twain's "Hobson's Choice," Mr. Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," and Mr. Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay" are only a few of the extremely readable and interesting stories that have caught the public's attention and directed it to reading of this sort. Likewise, the success of "David Harum"—a success that was most thoroughly deserved—was due to the fact that the reading public, in the past decade has been enormously increased and it is being gradually trained. Books are growing cheaper every year. Education is becoming more and more universal. Free libraries are multiplying continually. In the end it is likely that a large proportion of those who read will gradually develop enough discrimination and enough of the critical instinct to refine their tastes and to broaden their intellectual interests. When this state of things comes about, we may look for the decline of fiction and for the exaltation of something better and more enduring; for then reflection, analysis and the acquisition of knowledge will give that pleasure which to most readers at the present time is received mainly through the imagination.—Harry Thurston Peck, Editor of the Bookman.

A Typical South African Story.  
O. R. Larson, of Hay Villa, Sundays River, Cape Colony, conducts a store typical of South Africa, at which can be purchased anything from the proverbial "needle to an anchor." This store is situated in a valley nine miles from the nearest railway station and about twenty-five miles from the nearest town. Mr. Larson says: "I am favored with the custom of farmers within a radius of thirty miles, to many of whom I have supplied Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. A husband whose doctor's advice is a question of question. Within a radius of ten miles the population is perhaps sixty. Of these, within the past twelve months, no less than fourteen have been absolutely cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This must surely be a record." For sale by all druggists.

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## A WEAK BACK.

Some people suffer from this ailment nearly all their lives. They are nervous and despondent through loss of sleep. The fact is their kidneys are weak and are unable to perform their proper functions. The best medicine to strengthen the kidneys, stimulate the liver and cure indigestion, dyspepsia, sleeplessness or malaria, fever and ague, is

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**