DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.



AVE IMPERATRIX.

The following poem, written shortly before the author's death, has caused mething like a sensation in London

literary circles: Set in this stormy northern sea, Queen of these restless fields of tide, England! what shall men say of thee, Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass, Lies in the hollow of thy hand, And through its heart of crystal pass, Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war, The long white-crested waves of fight And all the deadly fires which are The torches of the lords of night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean, The treacherous Russian knows so

well, With gaping blackened jaws are seen To lean through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars Hath left his sapphire cave of sea To battle with the storm that mars The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows Across the Pathan's reedy fen, And the high steeps of Indian snows Shake to the tread of armed men. erewski in appearance as much as it is possible for an Englishman to look like a Pole-except that his hair is dark. With the issue of April 18th The

lives in New York. He resembles Pad-

Youth's Companion entered upon its 75th year. This "75th Birthday Issue" is a double number, counting among its contributors the vice-president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Barnwell Elliott.

The vice-president of the United States, the Secretary of the navy, the director of the Twelfth census, the chief statistician of the department of agriculture are announced among the distinguished contributors to the four April issues of The Youth's Companion. In honor of the 75th birthday of The Youth's Companion the publishers have issued a handsome "75th Birthday Sou-It contains a series of striking venir. maps and suggestive facts, showing the vast growth of the nation and of the nation's foremost family weekly since the day in April, 1827, which saw the first number of the first volume of The Youth's Companion come from the

In 1827 The Youth's Companion began life with practically no subscribers. In 1901 the subscription list contains

more than 545,000 names, and the paper enters that number of homes every week

In 1827 The Companion consisted of

four pages of about 9x12 inches in size, with three columns to a page. In 1901 The Companion has an aver-age of at least 12 pages of 11½x16 inches in size, with four columns to a page. In 1827 The Companion was principally made up of selections from other publications. There were no illustrations

In 1901 The Companion publishes more than 225 stories and articles by the most popular writers of fiction, em. inent statesmen, scientists, educators, traveliers and explorers. The text is embellished with over 500 illustrations —all by well-known artists.

In 1827 a boy brought the paper for a week's edition of The Companion in a bundle on a wheelbarrow. In 1901 the paper for a week's edition

is brought on eleven two-horse drays, ten rolls of paper on each dray, and each roll weighing 750 pounds.

Paris has just discovered Quo Vadis. The sales of the translation of Sienkiewiez's great story beat the records of Zola and Ohnet.

Governor-General Leonard Wood has taken from his official duties time enough for the preparation of a picturesque bit of prose. This is an arti-cle entitled, "On the Trail of Geronimo," and it is to appear in Outing.

New Shakespeareana, a quarterly, will shortly appear, an issue of the Shakespeare Society of New York. This society, now sixteen years old, finds itrich enough to re-establish its organ after a long interval of silence.

The hero of George Gissing's forthcoming novel is a man with a perfect genius for making mistakes and choosing the wrong one of any two courses that may be presented to him. He goes from failure to failure, but at the end success comes. 1. 1. 1

In Harper's Magazine Amelie Rives will again appear as an author of some-thing "striking and original." Meanwhile the magazine will publish some interesting letters with publish some grandmother, Mrs. W. C. Rives, during her stay in Paris in 1840. These let-ters describe the revolution of that year, and show much literary ability.

The visit of Ernest Seton Thomson. The fiction announced by Messrs the noted author of books upon animal and bird life, to our city, is a distinctly Houghton, Mifflin and company for the spring has a surprisingly wide range of notable event-the works of the gifted naturalist having placed his name spring has a surprisingly wide range of interest. Boston appears in a humor-ous story of the servant-girl problem, "The Successors of Mary the First," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Chicago in a Tolstoian novel by Will Payne called "The Story of Eva," and Paris in amongst the most famous of American writers. The literary reviews of the country have been unanimous in their encomiums upon the merits of Mr. Se-Frothingham's "The Eugenia Brooks Turn of the Road." Kate Dot Wiggin's "Penelope's Irish Ex ences" surveys Ireland; Colonial Kate Douglas Experi-Virginia appears in Burton E. Stevenson's romantic "Soldier of Virginia," and Europe in Clara Louise Burnham's "Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip." Alice Brown paints a part of New Hamp-shire in "King's End," and for the sea there is "Dog-Watches at Sea" by Stan-

flesh creep, and he at first sent a mur-der story, Markheim. This, for some reason, did not sup full enough on horreason, did not sup full chough on hor-rors, and, after some correspondence, Stevenson promised to send a tale which would "freeze the blood of a Grenadier." It was The Body Snatcher, The Pail Mail advertised it in the streets in a way as horrible as the story itself. "Six plaster skulls were made by a theatrical property man. Six pairs of coffin-lids, painted dead-black, with while skulls and crossbones in the center for relief, were supplied by carpenter. Six long white surplices were purchased from a funeral estab-lishment. Six sandwich men were hired at double rates." The rest can be guessed. But the police suppressed the nuisance. Martin Brook, the third of Harper &

"One-a-Month Brothers' American Novels," possesses a real claim to public appreciation, and speaks well for the American novelist's capacity. It is in no wise a problem novel. It is tersely told, and its story is lived, acted, not related. The unfolding of a soul and related. The unfolding of a soul and the development of a great purpose are the strong features of this unusual book. In the midst of certain ephemeral literature, it shines like a star.

BOOKS.

The scenes of the story in George Horton's new novel, "Like Another Helen." are laid in Greece, where the author's four years of residence at Athens as United States consul gave him brilliant opportunity to glean the best kind of material for imaginative work. The material for imaginative work. The present book, as well as the papers on "Modern Athens," now appearing in Scribner's, proves that his literary and artistic bent found ample scope. Intimate knowledge of the Grecian character in these later days, such as

could have been gained in no way ex-cept by long residence among the modern Greeks and fine sympathy with

ern Greeks and fine sympathy with them, characterizes the novel. It is imbued moreover, with the mod-ern philanthropic spirit, and a touch of such veracity as Verestchagin's pictures contain is shown in the account of the recent war waged by the Turk upon the Christian in Crete.

Mr. Horton's long residence in Greece as the consul-general of the United States has supplied him with the neces-sary knowledge of the Cretan insurrec-tion and the motives behind it. Since the day of the Minotaur there has been no such use made of the island for pur-poses of fiction, and it comes upon the reader as a virgin land, uncontaminated

reader as a virgin land, uncontaminated by cameras and correspondents. The exhibition made by the concert of the powers in settling Cretan affairs is properly satirized—the firing on the cross of the Grecian flag, the encourage-ment given the Turk, which led to the massacree of Christians, and the home massacre of Christians, and the hope-less indecision which made everything possible which ought to have been pre-

vented. This it is which begins the narrative of fighting and adventure which holds

of fighting and adventure which holds the interest of the reader until the last chapter is reached. The story has too much of historical truth to be classed with the "Prisoner of Zenda" tales, and is too modern for the sword and cloak romance; yet it has the engrossing interest of both styles of flotion, with a dne sympathy styles of flction, with a fine sympathy for the right.

for the right. "Like Another Helen," is dedicated, by permission, to "His Royal Highness, George of Greece," high commissioner in Crete, which, we are glad to add, is a distinct compliment to his highness The book bears a graceful cover de sign of olive leaves, presumably a replisign of olive leaves, presumably a repli-ca of those growing at the foothills of Mt. Hymettus, and is handsomely illus-trated by C. M. Relyea,

"God's Puppets: A Story of Old New York." by Imogen Clark, is a strikingly attractive romance of the old city of New York, a few years before the war of Independence, and while it still re-tained many of the architectural and other characteristics of its Dutch found-ers. The story opens with a very inter-esting general description of the city in a letter written by a young English

books. No apter illustration of her spec ially emphasized talent in this line exists than in her latest book "Eleanor."There than in her latest book Eleand. There is hardly a light touch in the entire narrative. The story begins with the revelation of a noble, finely strung and delicately nurtured woman's love for a man whose every impulse is selfish and egotistical and his frequent ones betted. It would be hard if it were not brutal. It would be hard, if it were not for the interest one feels in following the fate of the unhappy creature round whom the plot revolves, to its end, to keep patience to read through the pages picturing Manisty's sudden yet characteristic change from the pseudo lover and friend accepting from the delicate woman the sympathy and devotion that was the highest spur to his ambition, to the neglectful and cruel at-titude which tortured her love and sensitiveness as a goad till the final scene ends in her death. The other principal pieces of characterization in the book, are no less morbid, with the exception of Lucy Foster, but in spite of the gloomy tinge pervading the story, the skill of the author keeps one's thoughts pleas-urably alive to the fine touches of char-The acter delineation and description later is especially attractive, the Italian scenery being depicted with a touch so clear as to make it vividiy real to the reader. The book justly lays claim to being among the most notable of the year.—Harper Bros, publishers.

MAGAZINES.

"The Idle Minute Book" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion. It is by Mary E. Wilkins, and is told with the style that has made the author's name a household word in American homes. The story is that of a young girl in colonial times who is given to dreaming away the time which the rest of the household thinks should be devoted to "stints" of work. Her proclivity in this direction leads her out into the primeval woods one day when she is left to mind the home, and in her aimless wandering she happens to come across a man perishing in the snow, who proves to be her sister's betroth-ed whom they have long supposed to have been killed by the Indians. . The rescue of the young man by Angeline in her "idle moment" removes forever the reproach from her in the eyes of the family, and the "Idle Moment Book" which had been provided her as the "Idle Moment a possible means of reforming her habit, as a recognition of her deed is ourned up by the sister made happy through the event occasioned by An cellne's escapade.

There are other interesting short stories and the usual entertaining departments in the issue.

Impressions for April is a nature number, and it may be commended to any one who is fond of life out of doors and the literature that "brings the wind into one's pulses." The supthe wind into one's pulses." plement is a remarkable reproduction of a photograph of oaks, with a wind-ing, suniit road. It is one of a series of nature studies by an artist who yells his identity under the initials J. I. S. The quotation that serves as frontispiece is the "eath of the Athen-ian Ephebi," which is sonorous and full of the finest patriotism-a blend of religion and love of country. Among the articles are "The Nature Note in Mod-ern Literature," in which Adeline Knapp points out the significance of the modern passion for nature and its in-fluence upon every branch of literature: "Two Lovers of Nature-Maurice Thompson and Richard Jefferies," by George Hamlin Fitch-a brief review of "My Winter Garden" and of Jefferies, "The Story of My Heart," the lat-ter a book that deserves to be widely read for its spiritual power; "Walton, White and others—An Appreciation," by A. L. E. H.; "A Garden of Simples," by Nellie Blessing Eyster; "Elizabeth by Nellie Blessing Eyster, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," by Adeline Knapp; "Memories and Other Verses," by Howard V. Sutherland, and the Collected poems of T. E. Brown, by Er-nest Carroll Moore. The number is beautifully printed, as usual, and it de-serves the encouragement of all who are found of mod literature for its edi-



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A gorgeous costume flashed beneath the brilliant lights of a ball room. The queen of society is radiant to-night.

The nervous hands of a weak woman have toiled day and night, the weary form and aching head have known no rest, for the dress must be finished in time.

To that queen of society and her dressmaker we would say a word. One through hothouse culture, luxury and social excitement, and the other through the toil of necessity, may some day find their ailments a common cause.

Nervous prostration, excitability, fainting spells, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and strength, all indicate serious trouble, which has been promoted by an over-taxed system.

For the society queen and the dressmaker alike, there is nothing so reliable as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore strength, vigor, and happiness.

Mrs. Lizzie Anderson, 49 Union St., Salem, N. J., writes :

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :-- I feel it is my duty to write and tell you how grateful I am to you for what your medicine has done for me. At one time I suffered everything a woman could. I had inflammation of the ovaries, falling of the womb, and leucorrhea. At times could not hold a needle to sew. The first dose of your Vegetable Compound helped me so much that I kept on using it. I have now taken six bottles and am well and able to do my work. I also ride a wheel and feel no bad effects from it. I am thankful to the Giver of all good for giving you the wisdom of

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curing suffering women. I recommend your medicine to every woman troubled with any of these diseases.

Mrs. Sarah Swoder, 103 West St., La Porte, Ind., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-It gives me great pleasure to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. "I had been a sufferer for years with female trouble. I could not sew but a few minutes at a time without suffering terribly with my head. My back and kidneys also troubled me all the time. I was advised by a friend to take your medicine. I had no faith in it, but decided to try it. After taking one bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and by the time I had taken six bottles I was cured. There is no other medicine

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And many an Afghan chief who lies Beneath his cool pomegranate trees Clutches his sword in fierce surmise When on the mountain side he sees

The fleet-foot Maori scout, who comes To tell how he hath heard afar The measured roll of English drums Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire, Englard with bare and bloody feet

Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height, Gray pillar of the Indian sky, Where raw'st thou last in clanging fight Our winged dogs of victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand, Bokhara, where red lilles blow, And Oxus, by whose yellow sand The grave, white-turbaned merchants go:

And on from thence to Ispahan. The gilded garden of the sun, Whence the long dusty caravan Brings cedar and vermillion:

And that dread city of Cabul, Set at the mountain's scarped feet. Whose marble tanks are ever full With water for the noonday heat.

Here have our wild war eagles flown And flapped wide wings in flery flight; But the sad dove, that sits alone In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean To greet her love with love-lit eyes; Down in some treacherous black ravine, Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see The lingering wistful children wait To climb upon their father's knee; And in each house made desolate.

Pale women who have lost their lord Will kiss the relics of the slain, Some tarnished epaulette, some sword: Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields Are these, our brothers, laid to rest. Where we might deck their broken shield

With all the flowers the dead loved

For some are by the Delhi walls, And many in the Afghan land, And many where the Ganges falls Through seven months of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie, And others in the seas which are The portals to the East, or by The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep O stience of the sunless day! O still ravine! O stormy deep! Give un your prey! Give up your prey!

And they whose wounds are never healed,

Whose weary race is never won, O Cromwell's England! must thou yield For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy goldcrowned head, Change thy glad song to song of pain: Wind and wild wave have got thy dead And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore

Possess the flower of English land-Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more, Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound The whole round world with nets of gold, If hidden in our hearts is found

The care that groweth never old?

What proft that our galleys ride Pine-forest-like on every main?

him today will give Salt Lake people an opportunity to enjoy portions of the sketches which have made the author famous. . . .

s really Mr. Seton

genitor.

of England.

lithographs.

disease.

tisements now.

Ruin and wreck are at our side, Grim warders of the house of pain.

Where is our English chivalry?

Wild grasses are their burial sheet

O wasted dust! O senseless clay!

Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead

To vex their solemn slumber so: Though childless and with thorn-crowned head

Up the steep road must England go:

Her watchmen shall decry from far The young Republic like a sun

Rise from these crimson seas of war. --Oscar Wilde.

NOTES.

Yet when the fiery web is spun

And sobbing waves their threnody.

) loved ones lying far away, What word of love can dead lips

fleet?

send?

Where are the brave, the strong, the

The author Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, whose stories of wild animals have gained him such widespread popularity. by name. the "Thompson" having been assumed un-der romantic circumstances by a pro-The author's earlier stories ton King. were signed Ernest Seton, though his present reputation is completely identi-

of a singer by Eugenia Brooks Froth-ingham, a young woman well known in Boston society circles, who makes with ied with the hyphenated surname. Mr. Seton Thompson, as he will probably still be known, was born in the north this volume her entrance into literature When he was eighteen he has been so well received that it has started for London to study art and natural history. He was the youngest student who ever got a life ticket to the British Museum. This was at first refused him by the officials of the mu-seum because of his youth, but he finbeen found necessary to make a third impression. Two impressions were exhausted before the day of publication.

ally wheedled it out of them. In Lon-don he was hungry but happy, as he declares, living in a dark hall bedroom, and spending only £80 in two years and a half. By the end of that time his friends thought he was dying with consumption, the fact being that he was only hungry. They sent him to Manitowhere he began to realize his dream of being a naturalist. In 1883 he came to New York with \$2.63 in his pocket. would she have been a "better girl?" He lived on rolls and water from the Madison Square fountain. At last he found work at \$5 a week, drawing lithographs. His first raise came

Since the appearance of Babs the Impossible the publishers have received dozens of letters asking if the dramatic dozens of letters asking it the diamatic rights to the book are open. They are obliged to reply that a dramatization of this lively novel is already in hand. "Babs" will be a wonderfully captivat-

of prominent men suddenly falling it collapse just after eating a hearty meal These men have all been under treatment for gastric "trouble," and yet the youth of hers! result shows that the treatment they had received had smothered the symptoms but had not retarded the progress of the

There is a real danger in the use of palliatives when there is disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The disease in such cases goes on, while the distressing symptoms alone are stopped. Presently, like a smothered

through the opportunity to draw a ra-

ven for a cigar advertisement. Mr. Seton-Thompson does not draw adver-

naturalist is about forty years old, and

Recently there have been several cases

The popular author-

- P fire, the disease breaks out in new places, in-volving heart, lungs, liver, kid-

A nevs, or some other organ. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery results in a radical cure of diseases of the 65 stomach and other organs of di-

gestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc., when the disease of these organs has its origin in the diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system.

and digestive and nutritive system. "I will tell you what myself and family think of your medicine," writes Mr. M. M. Wardwell of Liuwood, Leavenworth Co., Kansas. "In will do all you say, and more. I was taken sick nine years ago. I got so weak I couldn't lie down, nor hardly sit up, was that way two or three months. I ricked up one of Dr. Pierce's Memorandum Books one day and saw your de-scription of catarth of the siomach. I thought it hit my case. We had a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Goiden Medical Eliscovery in the house that was got for my maiher. You recommer if for tharth of the siomach, so I vent to fing it. The one bottle meanly cured me. I got two bettes next time and took one and one-halt and was well. Your medicine cost me three doilars and the doctor cost me fourteen doilars." Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The Turn of the Road, the romance

People are reading Babs the Impossi-ble and exclaiming, "What will Sarah Grand do next?" The men are congraiulating themselves upon having escaped her scalpel this time; and the woman question has no part in her latest book. A bright story, with sparkling dialogue, and a fascinating, heroine whom one alternately longs to chastise and embrace, are the chief attractions in Babs As for Babs herself, what can be said? If she had had a different mother

"Eabs will be a wondertaily captust-ing part for a star actress who pos-sesses youth, beauty and vicacity. We can fancy how "Babs" would dance through a play, creating consternation

and amazement in her wake. What a part it would be for Lotta Crabtree, if only she could renew that fascinating Speaking of Felipa the heroine in Miss Gwendolen Overton's novel The Heritage of Unrest the Brooklyn Daily Eagle says that "she is altogether one of the most striking feminine creations

in recent fiction." The same paper commits itself to the rashness of asserting that "if Kipling had written it the world would declare that Kipling had improved." It refers to Kipling for analogy simply because The Heritage of Unrest "has the crispness of charac-terization and romantic brevity of dialogue and comment which distinguish that author, although without the over-The heroine Felipa is an emphasis. Apache half cast, beautiful, well edu-cated, the wife of Captain Landor, and

a savage at heart all the time. one of the most complete as well as one of the most extraordinary characters in fiction.' . . .

Miss Beulah Marie Dix's new book The Making of Christopher Ferring-ham, is winning golden opinions from some critics. The Boston Daily Adver-tiser says that "the author's invention is truly wonderful in its fertility, its strength, and its really creative power over events and situations. In bril-liancy, exciting interest, and verisimil-itude The Making of Chritopher Fer-ringham is one of the best of the semi-luctorized seven of the dev historical novels of the day.

The recent sale of the original manuscript of Stevenson's The Body Snatch-er recalls several remarkable things in connection with that tale. One was that the author returned a portion of the honorarium, on the ground that it was excessive. The story was written to order for the Pall Mail Gazette. It wanted a Christmas story "with a thrill in it," and applied to Stevenson. It is an odd idea, by the way, and one which measures the distance traveled since Dickens, that merry Christmas had come to be just the time to read of ghouls and graveyards. It may be our

growing love of contrasts. Anyhow, the Pall Mall requested Stevenson to give it something to make its readers'

in a letter written by a young English officer quartered there to a friend in England, and includes many free-hand-England, and includes many free-hand-ed allusions to the curiously mingled Dutch and English social and business methods of the New York of that per-iod. This officer-Captain Bellenden-ocupies a central place in the story, no less as a courageous man of honor than as a successful lover, and the than as a successful lover, and the quaint wooing of his capricious sweetheart gives zest to a pretty love story A consistent and charming air of the olden pre-Revolutionary times pervades the tale from the opening chapter to its quiet ending, and gives to it a distinct American color.

Probably there is no living English writer so skilled in the art of character-ization as Mrs. Humphrey Ward. She has a gift of insight for the sublest has a gift of insight for the subtlest phases of an individuality and no slightest detail is lacking in the deline-ation of the characters who live in her

THE VIGORLESS

And Weak Man or Woman Cannot Suc-ceed in Life-They Have No Ambilion or Every and Their Brain Is Clouded and Intellect Dull-It Shows a Lack of Elec-tricity in the System-Dr Bennett's Elec-tric Beit Will Core You and the Cure Is Guaranteed-Read What the Ductor Savs -His Book Is Free, and You Should Have One Have One.

Have One Have One Electricity, when the right current is ap-plied in the right manner, will cure every phase and guise of Weakness in either set. When you are Weak, Nervous and Vigriess, when you have not that Vitality which makess MEN, the Electricity is fast dying out of your system, and before you can become a BETTER MAN you must have it supplied. I have in-vented a method of ap-plying Electricity which will not fail. As a re-ward for my study, re-search and discovery, the United States Gor-erment has given me

ernment has given me the exclusive use of my

the exclusive use of my method of applying Electricity to the hu-man system. My Electr'd Belt will cure you. You take no chances: the cure is guaranteed. If my Electric Belt fails to cure you (which is not at all likely, is shall not cost you a cent. Could any offer be fairer than this? It should give you hope. My new book on Electricity is free to everybody. You should have it. How can a Weak man succeed in this on

everybody. You should have it. How can a Weak man succeed in this on-rushing time of advanced civilization? He has no ambition, no energy. The Nerve Weakness is drawing the very Life itself from his frame. He has no nerve: no confid-ence. His humiliating position in the social life of bis fellow men is doubly realistic to him. Itell you, and i am honest with you, that there is not a drug known to selence which will have the least effect upon these Weakne ises.

If you have an old-style belt which burns and bisters, send it to me as halfpayment of one of mine,

Dr. Bennett's Electric Belt

Is no experiment. It is the result of years of Is no experiment. It is the result of years of study upon my part. You must not con-found it with the many so-called electric belts now being offered the public. There are no electric belts "just as good" as mine, for there are none like it. It has soft, sliken, chamois-covered sponge electrodes, which do not barn and blister as do the bare and other more don all other makes of sinken. Chainois covered sponge siccicross, which do not burn and bilister as do the bare metal electrodes used on all other makes of belts. My Belt can be renewed when burned out for only be; when others burn out they are worthless. Absolutely guaranteed our variaccele and all weaknesses in either sex; restore Lost Vigor and Vitality, check Losses, cure theumatism in every form, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Consti-pation. Stomach Disorders, Lame Back, all Female Compiaints, etc. My New Electrical Suspensory for the perfect cure of all Weak-nesses of Men free to all male patients.

Write today. I want to give or send my book. "The Finding of the Fountain of Eternal Youth." to every one, because every one should read it. Advice without cost. Sold only by

DR. BENNETT Electric Belt Co. 119 to 114 Union Block, Denver, Colo.

are fond of ~ood literature, for its editors are trying to make a magazine which shall really reflect something of the spirit of California life and its influence upon literature and art.

LITTLE LITERATURE LAUGHS.

Messrs, Mowan, Daryl & Co, announce that they have already sold 2.-b68,000 copies of a thrilling novel they are to bring out next fall. They have not yet selected the author who is to write it.

. . .

The Last Resort-Editorial Writer-But what can we say? We don't know a thing against Smith and his crowd! Editor-Well, we can at least refer to them as Smith and others of his ilk!

"We cannot consider your story seriously," wrote an editor to an author "You have killed your hero in the middle of it." To which the author the made me "I killed him because he made me tired.

There are 15,000 poets in the United States. As only 5,000 volumes of poems were issued last year, 10,000 poets still stand on the ragged edge of publication.

"What's your definition of satire?" "Satire," said Miss Cayenne, "is some thing that compels you to laugh against your will in order to let it appear that you are not angry."

"There goes a man with a very interesting history," said the clerk in the book store. "You don't say?" inquired the customer. "How do you know?" "I just sold it to him."

Contributor (reading aloud)-His eyes were riveted on her face. Maga-zine Editor-Riveted? Here cut that out. If he didn't belong to the union you'll have all the boilermakers in the country down on us.

Resting His Eyes-Exchange Editor -I am sorry to say my eyes have gone back on me, and I can't read any more. Can't you give me something else to do? Managing Editor-You might do book reviews.

The Test-"He is not a genuine lit erary man," said Hiland to Halket, referring to one who made literary pre-tension. "How do you know?" "He always uses the word 'extract' instead of 'excerpt.'"

Edition de Sucre-What a beautiful volume of Emerson's Essays you have, Miss Madge! "Yes, isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."

Miss Katharine gave a defiant toss to her head. Before that her head had been bowed in thought, it had throbbed with anguish, it had drooped with pain, and it had nestled on his manly bosom It was one of those common or garden heads, which all novelists use in their business. So Miss Katharine was perfectly justified in giving it the toss.

Meeting his chief in the companionway, the ordinary pirate, although la-boring under the intensest excitement. saluted. "I have the honor to inform you, sir," said he, "that the magazine has gone up!" "The powder magazine, you doubtless mean?" said the captain. "No, the magazine in which the story of our adventures is running!" The captain paled. For a moment he thought of shouting hoarsely to his men to clear away the boats, but this would obviously avail nothing. They saluted. "I have the honor to inform would obviously avail nothing. They must all perish.

"Your narrative is too highly-col-ored." remarked the editor, returning ored. the bulky manuscript. "In what way?" inquired the disappointed author. inquired "Why," r "Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes, and the coachman turn blue with cold."-Current Literature.





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