

LITERATURE



HOME.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling
And peace with perfect rest its bosom
fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the
sea
Comes as a white soft hand, and reaches
out
And touches its still face most tenderly.
Untroubled and calm, amid our shifting
years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash
and tour,
With quiet distance blurred, as if thro'
tears.

Oh, heart that prayest so for God to
send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy long-
ings end—

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will
come
His kindest angel, and through that
still door
Into the infinite love will lead thee
home.

—E. R. SILL.

HEARTSEASE

Hast thou a thought in mind,
Something to help mankind,
Something to ease a weak and strug-
gling life,
Something to ease its harsh and bitter
strife?

Tell it,
Hast thou a hidden joy,
Nothing can ever destroy,
That to a suffering, burdened human
heart
May sweetest peace and healing balm
impart?

Share it,
Hast thou a hope divine,
Which in thy soul doth shine,
That may arouse the spirit long op-
posed,
And to it give anew a long lost rest?
Live it.

—HENRY E. BAKER.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

When attention makes a man
Gilt of eternal wise
That he can't bear to walk about
In ordinary guise,
When he must wear a shiny hat
To keep his head in
It seems to me that 'taints' is
A folly and a sin.

I see the college chaps in town
As well as round in style,
A-lookin' mighty dandified,
As though they knew a pile;
And when I read, when I sit hum,
O how they done some trick
That would have put ter shame the
brains
O' any lunatic.

Sometimes I see them college chaps
A-marchin' up an' down
With night-dresses an' night-caps on—
They call um cap an' gown—
An' some go in for sports,
An' some go in for games;
It makes you feel real sorrowful
That more don't try for brains.

My notion is that heart an' head
Should both be uniform;
That when the head is made more wise
The heart should be more warm;
That education should not make
A man stuck up so far
That he would turn his nose up at
His heart or his ma.

For 'hearts are trumps,' that's what I
say,
An' though your head is full,
In heaven they won't take account
O' what's 'neath your wool;
An' what's 'neath the size O'
O' what the world complains?
It wants more love an' tenderness
More than it wants for brains.

NOTES.

Of the six short stories in the April
Scraper's three are by writers new to
magazine readers, which is another
illustration of the fact that the maga-
zines are on the alert for new talent
whenever it can prove its interest and
skill.

The Century company announces that
Miss Runkle's stirring story now run-
ning in the Century, "The Helmet of
Navarre," will be published as a book
on May 1st. It will have the Castaigne
illustrations.

"The Railroad" is the title of the next
volume in the McClure, Phillips & Co's
series of tales from McClure's Magazine.
They all relate to railroad life and
work, in one way or another. They
have already published in the same se-
ries "Love," and there are still to come
"Comedy," "Politics" and "Youth."

Andrew D. White, Ambassador to
Germany, has a remarkable article in
McClure's for April entitled "Wicks
and Talks with Tolstoy." It gives a
clear idea of the strong personality of
the great Russian, who has just been
recommenced from the Greek church
for his heretical opinions.

Walter A. Wyckoff, the author of

"The Workers" has written nothing
that has subjected for the past three years.
He reappears in the April Scriber's
with the first four or five papers found-
ed on his experiences as a day's la-
borer. Each of these papers will elab-
orate an episode which will have all
the personal interest of a good story
well told.

In the course of a paper on "Fiction
and the Public," Frederick Wedmore,
the well-known literary critic, says:
"Although the novel-reading public
of one kind and another must now be
infinitely larger than in the days of
Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope, I
doubt if it is as good a public. The
better part of that good public of old
days exists still, but it is swamped, its
tastes are overruled; it is to some ex-
tent itself led away by that larger,
more superficially educated and more
thoughtless public which insures the
commercial success of work which, if
not by any means always vulgar or
unworthy, is, at all events, inferior."

Upon reading Soldiers Three, Robert
Lynde Stevenson sat down and wrote
congratulations to Mr. Kipling begin-
ning, "Well and indeed, Mr. Mulvaney,
but it's as good as meat to meet in
with you, sir." Mr. Kipling replied in
the character of Mulvaney addressing
Stevenson as Alan Brock. Stevenson re-
sponded in a characteristic letter later
printed, "The gentleman I now
serve with assures me . . . you are
a very pretty fellow, and your letter
deserves to be remarked. He
tells me, besides, you are a man of your
hands. I am not informed of your
weapon, but if it all be true it sticks
in my mind I would be ready to make
exception in your favor and meet you
like one gentleman with another." In
a postscript he adds: "If either will
write me may grow better acquaint,
for your taste for what's martial and
for poetry agrees with me."

The art of epigram will never be lost
while Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hoff-
man) survives. Her remarkable pow-
ers of observation, insight and wit and
her talent for putting these qualities
into a phrase are very much in evi-
dence in "A Phrase Book," compiled
from her writings by one Zoe Procter.

Usually birthday books and similar
collections of passages torn from their
context make dreary enough reading,
but Mrs. Craigie's is a book of great
little in being detached from their
settings. They are of a fully rounded
perfection and complete in themselves.

Here are a few samples selected at
random:
His face was not at first sight sym-
metrical, but, on the other hand, he did
not have the aggressive air of one who
is conscious that he must be known to
be appreciated.

He made it a rule never to regret any-
thing; regret is a bore. I merely call
my mistakes experiences.

She did not convey the irritating im-
pression of having been a beauty in
her youth, but looked as though she
had been born with an elderly expres-
sion.

After
Baby
Comes.

In the days following the baby's birth
there is often a long uphill struggle to
recover strength, and the nurse busies
herself in the preparation of jellies and
broths for the invalid.

When Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion is used as a preparative for moth-
erhood the baby's advent is practically
painless, there is abundant strength to
nurse and nourish the child, and a rapid
recovery from the shock and strain in-
separable from maternity.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the
bowels healthy.

It was pleased that Dr. Pierce answered his
letter," writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of 21 North
Street (Los Park), Wilkes-Barre, Penna.
"When I had these mishaps I began to think
I would never have children. My back used
to almost break and I would get sick at my
stomach and have such headaches I did not
know what to do. They used to get me nearly
crazy, and I used to dread to get up. I felt so
bad then I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription. When I was expected I took
it all the time; I was that way. I felt fine all
the time and I never got those dizzy spells now.
I have a perfect crop of a boy; he is the light
of our home. I am now twenty-two years old
and my baby is almost eight months old. I now feel
well and weigh 135 pounds and the baby is
thriving. We feel very grateful for the good your
medicine did for us. We are both healthy,
thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the
bowels healthy.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the
bowels healthy.

She is waiting for Sir Galahad. I
think she deserves him; but if he does
come I dare say she will wonder whether
he deserves her.

It is only a very unselfish man who
cares to be loved; the majority prefer
to love—it lays them under fewer obli-
gations.

I have always found that nearly every-
step we take in life is to be regret-
ted—if we ever begin to wonder how
many other steps might have been pos-
sible.

You may tell me that love is stronger
than death, than destruction, than the
world. You will soon see that it is
not stronger than scandal, than the
abhorred anything in the nature
of satire—it seemed to him a conveni-
ent name for offensive and unmis-
takable allusions to his own character
and career.

Girls appear to have no intermediate
stage between the gullible chicken and
the coquette hen.

A wife should be the one woman in
the world with whom you can spend
days and weeks of unimproved con-
science.

A reputation for virtue and wisdom
(however grafting to one's vanity)
brings with it pains and penalties so
various, so exquisite and so incessant
that I do myself wonder how a false
type of persecuted excellence, since he
lived longer than his plagues.

His views on women were, perhaps,
more remarkable for their charity than
their reverence. That she lost her
youth was a blot on her record that she
could lose her virtue made life worth
living.

"Yes sir," he said to the manuscript
editor, "I fancy I have an historical
novel that will fairly chase the masses
to the bookstores."

"To what period does it belong?"

"I'll leave that all in your hands.
Any old period will do. I thought at
first I'd write it around the Black
Prince, and then I jumped to Henry
VIII. Queen Elizabeth impressed me
favorably, too. I was going to have
Shakespeare masquerading as the hero
and Ben Johnson carrying off the girl
in the end."

"All right," said the editor, "but I'll
leave that to you. It could be timed for
the last years of the Revolution or the
breaking out of the Mexican war, but
you'll know best about that."

"What are the dramatic personae?"

"Oh, yes. The hero is a but-
cher who is cut down from the rib-
bet, on which he has been strung by his
striking crew. The heroine does the
cutting. She is a little flower girl who
sells carnations and sometimes goes
to the officers' mess, and this meets the vil-
lain and gives the hero an unusually
good chance to come on. There are
some pirates, too, and a few Puritans
and Indians and soldiers, and an old
passage wagon driver who knows the
truth of the heroine's birth. Yes,
and I've got the dialogue fixed so that
the Indians could be turned into
Roundheads, the pirates into Tories and
the Puritans into high-minded men."

"How many pages?"

"Two hundred and sixty pages of 200
words each."

"Let me see. Yes, we'll print 200
copies of your book for \$500 spot cash—
and let you choose your own historical
period. What do you say?"

"You be blown!"—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Mrs. Glyn, who at present is sojour-
ning in Egypt, is one among all the au-
thors and authoresses who are most
spoken of just now.

Her new book, "The Visits of Eliza-
beth," has appeared in great notice, and
is selling in the most extraordinary
fashion. It is hardly possible to keep
pace with the amazing demand. The
publishers are getting edition after edi-
tion printed. In society circles in New
York it is the book of the day. Not
to have read it or not to be reading
"The Visits of Elizabeth" is to be
quite behind the times.

In the absence of publications of any
special note, the month has seen some
remarkable sales of old books.

The most curious was the auction at
Puttick & Simpson's rooms in New
York of a number of rare and quaint
specimens of Americana, which brought
rather high prices.

One of the most important was Naphe-
ham's "True Discourse of the Pres-
ent State of Virginia," dated 1615, which
was knocked down for \$50 (\$250). An
even bricker competition took place
for the work containing the discoveries of
John Lederer in three several marches
from Virginia to West Carolina, 1672.

The hammer fell for \$35 (\$275). An-
other important price, \$15 (\$75), was
given for Richard Hakluyt's "Principall
Navigations, Volages and Discoveries
of the English Nation Made at Sea,"
printed in 1598. Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Another "Principall Navigations" was
sold for \$10 (\$50). The "Principall
Discoveries of the English Nation Made at
Sea," printed in 1598, Richard Wilbourne's
"Discourse on the Discovery of New-
foundland," 1622, went for six guineas.

Ye call me just, and fear me not;
If I offend you, blame me not."

THE LITERARY PATRON.

Mentioning the poverty of rising au-
thors, reminds one that it has lately
been argued that the institution of the
patron might have to be revived for the
protection even of those who have made
their mark. Probably the author who
was neither a genius nor a quack—and,
after all, the great majority of the tribe
must always be of this calibre—and
who could find a patron seventy years
ago was quite as well off as he would be
now. The only thing he had to look
to was that he had friends who could
really give him something worth his
acceptance. Bruns, of course, received
an excellent income, which, although
it may now seem no very great matter,
was one much run after by the class
from which he had sprung. But \$5,000
was subscribed for Horne Tooke's "Dis-
quisitions of Purity," while Ames, for his
not very readable "History of India,"
was rewarded with a place in the
India office, starting at £500 and rising
to £2,000 a year. Leslie Stephen, who
mentions these sums in his excellent
"English Literature," seems inclined
to think them inadequate to the recep-
tance of the literary patron. He is
evidently a realist, and, except for a few lucky
ones who, like Sir Walter Scott, are
earning the salaries of cabinet minis-
ters, he is right. But, for those who live
by their pen, can make such sums now?

The fact seems to be that the patron
of old times generally gave his approval
for reasons which were not difficult to
discover, and that either by real merit
or by flattery his prodigious. The writ-
ter generally managed to bring him
the wares which suited him. But
Demos, though liberal enough when he
is pleased, is in the habit of bestowing
his patronage for much more crystal-
line reasons. One of his pet theories is that
a statesman is the best authority on
past times, a delusion which dates back
certainly as far as the times of Gaius
and Thers. It was doubtless this opinion
the Pall Mall Gazette, that caused Mr.
Gladstone's incursions upon the
Homeric age and the youth of the world
to be welcomed and Lord Rosebery's
"Napoleon" to sell like hot cakes. The
ministers of all governments, however,
generally know the foot they halt on,
as the success of many recent novelists
goes to show. But it has been reserved
for a German savant to show that,
while left to himself, always ready to
certain well-defined types of story, and
Herr Petzsch in his "Farnelshafte
Schlusse im Volksmarchen" has shown
us how all these can be classified. First
of all comes, he says, the tale of the
"happy child," which seems to be the
rewarded and the wicked punished, the
story ending at that point as if cut off
with a knife. Then we have the story
in which the career of the principal per-
sonages is pursued to a little average
of 800 lines. And, last, the tale told of
the personages acting in it, the conclu-
sion in that case being often, he says,
more nonsense. One has seen all these
types in novels, and the like they have
been talking of for modern fiction,
but of what we call folklore, makes no
real difference. Is the critical faculty
really more developed in the ordinary
subscriber to Mudie than in primitive
man?

Under the title "Yeoman Service, Be-
ing the Diary of the Wife of an Impres-
sary Officer," Messrs. Smith,
Elder & Co. will publish immediately
the experiences of Lady Maud Rolles-
ton, who accompanied her husband,
Lieutenant Colonel Lancelot Rolleston,
honorary colonel of the South North
Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, to South
Africa, and was for some time in charge
of the convalescent hospital at Kimber-
ley before going to the front as a nurse
for the wounded.

Her husband and Lady Rolleston had
exceptional opportunities for conversa-
tion with the leading officials, British
and Boer, meeting many figures now
prominent on the South African stage,
and her diary is plentifully besprinkled
with anecdotes.

Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O., has
written especially for The Saturday
Evening Post of May 11, an article on
The Sports that Make the Man. He
places yachting high on the list, and
gives some interesting anecdotes of his
own career as an amateur yachtsman.

Sir Thomas is hopeful, if not con-
fident, of "lifting" the America's Cup
next autumn. He says, however, that
if it were a certainty he would not cross
the water; for there is no sporting in-
terest in "sure things."

This article will appear exclusively in
The Saturday Evening Post, of Phila-
delphia.

BOOKS.

In these days of the revival of the
sense of civic responsibility it is pleas-
ant to hear of a new novel that is to
set forth in part an example of cor-
rect and honest in official adminis-
tration, as compared with the bravery of
the firing line. The story in question
is Owen Johnson's "Arrows of the Al-
mighty," to appear shortly from the
house of Macmillan. The hero is an
officer of the commissary department at
Baltimore during the civil war, and the
various efforts to circumvent him on
the part of government contractors, as
set forth in the story, are said to con-
tain a very real and accurate gram-
mar of the situation.

How these schemes are defeated is
one of the chief motives of the book,
which, however, primarily deals with
the hero's struggle with more subtle
and stubborn foes within himself.

"It is perhaps difficult," says General
Edward McCrady, "for one who was so
closely associated with the events de-
scribed in the novel 'Who Goes There?'
to read it without a certain amount of
regret. It is, however, a very interest-
ing and instructive work, and it does
so vividly familiar scenes of old
times in which I personally shared. I can
testify to the truthfulness of those de-
scribed from the time Jones joined Com-
pany in the war, to the time he was
killed. The author's knowledge of the
Haskell's evening prayer was often wit-
nessed—there is no imagination in its
composition. Captain Haskell's char-
acter, too, is admirably portrayed—a
very kindler and nobler man than
I have ever known. The story is a
designed to be read by all who are
interested in the physiological account of
the mental shock and gradual but slow
recovery of Jones from the effects of
the wound on his head at Hanover, the
case of an officer of the regiment who
was injured by the fall of a tree in
camp. The story is most admirably told
by one who was himself a most gallant
soldier." This novel is now in its fourth
edition.

Intermediate Arithmetic, by Wm. J.
Milne, Ph. D., LL.D., president of the
New York State Normal College, is a
little book that has been prepared to
meet the demands of schools where the
first work in numbers is taught orally.
It begins at the point where students
enter upon the study of what is com-
monly called written arithmetic. It
contains a simple, logical presentation
of the topics which are usually the scope
of the subject, and is comprehensive enough
to meet the needs of those who are ob-
liged to leave school early, but neverthe-
less desire to gain a knowledge of the prin-
ciples and processes of arithmetic relat-
ing to practical life. The author, then,
written exercises has been supplied to
secure experience in computation, and a
great number of oral examples to in-
crease the pupil with confidence in his
ability to do the work. The book is
designed to be used as a text-book, and
serves a double purpose—it is a com-
prehensive elementary text-book, and a
thorough preparation for the more rigid
work of the author's Standard Arith-
metic.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. John Kimberley Mumford has
written in the May World's Work an
authoritative and interesting account
of the demands of schools where the
first work in numbers is taught orally.
It begins at the point where students
enter upon the study of what is com-
monly called written arithmetic. It
contains a simple, logical presentation
of the topics which are usually the scope
of the subject, and is comprehensive enough
to meet the needs of those who are ob-
liged to leave school early, but neverthe-
less desire to gain a knowledge of the prin-
ciples and processes of arithmetic relat-
ing to practical life. The author, then,
written exercises has been supplied to
secure experience in computation, and a
great number of oral examples to in-
crease the pupil with confidence in his
ability to do the work. The book is
designed to be used as a text-book, and
serves a double purpose—it is a com-
prehensive elementary text-book, and a
thorough preparation for the more rigid
work of the author's Standard Arith-
metic.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINES.

Ye call me just, and fear me not;
If I offend you, blame me not."

THE LITERARY PATRON.

Mentioning the poverty of rising au-
thors, reminds one that it has lately
been argued that the institution of the
patron might have to be revived for the
protection even of those who have made
their mark. Probably the author who
was neither a genius nor a quack—and,
after all, the great majority of the tribe
must always be of this calibre—and
who could find a patron seventy years
ago was quite as well off as he would be
now. The only thing he had to look
to was that he had friends who could
really give him something worth his
acceptance. Bruns, of course, received
an excellent income, which, although
it may now seem no very great matter,
was one much run after by the class
from which he had sprung. But \$5,000
was subscribed for Horne Tooke's "Dis-
quisitions of Purity," while Ames, for his
not very readable "History of India,"
was rewarded with a place in the
India office, starting at £500 and rising
to £2,000 a year. Leslie Stephen, who
mentions these sums in his excellent
"English Literature," seems inclined
to think them inadequate to the recep-
tance of the literary patron. He is
evidently a realist, and, except for a few lucky
ones who, like Sir Walter Scott, are
earning the salaries of cabinet minis-
ters, he is right. But, for those who live
by their pen, can make such sums now?

The fact seems to be that the patron
of old times generally gave his approval
for reasons which were not difficult to
discover, and that either by real merit
or by flattery his prodigious. The writ-
ter generally managed to bring him
the wares which suited him. But
Demos, though liberal enough when he
is pleased, is in the habit of bestowing
his patronage for much more crystal-
line reasons. One of his pet theories is that
a statesman is the best authority on
past times, a delusion which dates back
certainly as far as the times of Gaius
and Thers. It was doubtless this opinion
the Pall Mall Gazette, that caused Mr.
Gladstone's incursions upon the
Homeric age and the youth of the world
to be welcomed and Lord Rosebery's
"Napoleon" to sell like hot cakes. The
ministers of all governments, however,
generally know the foot they halt on,
as the success of many recent novelists
goes to show. But it has been reserved
for a German savant to show that,
while left to himself, always ready to
certain well-defined types of story, and
Herr Petzsch in his "Farnelshafte
Schlusse im Volksmarchen" has shown
us how all these can be classified. First
of all comes, he says, the tale of the
"happy child," which seems to be the
rewarded and the wicked punished, the
story ending at that point as if cut off
with a knife. Then we have the story
in which the career of the principal per-
sonages is pursued to a little average
of 800 lines. And, last, the tale told of
the personages acting in it, the conclu-
sion in that case being often, he says,
more nonsense. One has seen all these
types in novels, and the like they have
been talking of for modern fiction,
but of what we call folklore, makes no
real difference. Is the critical faculty
really more developed in the ordinary
subscriber to Mudie than in primitive
man?

Under the title "Yeoman Service, Be-
ing the Diary of the Wife of an Impres-
sary Officer," Messrs. Smith,
Elder & Co. will publish immediately
the experiences of Lady Maud Rolles-
ton, who accompanied her husband,
Lieutenant Colonel Lancelot Rolleston,
honorary colonel of the South North
Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, to South
Africa, and was for some time in charge
of the convalescent hospital at Kimber-
ley before going to the front as a nurse
for the wounded.

Her husband and Lady Rolleston had
exceptional opportunities for conversa-
tion with the leading officials, British
and Boer, meeting many figures now
prominent on the South African stage,
and her diary is plentifully besprinkled
with anecdotes.

Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O., has
written especially for The Saturday
Evening Post of May 11, an article on
The Sports that Make the Man. He
places yachting high on the list, and
gives some interesting anecdotes of his
own career as an amateur yachtsman.

Sir Thomas is hopeful, if not con-
fident, of "lifting" the America's Cup
next autumn. He says, however, that
if it were a certainty he would not cross
the water; for there is no sporting in-
terest in "sure things."

This article will appear exclusively in
The Saturday Evening Post, of Phila-
delphia.