LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

SUMMUM BONUM.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—wonder wealth,
And—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl. —Robert Browning.

AFTERWARD.

"I had a lover once," she sighed,
'Twas in the golden long ago,
When you were groom and I was bride,
Ah! how could he forsake me so!
Nay! tell me not my love is dead,
For 'tis not true; and yet, somehow,
It seems from out my heart he's fled,
I wonder where my love is now?"

"I had a sweetheart, once,' he cried,
"In those same olden, golden days,
When I was groom and you were bride,
She walked beside me all my ways,
Alas! I fear though he's not dead,
The missing lover you bemoan,
He has, the fickle rascal, fled
With the sweetheart I used to own."
—J. W. Foley.

BITS OF VERSE.

Echo Gives the Answer.

I asked of Echo, t'other day,
Whose words are few and often funny,
What to a question she would say
Of courship, love and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plainly: "Matter o' money."

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel gay and peri,
A pattern of consistency,
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo sharply: "Nary flirt."

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the gay deceiver,
She promised to amend her life
And sin no more—can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision: "Leave her."

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part,
To take the treasure or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: "Go it."

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vows she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, very coolly: "Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: "Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (sotto voce:) "Take her."

NOTES.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "Coniston," is announced by the Macmillan company for issue June 20.

* * *

"Lady Baltimore" heads the list of best selling books in the June Bookman.

* * *

Readers who admire Arthur William Brown's clever illustrations of Arthur Stringer's new novel, "The Wire Tappers," will be interested to known that it was Miss Maude Fealy, recently leading lady with the late Sir Henry Irving, who posed for the pictures of Mr. Stringer's erring but beautiful heroine. The artist had looked in vain through the list of New York professional models for just the right face and girlish figure. Then he went to the author of the novel in question, and the result was that Miss Fealy at last consented to forego her busy social and professional life long enough to allow the artist to get just the right impression down in black and white.

* * *

Jessie Juliet Knox of San Jose, Cal., the author of "Little Almond Blossoms," a collection of Chinese stories for children, with their scenes laid in Chinatown, San Francisco, barely escaped with her life from the recent earthquake. Writing to her publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, from San Jose, Mrs. Knox says: "Myself and family escaped by a perfect miracle, although our house was wrecked pretty badly. Before we had left our bedroom, the roof and chimney fell on the bed we had just occupied, so you see we escaped death by just a second. We are all very thankful to be alive. The great Chinatown, about which I have written in my book, is all gone. We think now that San Jose will have a large Chinatown, larger than ever before. There are now hundreds of Frisco Chinese in this place. No one has any money just now and the banks may not open for a month. Every one is living out of doors now, and we all have a perfect horror of houses." The numerous full-page illustrations of Chinatown scenes in Mrs. Knox's book are of special interest at the present time.

* * *

Lilian Whiting has left her Boston home for an extended visit to Colorado and Arizona in the preparation of her new book, "The Enchanted Mesas," in which she aims to interpret the wonderful progress and the splendors of scenic grandeur in those regions. Miss Whiting will remain in Arizona for some weeks at the Grand Canyon and other interesting points, and she plans to pass the month of August at Glenwood Springs in Colorado—a beautiful resort in the heart of the Rocky mountains. Her new book will be published by Little, Brown & Co., in the fall. In the early autumn Miss Whiting will sail for Europe, to pass the winter in Rome.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Austin's new poem, "The Poor of Humanity," is said by Canon Rawnsley to contain the Poet-Laureate's message to his time. "It is a poem of encouragement to those who in the darkness grope after truth, knowing that if they be content to suffer for the truth the quest shall not be in vain. It is a poem of hope for all who realize that love may lead us, even though we be half-blind, to the shore of that sea where in God's light we may see light."

A writer in the Sketch, apropos the fact that Alfred Austin receives little mercy from the critics, remarks that he is unaware of any mention being made that Gladstone, when established for the last time in Downing street, found among his many perplexities the question of the laureate-ship, and that he thought of appointing John Ruskin! The biographer of Sir Henry Acland says: "It is no longer a secret that in his endeavor to keep it (the laureateship) on the high moral plane where Wordsworth and Tennyson placed it, his thoughts strayed to Ruskin, and Acland was applied to by him as to whether Ruskin's health would permit of the offer being made; but Acland could give him no encouragement, and the project fell stillborn."

* * *

In addition to the volumes described in its spring announcement list, the MacMillan company are publishing this season the following books: "The New Earth: a recital of the triumphs of modern agriculture in America," by W. S. Harwood; "The Way of the Gods," by John Luther Long, author of "The Darling of the Gods;" "The Sin of George Warrener," by Marie Van Vorst; "Socialism," by John Spargo, author of "The Bitter Cry of the Children;" "The Psychological Principles of Education," by Professor H. H. Horne of Dartmouth; "The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century," by Professor Walter Raleigh; "On the Spanish Main," by John Masefield; "Days With Walt Whitman," by Edward Carpenter; "Wessex," painted by Walter Tyndale, described by Clive Holland; "From the Cotton Field to the Cotton Mill: A study of the industrial transition in North Carolina," by J. Holland Thompson; "How to Choose a Farm," by Professor T. F. Hunt; Mr. A. C. Benson's life of "Walter Pater," in the English Men of Letters Series; "A Handbook to the Works of William Shapespeare," by Morton Luce; "In Quest of Light," by Professor Goodwin Smith; "Lord Curzon in India; being a selection from his speeches as Viceroy and governor general of India, 1898-1905," with an introduction by Sir Thomas Raleigh; "The Door of Humility," by Alfred Austin; "The Story of Brussels," by Ernest Gilliat Smith, in the Melleaval Town Series; "Studies in Poetry and Criticism," by Professor John Churton Collins; "Euripides and the Spirit of His Dramas," by Paul Ducharme, translated by James Leob; and "The Life of Henry Enfield Roscoe."

BOOKS.

It is not often that a prose writer can make good poetry, but Meredith Nicholson, author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," and other ingenious romances, has proven a notable exception. In a volume of about 100 pages of verse, Mr. Nicholson has demonstrated a poetic muse of high mettle, and many who read will be able to draw harmful comparisons between his verse and other of the best American writers of recent years. Two or three of these, notably "The Wind at Whitsuntide" and "The Valley of Vision," are reminiscent of Edward Markham, though not in an imitative way, and the lighter ones have the grace of touch and spirit that is the hallmark of the true poet. The volume is made up partly of poems which have appeared from time to time in leading magazines, partly of poems here printed for the first time.

Distinction marks every page of the book—a distinction strangely compounded of simplicity and charm, for, as Mr. Nicholson himself says of charm in one of his most characteristic poems:

"The subtlest of all mystic things,
'Tis strange indeed that it should be,
When worn by poets, beggars, kings,
The garment of Simplicity."

The range of the poet is great; he writes of the winds and the mountains with an Hebraic fervor and a prophet's sense of the immanence of God; he sings of youth and beauty with a playful and lingering tenderness; music through him sounds her chords of purest feeling; his patriotic poems ring out like a bugle call. And he writes always of life and death, and all their changes with sincerity, nobility of ideals, faith, and a heart open to the benign influences of nature and mankind. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Sympathy.

He lives more lives than one, who shares
The weight of human woe;
Whose willing shoulder bravely bears
The yoke of friend and foe.
He lives more lives than one, who seeks
Ambition's lofty goal;
Whose every effort but bespeaks
A grand, responsive soul.

He lives more lives than one, whose love
Breathes incense, warm and rare;
Who, loyal as the stars above,
Yields homage ever fair.
He lives more lives than one, and dies
A thousand deaths, who gives
A sympathy, wide as the skies,
To everything that lives.
—Lurana W. Sheldon, in N. Y. Times.

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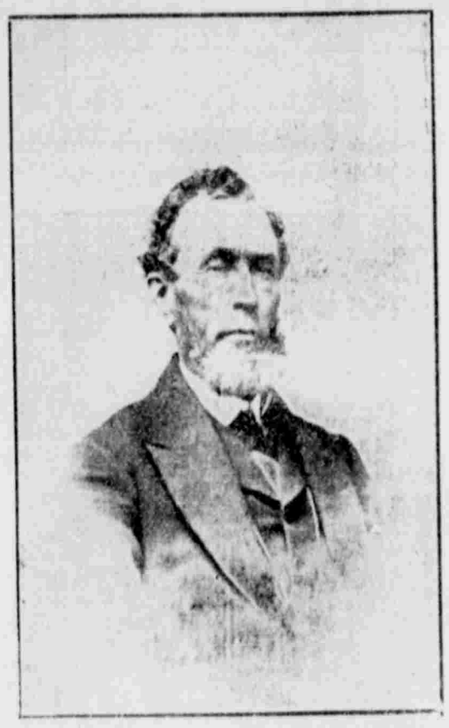

JACOB GATES.
Well Known Churchman of a Generation Ago as He Looked in 1855.

Death Was Near to Mary Anderson and Robert Hichins.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 9.—Robert Hichins, I hear from Italy, has just settled down for a lengthy stay in the picturesque Sicilian town of Taormina, and while there means to finish his new book, a sequel to his "Call of the Blood," which is just about to be published on both sides of the Atlantic.

I wonder, by the way, if any account has reached the United States of the narrow escape from death which Hichins had, the other day, in company with his friend, Mary Anderson, the famous ex-actress. It is reported by my Italian correspondent, and as the affair has not been mentioned in any English newspaper, it is possible that American readers have not heard of it, either.

It seems, however, that the former Shakespearean actress and the author of "The Garden of Allah," who are old acquaintances, met by chance in Southern Italy a week or so ago, and that while traveling together between Naples and Raggio, an uncommonly serious accident happened to their train. The details which have reached me are not quite clear, but there evidently was a collision in which the carriage occupied by Hichins and Madame de Navarro was wrecked, and several persons to the right and left of them either killed or badly injured, the author and the great ex-actress escaping, however, with only a severe shaking up.

This exciting adventure over, Madame de Navarro elected to remain in Raggio, while Hichins went on to Taormina, where he at once began work on his new book. As is usual with him, the author of "The Green Carnation" has sought a particularly remote and quiet spot in order to be able to write without interruption. He will, by the way, publish a couple of new short stories, before long, and has also had a new four-act play accepted by one of the chief London theatrical managers. And as his last book, "The Garden of Allah," was generally acknowledged to be almost, if not quite, real "literature," there is reason for general satisfaction over Mr. Hichins' escape from serious injury, if not a worse fate.

* * *

A pen picture of John Stuart Mill by so great an artist in words as Thomas Hardy cannot fail to be interesting to American admirers of both writers, so it is not amiss to quote part of a letter which Mr. Hardy contributed to the London Times, the other day, apropos of the recent centenary of the philosopher's birth.

In this letter, the author of "Tess" describes Mill as he first saw him during the philosopher's famous candidature for Westminster in 1865. "The hustings," he says, "had been erected in Covent garden, near the front of St. Paul's church, and when I—a young man living in London—drew near to the spot, Mill was speaking. The appearance of the author of the treatise 'On Liberty' (which we students of that date knew almost by heart), was so different from the look of persons who usually address crowds in the open air that it held the attention of people for whom such a gathering in itself had little interest. Yet it was, primarily, that of a man out of place. The religious sincerity of his speech was jarred on by his environment—a group on the hustings who, with few exceptions, did not care to understand him fully, and a crowd below who could not.

"He stood bareheaded, and his vast pale brow, so thin-skinned as to show the blue veins, sloped back like a stretching upland, and conveyed to the observer a curious sense of perilous exposure. The picture of him as personified earnestness surrounded for the most part by careless curiosity derived an added piquancy—if it can be called such. From the fact that the cameo clearness of his face chanced to be in relief against the blue shadow of a church which, on its transcendental side, his doctrines antagonized. But it would not be right to say that the throng was absolutely unimpressed by his words, it felt that they were weighty, though it did not quite know why."

* * *

In Paris, everyone is wondering who will secure the remarkable collection of "press cuttings" which a certain agency got up for King Peter of Servia, some time ago, but which it failed to deliver to that much tried monarch and consequently will now try to sell at auction. When first he was called to the throne, Peter I was anxious to know the world's opinion about him, and instructed the before-mentioned agency to collect all press cuttings, and accordingly before many weeks, a collection was forthcoming which, as regards quantity, at any rate, would make a prima donna jealous.

By his majesty's command, this collection was bound, and the manager of the agency himself took the 15 volumes to Belgrade to present them to his royal client. But there a terrible disappointment awaited him. The king of Servia, lacking in humor, gazed with horror and indignation at the collection, wherein English, French, German and Swiss caricaturists had displayed their wit at his expense. While the agency clamored for its money, the king was roaring threats inside his palace, declaring that nothing would induce him to pay a cent for these volumes. When the agency threatened to exhibit these morocco bound books, the king shouted: "I don't care, as long as they are not exhibited to me." So now the press cuttings, which number over 30,000, are to be sold to the highest bidder, and there is not much doubt that the auction will be a great "draw."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 books will be added to the public library, Monday, June 11, 1906:

Acton, Ed.—Cambridge Modern History, vol 9, Napoleon.
Franklin—Works, Federal ed., 12 vols.
Rawling—Great Plateau.
Robinson—English Furniture.
Rogers—Tree-book.

FRENCH BOOKS.

Balzac—Tenebreuse Affaire.
Balzac—Chouans.
Chateaubrand—Memoires d'Oture Tombe.
David—Le Serment.
De la Landelle—Une Haine a Bord.
Hugo—Bug-Jargal.
Lamartine—Deux heroines de la Revolution Francaise.
Nodier—Jean Shogar.
Thierry—Normands en Angleterre et en France.

FICTION.

Andrews—Bob and the Guides.
Carey—No. 161.
De La Pasture—Man from America.
Green—Leon Pontifex.
Hutten—Pam Decides.
Pidgin—Corsician Lovers.
Robertson—Pink Typhoon.
Ryan—For the Soul of Rafael.
Rydberg—Singoalla.
Williams—Day-dreamer.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

No person is more closely identified with Kansas than William Allen White. Almost everyone remembers his amusing and pungent editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" Though his literary and journalistic talent would assure him success in any large eastern town, Mr. White prefers to remain in Emporia, Kan., and edit the Emporia Gazette, which, during his period of ownership, he has made one of the leading papers of our country.

His pen is never more inspired than when he is writing of his beloved native state and nothing that he has produced has contained more of his affection for Kansas, nor more of his whimsically and thoroughly delightful humor, than his latest book, "In Our Town." It is a sort of American "Window in Thrums," in which a country editor writes of the life and people in his typical western farming village, describing the town characters and telling their amusing, tragic or mysterious stories.

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Baked Custard
Two eggs beaten light, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 can Carnation Cream diluted with same amount of water, pour into buttered pan, grate nutmeg over top. Set in a larger pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven. Insert a clean knife blade and when it comes out clean, custard is done. Watch it closely to prevent cooking too much. Serve ice-cold.

DO YOUR CHILDREN ASK QUESTIONS
Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. It won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers, not about words only, but about things, the sun, men, machinery, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to study of the dictionary.
Of course you want the best dictionary. The most critical prefer the New and Enlarged Edition of
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It won't take so many dollar's worth of paint to cover your house, the way you want it covered, and it will be a well painted house long after so-called "cheap" paint has faded and gone.
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Pennsylvania Saponifier is the original and old reliable concentrated Lye for family soap making and general household uses. Has many imitations but no equal. The genuine has Pennsylvania Salt Mfg. Co., Phila., stamped on the lid.
Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

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CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD BY B.B.B.
Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose stopped? Do you snore at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent pains in the forehead? Do you have pains across the eyes? Are you losing your sense of smell? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are you losing your sense of taste? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh.
Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and leaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh. Blood Balm (B.B.B.) purifies the blood, does away with every symptom, giving strength to the entire Mucus membrane, and (B.B.B.) [illegible] a rich, tingling flood of warm, ri[illegible] pure blood direct to the paralyzed se[illegible] mucous membrane, bones and joint[illegible] giving warmth and strength just wh[illegible] it is needed, and in this way making a perfect lasting cure of catarrh in all its [illegible].
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If you are gradually growing deaf or are already deaf or hard of hearing, try Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) most forms of deafness or partial deafness are caused by catarrh, and in curing catarrh by B. B. B. thousands of men and women have had their hearing completely restored.
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