



THE AWAKENED GIANT.

As Chaldean shepherds count the stars,
And George rear his royal pyramid;
The Roman drive his clanging battle-axes
To wreck the wonders that the Greeks did.

Watch them grow to glory and decline,
They drink the common cup of pygmy men.
"Each other destiny is mine!"
The laughing giant-giant even then!

Here within his armor of Conceit,
And crushed by Platonic and Power,
The thousand years he lay in slumber
Till crafty enemies abode their hour.

The Bear, soft creeping thro' the un-
guarded wall,
His duteous province with his
greasy paw,
The Eagle hovers o'er the palace hall,
And cities vanish in the Lion's maw.

Slumbers? Not he wakes in wild
scurries
Of peril imminent from hidden foe,
He glances in his narrow eyes,
And hatred lightens with a baleful
glare.

With subtle subduer Samson of the
East,
Thou art avall to hold him there!
Down, O Reckless at the Nations'
Feast,
Let him pull down the Temple on ye
all!

—Ernest Neal Lyon.

CAPTAINS OF HIGH PURPOSE

Let timid sailors homeward fare,
Let false prophets cry "Alack!"
The captain of high purpose dare,
There is no turning back.

The charm of infection lures,
The bottom drift on ocean wide—
The captain whose hope endures
Part to a change of tide.

Let here and there, there sail life's
seas
Heart hearts that strive to weather
all
The stormy doubt nor calm's long ease
Their faith shall overhaul.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

NOTES.

It would seem as if Madame Sarah
had as a propagandist was really to
be social distinction at last. There
has been quite a stirring of
something like rebellion against family
anarchy in England, and we find the
modifications of the movement in the
pages of more than one respectable
journal in that country. Critical
journal like the Spectator have taken
up the question, and with alarm
of the family, according to the
rebellion of the English
daughter to the changing conditions
of manners leaving English society,
and her increasing desire for less
restriction and more independence. In
this she has no doubt been influenced
to some extent during recent years by
the standard of comparative indepen-
dence which the American sister en-
joys, but the literature and especially
the fiction of a country is a power in
dominating ideas. It cannot be ques-
tioned that the discussion of the
woman's position in the family and in
society in England has had much to
do with the present perturbation of the
English feminine mind. Such books as
"The Heavenly Twins," "The Beth-
shab," and "Rab's Impossibly," be-
lieve it or not, have been discussed,
and not fail to have an unsettling ef-
fect, and on the whole it cannot be
said that the English girl much regrets,
and it may do her a lot of good.

The Messrs. Harper announce that, in
response to a continued demand, they
have just brought out new editions of
the following well-known works: "An-
tiquities," by Sir J. Gardner
Whitman; Charles Kendall Adams' "A
Manual of Historical Literature," and
the Exposition "Under Captains Lewis
and Clark" across the Rocky Moun-
tains and to the mouth of the Columbia
river.

"Mr. Green" is the somewhat ordinary
name of an extraordinary visitor from
foreign shores who is soon to visit us.
John Murray, the publisher in England
of the chronicles of this unique person,
has been the book will rival in popu-
larity his recent publication, the
famous "Love Letters." The vol-
ume is said to have the same charm of
personality, finding its only possible
rival in the ever-entertaining "Mr.
Green."

Miss Haggard has just passed his
forty-third birthday. Twenty years ago
he had not written a single book, while
today twenty and more are selling from
the shelves of the land of gold that
he has sold mine to him. It was the
discovery of the land of gold that
made him an author, and though he
has not picked up any nuggets in the

erant years. The publication in a
provincial paper of his first story was but
a gesture which brought some hint of
relief he longed for. Then came his
friendship with Kipling and the as-
tounding success of "Chalky" which
"At one bound the vagrant became an
author. He had entered upon the
path of glory, had left behind the fields
of poverty and to the cheering."
"Sketches and tales followed in rapid
succession, most of them appearing in
the Zephyr, though sometimes the Rus-
sian Bogatstvo condescended to ad-
mit him. They were masterly, vibrant
transcriptions of the life he had known
many were autobiographical, and all
were illumined by pity and darkened
by pessimism, the dumb pessimism of
the submerged, of those who suffer and
can see no end to suffering."
"At times as in the 'Song of the
Falcon,' the note became piercing in
its lyric beauty; or proud in its de-
fiance, as in the 'Song of the Petrel.'
More often, though, he showed the in-
terior of some foul kabak, where bitter
words were spoken and fierce blows
struck, where women were beaten for
mere relaxation, and vodka at length
brought sullen oblivion."
"Now and again the picture was re-
lieved by some primal being who ad-
ded a flash of radiance or lent a mo-
ment of savage fervor, but she usually
left the sufferer more troubled, more
disheartened than ever—witness 'Mal-
va,' or 'Twenty-six and One'—and he
often for some one more forlorn, more
abandoned than himself."
"These early tales chanted the Ody-
ssey of the outcast, the petty waga-
ron, the itinerant collier or dia-
smith, the navvies or the fisherman on
the bleak headland. All the restlessness
of soul, the scorn of convention, the
blind craving for something different,
something better, perhaps, which char-
acterize these creatures, Gorky mir-
rored with insistent power and pre-
cision. His heroes were always victims,
and the victims were, as in Russian
fiction, usually heroes."

"Yet there was something defiant, al-
most majestic about them. Instead of
being reprimanded, it was they who re-
primanded—often with pathetic bravado.
Told in grim, ruthless accents, their
story caused a shudder of pity and of
terror to shoot from the black face of
Archangel. It was a triumph not of
rare artist as he is, there is something
wanting in his personality and he is not
quite a great man." Mr. Henley pro-
nounced the story a sad one, and said
that the sadness was unnecessary and
unavoidable. "In one scene—the scene
where Gorky is informed of the way
of his mother's death—Mr. Hardy rises
to the situation, and does nobly. But
elsewhere he is only excessively clever
and earnest, and disappointing." We
very much doubt if this judgment
would be held today by any critic, not
even perhaps by Mr. Henley himself.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The
Right of Way," which has just been
concluded in the August Harper's, will
be published early in September in
book form. The novel will make a
splendid leader of the season's fiction,
and will undoubtedly arouse an interest
that will be hardly surpassed by its
successors. More than any work of fic-
tion Mr. Parker has written is "The
Right of Way" likely to establish his
reputation as a novelist of the first
rank, and to this work of his at least
may be applied the epithet "great."
Those who have followed the story in
its serial form must have felt, when
the concluding installment was reached,
that few more powerful and satisfying
pieces of fiction, sustained on a high
level and executed with a high sense of
artistry, have been published for a long
time. Somewhere and feels the justifi-
cation of Mr. Parker's aim and art in the
death scene of Charles Steele—a scene
which will linger with the great scenes
in fiction in the reader's memory. It is
at a crucial moment like this that the
vision of the artist reveals itself. The
story in its serial form has been fol-
lowed with the greatest interest and
widely commented on by the press, one
of prominent New York paper now de-
claring that it is likely to stand in the
rank of the year's important contribu-
tions to fiction, and more deservedly than a good
many others."

There are signs on all sides of a
quickening of interest in George Eliot.
Within the past few weeks one Ameri-
can publisher has issued a very respect-
able life of George Eliot, and in Eng-
land there is the immediate announce-
ment that Mr. Leslie Stephen, who had
the advantage of a personal acquaint-

heretofore done the famous novelist's
relation towards the Positivist move-
ment. A hitherto unpublished letter
of George Eliot's will be reproduced in
fac simile.

Literary history is made so fast in
these days, and one author passes an-
other on the road so frequently, that a
reviewer may be forgiven for being in-
norant of or forgetting a writer's pre-
vious work. When "The Prisoner of
Zenda" made its appearance it was
hailed with acclamations of applause,
as the first work of a new and amaz-
ingly clever writer, although Mr. Anthony
Hope had already several amazingly
clever works of fiction to his credit,
notably "Half a Hero."
This aspect he has never equalled. Ot-
her instances might be cited, but the one
to hand is sufficient for the present. Mr.
Alfred Ollivant's delightful dialogue
story, "The Cleansing of a Life," with
which the August Harper's begins its
summer festive number, has been sing-
led out everywhere for its brilliant
qualities, and noted as a departure in
a new line for the author "Rob, Son of
Battle." As a matter of record it is just
a year ago since "Two and a Rose,"
a dialogue story in a similar vein, ap-
peared in Harper's Magazine.

BOOKS.

It will be welcome news to the many
admirers of Miss Bertha Anderson's lit-
erary efforts to learn that she has
gathered the best of her poems together
and published them in a volume. The
title of the book is "Kethia, and other
Poems," the first name being that of
the opening poem in the volume—an
ambitious narrative effort, recounting
in musical verse an Indian love story,
of original motive and incident, and told
with the poetic grace of expression
which distinguishes all the author's
work. There are some thirty short
poems in the volume, all of them well
expressed and many of them containing
evidences of original thought and high
poetic merit. From these last, we would
select as gems of the collection "Small
things," "The Two Akenings," "The
Wa," "We Choose," "A Tribute," and
"Opportunity." There are a number of
others deserving of special mention,
and the entire collection is a credit to
the author. Miss Anderson is to be
complimented upon her first effort in
bookmaking, which will lead many to
look with exceptional interest for fur-
ther productions from her pen.—Pub-
lished by the Deseret News Co.

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and mysterious, but somewhat illogical.
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GIRL TO GRACE DOME.

The dome of the capitol of Colorado is to be beautified by a statue of the
ideal Colorado girl. An eminent sculptor has been engaged for the work and
the Centennial State will be thoroughly searched for its highest type of love-
liness. It is the general belief that the honor will fall to Miss Mabelle Irene
Myers, a society belle of Cripple Creek, New York and Washington. She is a
perfect type of Gibson girl, willowy and graceful.

bold realism, but of neo-romanticism
stronger, more colorful and more hu-
man than any yet known. The
"Those passionate words spoken at
the grave of Nekrasov had proven
true; the next prophet had come from
the people, and had spoken of the peo-
ple, and to the people."

The fact that he had become the
center of enthusiasm seems to have
proven too much for Gorky. Dostoyev-
sky, shattered and triumphant, under-
stood when they bore him above their
heads. Not so is this boy of two and
thirty. He seems dazed, like a bewil-
dered child, not knowing where to turn."

George Kennan's unceremonious ex-
pulsion from the Russian empire has
drawn public attention to his book,
"Siberia and the Exile System," which
started the world ten years ago by
its revelation of the way political op-
ponents were treated by the czar. As a
serial in the Century the same material
had caused a veritable sensation. Copies
of the magazine circulated in the czar's
dominions reached their destination
with whole pages blocked out by the
censor. The book has not lost its inter-
est in the past decade and even before
Mr. Kennan's summary ejection from
St. Petersburg it had been selling better
than for several years past. It is un-
derstood that certain reforms have been
effected in the Siberian penal system,
the necessity of which was pointed out
in this work.

Egerton Castle's dramatic and ab-
sorbing story of Paris, with an accom-
panying of the royal Stuarts as one of
the chief characters and with his wife—an
American—as the heroine, is now run-
ning serially in the Cosmopolitan Mag-
azine, and will be published in book
form in the autumn. Mr. Castle writes
to his publishers that the story has
been dramatized most successfully in
Great Britain, and that its success on
the stage there has been very remark-
able. The Kendalls will probably present
the play in this country later on. The
publication of "The Secret Orchard" in
book form is likely to be one of the
most notable events in the world of fic-
tion during the autumn of 1901. The
publishers are using their best efforts
to make the dress of the volume worthy
of its contents and are preparing a very
large first edition.

There seems to be no near prospect
of a novel from Mr. Thomas Hardy's
pen, which has rested from fiction since
"Jude the Obscure," published some
five years ago. Since then we have had
a volume of "Wessex Poems," which
was so well received that Mr. Hardy
has prepared a new volume to be
called "A Cens of Feeling, Dream and
Deed," which will include his poems in-
spired by the war in South Africa.
Messrs. Harper & Brothers will issue
this volume as well as another book of
verse this autumn, by W. E. Henley,
to be entitled "Hawthorn and Laven-
der." Eminent as an editor Mr. Henley
discovered several of the younger well-
known British authors, but it is as a
poet and as the friend and collaborator
of Stevenson that he is pre-eminent.
These two volumes are events of liter-
ary importance for Mr. Hardy's work
is peculiar to his own beloved Wessex,
and Mr. Henley as a poet ranks among
the foremost English poets now left to
us. Apropos of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hen-
ley, it is interesting to note that when
"The Return of the Native" was pub-
lished in 1879, a criticism of it by Mr.
Henley appeared in the Academy, in
which was complained that in all of Mr.
Hardy's work "there is a certain in-
guine quality of insincerity, that,

SENATOR'S BRIDE HAPPY.



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Some romantic events incidental to the
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MAGAZINES.

The "Adoption of Ross" is the title
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les and a number of interesting anec-
dotes, besides the usual excellent
children's department.

"POETRY FOR POETRY'S SAKE."

Mr. A. B. Bradley, the new professor
of poetry at Cambridge University,
lately delivered a lecture under this
title, the concluding paragraph of which
was as follows:

"About the best poetry, and not only
the best, there floats an atmosphere of
infinite suggestion. The poet speaks to
us of one thing, but in this one thing
there seems to lurk the secret of all.
He said what he meant, but his mean-
ing seems to beckon away beyond itself,
or rather to expand into something
boundless which is only focused in it;
something also which, we feel, would
satisfy not only the imagination, but
the whole of us; that something within
us, and without, which everywhere

Makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart.

"Those who are susceptible to this
effect of poetry find it not only, per-
haps not most, in the ideals she has
sometimes described, but in a child's
song by Christina Rossetti about a
mere crown of wild-flowers, and in
tragedies like 'Lear,' where the sun
seems to have set for ever. They hear
this spirit murmuring its undertone
through the 'Aeneid' and catch its
voice in the song of Keats's nightingale,
and it pierces them no less in
Shelley's hopeless lament, 'O world, O
life, O time, than in the rapturous ec-
stasy of his 'Life of Life.' This all-em-
bracing perfection cannot be expressed
in poetic words or words of any kind,
nor yet in music or in color, but the
suggestion of it is in much poetry, if
not all, and poetry has in this sugges-
tion, this 'murmuring,' the greatest
value. We do it wrong, and we defeat
our own purposes when he try to bend
it to them:
We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is as the air invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mock-
ery."

"It is a spirit. It comes we know not
whence. It will not speak at our bid-
ding, nor answer in our language. It
is not our servant; it is our master."

QUERIES ABOUT AUTHORS.

1. What does Anthony Hope?
To Marietta Holley.

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a monograph by Mrs. Elizabeth Strong
Worthington, which sounds a warning
in regard to overwork in public and
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There is not a happier woman in Washington than Mrs. Joseph C. S.
Blackburn, the newly wedded wife of the United States senator from Ken-
tucky. Mrs. Blackburn is fair and forty, and a very prepossessing woman.
She was a widow of a distant relative of her present husband and was
named Blackburn before she married the senator. Senator Blackburn lost his
first wife a little over a year ago.

ance with George Eliot, and who to a
large extent shared her opinions, is
engaged on a book of the author of
"Adam Bede." Some time ago it was
also announced that Mr. Sidney Lee
was preparing a life of George Eliot
for the literary series of monographs
which Messrs. Blackwood and Dodd,
Mead & Co. are publishing in con-
junction. We learn that an attractive
feature of Harper's Magazine for Sep-
tember will be a paper of "Reminiscences
of George Eliot" by Mr. Frederic Har-
rison, who visited this country last
winter. This article will be of especial
importance to those students of George
Eliot who are interested in Positivism, as
it defines more clearly than has been

who had lost his chair through inebri-
ety, is forced by a brother of the wo-
man, at the point of a pistol, to mar-
riage with a laughing widow with one
or two children. The same day the tim-
orous and disgusted bridegroom leaves
on a steamer for South Africa, where
he remains for some years, and then
returns to England, and his wife
still living. Presumed to have been
blown to pieces by a dynamite explo-
sion two days after, he reappears to
some of his friends in disguise a week
later, puts the seal of silence on their
lips, and then leaves England forever.
Some romantic events incidental to the
story occur, but they add but little to
its consistency.—New York: D. Apple-
ton & Co.

The "Adoption of Ross" is the title
of the opening story in the Youth's
Companion for this week, and tells the
story of an orphan who, thrown on
the charity of the world, finally in-
tegrates herself into the good will of
a man who has become embittered
through the loss of his wife, till almost
all sympathy and self-feeling have be-
come dried up. "The Circus at Tem-
pleton" is an amusing tale of two
lads who walk twelve miles to meet the
circus about to enter their town, and
then fall asleep some distance from
the roadside, while it passes by leav-
ing them to walk home, thereby being
late for the afternoon performance.
There are two or three other good stor-

None need
suffer from
Indigestion or
Dyspepsia.
The Bitters is a
sure cure for
these as well as for
Nervousness,
Flatulency, or
Malaria,
Fever and Ague.
All druggists
sell it.

2. What happens when John Hendrick
Bangs?
Samuel Smiles.
3. When is Marion Evans Creeg?
When William Dean Howells.
4. When did Thomas Buchanan Read?
Just after Winthrop Mackworth
Prater.
5. Why was Rider Haggard?
Because he let Rose Terry Cooke.
6. Why is Sarah Grand.
To make Andrew Marvel.
7. How Long will Samuel Lover?
Until Justin Winsor.
8. What gives John Burnard Payne?
When Robert Burns Augustus
Hare.
9. When did Mary Mapes Dodge?
When George W. Cutter.
10. Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
In Mungo Park, on Thomas Hill.
11. Why did Lewis Carroll?
To put a stop to Francis Quarles.
12. Why is George Canning?
To teach Julia Ward Howe.
13. What aided Harriet Beecher Stowe?
Bunyan.
14. What does Charles Reade?
The Lookman.
- H. M. Greenleaf, in the August Book-
man.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SMILE.

In that fair Land where slopes and
plain
Chine back to sun and sky,
And olive shield the spreading grain
When Wintry arrows fly,
Where snow-cold streams seek sun-
warmed vale
Through vineyard-scraped defile,
The world to enter with a wall
She greeted with a smile.

Slumbering she smiled, and smiling
woke,
And when she felt the smart
Of grave and life, smiles still bespoke
Her tenderness of heart.
And nightly when she knelt and
prayed
Her face was one pure smile that made
A heaven about her head.

When Love first trobled in her ear
The heart-throbs that beguile,
And she to enter with a wall
Then chased it with a smile.

Sorrow and pain with smiles she bore
Unto her latest breath;
But the sweetest smile she ever wore
Was the smile she wore in death.