

A LITERARY TREASURE TROVE.

The leading writers and artists of England have contributed original poems, short stories and sketches to "The May Book," a volume published by the Macmillan company, Ltd., of London, in aid of the Charing Cross hospital.

MERELY BEAUTIFUL.

The Maestro obligingly tried her voice, and twirled on the stool where he sat; He said: "You've a gift, but you never will sing till you open your mouth (And it makes a grimace that is death to the face when you open your mouth like that.)

They said at the school that her talent for art was one that they viewed But that if she would paint she must dress like a guy and frequently screw (And wrinkles come thick and remarkably quick to the ladies that screw up

Her lyrics were charming, but wanting in depth; 'twas thought they would never be right. Till she'd known a great sorrow, that ages the face and makes the hair rapid-(And a frown crossed her forehead, for that she thought horrid; she much preferred auburn to white.)

She's the lovellest hair and a rose-petal skin, and the bluest of wondering Every horse in the street as it sees her approach kicks madly with rapture (And you really are fair-that's a fact I can swear-when a horse can detect

But the gifts of the gods she has thrown in the dust; her beauty is all that Can she sing, can she paint, can she write out her heart? All this might have been, but is not.

(And without all the three, Oh, I wish she loved me! But I'm sorry to say

The battle would be brief-the vic-

R. B.-A POEM.

His life went singing like a moun-

Who climbs the hill and carols while

Above the snows he heard the facry

Of God's dim bells, and felt no shade

He leaped in faith from year to glim-

I have known no goodlier spirit. Where

Love masqueraded in rough skins

Loud was the voice wherewith he rhymed and talked.

But warmer heart, or moved in

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Aspiring owl, I sometimes think I am, Without brain-power to carry me up

A minus-talent, meager, mental, sham,

I wonder why on earth I've not more

Than thus to be, as 'twere ambition's

Who labors hard to learn that he's a

How kind 'twould be of you, who never

With self-doubt plagued, to look into

And, finding me the powerless victim

of a dream.
To tell me true you think me second-

I'd throw aside my pen-at least I'd

Write any more that's destined for

Would be to shine for beaut y and for

TO A GIRL SINGING.

Sing, as the sun sings through the rain.

Sing, as the home-wind in the sail,

Sing to me-sing-and sing again-

Sing me of life and toil and time

And sine me, at the last, of love-

O bugle of dawn. O flute of rest. Sing, and once more, as in the prime.

There shall be nothing but the best!

NOTES.

During the trial of the Kinling suit

testimony regarding his royalties was given. The figures are interesting. For "Many Inventions" the publishers paid \$2,500 cash in advance and a 20 per cent royalty; for "The Seven Seas," \$2,000

-By Sarah Grand.

the press; And from that day my whole and sole

He wins at best a sorry recompense

Ambition-driven only to aspire.

Was never stirred by man's vicis-

-By Edmund Gosse.

Feigning to be some monster of

braced by hope's high alpine

-By Marie Correlli.

tory, mine!

of fear.

atmosphere.

and claws.

situdes.

my state.

the woods;

adlier cause,

HINC ILLAE LACHRYMAE. Not hence, O Earth, the saddest tears

That we are puny creatures of thy swift revert to our parental Which breeds from e'en the ashes of Nor that the span of time 'tis ours to Above our graves is darkened by dis-And marred by sordid cares and pangs Not from our pain the deepest tears upleap.

But hence these tears-that through the mists of youth There gleams a golden world of mira-Which, even when its glamour fades and ruth Has dispossessed our sense that all is Still stirs by levely face of lofty truth Some dream of Beauty unpossessable. —By Israel Zangwill.

THE SUPERSEDED.

As newer comers crowd the fore We drop behind; We who have labored long and sore Times out of mind, And keen are yet, must not regret To grop behind.

Yet there are of us some who grieve To go behind; Stanch, strenuous souls who scarce be-Their fires declined.

And know none cares, remembers, Who go behind.

Tis not that we have unforetold The drop behind; We feel the new must oust the old

n every kind, But yet, we think, must we, must WE, Too, drop behind?

THE SOUL'S DISCOVERY.

-By Thomas Hardy.

I have found Thee, O Ged! in cold temples made with human hands. But in the broad beneficence of skies, And in the flowering-time of meadow

I have heard Thy Voice, Not in the pauses of a priestly But in the tender whispering of the And in the daily breathings of the air

I have felt Thy Touch. Not in the rush of world's delight or But in heart-breaking agony and tears, And in the slow pulsations of strong

I have known Thy Love. Not when earth's flattering friends around me smiled.

But in deep solitude of desolate days-Then wast Thou very gentle with Thy

I have seen Thy Face, only in the Great Light of the But through the darkness of forgotten graves
And in the dawning recompense of

Yes. I have found Thee. God! Thy breath doth fill me with a fire divine-And were a thousand worlds like this

per cent royalty.

People who read and enjoyed "Fes-Feorle who read and enjoyed Festus" in the days when its vogue was at its height will perhaps be surprised to learn that its author is still hale and hearty at the patriarchal age of 85. The poem appeared when he was a young man of 23 and has passed through eleven editions in Great British and you have the second real second read the second read through the second ain and no less than thirty in this country. Born in Nottinghamshire, a country, Born in Nothinghamshire, a country of which his father is the historian, he studied at Glasgow University and then entering Lincoln's Inn, became a barrister in London, but never practiced. He is now living at The Elms, near his native Nottingham.

One of the most sensational literary One of the most sensational literary law suits for some years has been commenced and is going to be fought out. Messrs. Pearson, when commencing their new periodical, The Ladies' Magazine, purchased at a cost of \$10,000 the serial rights of Hall Cain.'s "The Eternal Ciry." The story was not written at the time of the purchase, but Mr. Caine unactook to furnish it by installments. At a certain point the Pearsons found themselves unable to publish the inthemselves unable to publish the in-stallments. There were negotiations, but the upshot has been that they have taken the unprecedented course of bringing the story to an end and have also commenced action for damages against air. Caine, who intends to de-

The case will probably not come on till automn. In the meantime his book is to be published in August by Heine-3 4 8

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's powsits, frances Horgson Burnett's pow-erful novel. "The Da Willoughby Claim." has joined the 109,000-circula-tion class. This makes a trio of Scrib-ner cooks of the last two seasons in this class, the other two being "Ernest Scion-Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock."

It will be no surprise to those fumthat the suli of Kirling against C. P.
Putnam's Sons, for alleged infringement of copyright and trade mark, has
resulted in a defeat of the plaintiff.

Booth Tarkington, author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsleur dicaucaire," cas a new novel well under way. It will be a more ambitious effort than either of this author's successful books. The work will deal with the effect of theatrical life upon an actor's character. an actor's character.

"Who Is Right?" is to be the title of Tolstoi's new novel. It is a psychological study and deals with Russian life among the official classes. The become of the book is Vera, daughter of an mploys of the Ministry of Agriculture, she has ben influenced by the liberal ideas of foreign countries in which her ather, Vladimir Ivanovitch Spessiv-soff, has traveled with his family, Rearring to Russia she quarrels with the conservative and unprogressive opinons of those with whom she is brought a contact. Possessed by a spirit of ac-livity, she takes advantage of an opoctunity to live a useful life among to common people and she refuses to the common people and she refuses to return to the inaction usual to the women of her class. Toistof is said to take full advantage of his opportunities and to delineate the changing viewpoint that marks the progression of Vera's development with that realistic touch that has always distinguished his works. The book is described as being powerful as well as interesting. powerful as well as interesting.

It is a comfort to know that we do not stand alone in our estimate of Richard the Lion-Hearted as pictured y Hewlett. The editor of that bright edging The Manuscript writes:

THE "YEA-AND-NAY" CONUN DRUM,

Did the Richard of history act Like a lion, or leopard all spotty? I know not, but this is a fact, The Richard of Hewlett was "dotty,"

If asked who has been most prolific of contemporary American authors, how some fear of contradiction we name Col. Prentiss Ingraham. As proof of our statement we state; Col. Ingraham began writing in 1873. He has produced 707 novels, averaging 65,000 words each. In one year he wrote 52 ovels, running from 30,000 to 75,000 ords. At one time he was writing ve novels-one of love, one of the story. His longest story was "Monte-zuma," This contained 149,000 words. It

Geo. Murray Smith, the famous Lonmering year; Nothing to him seemed poor or vile don publisher, left an estate of \$3,500, 600. In connection with this fact the Since all the fibres of his heart and onetant complaint of publishers there is no profit in printing books is

> Like the author of "David Harum, Mr. A. R. Conder, whose novel. "The Seal of Silence," is to be published this seal of Shence, is to be published this month by D. Appleton & Co., never saw his book. Mr. Cender, who was a young Oxford gracuate, finished his novel in December, affett a manth before his death. His book is a scribed as a romance of the present day, renarkable for its sustained interest and the striking quality of the principal situation. Max O'Rell writes from London that it is the new English sucgenuine gift for comedy and achieved

the whole commercial and social fabric would fall to pieces. There are thou-lands upon thousands of people who testify to the cures effected by Dr.

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lied organs of digestion and nutrition It cures when all other remedial means have failed It cures perfectly and permanently. There is no alco-

hol in the "Discovery" it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing "just as good."

"I was a total wreck—could not eat or sleep."
writes Mr. J. O. Beers, of Berryman, Crawford
Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from
doctors, but received very little benefit. I fost
flesh and strength, was not able to do a good
day's work. I communited taking Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and when I had
taken one bottle I could sleep, and my appetite
was wonderfully improved. I have taken five
bottles and ara still improving." Sing that old magic of the May, That makes the grey world laugh and As lightly as our dream today!

-By W. E. Henley.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, papercovered, is sent free on receipt of 21 onecent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buf-falo, N. Y.

and 15 per cent royalty, Out of "Cap-"an astounding success" in reconciling the reader to the marvelous, "The Seal of Silence" is the first and last novel tains Courageous' Mr. Kipling got from the United States \$3,750 and 20 of the author.

. . . Mrs. Stephen Crone is complling a volume of her late husband's stories and sketches and is also completing siveral stories left unfinished by him, she has also a novel of her own in hand and has thoughts of writing her

In his new book, "The New South Africa." Mr. Bleloch gives some rather star(ling ligures, Regarding the riches star(ling ligures: Regarding the riches of Rand, he estimated the amount of gold available for practical mining as £2,871,000,600. With the reduction in thi cost of working which the new government is to bring about he thinks this total may even be augmented, for one of lower grade will be brought into play.

Concerning the Rand generalization to

Concerning the Rand contribution to the cost of the war Bieloch thinks there is not the slightest reason to present to the British people a picture of bankrupt Transvani offering a draft for her war debt.

The Transvani can produce revenue enough for its own milliony and advent

enough for its own milliary and ad-ministrative expenditure and wan debt besides if the proper government is granted.

The G. W. Dillingham company will publish early in the fall Sir Edwin Arnold's new cpic poem, "The Veyanc of Rhobal." It is generally known that Sir Edwin has within the last year lost the use of his timbs and his eyesight the use of his limbs and his eyesight. Writing to a friend only a few weeks age, he sad: "I am now totally blind, and able to walk only with assistance, but I never despair, and go on with my work, thanking heaven for my unimpaired mental powers." Ruring his blindness Sir Edward has dictated "The Voyage of Ithobal," which consists of about 4,000 lines. Its subject is the circumpayingtion of Africa by is the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phoenicians 600 years before Christ the Phoenicians 600 years before Christ. Ithobal is a sea captain of Tyre, who takes service with Neku, king of Egypt to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red sea. After picturesque scenes at Tyre, where he buys in the slave market, with a priceless pearl, an African princess, made captive in the dark continent. continent.

English literature has suffered a great blow by the death of Sir Walter Bes-ant and Robert Buchanan. Never since Dickens had London been so graphi-cally described as by Walter Besaut. He will be perhaps more remembered as the historian of London than as a

The second installment of the letters of Marie Bashkirtseff have just been published in London. Some American readers may be looking forward to these effusions of the neuratle French civil. Gay de Mannayan is the congirl. Guy de Maupassant la the cor-respondent with whom the Hashkirtsen most indulged herself. If it were not for the pathos of her youth the letters would be ridiculous.

The second edition of Winston Churchill's new novel "The Crisis" is on the press. The McMillan Co. state that the first edition of 10,000 copies was sold within six days of the date of publication.

A copy of the first edition of Blackmore's Lorna Doone" was sold the other day for \$107. Devonshire is to do itself honor in honoring the memory of Blackmore. A fine measument is to be erected presently in Exeter Cathedral.

Many readers, no doubt, will sympa thize with Charlotte Bronie in her feeling about Goethe, set down in a re-cently discovered autograph letter; cently discovered autograph "You are right about Goethe; car, deep, but very cold. I acknow

Eden Philipotts has completed his Eden Philipotts has completed ne-collection of Devenshire stories, and it is to be published in August in Amer-ica and Great Britain under the title of "The Striking Hours." The work lies in the same field as that of "Children of the Mist." Mr. Philipotts has choson his title from the following words by Dr. Martineau: "God has so ar ranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

The author of "Henry Pourland; the Passing of the Cavalier," while studying the history of Virginia during the reconstruction period found an anecdote which is a humorous comment of the negroes' conception of law at the time of their emancipation. One morn ing, when Virginia was still under th military rule of the northern army, man, riding along the road, saw a poo old negro woman walting by the way side. On being questioned as to the cause of her sorrow she replied: "My ole man has jest gone off. He say dat de cevil law has done ceased and our marriage is derefor completed."

Winston Churchill, the American,

graduate of the Naval academy at An-

napolis, author of "The Celebrity, "Richard Carvel," and now of Crisis," Is still a young man, for his years number but thirty. He comes from a blend of good English and American stock and was born and nised in St. Louis. In 1888, at the age of 17, he received an appointment to Annapolis, but after graduation felt so trongly drawn toward letters that he saived the bright prespects of a naval career to accept a position on the Army and Navy Journal. He spent about a year of editorial work on this journa and the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and hen decided to turn his attention exfusively to the more pleasant field of tory writing. His first book, "The lebelty," went into the third edition eithin a month and was voted a liter-cry hit. This was in 1897, Then Mr. ary fit. This was in 1897. Then Mr. Churchill took aim at higher things. He decided to write a series of stories covering the different phases of American social life, and of this series "Richard Carvel" was the first. He spent a great deal of time, study and receased on this back. esearch on this book and has been recarded by hearing its title in the mouth of every reader of fiction. It even went he way of other hits and took its place with more or less success, on the drain atic boards. "Richard Carvel" is tory of the Revolutionary period.
"The Crisis" is of similar construction levoted to the time of the Civil War. Mr. Churchill has taken two steps down in our history-first in the middle of the eighteenth century, next in the middle f the nineteenth century. his next step in the contemplated series

The old discussion concerning the age at which the best literary work is done which is going on again, recalls to the editor of Current Literature the story of the ambitious writer at the story of the ambitious writer and the story of the ambitious writers. who proved to his own satisfaction that full fruition of human brain power was reached in that year which ric. Accordingly he wrote his grea-sok at the proper time only to hav received with contempt. What t im was a mystery was solved whe discovered that his birth certifica nd by mistake been two years poated, so that in reality he had or goes on to say that from the de sate which has long gone on upon the subject, emerges the conclusion writing in general, authors of fiction have generally done their work in maturity, De Foe was 58 when h-wrote Robinson Crusoe, Richardson a-when Pamela appeared, Fielding wrote om Jones in his 48th and 49th years corge Eliot was 44 when Romola appeared, and Thackeray 36 when Van-ity Fair was published. Trollope began his work lete in life the first of his successful novels appearing in his

famous as a poet at the age of 34 Swift was 59 when he wrote Gulliver's Travels, Apparent exceptions are found in Victor Hugo, who wrote Hans of Iceland and Bug-Jargo when very young; he was capable of Les Miscrables only at the age of 60 Balzac produced only inferior wor until he had passed 20. The reason of course, is obvious; netivity of ima-ination, rhetorical power and genera sessed in comparative youth, will equip any writer but a novelist; he must have in addition to these that which ordinarily comes only with actual length of years-wide experience and observation of human life. The real exception is, of, course, Charles Dickens, who, at the age of 24, published a book, Pickwick Papers, which revealed fully developed every characteristic of his genius. Not merely was Pickwick Papers an unparalleled youthful success, but its characteristic remained those of its characteristics remained those of its author's later work. The fact is that through the abnormal experiences of his childhood Dickens was at 24 what men usually become at twice the age. In his childhood Dickens was a man in many things. It is equally true that in his manhood he remained a child in

In "A Dream of Empire," by Wilflam Henry Venable, is told the story of Anron Burr's attempt to create a separate commonwealth through con quest and the disaffection of the South ern States of the Union. The stor which are plausible enough to giv them an atmosphere of reality. Ther is some excellent character sketching that of the Blennerhassets being exceptionally well dope. The beroing is too much of a "walking part" to b of more interest than that she has at tracted the attention of young Arlins on in whom the reader cannot fall be interested. The shief personage the story, however, taken as a study character delineation, is Plutarch By whose genuine Yankee wit and eccetricities are no less delightful in the way than David Harum's. There is little touch of sensationalism in the sketch of the lair of the river-thieves on the Mississippi, but the details on the whole are kept closely to the lines suggested by the actual history of the case, and the book therefore is a readable one both for lovers of fact and fic-tion. The publishers are Dodd, Mead

Stories of Ancient Peoples is a new book by Emma J. Arnold, member of the American Oriental society, and o the Society of Biblical Archaeology, London. This, the most recent addition to the series of Eclectic School Read-logs, gives a brief introduction to the study of ancient Oriental history. As a supplementary reader, it presents for children a series of interesting sketches which are well fitted to awaken a desire for further knowledge in regard to the divilization of the East. There are hapters on such unusual subjects as How the Ancient Egyptians Wrote, The Cunefform Writing, and the Lan-guage and Literature of the Chinese. These are written in such a way as to be readfly comprehensible by children and are most attractively presented both verbally and pictorially. There is a list of authorities and reference books at the end, We should think this a most historical instinct in the young pupil.

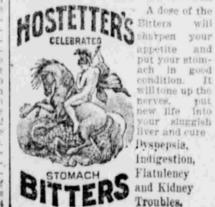
The Discovery of the Old Northwest is another book just published by the American Book Co. This book gives in a simple and interesting fashion an account of the discovery and exploration of that section of our country bounded the Great Lakes, and the Obio and Mississippi rivers. Commencing wit he discovery of the St. Lawrence by Jacques Cartier in 1535, it comprises the recitals of the journeys of such famous men as Champlain, Joliet, La Salle, Hennepin, Duluth and Marquette, as well as of many others whose names are less generally familiar. The thrill-ing story of their bravery, their adventures, and their hardships is told in a narrative which, while historically acurate, is as fascinating as any work of fiction, and presents a vivid and at-tractive picture of their careers. The numerous illustrations add to the inter-est of the book, and small sketch maps show the routes of the various explora-We feel sure that young reader of this book will gain from its perusal ome new and important conc the early history of the Old Northwest.

MAGAZINES.

One of the most original stories that have appeared in the Youth's Compan-ion for some time is in this week's is sue. The title is "Emily Speaks," and the tale recounts the adventures of a plucky young art student, who by the failure of a wealthy uncle is forced to give up her art studies and find employment for a bare livelihood. Telllug no one of her intentions she aud-denly disappears from her friends sight, and the story then relates he experiences as a peach-cutter in a large fruit canning factory, and her rescue from her uncongenial employmen through her courage in "speaking" for an ill-favored employe of the establish ment who has been accused of thefi A thrilling chapter of "The Big Scoop" apears in the number, and three other readable articles of fiction, with the usual departments, make up the interesting issue.

The Arena for July opens the twen ty-sixih volume of that "twentieth con tary review of vital thought." It con ining many up-to-date articles from pens of distinguished writers, the le of Prof. Frank Parsons' series Great Movements of the Nineter Century." It is entitled "The Sw of the Century and its Meaning," is a striking epitome of the achieve ments of the last hundred years. Wha shall probably be accomplished in the new science of geology during the pres ent century is fascinatingly set for by C. R. Keyes, Ph. D. Prof. T. E. Wi M., describes the Ruskin education estitution at Trenton, Mo., as "A C lege for the People." 'Poverty Social Decay," by A. M. Colwick, i most significant and timely paper. 'late Indian chief, Po-Ka-Gon, stirs psychological tests of females. Edit Flower has an interview with Pro John Ward Stimson on "Vital Art," dt as an interesting character skete f him, as "an artist with twentlett entury ideals," and the usual editoria McLean announces a symposium on "The Curse of Inebriety" for the Au-gust number,—The Alliance Publishing company, 569 Fifth Avenue, New York. 4 9 4

The July Young Woman's Journal gives for frontispiece a heautiful pic-ture of a child's love illustrative of



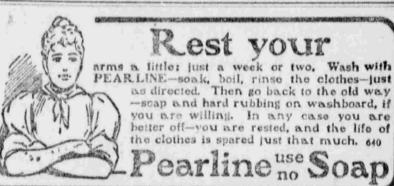
appetite and put your stomach in good condition. will tone up the iver and cure Dysnepsia, Indigestion,

Little Child," in In which these beauti-

Not for the wealth of kingdoms Nor the fame that yester begulled, Would I give the joy of knowing 'The trusting love of a child."

The Journal has published many

Miss Annie Pike's masterly poem, "A | style, "A Little Child" excels them all. There is also a pleasing variety of sub-jects in essay form, by men and women prominent in Church circles, containing prominent in Church circles, containing lefty thoughts which are of the utmost value to all. "The Thief and the Cross" is a continued story of high merit by Willard Done, the plot of which is laid in the Holy Land at the time of Christ's ministry. It is the most ambitious literary effort of the writer, who is fast becoming eminent in his line. charming poems by this talented author, but in sweetness of conception, crary effort of the writer, wh richness of thought and delicacy of becoming eminent in his line.



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