



THE HOME DAYS.

When the goldenrod has withered, and the maple leaves are red, when the robin's nest is empty, and the cricket's prayer is said, in the silence and the shadow of the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, when the empty nest is clinging to the eaves, when the morning sun is shining, and the dew is on the grass, when the household gathers early, and the bright light glows, when the old heart in its brightness, when the grand old stories, when the children cluster round, and the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

MIRROR, SCALES, ETC.

There was a man. And his mirror said "sallow skin." And the scales said "losing weight." And his friends did wag their heads as he passed by. But being a prudent man he forthwith swallowed daily certain pleasant doses of Scott's Emulsion.

Then his mirror said "ruddy face." And the scales sunk beneath his weight. And his friends looked upon him with amazement. (Note.—This is no fable—but is true history.)

My friend, Mr. William Archer, reviewed it prominently; the Saturday Review, always susceptible in those days to the arts of self-defense, unexpectedly declared it the novel of the

CZAR AND HIS FAMILY.



In the reproduction here presented are seen the Czar of Russia, the Czarina and their four daughters assembled in a group such as may be witnessed when the autocrat lays aside cares of state and enjoys home life as does the humblest of his subjects.

age; Mr. W. E. Henley wanted to have it dramatized; the other papers hastily searched their waste-paper baskets for it and reviewed it, mostly rather disappointedly; and the public preserved its composure and did not seem to care.

This is all very clever, very brilliant, very typical of Shaw. It is regrettable that a man Mr. Shaw's ability will not do the best that is in him but instead will stoop to buffoonery and superficialities. That he has a deeper and a truer side was seen in his play Candida. It is to be hoped that he may return to that type of work some day.

J. M. Barrie's new play, "Quality Street," has been produced by Miss Maude Adams and has proven a success. The report that Mrs. Cornwallis-West's Anglo-Saxon Review was to come to an end seems to have been unfounded. The number due the first of the year is all but ready for the press.

Gabrielle D'Annunzio is getting involved in duels over his recent tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini. His opponents are naturally his critics. A certain amount of dueling still seems to be admissible for the author in the Latin countries.

The bibliography on Dante's works is larger than that on any other book except the Bible. This is a tribute to the scholarship as much as to the great Italian. Attaguadlinit is the name of a Greenland paper. Lars Moller edits it, prints it, binds it, and distributes it.

The proposed monument to Verlaine, which was to have been erected in Paris, has been abandoned because of lack of funds. It took Germany many years to recognize the greatness of Heine and then she did it grudgingly. Heine and Verlaine are not quite parallel, but Verlaine was certainly a real poet and one worthy of honor.

A complete edition of the works of Thomas Kyd is in preparation. To many, this sentence may convey nothing. But by the great mass of Shakespearean students it will be hailed with delight. The influence of Kyd upon Shakespeare was a strong one, and the Shakespearean student who reads the first version of Hamlet was said to be his. He was a gloomy sort of writer, with a good deal of force and little taste. His plays are heaped with the disagreeable and distasteful. Nevertheless there are in his writings elements which later, when refined and repolished, made up into "Othello" and "Lear."

Mrs. Mary St. Segar Harrison, author of "Richard Calmady," is the daughter of Charles Kingsley.

He was writing a biography which was not to be read until a hundred years after his death. This recalls the fact that the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris possesses several interesting so-called writings. There are De Musset's letters which were written to a young lady and which are to be opened in nine years. There is the correspondence of Renan and Thiers, the former to be read in 1929, the latter ten years after the death of the lady presenting these treasures to the library. Besides these there are unpublished letters of magistrates, men of letters, politicians, Frenchmen have ever loved mystery and sensation.

Hall Caine and Signor Ugo Oggetti are having a wordy war over "The Eternal City." Mr. F. Wells has become a book collector. Here are two of his treasures: My Last Visit to America, by Henry James. Translated into English by Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck, author of Peck's Bad English.

Scottish Notes, by J. M. Barrie. Indiana Notes, by Booth Tarkington. Pink Paper Empire, by Rudyard Kipling, poet laureate of the Anglo-Saxon Empire from 1864 to 1934, author of one hundred and thirteen volumes of pamphlets, treatises on military tactics, street car advertisements, and doggerel. It is mentioned in his own time as having written tales of adventure, most of which were destroyed in the Irish invasion of 1937. Two copies of the Jungle Book remain, and are to be found in the Roosevelt Menagerie Library in New York. This copy is of the famous Elephant's Head Edition of 1912. Uncut.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson (or what

peared as the charming story by the young Japanese writer Onoto Watana entitled "A Japanese Nightingale." Yuki, the dainty and entrancing heroine of the tale is by far the most charming creation of recent literature and it will rouse most interesting conjecture on the part of those who have read the book to know that the young author herself answers a part of the description of her heroine, she being the daughter of a Japanese mother and an English father. Onoto Watana evidently has an enviable career before her, as she is at present only twenty-three years of age and "A Japanese Nightingale" is her second book. The story deals with the romance of "Yuki" a girl half Japanese and half English, bewitchingly beautiful and bewitching, and a young American tourist who is attracted in her beautiful surroundings of the land of the Mikado to be broken at will, the union being an act of self-sacrifice on Yuki's part, for the sake of a brother who is completing his education at an American University, through the efforts of his widowed mother, and devoted sister, who conceal from him the fact that during his absence their family property has been swept away. Yuki's brave effort to earn money for her brother ends in a desperate moment in her proposal of marriage to the young American, and her subsequent feat of the return of her brother who is a mono-maniac upon the subject of these questionable alliances, together with the final dramatic situations and events following his return make the thread of a story, original, pathetic and so charmingly told that one is tempted to turn again to the beginning of the book and re-peruse the pages. The book is exquisitely bound and the illustrations embellishing the pages are so dainty and typical as the scenes described by the author's pen, and are a worthy accompaniment to the printed idyll. Harper Bros., Publishers, New York.

"The King's Messenger" by Suzanne Antrobus, is one of the recent novels dealing with scenes and events of early colonial history, and outstrips any previous effort along these lines in romance, action and fact. New Orleans at the time of the French possession are the scene and period chosen by the author for her story, and the intrigues of local factions form the framework of a plot, which though ingenious enough in conception, is too clumsily carried out to be able to awaken anything of close interest on the part of the reader. The author gives a clever portrayal of the character of Madame Poche, but the clear image drawn of her daintiness and femininity, preclude a serious belief in her having been able to make the ship's journey in her errand of "king's messenger" in the disguise of male attire. There is a still more glaring inconsistency in the chapters containing the denouement of the plot of 'ls story when the package which she has brought to New Orleans is opened and is found to contain an order for the arrest of Madame Poche, and not the supposed framing of the message Poche was in France at the king's immediate mercy. The tale abounds in good material, but is spoiled by the too imaginative handling of the author. Harper Brothers, Publishers.

MAGAZINES. The January Era more than redeems all the promises made by its publishers. It is bright and interesting throughout, but is at the same time entirely free from irritating striving. It contains something for all magazine readers, while many are sure to read the magazine from beginning to end, and then wish for more.

Among the most striking features we may mention: The first installment of "Gabriel Toller," a new novel by Joel Chandler Harris, in that author's best style; "Alfred East, A. R." by William Armstrong; a story of Morocco, "The Fool's Fandak," by A. J. Dawson, author of "The African Knights Entertainments"; an eloquent tribute to the late President McKinley and Mr. McKinley, by Clara Morris; "When Oldest East meets Newest West," by Wardson Allan Curtis, and "Mining Women of Colorado," by Mary E. Stickney.

The regular features are as bright and as varied as ever. William S. Walsh comments interestingly on current literary topics; Henry F. Keenan on "Old World Themes." There are poems by Clinton Scollard and Dora Read Goodale; Clara Victor Dwight has a certain amount of the "The Russian Invasion of the Stage"; and L. de V. Matthewman contributes a batch of "Completed Proverbs" which contain food for thought and laughter.

Anslee's Magazine for January shows a new departure in the cover, which is a beautiful landscape painting. The leading article in the magazine is entitled, "Jerome the Politician Militant," and is a splendid first-hand character study of the New York District attorney, who by his original campaigning methods achieved a national reputation in two weeks.

"The Russian Vodka Monopoly," by Anna Northern Bennett, is a very interesting account of the means the Russian government has adopted to correct the national vice of drunkenness. This article is illustrated with some very attractive photographs of the "Taming of Wild Animals" by Harvey Sutherland, like all the articles by this clever writer, is full of wisdom and humor, and throws a new light on what might be called the romantic side of the business. "The Uses of Woods" is a very interesting contribution relating to the results achieved by our government in adapting poisonous and destructive weeds to useful purposes. This article contains some very unexpected information on the most neglected subject, "The Strathcona," by Duncan Campbell Scott, is the romantic story of Canada's richest and most distinguished citizen, illustrated with many handsome pictures. The stories in Anslee's for January are particularly interesting. "The Flag Republic" is a picture-story of a Banana Republic, founded on a very original idea. "Keesh," by Jack London, is a strenuous life story of the Alaskan Indians. "The Infidelity of Uncle Drums," by Joseph C. Lincoln, is full of humor and human nature. "A Pennyworth of Romance," by Marie Manning, is a pretty love story. "The Making of Abel Horn," by Eugene Wood, is a delightful Minnesota Center story. "Topics of the Theater," as usual, is illustrated with many of the latest photographs of well-known theater people. Street & Smith, Publishers.

The Youth's Companion for this month has a pretty story for its title page entitled "Faith," the tale hinging upon the confidence of a little girl, whose mind has been clouded by illness in a brother whose temperament has brought him into dangerous temptation. Having decided to revenge himself upon an employer who had held unjust suspicions toward him, he stayed in his dangerous purpose by hearing his loving sister declare her trust in him. The shock to her mind in hearing the tale of his intended action, reacts upon her humble faculty with beneficial results so that she is restored to perfect sanity. There is a nerve-wrenching story of a boy's daring act upon a great suspension bridge and other interesting material, including an article upon the great talk observatory important to all readers.

A Reliance Remedy for Bowel Trouble, Rev. J. M. Yingling, pastor of the Bedford St. M. E. Church, Cumberland, Md., says: "It affords me great pleasure to recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy, as I have used it and know others who have never known it to fail." For sale by all druggists.

Nothing so idle since James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" has appeared. The Bitters will stimulate the digestive organs, arouse the sluggish liver, and cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles and Malaria. A fair trial will convince you of its value.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO. INSURANCE AGENCY.

OUR COMPANIES: The Hartford, of Hartford, Ct. North British & Mercantile, London and Edinburgh. Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia. Northern, of London. Fire Association, of Philadelphia. Teutonia, of New Orleans, and THE HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF UTAH.

GIVE HER A CHANCE!

County President W.C.T.U., Mrs. H. F. Roberts, of Kansas City,

Says to All Sick Women: "Give Mrs. Pinkham a Chance, I Know She Can Help You as She Did Me."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—The world praises great reformers; their names and faces are in the ears of everybody, and the public press helps spread the good tidings. Among them all Lydia E. Pinkham's name goes to posterity with a softly breathed blessing from the lips of thousands upon thousands of women who have been restored to their families when life hung by a thread, and by thousands of others whose weary, aching limbs you have quickened and whose pains you have taken away.



"I know whereof I speak, for I have received much valuable benefit myself through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and for years I have known dozens of women who have suffered with displacement, ovarian troubles, ulcerations and inflammation who are strong and well today, simply through the use of your Compound. I feel sure you will never know one-half the good you have done humanity, and I only wish every suffering woman could know what you can do for her, would she only just give you the chance. Fraternally yours, Mrs. H. F. Roberts, 1404 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo."

Women, do you realize the generosity of Mrs. Pinkham's freely offered advice? Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands. Her medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is the true help for nervous, sick and ailing women. It regulates the monthly sickness and overcomes all those uterine derangements that excite the nerves. This is the easy and the right way to get the help you need. Read the letters from the women she has helped.

When women are troubled with irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, general debility, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember that there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

\$5000 REWARD. Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials letters we are constantly publishing we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

THE LATEST STOMACH CURE. Absolutely and Completely Cures all forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Catarrh and Ulceration of the Stomach. A prominent banker in La Grande, Ore., says: "I have suffered for 30 years, taken all sorts of treatments and medicines. Nau's Dyspepsia Cure has made a complete cure. I say this after a sufficient time has elapsed to convince me of my entire recovery."

SALT. Send your orders to Sears & Jeremy Co. For TABLE AND DAIRY SALT. We can load you a mixed car of Stock and Table Salt on short notice. NO. 58 W. FIRST SOUTH.

BIGELOW CARPETS.

Bigelow Axminster are superior to any high pile Carpetings manufactured, and are produced in designs and colorings adapted to all requirements and styles in decoration. The name "Bigelow" is woven in the back of the goods at the repeat of each figure, for the protection of the customer. Bigelow Axminster are sold by all first-class dealers throughout the country.

MANUFACTURED BY BIGELOW CARPET COMPANY, NEW YORK. Ask your dealer for Bigelow Axminster.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

OUR COMPANIES: The Hartford, of Hartford, Ct. North British & Mercantile, London and Edinburgh. Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia. Northern, of London. Fire Association, of Philadelphia. Teutonia, of New Orleans, and THE HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF UTAH.

When you buy Cocoa or Chocolate see that the package bears our Trade-mark. Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. DORCHESTER, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1780.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO. INSURANCE AGENCY. OUR COMPANIES: The Hartford, of Hartford, Ct. North British & Mercantile, London and Edinburgh. Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia. Northern, of London. Fire Association, of Philadelphia. Teutonia, of New Orleans, and THE HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF UTAH.