

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

A SUMMER STORM.

A shadow filters from the sky:
The wide glare cools reluctantly,
Like a far challenge to the south:
A slow word mutters in the south:
The brown grass flickers; aspens-trees
Wake and turn, trembling, from the
breeze:
Through the hot corn, burned copper
bright,
Runs a long shiver of delight:
And, stirred of hope unknown for days,
The fainting world looks up and prays.

A rain-drop on a lifted brow:
Another—and a dozen now,
Down the long roadway, dusty-dry,
Small scurrying whirlwinds dance and
die.
The thunder deepens; done with signs,
The storm comes charging through the
time.
Past fields and flowers on their knees,
Past crumpling corn and swaying trees
Shy-ranched and silver-shod,
The white battalions of God.

One hour tempestuous, and then
The summons to the hills again.
Steadily, slowly, quietly,
The rear-guard of the strife goes by:
And the forgotten tumult dies:
In a soft croon of melodies:
A low allegro on the leaves,
One note's accompanying from the
caves,
And, like a music heard in dreams,
The rush of little new-made streams.

Far sunset breaks the storm-clouds'
hold
And lights the ashen west to gold:
Window and wall and slender spire
Flame for a while with answering fire.
A rainbow spans the east's dark roof—
Promise and prophecy and proof.
Drenched flowers tilt their cups and
spill
Slow drops. . . And suddenly, athrill,
A robin with a sweet refrain
Lifts glad thanksgiving for the rain.

—Nancy Byrd Turner in Youth's
Companion.

NOTES

Three of the best known of Mr. William Dean Howells' books have gone into reprint through the Harpers: "The Ragged Lady," "A Traveler From Altruria," and "The Landlord at Lion's Head."

Once upon a time Harold MacGrath and his wife, both expert riders, were riding through the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado. They were looking about for Mrs. MacGrath, who is an amateur geologist, exclaimed that nearly all the ages were represented here. Pointing to an empty beer bottle at the side of the bridge path, MacGrath remarked: "Yes, even the brewerage."

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is an extremely popular book with club women. The Kentucky Confederation of Women's Clubs recently invited the author, Eliza Calvert Hall, to attend the annual meeting and read "Aunt Jane Goes a Visiting" while the Ladies Club of Lakeland, Florida, closed its year with a meeting of the "Mite Society of Goshen Church," adapted from one of the chapters in the book, each member impersonating a character. The Literary Club of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Dallas, Texas, the Ladies' Guild of the Unitarian Church of Jersey City, N. J., the Literary Club of Stanford, Ky., the Current Events Club of Crawfordsville, Ind., the Six and Twenty club of Wilmington, Ohio, the Book club of Lenox, N. C., have all in various ways honored the book and its author. Little, Brown & Co. announce the eleventh edition of "Aunt Jane."

Max Pemberton is a lover of the country, choosing it above the town for work and play. Of his new cottage at Troston, Suffolk, called Troston Hall, he writes: "We are now settled in a charming house in Suffolk, with a charming garden and a beautiful solitude." As might be expected from a man who loves gardens and solitude, Mr. Pemberton finds as much pleasure out-of-doors as he does in his library. Sir Richard Escombe, his new novel, which the Harpers have published, reflects this quality of sturdy enjoyment in the life he has chosen for himself. It is a happy union of the classic verse form in his walls of despondency.

This is one of them:
If I could pound a pickaxe into Fate,
An' wallop Fortune wid an icy milt,
The time that I would make a
hit,
I'd be the Candy Kid I beg to state,
I'd be a stunt that would be truly
great,
You bet I'd make some pikers throw a
fit;
Among the knockers I'd be known as
"It."
I'd make the world put markers on
the date,
But Boy's a joke that never would
come off,
Life's just a sellin' plaster, at the
Death plays the dope that never has
been matched;
Although some rummy has been
moved to the front,
Good luck is surely waiting at the
post,
An' on the square, I think that Hope
is scratched.

MAGAZINES.

An important literary feature of the midsummer holiday number of the Century will be "A Group of Aldrich Letters," to which interesting personalities as Bayard Taylor, Edwin Booth, Lowell, Fields, Stoddard, Steadman, Howells, Clement and Woodberry—with comment by Ferris Greenslet. It is with a certain surprise, Mr. Greenslet says, that one becomes aware of the wide segment of American life that Aldrich's life touched.

Mary H. Vorse has another of her inimitable "Jimmie" stories, which she calls "One Day of Jimmie." It is as funny and entertaining as any of its predecessors. A very remarkable story is one called "The Protest," by Angela Morgan, who is a newcomer in the field of fiction, but whose work in this tale would do credit to a veteran. It is full of suspense, with an extremely dramatic situation at the end. Douglas Z. Doty and Kellogg Durland have collaborated in a Russian adventure-story, the hero of which is an American; it is called "Nastasia." Owen Oliver has another of his charming little human nature stories called "The Mouse."

Mary Inlay Taylor, Roy Norton, Jane W. Guthrie and Charles Neville Buck also have extremely good short stories. Rupert Hughes has another musical article called "The Clue to the Best Music."

A specially interesting feature of the first of a series of entertaining articles on Bridge Whist called "Around the Bridge Table."

The Popular Magazine for August has something entirely new in the way of a crime-detection story—"The Long Arm of Coincidence," by George Steele. It is not at all like the average cut-and-dried detective story, in which all kinds of improbabilities are brought in by the scruff of the neck, as it were, to solve a mystery that is no mystery at all. In this Popular story there is a convincing, logical development from fact to fact until an iron chain of irrefutable evidence holds the criminal fast. We very much suspect the author is a lawyer, his mental processes are so accurate and acute. One of the most remarkable good points about the story is the convincing way in which a wealth of stirring incidents is crowded into the space of a few hours. The rapidity of the action is breath-catching.

The August number of the Popular also contains a complete novel, "Silent Service," by George Bronson-Howard that gives the inside history of the recent diplomatic crisis between Japan and our own country.

Among the 11 short stories in this number one is sure to attract unusual interest. It is entitled "The Waddy,"

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. S. E. NELDEN.

The above picture of Mrs. S. E. Nelden was taken during the vogue of the "balloon sleeve," and is an excellent illustration of the prevailing fashion of that not far distant time. Mrs. Nelden is well known through her active connection with the philanthropic, musical and club interests of the city.

and is by W. B. M. Ferguson, author of "Zollenstein," "The Preboster," etc. The scene is laid in the West, and the intensity of situation and surprising climax of the story is really remarkable. The ending, in particular, is decidedly strong and startling.

Of unusual interest to bookshelves and bookbuyers alike is the announcement by the publishers of Louisa M. Alcott's works, of a special edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of her most beloved story, "Little Women," at a popular price. This story was never more popular than it is today. In spite of the innumerable books for the young, "Little Women" remains the favorite story of real child life. During the life of the author, Frank T. Merrill, one of the best known of book illustrators, made over 300 drawings for the book, which depict truthfully the scenes and incidents of the story. These illustrations appeared, together with a picture of the home of the "Little Women," in a handsome edition originally published at \$5, and it is this edition which Little, Brown & Company will reissue early in July, with an attractive new cover design, at a low price.

Travel literature, especially that adapted for young readers, takes prominent place at this season on the list of new editions. Four volumes reprinted recently on the Harper press in the "Boy Traveller Series," of Thomas Wallace Knox, were, "In Northern Europe," "In Southern Europe," "In Great Britain and Ireland," and "On the Congo."

HUNTING FOR A CRUSOE.

With Incidental Exploration of the Galapagos.

The United States gunboat Yankton, tender to the Atlantic fleet, has returned from the Galapagos Islands with full details of its fruitless quest on indefatigable Island for Fred Jeffs, the American seaman, castaway of the wrecked Norwegian barque Alexandra, wrecked on the Galapagos in May, 1907. Of the crew of seventeen men and a captain all except Jeffs were rescued from the barren and uninhabited islands five months after the wreck. In fact, ten of the men found their way to the neighboring Chatham Island, which is inhabited, while a passing barque picked up seven men on indefatigable Jeffs had become sick and departed from his companions, with the result that he missed being saved when the remainder got safely back to civilization.

After a close search of all accessible portions of the island, which yielded nothing but pitiful traces of the derelict sailor and the conclusion that he had died alone in this most forlorn of islands, the Yankton is on her way north to join the fleet.

The distance to the Galapagos was covered in four days, and Hood Island, the most southern of the group, sighted at noon on March 2. Previous to sighting land great quantities of sea life, for which the vicinity of these islands is noted, and numerous birds testified to its nearness. Large schools of porpoises, disturbed in feeding by the ship, plunged away leaping and playing. Turtles asleep on the water floated by, many of them with gulls sitting on their backs, and the doglike heads of seals peered above the water at the strange monster which had invaded their domain.

The triangular fins of the watchful sharks were constantly in sight about the ship; flocks of flying scudged away, while overhead the frigate and boatswain birds and gulls watched for their prey.

In order, if possible, to gain information about the wreck, Chatham Island was first visited. Anchoring in Week Bay, a messenger on horseback was found waiting on the beach with the compliments of the local authorities.

Moffat, Yard & Company will publish, in the early autumn, an exquisite novel by Elizabeth Robins, entitled, "The Mills of the Gods." This story is one of the most finished and beautiful books of the author of "The Magnetic North."

The publishers of "Religion and Medicine," the official book of the Eucharist Movement, report it already closing out its third American edition, with the fourth edition on the press. The book was published May 19 and the editions were all large, so it will be seen that it is moving at a very rapid pace. The demand appears to be increasing rather than decreasing, and the outlook for a very heavy fall sale is extremely good. Messrs. Kegan Paul have purchased the British rights at a handsome royalty and will have the English edition on the press at once.

Mr. William J. Bryan writes, in a letter to the author of "The Courage of Blackburn Blair," Miss Eleanor Talbot Kinkead:

"The love story that runs through it is a beautiful one and the moral tone is excellent. The book ought to be dramatized. It teaches a lesson that is needed, namely, that moral courage is a higher quality than physical courage. We share physical courage with the brutes; we share moral courage with the Creator. Surely he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "The Courage of Blackburn Blair" will do good."

ity, the "administrador," and a polite inquiry if any assistance could be furnished. The vessel had been seen approaching from the town, which is located high up in the mountain and five miles from the landing. The presence of a ship is most rare, and a hospitable invitation to visit the hacienda had to be declined, as time pressed.

The inhabitants of this island number about 350, all dependents of a single estate and mostly engaged in the cultivation of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The estate lies in the hills and valleys on the southern slope of the island, in the only place where water is obtainable. Water is the need of all this group of islands, and the lack of it is the keynote of their barren wastes and cactus covered slopes. The shores of all consist of black volcanic rock and cliffs, with here and there in a sheltered spot a sandy beach. The islands, rising in most cases to 3,000 or 4,000 feet, have their slopes covered with giant growth of cactus mingling with a thorn, which made progress back from the shore impossible without cutting a way.

A number of guides were taken aboard and a start made for indefatigable Island, where a whaling boat with four sailors and the guides was landed. The Yankton stood off and fired two shots from her three-pounders to attract Jeffs' attention. In the night rockets were sent up every half-hour and the searchlights played on the elevations of the island. The searchers on the opposite side of the atoll could see the searchlight, and it is reasonably certain that had Jeffs been alive on the island he would have seen it and responded.

Yet there remains a modicum of doubt about the entire affair. Only the beach stretches are penetrable without the utmost exertion. Along the beach water is exceptionally scarce. In one place a good pool was found and near it the cabin where the seven men had lived for five months until picked up. In another place Jeffs' camp was found, and in still others his footprints were found in the volcanic crust, and in his camp was discovered his razor, with "Jeffs" scratched into the handle. There were other traces of the man of an age not to be computed, but of him there was no sign.

Back from this shore which was searched rise the craters of extinct volcanoes some 2,500 to 4,000 feet above the sea level. Undoubtedly, in the wide valleys of these mountains, in the valleys where water is found and where the soil is tillable and possibly productive of natural foods. Indeed there were indications of this in the wild cattle and goats which inhabit the mountains and the valleys of the inner slopes in herds and the great flocks of plover, teal and curlew seen everywhere. On some of the salt marshes these birds were warned at dusk and the shotgun in the party did excellent work for the larger.

The Galapagos islands were discovered in 1535 and were at the time uninhabited, but later on became favorite places for buccaniers and whalers. The former found in it sheltered coves where repairs could be made unobserved and where water and sea food were obtainable, the latter made it a rendezvous and also a point to obtain fresh water and to give their crews a run on shore, knowing they would not desert. The old-fashioned five-year whaling voyage was one full of hardships, and a crew landed in a favorable place would have thought of what lay before them.

Captain Porter visited the islands in 1823, remaining in or cruising about them from April to October, and capturing during this time twelve of the British whalers then cruising in the Pacific, dealing the British whaling business a crushing blow.

But perhaps the most noteworthy visit to the Galapagos was that made by Darwin in his voyage around the world in the Beagle. They proved of the greatest interest to him, and from his observation there he went far toward the formation of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species and of the theory of evolution.

With one exception the land birds found by Darwin were peculiar to the group, as were the lizards, snakes, turtles and the great tortoises.

His observations were that at some remote time, by volcanic action, these islands made their appearance separately, and on account of the great depth of water between the four and the mainland they must have always been isolated. On the different species of finches, etc., his conclusions being that such isolated forms were modified by natural selection and adaptation to their environments.—Mexican Herald.

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DENTISTRY IN CHINA.

Right in front of us on the street doctor's table is a small heap of human teeth. A patient came up to the doctor. On being asked what he wanted he replied simply by opening his mouth. The ends of the wire were next inserted in holes that were drilled into the teeth on each side of the cavity, and at once the chasm disappeared.—North China Daily News.

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