

"FOR LO! I AM THE KING!"

"Oh! that I might Do some great deed for fatherland to-

night The maiden said, and stood beside the well

From which the mossy bucket rose and

fell, "Some wondrous deed," she said, "which fame would bring Until it reached the palace of the king, And he should send for me, and I be-bold hold

My gracious prince. It would be joy untold

punctual, and painstaking, but never in a hurry. He keeps on his table a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures, among them a wooden bear, two or three cats, and some rabbits. He is reported to have said, "I never write a single line without having that tray and its occupants before me ou my table; I could not write without them. But why I nee them is my own secret." To hear his voice; to hear him softly But why I use them is my own secret. 'Well done, sweet maid!'

A steadily large sale of the works of Dickens is reported from England. The anniversary of his birth was lately com-"Alas! I only stay Beside the well, to fill from night to memorated in Westminster Abbey, Fowers were placed on his tomb, and a member of the Dickens' society made a speech to the people assembled in the

My cup, to give the thirsty and for-

poet's corner. But I will do my duty-none shall say They lack for water, as they pass to-

A weary youth approached the wayside

His steps were weak-upon the ground She lifted him; she gave the grateful

He drank; he revived, and looking up,

but its as good as meat to meet in with you, sir;" Mr. Kipling replied in the character of Mulvaney addressing Stev-enson as Alan Beck. Stevenson responded in a characteristic letter lately "The gentleman I now serve printed. with assures me . . . you are a very pretty fellow, and your letter de-

serves to be remarked. iells me, besides, you are a man of your hands. I am not informed of your weapon, but if it all be true it sticks in my mind I would be ready to make exception in your favor and meet you like one gentleman with another." In a postscript he adds: "If either will sur-vive we may grow better acquaint, for your taste for what's martial and for poetry agrees with me."

Madam Sarah Grand is coming to America to see the country and to lecture.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, though he is one of the best paid of short stories writers, works very slowly, turning out soldom more than 4,000 words a month. He often shuts himself in his study and sits there for hours before anything comes to him.

A sister of Miss Potter-Mrs. Gertrude Potter Daniels, daughter of the steel magnate, O. W. Potter-has written a sensational novel dealing with the working class of Chicago, and attacking the trusts. The publishers are so con-fident of a large sale for the book that they are printing a first edition of 10,000

We are assured that Mr. Lloyd wrote Stringtown-on-the-Pike just for fun, and hid the manuscript away until puband hid the manuscript away until pub-lishers, with a detective incenuity and insistance characteristic of the trade, got possession of it for the anxious pub-lic. We are also told that "When Knighthood was in Flower" might have slumbered unknown in a table drawer in Shelbyville, Indiana, except for a casual visitor to Mr. Major. The Critic table we have Flow Holden set but o pint casual visitor to Mr. Major. The Critic tells us how Eben Holden got into print. Mr. Batcheller when he began his story intended it for a "juevenile." As a "ju-venile" a New York editor derided he could not use it. At this stage the book was intended to be called "The Shadow of Lone Pine." Finally the Lathrop company shook their heads over it and Mr. Batcheller agreed to turn his "ju-venile" into a novel if they would ad-vance him money to live on while he was writing it as he would have to give up his editorial position to do it. The dramatic rights of Eben Holden has been purchased by Mr. Charles Froh-man.

Current Literature for April says: Having held our peace amidst the tur-moil of conflicting voices, we are conmoll of conflicting voices, we are con-strained now to assert that Mr. Laur-ence Housman is the author of the Eng-lishwoman's Love Letters. Mr. Hous-man is a young man of artistic tem-perament, thirty-four years old, whose former work is' not yet very widely known. Current Literature prints in this number a charming story from his one A Objects Faire Tale.

pen. A Chinese Fairy Tale. The publication of Mr. Henry James' new novel, "The Sacred Fount," has been probably the literary event of the month-an event in its results most ex-asperating, Mr. James has out-Jamesed himself in a book which must stagger some of his most unflinching admirers. and of which the effect upon the reader first making the acquaintance of his work could be only a conviction of its absolute lack of sense. It is all about a secret—of course a psycological one. It all happens in a single day—a soli-tary, eventless day in which nobody does anything. Everybody talks, how-ever, in that brilliantly tedious tongue which the James characters always

with many strange adventures and en-counter difficulties with women as well counter difficulties with women as well as men-some of them romantic, some amusing and some calling for the sharp use of the sword. They make the jour-ney without fatal mishap, however, and their return to France happily concludes a love story connected with it.

DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1942.

Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene for High Schools, is a new volume by Henry F, Hewes, A. B., M. D. (Har-yard); teacher of physiology and elincal chemistry, Harvard University medical school; physician to outdoor patients at the Massachusetts General

patients at the Massachusetts General hospital, Boston. The book is Intended for use in high schools and is the first to appear of the New Century series of Physiologies, which is officially indorsed by the de-partment of Scientific Instruction of the W. C. T. U. of the United States. It embodies the results of the latest re-searches and developments in physio-logical science combined with the bost

orical science combined with the best edagogical methods of modern in-

struction. The subject has been treat-id, not as a series of lectures upon the organs of the body, but as a connected attline of the processes which accom-olish the maintenance of life in the

ody, and of the rules of hygiene which is necessary to follow in order to facilitate and maintain the harmonious action of these various processes. An mportant feature of the book is the ex-perimental work, which, while avoiding

lissections, is designed to furnish abundant opportunity for individual in-cestigation and observation. The nature and effects of alcohol and other marcotics is treated where it naturally

belongs as a part of the hygiene of the various divisions of the subject. The The book also contains special chapters on the causes and prevention of infectious disenses.

MAGAZINES.

A touching story of army life entitled "The Short Straw" is the opening ar ticle in this week's issue of the Youth" Companion. It relates the story of t boy's devotion to a younge-brather in face of the lutter's misundertaking and ingratitude culminating finally in an ac of solf-sacrifice that almost costs him his life, but which has the effect of bringing the two together in bonds of strong affection. "The Check Draft, "Lisbon Hollow" and "Sibmarine Su san" are other interesting pieces of fic-tion, the latter being a five chapter serial whose first installment appears in the present issue.

"Everybody's Magazine" for April is enlarged to 128 pages and under J. O'Hara Cosgrave's editorship it has made a great hit. Judged by this is-sue, it is ahead of any of the 10-cent magazines in point of readableness and in beauty of illustration. If you want to see to what perfection the halftone can be carried, look at "The Old Gate-way, Huntercombe Manor, Malden-head," on page 299, or "The Last Snow of the Season-a country road." They are the berfection of photography, and no artist could hope to rival them in

are the perfection of photography, and no artist could hope to rival them In beauty and fidelity to hature. There is not space here to tell of all the con-tents, but the most readable articles are Bishop Potter's on "Why New York Needs Purifying." "The African Ele-phant at Home," by Ewart Scott Gro-gan, who crossed Africa from the Cape to Cairo while he was still an under-graduate of Cambridge: "Concerning Bad Men," by Owen Wistar, and "Photography as a Fine Art." with special reference to Alfred Stieglitz and his work, by Charles H, Coffin.

THE BRIDE.

(A Homily) by C. M. Wood. An original poem read at a recent wedding in Salt Lake.

Much 1.89 Inc.1 She simply putt him for Tis well she was en

> For the whele that we him fre

Those early days' How blasted and No trials, cares, nor toll for man or

A censulers round of 157 intention days, with none to hinder, criticise, or

No calls to make, nor felends to enter-

to politics, no offices to gain, No literary clubs, no church bazars, Nor throwing little hatchets at the

For the, indeed, a woman new she

She made no search for those who break the laws-

To one strict law, at least, she too wus

Nor slave to fashion was this first Yet she was none the less a husband's

For Adam, in those golden days of

Cared not a fig-leaf for the clothes she Nor to his own attire one thought did.

They both found nobler things for which to live.

To them all things that were, were pure and right.

The globolus world was made for their desight: The birds, the flowers, the fruits the

crassy plain. The bauny sunshine, the refreshing

And alges of plenty scattered every-

All speke to them of their Creator's

No wonder that amid such scenes as

This fair young bride was able so to That Adam, with forebodings dark

o'ereast, Declared one day such bliss could nev-

er last, For answer to his weak and foolish thought

His reckless bride an apple to him brought, Tenoring or forgetting in her haste This was the fruit they were forbid to

taste Then of the tempting but forbidden

sweet The love-blind Adam was induced to

But the first bite (if gossip I may

quote). Stuck light and sure just half way

down his throat. Then ive in sympathy partook a share And ch, my countrymen, a fall was there!

No longer now a life of joy and ease. For though she still her husband tried to please,

Her cares so multiplied from day to The luckiess bride not always could be

Where once she could at pleasure come and go She now on Adam's pants must buttons

And where with him she daily scaled

rest?

made

ing blast

are past

shown

Frown

meant-

ense.

you please

ing shade

the rocks. She now must stay at home and darn his socks And later, when from other duties

She danced the little Adams on her

kuee. Beside these wifely duties, small and great,

The fragrant flower must feel the chill-

But blooms again when winter's storms

In every form of life is purpose

We should be children yet had we not

Nor should we live alone on pleasure

This life is for a nobler purpose

For toil and trials and sufferings, if

With only here and there a glimpse of

The poorest life beneath God's glorious

She now was also careful what he



its Symptoms and Terrors .- Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics.

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs - I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue - oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM; --- I | "I had nervous prostration was suffering such tortures terribly, caused by female from nervous prostration that | weakness. I suffered everylife was a burden. I could | thing; was unable to eat, not sleep at all, and was too | sleep, or work. After a while weak to walk across the floor. I was induced to try Lydia E. My heart was affected so that | Pinkham's Vegetable Comoften I could not lie down at pound, and I really began to all without almost suffocating. improve on taking the first I took Lydia E. Pinkham's bottle. I continued to take Vegetable Compound and it the medicine, and am now worked like magic. I feel that | better in every way, and feel your medicine has been of in- like a different person. I am estimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON,

196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

use, filling three bundred pages with abstractions, inuendos, heir-splitting distinctions, and what are probably epigrams, all so arranged that it is uite possible to read three pages with-

does not need to have anything

who understands the mos

idea as

man. . . .

Exclaimed, "Oh! maiden fair, thou hast well done! Thy daily deeds were small; but one by one

Thou hast performed them-due reward they bring

To thee, at last; for lo, I am the King!"

Do little duties bravely-it may be The Christ is in the one that's next to theel

And if thou do'st it well, 'will surely bring

To thee-at last-the presence of the King!

-Julia Harris May.

THE BURDEN OF TIME.

In cloudy legends of the dawn of years

Or sculptured verse on shard or shattered stone

The oldest lore is still of love and tears, of doors.

of wild dark wars and cities overthrawn.

And blows and bitter deeds and mad defeat. Whereof the burden is "Yet love is

sweet.'

And from all ways, where men have dwelt and died. From nations dwindled to a minstrel's

Song A sound of voices, mingled, multi-

plied A rumor of delight, despair and wrong,

Of sorrows infinite and strange amaze, Waft down the troubled winds of many days.

" We were love's votaries of Crying:

Though dust, our immemorial names remain

Embalmed in tales a thousand times retold

That beat like echoes in the heart and brain. Of stately strains through whose exult-

ant flow Breath parting sighs, vain longings,

utter woe. Crying: "Ten years against the city's

The brazen waves of battle beat in vain.

And many a widow walled in Darden halls

And many a Greek lay cold along the plain

Till hapless Troy expired in blood and lame

And grew a word for Helen's love and shame.

Crying: "I am Leander, whom the sea Spared to young Hero's arms a little

space Then seized and smote the life out suddonly

One black and bitter night, before her

But we had loved, nor gods nor mortals may

Efface the perfect past-we had our day.

Crying: "The proud, sweet mouth and subtle smile,

The varying mood, the dusk, low-Haded gaze,

ed my war-wandering steps be-side the Nile; Staved my

There, hand in hand, down love's dellclous ways. We walked to death, foreseeing, un-

afraid.

And passed from dreams to darkness, well repaid."

But these are intimations faint with time: Hark, how from hearts that tremble

and aspire, Albelt unknown in any poet's rhyme.

The passion-song leaps up like living fire!-

"Travall and tears, wan brows and wounded feet.

These are love's sure reward-yet love is sweet.

-Charles Lotin Hildreth.

The publishers of Stringtown on the Pike have arranged with Mr. Lloyd yr two more stories drawn from what the author originally called the Dead Chemist series. Stringtown is said to have reached a sale of 50,000 copies; the dramatic rights have been sold. getting a scintilla of Mr. George Ade, Mr. John T. Mc-Cutcheon and Mr. N. Booth Tarkington that they are driving at. These pe re discussing each otner, and the in are old schoolmates. personal narrator is discussing the -a preternaturally acute narrator

NOTES.

Julia Ward Howe, in spite of her

years and afflictions, continues her stu-

dies, reading, for instance, a little Greek

Henrik Ibsen, the eminent Norwegian

writer, is fastidiously neat in his habits punctual, and painstaking, but never in

4 . 4

every day.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has broken down from overwork. He has been ordered old him, by his physician to write no more for complicated situations in half a word some time, and has left England for a and revels in a seventh heaven of subholiday in the south of Europe. Mr. Gilbert Parker-let us not forget to add M. P.-is another who has been doing tilty. The sacred fount is that of youth

Among the guests assembled at an English country house the story teller too much work and has been sent to Egypt for his health. notices several acquaintances who have greatly changed since he last saw Mrs. Edith Wharton is publishing a them. A woman has grown young, new volume of short storles and is at man has grown brilliant. He furthe work upon a novel dealing with Italy in the seventeenth century, Mrs. Wharton comes of old New York stock; she was

notices that a woman's husband has grown old. He at once scents a mys tery. He propounds his theory to an other psycologically-analytic guest educated at home, except that when quite young she was much in Europe Mrs. Brissenden is a vampire. She has tapped the sacred fount of her hus-band's youth. But there is a deeper mystery: Where did Mr. Long get his and had the advantage of learning sevsoll. Mrs. Wharton's tastes are very simple; she is extremely fond of aninew eleverness? To the solution of this and spends much of her time out awful and portentious question, the two

analysts give themselves. They can-vass the field. They explore the intri-cate labyrinths of their fellow-guests' . . . That friend of our youth. Jules Verne, the author of seventy books, has writ-ten from Amiens a dignified letter de-clining to be considered for a seat in psycology. They are exquisitely trivial between themselves they conscientious ly avoid anything like a direct state-ment: with their neighbors they fence the French academy. Miss Hallie Erminie Rives of New

with hints and lifting of eybrows over York and Miss Margaret Horton Potthe most daintily unimportant matters is over the fate of worlds. They talk in ter of Chicago are collaborating on a A Chicago firm conceived the this way: "You've a lucidity of your own in

el that he can continue to count upon

I call it sacrificing.

it? Or, if you object to my question in that form, is it not, frankly, to making

idea that the fusion of such talents as produced "The Furnace of Earth and Uncanonized" ought to result in a book which I'm forced to recognize that the highest purity of motive looks shriveled of fervid interest. You bring out accordingly and black. what has made me thus beat about the bush. Have you really such a fund of Upon reading "Soldiers Three." Rob-

ert Louis Stevenson sat down and wrote congratulations to Mr. Kipling begin-ning. "Well, and indeed, Mr. Mulvaney, ndulgence for Gilbert Long as we most of us, I gather-though perhaps in our blindness-seem to see it stick out igain that he supposes? May he fondly



novel.

They

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200

and sick women well.

Buffalo, N. Y.

his attitude-after all so thoroughly public-more convenient to each of you to baby's health must be taken before that (without perhaps quite measuring baby's birth. The child can have no that you're about) you've gone on sac-rificing poor Briss? I call it sacrificing more health than the mother gives it A healthy mother, strong of body and you see, in spite of there having been as yet no such great harm done. And cheerful of mind, will endow the child you ask me again what business of with her own phy sical health and

mine such inquiries may represent, why the best thing will doubtless be to say cheerful disposito you that, with a smaller dose of ir-repressible irony than you had in yours tion. Many a wife who had dreaded I can't make so light as you do of my tendency to worry on behalf of those motherhood because of past ex-Let me finally hasten to add periences of prethat I'm not now including in that eate-

natal misery of gory either of the two gentlemen I've mind and body amod." There you are. If you like it, there has found a new are three hundred pages more in the book. You could have the same quality era open to her with the use of of ent_stainment with a Chinese puzzle Dr. Pierce's Faand it is quite as well worth while. Mr. James has kept all his early mannervorite Prescription. It gives isms, and is getting some new ones.

BOOKS.

physical strength, soothes the nerves, and induces re-freshing sleep. It Emma Wolf's "Helrs of Yesterday" gives vigor and has the merits of this Jewish novelist elasticity to the former stories. The story is that of young Jew, clever, cultured, strong of intellect and character, who is anxious organs of maternity, so that the birth hour is practically be "an individual and not a class. without pain or suffering. It enables the mother to provide a pleutiful supply and who prefers to east his lot sociall; with Gentiles rather than Jews. of healthful nourishment for the healthy the forces of inheritance and tradition, of Gentile prejudice and Jewish excluchild. It makes weak women strong iveness, aided by the omnipotent force t love, break down the iron will of this There is no alcohol in "Favorite Frescription" and it is absolutely free from escendant of the Ghetto, is told in a ighty dramatic and entertaining ashion in "Heirs of Yesterday,"-A. C. opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly "A King's Pawn," by Hamilton confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Drummond, is another among the many romances that have been devised in connection with the life and reign of Henry of Navarrre, and it can by no

Buffaio, N. Y. "I gladly recommend Dr. Picrce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. J. W. G. Stenheus Mila, Northumberland Co. Virginia, "heiore my third little boy was born I took six bottles. He is the finest child and has been from birth, and I suffered very much less than I did before in confinement. I unhesitatingly advise ex-pectant mothers to use the "Favorite Prescrip-tion." Write today. 1 want to give or send my book. "The Finding of the Fountain of Eternal Youth." to every one, because every one hould read it. Advice without cost. Sold only by means be called the best. It is founded on an alleged journey secretly made by Henry into Spain in search of political information of importance. He is acompanied by two gentlemen of his DR. BENNETT Electric Belt Co. court and a trusty valet, and as they travel under assumed names, their Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a pleasant and effective laxative medicine. identity is not suspected. They meet

When Eve, the first of all that good! And never more, it may be safely said, Of brides that since have blessed the Her husband on forbidden apples fed. Thus Eve, the first and perchance fair. of man

Came to her home among the garden Of all the brides the sun e'er shone Howers She gazed enraptured on its leafy By thoughtlet's act, or else her power bowers.

And said to Adam, (as indeed she Left to her kind a heritage of woe. should) "How lovely all; and oh, you are so

But after all, who says it is not best? Nor did she think to ask how long it For without toil and cares what need of

Her handsome husband to create this The graceful tree that casts its cool-By adverse winds is all the stronger

"A WEAK BODY"

Says Dr. Bennett, the Electrical Authority, "A Clouded Intellect and a Vigorless System Indicate the Weak Man or Wo-man"-Such Persons Are Totally Unfit to man"-Such Persons Are Totally Unit to Occupy Their Proper Sphere in Lifze-They Cannot Succeed Because Their Am-bition, Energy and Nerve Force Have Forsaken Them—The Ductor Guarantees His Electric Belt to Cure Every Form of Weakness in Either Sex—If It Fails It Does Not Cost You a Cent—Get the Doc-tor's Book on Electricity—It is Free and Will Interest Yon. Will Interest You

How can a Weak man succeed in this onrushing time of advanced civilization? He bas no ambition no energy. The Nerve Weakness is drawing the

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ditter.

sthoa of applying Electricity which will

a you a cent. Could any offer t

fairer than this it should give you hope.

Read my book on electricity. Free to ever

Dr. Bennett's Electric Belt

Is no experiment. It is the result of years of

Is fdle life-an aimless, selfish one. rery Life itself from his frame. He has no nerve: no confidence. His hu-milisting position in the social life of his fellow-men is doubly realistic to him. Used you and 1 To you, fair bride, whose bans we

celebrate. I bring fond wish for blessings small men is doubly realistic to him. I tell you, and I am honest with you, that there is not a drug known to selence which and great May health and plenty cheer you all

the way nown to science which will have the least offer From this glad hour until you're old and gray;

upon the e Weaknesses Nature never Intendes a man's stomach as a re capta de for stron But may you have enough of trial and care

cepta le for stron drugs: if you persist in their use you will total To prove how true, indeed, your blessings are

And may your love so faithful be and

destroy your stom h. ELECTRICITY That you shall learn the joy of sacri-And if you-as sometimes fails to

ach. ELECTRICITY, when the right current is applied in the right manner will cure every phase or guise of Weak-mess in either sex. When you are Weak, Nervous and Vizoriess, when you have not that vitality which makes MEN, the your of your system. A bitter trial, a sorrow deep, should

Remember that all those who meekly Electricity is fast dying out of your system and before you can become a BETTER MAN you must have it submits. I have invented

The heavy cross a richer crown shall wear,

April Showers

not fail. Life means two things to you: Health, happiness and success; or shattered health, gloomy theoretis, despendency and a humil-fating conscience of weakness, which is a barrier to success. To which class do you belong? If to the latter, I offer you a good, sound, robust health and vitality. My filee-tric fails will cure you, You take no chappes; the cure is guaranteed. If my Electric Belt fails to cure you (which is not at all likely), it shall not cost you a cost. Could any offer he Wash away the filth and waste that have accumulated during winter, In like manner Hood's Sarsaparilla spels from the blood impurities that have been deposited during the senson when there has been but fittle point fertion and perhaps constant confinement in impure and vitiated air. It is a boon to tired mothers, housekeepers, teachers and others who spend their time in-If you have an old-style belt which burns and bilsters, or gives no current or is burned out and cannot be renewed, send it to me as half-payment of one of mine.

It gives the blood richness and vitality, fitting it to nourish and strengthen the nerves, muscles and all the great organs of the body. It cures all spring numors and banishes that tired feeling. It is the best medicine money can buy for all diseases caused by impure or im poverished blood, You should begin taking it today.

Saponifier. Pennsylvanta Sa-



Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

simply a well woman."

MRS. DELLA KEISER, Marienville, Pa

\$\$5000 REWARD. - We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000 which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.



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