



VOX AMORIS.

I heard love singing in the dawn.
With lips made red where sleep had lain,
His cheeks were fresher than a rose
That lifts its face against the rain.

We met again at twilight time:
His eyes had grown more sad and sweet,
He bore his arrows wearily.
And dust was clinging to his feet—
But lo, his voice had changed no whit,
I knew him by the sound of it.

By Sara Teasdale, in the May Bookman.

YOUTH.

I am the unquiet sister, with the old, wild, beautiful eyes,
Who went forth from my home to seek;
I am the immortal child who yearned for the moon and the star-sown
skies;
I am the dreaming girl who burned,
For the touch of a god on her cheek.

I am the unquiet sister, with the young, ancient, beautiful eyes,
Whose feet with morning were shod,
I have traveled the long, long road where the caravan smoke and the gold-
en dust uplies;
I am the dreaming girl who awoke
And discovered a vanishing god.

I am the unquiet sister with the gray, roving, beautiful eyes,
Who plucked at the world in its bloom,
Oh, to be as I was at first, transparent, eager, unwise!
For the clear little brook I thirst
Where I drank when the day was young,
And the door of my girlhood's room.

I am the unquiet sister with the old, wild, beautiful eyes,
I have seen so many things—
Have detained in a slightest tower and graves for questionings,
Love that endured for an hour and the eyes of wounded things,
I would like to go back once more, creep back, dark-foot in the rain,
And timidly knock at the door I left, I can never go back again.

—Florence Wilkinson, in Century.

NOTES

Doubleday, Page & Co. offer prizes amounting to \$100 for the best reviews of E. F. Benson's new novel, "The Climber." Reviews must be not more than 1,000 words, and manuscript must be submitted by June 15.

Arthur Stringer, whose new "wireless" novel, "The Gunrunner," is published by H. W. Dodge & Co. this week, as his greatest amusement owns and runs a fruit farm, in Canada in the most southerly corner of Ontario. There, being proud of his country's climate, he tries to prove to the world that Canada should never have been called "Our Lady of the Snows." He has even succeeded in growing artichokes, the ancestors of which he brought back from Morocco, and has coaxed Alabama sugar cane to a height of 11 feet; petted peanuts and okra into bloom, to say nothing of producing Kentucky sweet potatoes, and taking prizes at the county fairs for his wonderful grapes.

He also grows a variety of so-called Havana tobacco, of which he is inordinately proud. He starts the seed in a hothouse and carefully watches over his crop—but Canada is considerably north of Cuba! This tobacco he sends about to his chosen friends in precious little sample packages. None of these friends was ever known to try it twice. It has been described as "Canadian green with a sunburn," and its aroma is not mild. But Stringer adheres to it, doggedly, with the calm stubbornness of the true Canuck and the conscious pride of a patriot furthering the good name of his native land.

Stringer once said that New York was an ideal city to live in if you spent the winter in the West Indies and the summer in Canada.

One of the most successful of the "foreign invaders" of America is W. Somerset Maugham, the young Englishman who enjoys the unique distinction of being the author of two plays, "The Razor's Edge" and "The Moon and Sixpence," and two novels which have appeared here all in one season. Mr. Maugham's range from that amiable comedy, "Lady Frederick," in which Ethel Barrymore is "rich," to his novel, "The Magician," a little short of marvelous. In striking contrast to it is "The Explorer," which reminds one of Mason's stories of African adventure.

Mr. Howell has finished a new novel which the Harpers will publish next month.

"The Romance of a Plain Man" is the title of Miss Glasgow's new novel. It is the story of a southern "poor white" who works up from his humble beginnings into business and social success.

The Macmillan company will bring out next month Marion Crawford's latest story, "The White Sister," the story of which he corrected just before his death.

Edward W. Thomson, author of "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems," is well known as a political writer throughout western Canada. He has lived for a considerable time in the United States and is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, Col-

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EUGENE ZIMMERMANN.

Eugene Zimmermann, the famous caricaturist whose drawings have brought him fame and fortune, signs his work as "Zim," and many a thousand laughs has his clever work drawn from a joke-loving public. Zimmermann was born in Basel, Switzerland, on May 26, 1862, but came to this country as a youth. He lives at Horsham, N. Y., but does most of his work in a studio on Fifth avenue, New York city.

happened on The Other Side of the Door.

Dr. Samuel McCombs' "The Making of the English Bible," will be published this month by Moffat, Yard & Company. In the meantime will be issued his masterly little treatise on "The Power of Self-Suggestion," which attempts to solve the question of securing, each reader for himself, the height of personal efficiency.

"An Englishman's Home," the play by Major Guy du Maurier, the printed text of which has been made available through the Harpers, has had a curious history. One night this winter a handful of people, bored with a long-enduring London fog, drifted into a theater for the first performance of a play whose author signed himself merely "A Patriot." It happened that the play, too, opened in a scene of fog, and perhaps that deepened the effect of what was to come. And it came—the overwhelming drama, the picture of a man's own home, the satire that stung, the story that swept the mind to laughter and tears, to fury and shame, to terror and resolve. The next night the police guarded the theater from the crowd, the press clamored, the public talked of nothing else. And then Mr. Charles Frohman brought a company over to America, and we saw the play was not for England alone. The scene is Mr. Brown's home in the country, in Wiltshire, Essex. Soldiers invade it while the family dines, doing picture puzzles and limericks, reading about football. War is on, but nobody realizes it. Local troops arrive to defend the house, but they don't know how to fight. The Browns don't know how to fight. The house is shelled, set on fire, destroyed. Only old Brown remains, trying to fire a gun for the first time in his life, to defend his home—an Englishman's home. And he is punished for it with his life. The play is remarkably written in a key of satire against the self-satisfied Englishman which made one American gasp as he read it. "It's a wonder the stage wasn't mobbed!"

Irving Bacheller's "Hand-Made Gentleman," in his novel of that name just published by the Harpers, was sketched from the author's memory of an old schoolmate. Mr. Bacheller remains with a twinkle in the eye, this same "Pegleg McCarthy's" determined endeavors to conform himself to the external requirements of a gentleman, much after the advice of Lord Chesterfield. But there the resemblance between character and model ceases, for the rise of Mr. Bacheller's home to a unique industrial control in the giant enterprises of the last century in no wise parallels the career of his schoolfellow. The reader wonders, too, whether the latter's quaint phrases are literal memories of this aspiring youth, or the product of Mr. Bacheller's own particular genius for the portraiture of the humble.

The most remarkable incident in this story of Mr. Bacheller's are true, a story of rural New York State some fifty years ago, wherein a young man first suggested to Commodore Vanderbilt the idea of combining the railroads which later formed the New York Central system. Another great name is introduced, and in this case the character is still living—Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Bacheller obtained his details from the recollection of men who knew.

The Hand-Made Gentleman is an

MAGAZINES

The May number of the Youth's Companion comes with a beautiful cover design in the way of a picture book and a pretty potted plant in lavender suggestion for a setting. The opening story is entitled "The Mayor of Mar-sailles," and there is another interesting piece of fiction in "The Snow Slide Hospital." "The Farm; A Home and a Business," is an interesting article for the agriculturist and home builder, and the poetry and all other departments have the usual good reading.

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Shakespeare Memorial
In Southwark Cathedral

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, April 27.—However much doubt there may be about other incidents in the life of Shakespeare, the fact that he was connected with the borough of Southwark and actually acted in several of his own compositions at the Rose and Globe theaters, which were in his day situated in that part of London, is pretty well established. On Friday next, the poet's birthday, a commemorative service will be held at Southwark cathedral which will recall these events, and at some later date a permanent memorial to the great poet will be placed beneath the Shakespeare window of the church. Southwark cathedral was originally known as the Priory church of St. Marie Overie, and when Shakespeare himself is supposed to have occupied one of the pews on the north side of the nave which was reserved for those who lived in the district of Bankside, it already boasted an existence of almost 600 years. After the reformation its name was changed to St. Saviour's and it was the parish church of the poet during his residence in the borough.

Although there is no direct evidence that he ever worshipped in the church there is every reason for believing that such is the fact. To begin with he was a religious man. Then in his time there was in existence an act which imposed a fine of 12 pence for every non-attendance at church and for a month's continued non-attendance the sum of £20—about £750 in present-day currency. That the poet would have run the risk of such a fine it is impossible to believe.

MANY ASSOCIATIONS.

The church has many other associations besides its supposed connection with the "Bard of Avon." John Gower, one of the earliest known of English poets and a close friend of Chaucer, is buried there. Fletcher, collaborator with Beaumont, also rests beneath its walls. It has been pointed out that as Shakespeare lived only a few doors away from Beaumont and Fletcher on Bankside during his connection with the Globe theater that all three probably met frequently in Southwark cathedral. A further tie which binds the memory of Shakespeare to the church lies in the fact that Edmund Spenser, his younger brother, was buried there and the poet attended the interment and was said to have shown visible signs of his great sorrow.

The Globe theater, according to

contemporary maps, stood about 300 yards from the church, near the river bank. The exact spot where it stood is now within the yard of Barclay, Perkins and Co., the brewers. Shakespeare became part owner of the theater and appeared in his own plays. Thus, filling the role of playwright by day and that of actor at night, he must have led an active life.

The services to be held next Friday have been well planned. A large part of the music will be such as was played in Shakespeare's time. The Poet Laureate will recite the ode to Shakespeare which he has specially composed for the occasion, and Forbes Robertson will deliver an address. Ellen Terry, assisted by other famous actresses who have played in Shakespearean roles, will decorate the window to the poet which already stands in the church. The memorial which it is proposed to erect in the cathedral will take the form of an alabaster effigy of the poet wearing the Muse and the cost is estimated at about \$3,250.

SUICIDE OF A POET.

Universal sorrow is felt throughout literary circles in England and no doubt in many other quarters of the world over the now almost certain suicide of John Davidson, the poet who has been missing for some weeks. Papers which have reached Grant Richards, his publisher, remove any doubt which might have remained of his death, but it is hoped that his body might be recovered.

There appears from documents left behind by the poet that the cause of his suicide was the lack of funds. He was in receipt of a Civil List pension, but it was insufficient to meet his needs and he deplored the necessity of writing the class of poetry which people were willing to pay for.

His poet's will directed that certain of his unpublished plays, of which copies had been made, should be destroyed.

VICTOR HUGO REVIVAL.

There has been quite a revival of Victor Hugo in England recently, and several new editions of "Les Misérables" have appeared. This book still holds a record for a sensational first edition. It appeared simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Berlin, Madrid, Warsaw, Rotterdam, Pest and Rio Janeiro. The first 7,000 were sold out in Paris in two days, and for a month the firm were printing new copies every day. The week after the issue of the book, the author received letters from nine women saying they had christened their babies either Maurice or Corette; and

Salt Lake housewives are not the only wise ones—we ship a lot of

HUSLER'S
FLOUR

to surrounding states.

within the year hosts of women had written making him proposals of marriage. It is perhaps fortunate for modern authors that success does not take this particular form.

CHARLES OGDENS.

A HAPPY FATHER

Is soon turned to a sad one if he has to walk the floor every night with a crying baby. McGee's Baby Elixir will make the child well-soothe its nerves, induce healthy, normal slumber. Best for disordered bowels and sour stomach—teething babies need it. Pleasant to take, sure, and safe, contains no harmful drugs. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

KEEP THE BALANCE UP.

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. Nobody can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least imprudence brings on sickness, weakness, or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength, and endurance.

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is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends. This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merit—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1909 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month.

Some of the Features for 1909

A Great Serial of the Air

The conquest of the air and the invention of a practical aeroplane are yet in the future, but many believe that we are on the threshold of these events. Herbert Quick has written for the Cosmopolitan a serial dealing with the air that is as thrilling as it is odd, quaint and unusual.

Edwin Lefevre on Wall Street

There is no writer that understands Wall Street as Edwin Lefevre understands it. Mr. Lefevre, like the Admirable Crichton, has "played the game." He knows every angle of it. Mr. Lefevre will contribute to the magazine in the course of the year a series of articles dealing with financiers and Wall Street methods. He will show how the game can be and is constantly being beaten.

Humor of Ellis Parker Butler

"Pigs Is Pigs," and Ellis Parker Butler is Ellis Parker Butler. No one can give the quaint turn and the chuckle-compelling twist to a ludicrous situation like Mr. Butler. He will be heard from in the Cosmopolitan this year, and a broad grin is bound to follow the reading of his tales.

Elbert Hubbard

The writings of Elbert Hubbard on the opening pages of our issues, although short, are among the magazine's most popular features, and will be continued during the coming year.

Depew's Reminiscences

What names, what majestic figures, what great events, are visualized in the camera-like mind of Chauncey M. Depew! The tales of these men, the moving recital of these great events, will be told in the Cosmopolitan with all the anecdotal flip and the comprehensive and telling effect of this master orator and raconteur.

Russell's Life of Charlemagne

A great feature of the coming year will be a life of Charlemagne by Charles Edward Russell, whose forceful and picturesque writings are familiar to and always welcomed by the readers of the Cosmopolitan.

Henry Waterson on Lincoln

February 12, 1909, is the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It has been said that more has been written about this majestic, somberly pathetic figure than about any other man except Christ. The place of Lincoln in history is fixed for all time, and whatever may be written in the future can add little or nothing to the sublimity of his life and his achievements.

Colonel Henry Waterson, who, perhaps better than any other, can write sympathetically of the work and life of the martyred President, will contribute an appreciation of Lincoln to the March number of the Cosmopolitan.

Strange University Teachings

Parents are frequently dismayed, when their children return from college, to learn some of the ideas that have been instilled in their minds. Our great colleges are culture tubes for some of the most startling theories ever devised. Free love, socialism, and similar creeds are discussed and advocated in places where practical people could hardly look for such ideas to be sustained. Harold Boice has visited many of our great colleges and universities within the past year, and has set down just what is being taught. You will be astonished at many of the things Mr. Boice will tell you about our best known universities.

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