



## IN LITTLE BOY LAND.

Oh! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,  
And blue are the skies bending over,  
And golden the butterflies flitting about  
To visit the pink and white clover.  
There are cool, running brooks where  
The cows like to stand,  
And milky-white lambskins in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land  
Is the prettiest shop full of candy,  
And a dear little woman to give it away—  
It's ever and ever so handy.  
There are chocolate creams which the boys say are "grand,"  
And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do  
No errands to run for the mother,  
And nothing to do but forever to play.  
First one jolly game, then another,  
There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,  
And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

Oh! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land,  
But play through the warm, sunny weather,  
And play through the winter—Oh! Then it is fun  
To slide down the long hills together.  
There's no school to go to—now, please understand,  
It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

Oh! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons and sleds,  
And donkeys and ponies by dozens;  
So each little fellow can ride if he will—  
Each one of the brothers and cousins,  
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—  
Oh! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

Oh! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,  
Where there's fun going on every minute,  
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,  
And a good time with every one in it?  
Oh! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,  
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!  
—Harriet Francine Crocker, Puck.

## TWO KINDS OF BOY.

I want to ask a question;  
Now, explain this who can—  
Why 'tis whenever I get hurt,  
I'm mother's great big man.

"Too large, of course, and brave to cry!"  
But when I ask for cheese,  
Or maybe pickles with my lunch,  
Why, then—now listen, please—  
Oh, I'm "too little" for that!

Must eat nice milk and bread,  
I think and worry over this  
Until it hurts my head;  
And I'd be very much obliged  
If someone would tell me  
Just 'zactly what the proper size  
A fellow ought to be.

## NOTES.

This story may or may not be true, but at any rate it is funny. It seems that a woman went into a Philadelphia bookstore the other day and asked for "Mark Twain's Oration on Julius Caesar." The clerk endeavored to convince her that Mark Twain never wrote or delivered the oration in question, but she insisted that it was right. Finally she departed, quite unconvinced, and asserted that she would have no trouble in finding it somewhere else.

So many stories of Carlyle's habitual modesty are current that there can be no harm in reprinting the late Charles Godfrey Leland's account of his interview with the author of "Sartor Resartus." Mr. Leland went to see him at the famous house in Cheyne Walk. The conversation had begun "When," says Mr. Leland, "all at once Mr. Carlyle abruptly asked me in a friendly way with an intonation which sounded to me almost semi-contentious, 'And what kind of American may you be?' German, or Irish, or what?" To which I replied, not overambitiously, "Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle, to know the origin of my family, I may say I am descended from Henry Leland, whom tradition declares to have been a noted Puritan and active in the politics of his time and who went to America in 1639. To which Carlyle replied, 'I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather, with something to the effect that we had the merely melodramatic and theatrical revolution equal to it in importance or of any importance. Then a great rage came over me and quickly the following inspiration came, which I uttered, and I suspect somewhat energetically, 'Mr. Carlyle, I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died, standing by my side in the war of the Rebellion fighting against slavery, was worth 100 of my old Puritan ancestors, at least he died in a 10 times better cause. And I think me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I am in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical.' Here Mr. Carlyle, looking utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry, said in broad Scotch, 'What's that ye say?' To repetition of the youthful words Carlyle answered, with

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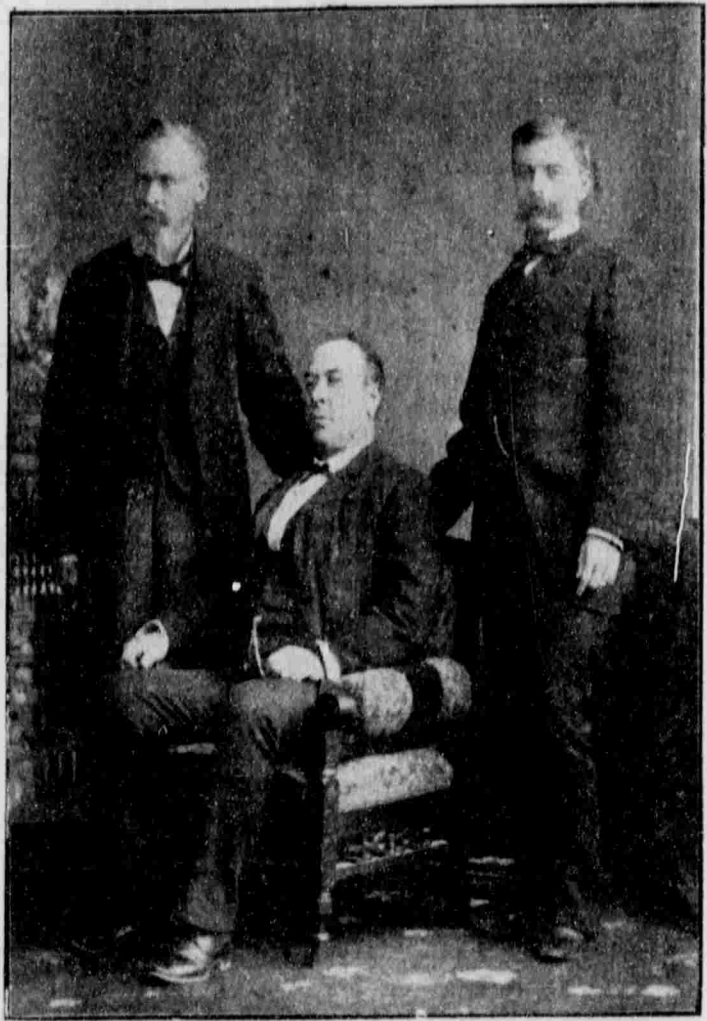
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ready consented to speak. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will be present.

George Ade has turned from slang and comic opera librettos to write a

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



## THREE "HANDCART" MISSIONARIES.

The missionary of today, who is whirled to his field of labor in an elegantly appointed train of cars, can hardly appreciate what preaching the Gospel meant 50 years ago. The above picture represents three men, David Wilkin, shown on the left, Phil Margetta in the center, and Seymour B. Young on the right, members of the band known as "handcart missionaries," who left in company with 68 others, bound from Salt Lake to Omaha, April 23, 1857. The entire company went on foot and pulled or pushed their own handcarts with them. The cart of the three Elders above named, was called "Zion's Express," and in the company were 26 other similar vehicles. The company tramped the entire distance, and arrived with their carts in place, near Omaha, June 10, 48 days after leaving Salt Lake. They rested in all seven and one-half days. The entire distance was 1,932 miles, and the average made was 25 miles a day. No horses, mules, or oxen accompanied them; every one went afoot and all arrived at the end of the journey well and hearty, and the trip, despite its hardships, was enjoyed.

David Wilkin died about five years ago. His trade was that of a builder, and he constructed the old Doremus school building in the Seventeenth ward, which was later the Desert university and the Desert hospital. Phil Margetta is the pioneer actor, who is still hale and hearty, and Seymour B. Young is the senior president of the First Council of Seventies.

after 8 o'clock, under the direct supervision of her fox terrier Sport, who had been kindly consented to act as mascot for "A Daughter of the Pit." His ideas about some things are rather strict. He insists, for instance, on a seat on the table while his mistress writes, and if he may sit among her papers, he likes it all the better. He does not approve of writing after midnight, and even though Mrs. Jackson's industry makes her regardless of the hour, he promptly interposes, plaiting both front paws and his pretty brown head squarely on the last word. He is seldom more than 10 minutes out of his reckoning, which is better than many men can do, regarding midnight hours.

Mr. James Joy Bell, whose Scottish story Wee Macgregor has just made him famous in Great Britain, has been slaying in London and writing his new impressions of the place. These will be printed in George R. Sims' new weekly, Men and Women. Mr. Bell is a Glasgow man. His Wee Macgregor, which has been said to combine the kindly domestic atmosphere of Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" with the fan and laughter of "Helen's Babies," is just off the press of Harper & Brothers here. It is selling in its one hundred thousandth in Great Britain.

The New York Mail and Express says: From Chicago comes the disquieting information that Mary Macleane is writing a new book. It is vaguely stated that it will be quite unlike her first production, that it will reflect the experience and knowledge gathered by her on her visit to the east, which, after all, can only mean that the second volume, like the first, will be about Mary Macleane "by herself."

Spring, seems to be the season for the breaking out of strikes and labor troubles each year, and this tendency is reflected in several of the present season's novels. "The Legation," by Alice Prescott Smith, published last week, is largely based on labor antagonisms in a vaguely stated that it will be quite unlike her first production, that it will reflect the experience and knowledge gathered by her on her visit to the east, which, after all, can only mean that the second volume, like the first, will be about Mary Macleane "by herself."

With the reports from all over the world of the strained relations between labor and capital, aggravated by self-interest, socialistic labor leaders, many people are asking themselves what we are drifting to. In "The Lieutenant-Governor" Guy Wetmore Carryl tells how the imaginary commonwealth of Alleghenia was rescued from just such a crisis as is being faced in many places today.

The centennial of Emerson's birth on May 25 will be commemorated in New York by the Society of American Authors. A dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria will be followed by public speeches. Col. Henry Watterson and President Schurman, of Cornell, have al

of the Baskervilles" and Booth Tarkington's "Two Vanrevels."

"I want a copy of 'The Tender Passion,'" said the girl with pink cheeks and blue eyes, to the young man at the book counter.

"The Tender Passion," certainly," the young man replied, smiling, but at the same time scouring his memory for some clue that would help him locate the book. Into the Publishers' Index, catalogues, pamphlets and announcements he dove—but no such title was there.

"The Tender Passion," I believe you wanted," he said with his most affable smile.

"Yes, I think that is the name," the girl with the pink cheeks and blue eyes replied. "It's by Ethel Watts."

"Oh!" said the man of books, "certainly" and when he returned bearing from the shelves he bore in his hand "True Love" by Edith Wyatt.

S. R. Crockett is about to appear with a new book. Its title will be "Flowers of the Desert" and its publishers are McClure, Phillips & Company. In it Mr. Crockett again takes the field with pure historical romance, and adds to his already long list of successful tales of adventure, one which is said to be quite the best he has yet done. The story is a picturesque one—full of emotion and action, in which a number of great historical characters take part, among them the Duke of Marlborough, Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV. The interest of love and adventure centers around a young English lieutenant, who is aide to the Great Duke on his campaign in Flanders. Into the hands of the young man are put the plans for the relief of a body of French protestants, beleaguered in their mountain fastness, in the Cevennes. Many things happen to him on the road, and in the city he finds "Proverbe-of-the-Corn" whom he met and loved in Marlborough's camp. Through his daring and bravery he wins her love and takes her back to the English lines, his wife.

## BOOKS.

The hero of "The Legation," a Southern California story, is a young man in a small town, and with it the legacy of his uncle's relations to the townspeople, which were not always friendly.

He finds himself involved in various adventures with the most recent settlement of the people—a huge effect of the war; with his workmen, and with a group of socialistic and temperance fanatics. The clouds of opposition gradually gather about him and break at last in a strike, during which attempts are made upon the hero's life.

The climax of feeling in the story is attended with a most dramatic catastrophe in a great fire, in which sweep through all the town, burning a number of the people. The hero succeeds in rescuing some of the survivors, and finds, when the fire is past, that it has consumed all his savings and left a feeling of harmony in which he is able to work, together with the people, for the future of the town.

The novel is marked throughout with much intensity of feeling, excellent dialogue, great rapidity of narration, and a wealth of incident. It is entirely modern, and its air of sincerity is a relief from a great deal of the fiction of the last few years. The author's first book, it has power that augurs well for its success.

"The Canterbury Pilgrims" a play in four acts by Percy Wallace Mackaye, which is to be produced by E. H. Sothern, is now ready in the book form by the Macmillan company. The play is a comedy in verse, founded on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The present work presents Chaucer in the role of a lover whose motto Amor Vincit Omnia gave Chaucer an opportunity to throw a spice of mischief into the picture he portrayed of the gentle little woman. The main theme of the play is the depicting of the nature of the pilgrims, their habits, their many-sidedness and its gentle quality of humanity. The plot is light and circumstantial. The opening scene the Tabard Inn at Southwark near London; the first act, the pilgrims on their way; Act II, a bet between Chaucer and his wife of Bath; Acts III and IV—The wife's contrivances for winning it and her success; Act IV—Chaucer's contrivances for catching her, and the final success thereof. The play is an admirable piece of work, and should appeal most strongly to lovers of good verse.

## MAGAZINES.

The Arena for May opens with a characteristic feature—a symposium on the present state of the public question from varying standpoints. This month the subject is "Mormonism and Polygamy," which is discussed by the president of the "Mormon" Church, the president of the "Reorganized" church, and the general secretary of the National Anti-Mormon Missionary association. These papers are followed by a lengthy report of the municipal ownership convention, recently held in New York. Edwin Maxey, L.L.D., contributes an article on the "Aftermath of the Venezuelan Affair," and Col. Wm. Hemmest discusses "The Problem of the Blacks," urging the emancipation of our negroes to Cuba. Editor Pfeiffer has a valuable essay entitled "Jefferson's Service to Civilization," and J. A. Hourwich outlines "Religious and Political Liberty in Russia." "Free Socialism" is discussed by William L. Garver, and John T. Yates gives his conception of "True Patriotism and Good Citizenship." "A Paternalism of Labor," to offset the trusts, is proposed by James A. Stark, and "The Rochdale Co-operative Movement in California" is described by C. Y. Roop. In his regular department of "Tones of the Times" and "Books of the Day," Editor Pfeiffer gives much interesting and valuable information. The Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Ave., New York.

Five hundred Iowa farmers have tried the experiment of going into business for themselves, dealing in many staple articles used upon the farm, and buying all kinds of farm produce. In 1901 they transacted business to the amount of \$280,000, at an outlay of about \$4,000, inclusive of salaries, taxes, and insurance. In 1902 the volume of business was approximately \$280,000. Since these farmers organized their company thirteen years ago the business transacted has amounted to over \$1,000,000, and the expense of carrying it on has averaged \$3,000 a year. The story of this economical experiment, with suggestion of its possibilities, told by W. R. Harwood, will be one of the features of the May Century.

The Red Book is the name of a new magazine of short fiction, published in Chicago, which is announced to appear next week. Apparently the new candidate for favor has prospects as cheerful as its name. The list of contributors in the first issue includes Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe, Elizabeth Phillips Train, and Robert B. Lewis. The magazine is published by the Red Book Co., 111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of a few moments a very sick woman was brought in on a stretcher—she was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and consultation, and in less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo an operation for ovaritis.

The above is an accurate account of an incident which occurred in New York recently; the young woman in question had warnings enough of her dangerous condition in the terrible pains and burning sensation low down in her left side. She had no one to advise her, and she suffered torture until it was too late for anything to save her life.

Women should remember that if they do not care to tell a doctor their troubles, they should be willing to tell them to a woman, who stands ever ready to advise and help them. Again we state that Mrs. Pinkham's advice is freely and confidentially given to every one who asks for it. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The following letters prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the power to cure, and does cure thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries, womb, and all other derangements of the female organism.

MRS. OTTOSON SAVED FROM A SURGICAL OPERATION.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died."

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that."

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to any one suffering as I was."—MRS. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa. (June 9, 1901.)

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—Stick to the medicine that you know is Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

INFLAMMATION OF THE OVARIES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life. I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation."

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now."

You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer St. Francis Benevolent Association.

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Warman, Rene Hache, and several others of hardly less repute. Manifestly, a periodical that can begin in this fashion must have resources behind it, financial as well as editorial.

Always there is a demand for more good short stories, and apparently the Red Book is prepared to deliver them. The editor of the magazine is Trumbull White, whose work as a foreign correspondent in many lands, and as a writer of historical and biographical books, is widely known.

"Thorpe's Promotion" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, and is followed by several other interesting pieces of fiction including an installment of the "Rasswold Fleet." There are two excellent poetical selections and the usual good material in the departments.

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