



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

The generous enthusiasm of the poet Byron for Greece and his exertions in the cause of the Hellenes, in their struggles for independence, all the story of his life, his death, his death, on April 19, 1824, was caused by exposure to the elements while he was making preparations for the siege of Lepanto. One of his best known poems is "The Maid of Athens," in which he sings the glories of ancient Greece and the glories of the Hellenes. New interest in the poet's works will doubtless be awakened by the new book of Hattie Ermine Rives, dealing with his life, a review of which is published below:

MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
O give me back my heart,
Or, since that has left me here,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
O my life, I love thee so!

By those tresses unconfined,
Which by each breeze are blown;
By those lips whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
O my life, I love thee so!

By that lip I long to taste;
By that gaze I long to waste;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak as well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
O my life, I love thee so!

Maid of Athens! I am gone,
And thou art left alone,
Though I fly to Istanbul,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
O my life, I love thee so!

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Whether it rains or whether it snows
Or whether the sun shines bright,
We must enjoy the time that flows,
For the time is the time for joy and mirth;
Tomorrow the time for pain and grief,
In spite of the clouds and rain,
Whether the skies are dull or bright,
Or whether the roses bloom,
Why should a grief the soul afflict,
Or plunge it in doubt and gloom?
Today is the time for joy and mirth;
Tomorrow the time for tears.
Let us live today for what it's worth,
Defying the treacherous years.

—Wills Leonard Cavanaugh.

NOTES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett left this week for Italy and from there expects to go soon to England. Before leaving she approved the proofs of her latest story, "The Flight of a Moth," which will appear in two parts in McClure's Magazine, in August and September. This story is of the half fairy sort, a "Sara Crewe" for grown-ups, and will be illustrated in colors by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out, early in the fall, a novel by a new writer, Emily Post, who is a daughter of the late Bruce Price, the well-known New York architect. The story is entitled "The Flight of a Moth." It is a charming and altogether delightful tale, dealing with the old theme of an American woman who has a great social success abroad, and who is immensely admired there because of her versatility, beauty and tact. The theme, however, is treated in an entirely new manner, and is consistently fresh from cover to cover. The book is a most interesting and well the "life" of European capitals, the humor is crisp and the author is absolutely at home in writing of the social aspects of London and Paris, and the amusing episode in a French country house.

"Daughters of Desperation," Hildebrand Brooks' amusing satirical story of amateur anarchy, seems to be just the kind of thing that is needed to fix the public fancy. It has jumped into immediate popularity. The author is totally unaware of its success. Early in the year Miss Brooks started for Egypt, and is now in North Africa out of the reach of any news, and far away from telegraphs, telephones and post offices.

Miss Emily Ruth Calvin, a young Chicago writer and musician, has again been honored by Pope Pius X. She recently received a letter from the pope expressing his appreciation of her poem published in the Chicago Record-Herald on the death of Pope Leo. In addition to this, she had just received from the pope a decoration in the form of a medal, together with a second letter, imparting his apostolic benediction. The medal is of silver and highly artistic. On one side is a fine portrait medallion of Pope Pius X., and on the other one of the Virgin, both exquisitely wrought.

Hamilton Garland, whose story of the stage, "The Light of the Stage," has just been published by the Harpers, once appeared himself on the amateur stage. It was in Orange, Ia., and Mr. Garland was then 18 years old. The play was one of the old-fashioned domestic dramas entitled "My Brother's Keeper," and the embryo author was cast for the leading juvenile, his village friends, whom he caricatured and carefully rehearsed, taking the part of the hero, and was a stand-out in the play. The play from the standpoint of the amateur was an unequalled success, and the ambitious stage manager moved upon the neighboring town of St. Angar for a short, very short, tour. Mr. Garland rode to his one-night stand in a lumber wagon on the scenery.

In the preface of his forthcoming "Fall of Paganism in Ireland," Michael Dwyer says: "In the following pages I tell the story of an Irish movement."

BAKER'S COCOA
AND
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have held the market for 122 years with constantly increasing sales

(1) because they are pure and of high grade; (2) because they yield the most and best for the money; (3) because they are unequalled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor.

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited
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40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA



THE HALSTEAD SISTERS.
And Miss Marian's Poem on the Great Salt Lake.

The Misses Marian and Lillian Halstead, twin sisters of this city, have strongly developed literary tastes. They are seen together in this picture. The former was graduated from St. Mary's Academy last week, and was conspicuous for the part she took in the commencement exercises. To her was allotted the task of reading an original poem—A Lake Lyric. Her reading was decidedly effective and her lines have caused considerable favorable comment among the auditors who were present when the young graduates of the institution received their diplomas.

A LAKE LYRIC.

An ode to the Great Salt Lake, written by Miss Marian Halstead of this city, and read by her at her graduation from St. Mary's academy, at the recent commencement of that institution:

Fair the waters are to me,
Of an azure inland sea,
Where the sparkling billows rear,
Where the briny dashing foam
Robs the lake its rich attire,
Moving changing o'erme,
Underneath heaven's arching dome,
When at eve the deepening shade
Robs the lake its rich attire,
One broad sea of living fire
Is the azure surface made,
Harmless by its sparkling gleam,
In the twilight outlined clear,
Distant, yet distinctly seen,
Verdant, hill-crowned isles appear.

Rising from the foamy foam,
Like bright stars in heaven's blue dome,
Far across the billowy breast,
Scorning white-winged sea-gulls fly,
Hauzling to their distant rest
On some island of the lake,
When the silvery waters break,
As they ever hasten by,
When we watch that silvery mass
Laughing in its liquid play,
Tranquilly from day to day,
Know we that water's life is naught
In beauty can surpass
Utah's inland, saline sea.

Great Salt Lake, thy golden shore,
Lures the heart thy joy to share,
For thy rippling wavelets fair
Seem to murmur, "Toil is o'er."
Know we that water's life is naught
In beauty can surpass
Utah's inland, saline sea.

In thy fondling waters kind,
Steeled of this western land,
On thy bosom, silver lake,
Soft close spread their snowy wings,
And upon the wavelets break,
Sparkling rays the sun-gold fling,
From the empyrean sky and bright,
Tells the crimson molten light,
Sifting, fleecy cloudlets through
Far the mirror reflecting side
Glimmers now the empyrean blue,
While to lake and mountain side
Dyeth doth softly laid adieu.

Inland sea our Utah's pride,
Fair thou art beyond compare,
Beauty's smile is on thy face,
O'er thy shimmering silken side,
Robt thy shimmer with magic rare,
And thorough essay on a theme
Of thy singing billows break,
So my heart in simple song,
Tribune brings to thee, Salt Lake.

Tales" given her, in exchange for a new one, by the librarian of the public library at Mrs. Boyle's home, Memphis, Tenn. Since the book's publication, in 1900, neither of the two copies of "Devils' Tales," says the librarian, has been on the shelf two days in succession, and there has long been a success, is a lengthy waiting list. The stories are unique and weird tales of negroes, not previously told to the history of a judicial inquisition unparalleled in the annals of political warfare.

It is said that John H. Whitson, author of "The Rainbow Chasers," like many a hero of romance, owes his success to a rejection, but that his rejection came from a masculine hand. His early attempts in fiction were sent to the Yankee Blade, when Mr. Sam Walter Foss was its editor. One day Mr. Foss returned a "revel of his manuscript with the criticism, "Too good for us," and bade the westerner try his fortune elsewhere. As the trial was successful, this was the beginning of a warm friendship between the two men. Foss returned to the States, and lived in Somerville, near the public library, of which Mr. Foss is librarian.

Mr. Albanesi, the author of "Sushannah and Other" under her own charming Kent home as a background for part of her story. She calls her place Froggall Farm. It lies about six miles from the picturesque town of Canterbury, and is but a short drive from the English Channel. It is a quiet, roomy house, about 300 years old, standing in typical Kentish surroundings—wider-arched barns and sheepfolds, bowery orchards and broad meadows. It was these meadows, indeed, that inspired the opening chapters of "Sushannah," for, having risen at dawn one midsummer morning, just as her heroine does, to gather mushrooms, Madame Albanesi says that, as she stood watching the sun rise, she developed the whole scheme of her story in a few minutes on paper after breakfast that very day.

The year 1904 is memorable as being the centenary of the death of Alexander Hamilton, the first American statesman, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. C. A. Conant sketches in fascinating style the career of the great statesman. "Without some direct and organizing genius like his," writes Mr. Conant, "the consolidation of the union must have been delayed, and have been accomplished with much travail." He was fortunate in finding an opportunity for the exercise of his high abilities as a statesman, for his life had been unendingly services to the country than have been rendered by almost any man in her history, with the exception of Washington and Lincoln. The price of this book, in linen binding with frontispiece portrait of Hamilton, is 50 cents, postpaid.

Charles Hamilton's last years were spent in the shadow of a mental obsession which might readily have been foreseen, for his life had been unendingly full of interpenetrating mental activity. He died at his home in London on April 13, 1884, and his remains were buried at Wilsden cemetery on the 15th. By his own request, for he always held his life as a gift, and there is an index which he did, the plate upon his coffin bore the inscription: "Charles Hamilton, Dramatist, Novelist and Journalist," and his tomb bears the same words. "When he was laid in the grave, as far as my eyes could see through the mist which rose before them," says Mr. Coleman, "there were present 200 people, more or less, among whom I could distinguish of men of letters only two—Robert Buchanan and George Augustus Sala—and of actors only two—Stanislaus Calhoun and Davenport Coleman." They followed him that day to his grave. Not the least entertaining pages in the volume are those which describe Charles Hamilton's association with Mrs. Seymour and her husband and the curious menage which offered him congenial home and surroundings for many years. Illustrations are plentifully scattered through the book, a list of Read's works is given, and there is an index which is extraordinarily inadequate and incomplete. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

Gertrude Atherton, author of "Rulers of Kings," has left Munich and is now traveling in Spain. She wrote recently to a friend that she did not expect a single favorable review of her novel in London, on account of its rampant Americanism. It has, on the contrary, been received in England with a great deal of interest.

A prophet is not always without honor in his own country. Virginia Frazer Boyle has sent to her publishers, the Harpers, a veritable ragged curiosity in the shape of a copy of her "Devil Tales" given her, in exchange for a new one, by the librarian of the public library at Mrs. Boyle's home, Memphis, Tenn. Since the book's publication, in 1900, neither of the two copies of "Devils' Tales," says the librarian, has been on the shelf two days in succession, and there has long been a success, is a lengthy waiting list. The stories are unique and weird tales of negroes, not previously told to the history of a judicial inquisition unparalleled in the annals of political warfare.

In the Afterword of "The Crossing," Mr. Churchill says that he intended to bring down this novel through the stirring period which ended, by a chance, when a steamboat brought supplies to Jackson's army in New Orleans—the beginning of the era of steam commerce in the West. The book expresses the beginning of that great movement across the mountains which swept over the continent to the Pacific; but Clark's expedition against Kaskaskia and Vandalia, Tennessee, Mississippi and New Orleans, proved so such in adventures for hero and heroine that Mr. Churchill brought his novel down only to 1792.

Joseph Chamberlain's attitude towards America is very clearly indicated in a private letter which he recently wrote to Archibald R. Colquhoun concerning the latter's book, "Greater America" (Harpers). Mr. Chamberlain after a reference to the pleasure he has had in reading the work, says: "I most gladly subscribe to your conclusions, and join you in the hope that the relations between the United States and ourselves may be, in the future, those of continually increasing sympathy and appreciation."

July 4, 1904, will be the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. One of the most interesting celebrations of this centenary will be at the Bowdoin college commencement, on June 22, when Bliss Perry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, will deliver an oration. Hawthorne graduated from Bowdoin in 1825, being a classmate of Longfellow and of many others of only few fame.

It is proposed to erect on the Bowdoin campus a statue representing the great romancer as it may be imagined he appeared in young manhood, and if subscription to the proper cause, has had in reading the work, says: "I most gladly subscribe to your conclusions, and join you in the hope that the relations between the United States and ourselves may be, in the future, those of continually increasing sympathy and appreciation."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

SCROFULA SPREADS.
ALARM CAUSED BY AN INVASION OF ULCEROUS SORES.

Perplexity of the Doctors in a Typical and Serious Case Relieved by an Important Discovery.

The fear which is justly aroused by the appearance of a disease with such fatal tendencies as scrofula, will be relieved by a statement of a recent remarkable cure. Mr. Thomas F. Brown, of the Hume Carriage Company, Amesbury, Mass., says:

"About two years ago I was affected with a scrofulous disease which spread over my whole body. It first affected the glands of my neck and then broke out over my chest and other parts of my body. I became greatly alarmed at the spreading of the disease, and consulted physicians in Amesbury and in Newburyport. They told me that I had a bad case of scrofula, and that I would never be cured."

MR. THOMAS F. BROWN.

have to take the greatest care to avert a fatal result. They pronounced my blood to be in a bad condition and said a long time would be necessary to put me in a healthy state.

"There was a chronic inflammation all over my body wherever the disease had spread; there would be a discharge of yellow-colored pus where the skin would break and leave an ulcerlike sore. These sores would dry up for awhile only to break and discharge again. The medicine which the physicians prescribed had no effect in checking the disease and I was in a most miserable state of discouragement. One day I heard the doctor say that there was danger of the disease becoming a consumption. Then I began to lose all hope.

"One day, however, as I lay in bed reading a newspaper, I read an article recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People very highly for diseases of the blood, and, as the doctor's treatment during the preceding three months had done me no good, I decided to stop it and take the pills.

"After I had taken three boxes I saw that the inflammation was going down and that there were fewer sores on my body. I realized that I was improving and I continued to use the pills until I had taken eight boxes. Then I was entirely cured. I am now enjoying good health, have a keen appetite and can do as big a day's work as at any time before I was stricken down, and I firmly believe that I owe my present excellent physical condition to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great remedy is sold by all druggists throughout the world.

the middle of the last century. It was in this not very fashionable suburb, readers may remember, that William Black laid the scene of his "Madcap Violet."

American collectors should warn their London agents not to miss the sale of the manuscript of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" at Sotheby's next month, for this is the most valuable of the autograph copies of that poem. It was continued till now in the family of Robert Aiken, the writer in Ayer, to whom it was inscribed, with an accompanying letter, by the Scottish poet, and is in a perfect state of preservation. An early copy of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is in the British museum, and the printed manuscript of the Kilmarnock edition, 1786, is in possession of the Burns club at Irvine.

George Moore reluctantly came from Ireland to London the other day, to confer with his publishers. Admirers of "Esther Waters" and "Sister Teresa" will be interested in hearing that this author brings with him the manuscript of a new novel of what he calls "general fiction." The novel is titled "Ireland" and is the only new volume by which Moore soon will be represented, for he is planning to publish his bewildering "Literary Avowals"—which have been appearing in a London magazine in book form, about the middle of the summer.

H. G. Wells was as far as ever from being commonplace in the lecture which he delivered on "Literature and the State" at the Royal Institute the other day. He began by explaining that his definition of literature included good preaching, good letter writing, and even good conversation, and, later, dwelt on the relation held by literature and works of fiction to the state of the state-relation which he described as intimate. "People," the novelist maintained, "go to the play to study social procedure." "It is in the novel," he went on, "that the great possibilities of social adjustment, when that adjustment does come, it will be the work of the novelist."

Referring to both novels and plays, Mr. Wells affirms that if they were well done, the state would tend to go to pieces, and would decay. The literature of the personal life, the literature of the emotions—poetry, philosophy, and song—was to tune the whole mass to a general key of being.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

Asthma Sufferers Should Know This.
Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of asthma. Mrs. Adolph Bueing, 70 West Third St., Davenport, Iowa, writes: "A severe cold contracted twelve years ago was neglected until it finally grew into asthma. The best medical skill available could not give me more than temporary relief. Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended and one fifty-cent bottle entirely cured me of asthma which had been growing on me for twelve years, and I had taken it at the start would have been saved years of suffering." F. J. Hill Drug Co.

Tired Mothers.
It's hard work to take care of children and mend houses. It makes a shop of the home—a day, too, where sixteen hours make a day, and yet there is much working overtime.

Foley's Sarsaparilla helps tired mothers in many ways—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, and assures restful sleep.

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS
The Deseret, a large, commodious residence, is rendezvous for Utah visitors. Apply for terms, 1623 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SHEEP MEN, ATTENTION.
Good summer and fall range for lease and sale in East Canyon. For terms and full particulars, apply to E. C. Temple St., Salt Lake City.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME
You began to think of a refreshing summer tonic or beverage? Of course you desire the best. No mistake can be made by ordering a case of

FRED KRUG BREWING CO.
For Sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

The Care of the Hair.
women's crowning glory, should be of interest to all. If gray or bleached it can be restored to its original color or any shade desired from black to the lightest ash blonde without injury to health or scalp by the

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR
The Standard Hair Coloring
Its use makes the hair glossy, soft and silky, is unaffected by baths, perspiration, curling, and one application will last months. Sample of your hair colored free. Privacy assured.
Sole manufacturers and patentees
Imperial Chemical Mfg. Co., 135 W. 23d St., N.Y.

Special 75c per ton off.
Anthracite Coal during month of June.
BURTON COAL & LUMBER CO.
66 W. 2nd St., Phone 838.

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And Other Eastern Points Via

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We Can Save You Money Write Me.
C. F. WARREN,
General Agent,
411 Dooley Block - Salt Lake.

Saponifier.
Pennsylvania Saponifier is the original and old reliable household soap. Beware of counterfeits. The success of this article has induced parties to imitate it. Note genuine life-line unless Pennsylvania Saponifier Co., Philadelphia, Pa., is stamped on the lid.

Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

PUTNAM
Horse Shoe Nails

NEW PUTNAM
Horse Shoe Nails

PUTNAM NAIL COMPANY.
Neponset, Boston, Mass.

Story of the "Yellow Van" Was Not an Imaginary Tale.
OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, June 15.—Until a few days ago I had no idea, as probably was the case with most Americans who read it, that Richard Whiting's story, "The Yellow Van," which attracted so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, had largely to do with existing things. It seems, however, that there really is a Yellow Van and a Land Nationalization society in whose interests the van travels about through rural England, and that the experience of those who have been with it is quite as exhilarating as Mr. Whiting made it.

This I discovered when the Land Nationalization society held a meeting in London the other day. The society was founded in 1881 by a distinguished committee which included Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who hit on the theory of Evolution simultaneously with Darwin; Miss Helen Taylor, who is a granddaughter of John Stuart Mill, and A. C. S. Weston, who hit on the theory of Evolution simultaneously with Darwin; Miss Helen Taylor, who is a granddaughter of John Stuart Mill, and A. C. S. Weston, who hit on the theory of Evolution simultaneously with Darwin.

enough by the country people; though seldom by the representatives of the aristocracy. In the most rural parts, however, where squireship still is supreme, stones and rotten eggs propelled in his direction frequently leave Hyder in no doubt as to the attitude of his hearers. In such districts, in fact, determined attacks on the van are by no means rare occurrences. In one county an onslaught was made by a mob of stable-boys armed with stones and headed by the local parson! In a Herefordshire village, Hyder and his companion were locked up in the stables where they were tending their horses, and had to escape by means of a skylight. Elsewhere, the creatures of the yellow van and its occupants into a river.

Shortly after "Sir Richard Calmady" was published, "Lucas Mallet"—Mrs. St. Leger Harrison—began another novel, and to a few months ago worked on it continually. Then, however, nature kicked and the authoress was ordered by her medical man to go down to Bournemouth, by the sea, and take it easy for a while. Mrs. Harrison did so, and it was only a few days ago that she returned to London, feeling a lot better for her holiday. At her cozy little house in Egerton Crescent, the authoress has taken up her pen again, and hopes to finish her latest romance before many weeks have passed. "Lucas Mallet" was not so far from "Lucas Mallet," who since his return from the Riviera, has been at Cromer, making final corrections in the proof sheets of "The Prodigal Son."

When Miss Bradton published her new romance, "A Lost Eden," the other day, she made the total of her books correspond exactly with that of her age—67. This new novel deals with life in the London district of Camberwell in

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enough by the country people; though seldom by the representatives of the aristocracy. In the most rural parts, however, where squireship still is supreme, stones and rotten eggs propelled in his direction frequently leave Hyder in no doubt as to the attitude of his hearers. In such districts, in fact, determined attacks on the van are by no means rare occurrences. In one county an onslaught was made by a mob of stable-boys armed with stones and headed by the local parson! In a Herefordshire village, Hyder and his companion were locked up in the stables where they were tending their horses, and had to escape by means of a skylight. Elsewhere, the creatures of the yellow van and its occupants into a river.

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When Miss Bradton published her new romance, "A Lost Eden," the other day, she made the total of her books correspond exactly with that of her age—67. This new novel deals with life in the London district of Camberwell in