

LITERATURE

THE POET'S TASK

The oak into the acorn put,
The mountain in the sand;
The hick'ry tree into the nut—
The world in hand.

Into the dewdrop pour the sea—
A pearl that holds a star;
And strike out distance till there be
Nor near, nor far.

—Lee Fairchild in July Ainslee's.

DREAM-WINDS.

Oh, dream-wind, low and wandering,
What freight of heart's delight you bring!
I learn to meet you, and again
There comes the thrill of warm, new rain.
The glint of rainbows softly spanned
In promise o'er a good green land.
The flitters faint of happy winds,
The quick up-rush of growing things,
The scent of gardens brave in pride,
The glory of the countryside.

Oh, dream-wind, blowing keen with frost,
You, too, bear visions worth your cost!
Though flowers are dead and sweet birds flown,
Though stript trees make their shivering moan,
Yet far and keen and thin and high
You blow me back the huntsman's cry.
The loud noise of hound and horn,
The chant of gatherers in the corn,
The fruitless smells of teeming earth,
The tang of fires on every hearth.
The cradle-songs sung soft and low
To children in the after-glow.

—Martha McCulloch-Williams in July Ainslee's.

NOTES

In the railroad station of one of our larger cities recently two gentlemen, in clerical garb, were discussing the merits of modern novels, the conversation evidently being carried on by the clerk of the clerical men, carried a copy of a recent popular romance. He asked his brother minister if he had read this work, saying that for himself he always found it necessary to sandwich his theological studies with the reading of interesting novels. The other replied, "Yes, and like yourself, I am an admirer of Emerson. Though an educated man when he reads a novel desires more than an interesting story; he wants it to be written in good English, and the better written it is the better it is for his own style of expression. A well known novel, if the story is entertaining, is as helpful in improving one's ability to express himself in good English as it is in the time in the study of great models, and what is of most importance, he obtains this benefit without the exertion of study, but while he is pursuing recreation. And this is very important to a professional man, who has to devote so much time to the study of subjects intimately connected with his calling. Though I find, always writes interestingly, and his style, as in *40 or Flight*, is a model of clear, forcible and graceful English.

Tschakowsky's version of "The Tempest" is called an "orchestral fantasia." It indicates a storm at sea by various devices for making noise, and Caliban is pictured in uncouth rhythms and chords. Tschakowsky's "Hamlet" he calls a "fantasia overture," but his moody Dane is thought to be more of a moody Russian. Tschakowsky's "Hamlet" is generally preferred.

Tschakowsky's finest story-telling composition is said to be his "Frankenstein da Rimini." This poor fellow is a great heroine among composers, for she and her love, and her bower, and her sorrow and her death, and her fate to be eternally driven about in the caverns of hell, in that cyclone of blown souls—such things as these are well within the resources of a musician; he can suggest the musical phases passably well, and as for the emotions, music can squeeze the very heart's blood out of them.

People sneer at descriptive music because it expects you to think of a shepherd and his flock when you hear an oboe and a flute; it expects you to think of thunder and lightning when you hear the drum, bass, and cymbals; it expects you to think of a swish-wish!—Rupert Hughes in July Ainslee's.

William Dana Orcutt has closed his Boston home for the season, and with his family is at Cape Cod, where the Orcutt cottage is a familiar landmark in the coast colony. The Harpers recently announced still another printing of Mr. Orcutt's novel, "The Spell."

The Playhouse and the Play. Percy Mackaye recently published a volume of essays has impressed with the vigor of its argument, students, critics and lovers of the drama. As The Nation says, even those who are in agreement with Mr. Mackaye's conclusions, will have to admit that the essays are "full of interesting and pregnant matter." The Nation, it is true, does not permit itself to be as thoroughly convinced as the author of the fundamental necessity of endowment for the drama, but it recognizes Mr. Mackaye's book as a very powerful exposition of that belief. "Comparatively few persons," it says, "ever stop to think of the actual influence of the theater, for good or ill, upon public tastes and morals." This is precisely what Mr. Mackaye writes of with clearness and force.

John Macy, author of the life of B...



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gar Allan Poe in the Beacon Biographies, is now living at Brunswick, Me., having retired from his work as associate editor of the Youth's Companion. Mr. Macy recently wrote to the papers in the name of his wife, who was formerly Miss Sullivan, teacher for many years of Miss Helen Keller, denying the statement that the late Henry H. Rogers was responsible for having rescued Miss Keller some 25 years ago. Mr. Macy shows that as a matter of fact, Mr. Rogers was first taken to see Miss Keller in 1896, by Mark Twain, his benefactions beginning soon thereafter.

The tercentenary exercises on Lake Champlain this summer, while hardly vying in international interest with those that last year celebrated the founding of Quebec, will draw great crowds to the shores of the beautiful lake that separates Vermont from the Adirondack region. The Muse as well as the summer girl will be present at the celebration, for among the public exercises on "Burlington day," July 8, will be the reading of a memorial poem which Bliss Carman is writing at the invitation of the Vermont Lake Champlain tercentenary commission. A Canadian by birth, an American during the major part of his professional career, no poet could more suitably have been chosen to commemorate the illustrious French discoverer of herism than the author of "Low Tide on Grand Pre" and "Songs from Vagabondia."

Miss Zona Gale, the author of "Friendship Village" and "The Loves of Peleas and Etarre," has returned to her Wisconsin home after a long stay in New York. This summer Miss Gale expects to complete a new book which the Macmillan company is to bring out in the fall.

Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody, the Mount Holyoke College instructors who have undertaken the most difficult of labors, a series of nature books for children, are in a fair way to have the children on their side. If one may judge from the way the young folks are addressed in the beginning of "Little Buzzybodies," which is the first of the series to appear on the Harper list, "Peter," say the authors, "is not a very good boy. But do you expect a child always to be good? We do not. Sometimes, too, the frolics turn into a scramble to catch a dragon-fly that will not be caught, and there are accidents. Also, Betty and Jack work hard to win a prize which the guide gives to the child who learns most about ants. Of course it would be impossible for five children to go in search of locusts, grasshoppers, crickets, katydids, dragonflies, May-flies, leafhoppers, lace-wings, caddisworms, butterflies, beetles, bees, wasps, and so many other six-legged creatures that among them they have wings and legs enough to fill a new Pandora's box, without having a good deal happen. And a good deal does happen."

William Dean Howells has opened his cottage at Kittery Point, Me., where it has long been his custom to spend the summer season.

William Dean Howells pays compliments to the novels of Robert Herrick in the current North American Review. The elder novelist and critic pronounces "The young man's conclusion," and deprecates that the serious critics have not noticed his novels more closely. "Inferior names," says Mr. Howells, "are more common than the praise of the unanimity of the reading public; that is not so bad; but his name has not been of that thoughtful mention which his work has merited. It seems to me, but I conclude Mr. Howells with some humor, "am of the passing generation whose sight and hearing are not so good as they were."

Elliot Macartney Lane, whose romance "Katrine" is just through the Harper press for another edition, used to tell a story to illustrate the conviction preferred to cherish that the superfluous word in a story is a blemish and a disappointment. "Up at Gloucester one summer," said Mrs. Lane, "I remember the eternal ancient said on the beach and produced a picture which included sea, sky, rocks, wagon, and people, for a great artist to criticize. The latter looked at it a minute, and then said quietly, 'Why didn't you put in the city of Chicago?' I think most of us in our work today," Mrs. Lane concluded, "try to put in the city of Chicago."

"The Story of Thyra," by Alice Brown, author of "Rose MacLeod," etc. This novel, a venture in a new field for Miss Brown, is perhaps her strongest work. It is a story of a woman's whole life, conceived in a big way, and carried out with absorbing dramatic intensity.

Thyra Tennant, whose story is told in the beginning of the book a little New England girl of appealing originality, somewhat of the type that has been immortalized in Mrs. Wiggins' "Rebecca." She has an ambitious thirst for knowledge and develops into a brilliant and beautiful young woman, only



DR. PAUL RITTER.
The new minister from Switzerland.

to be suddenly overtaken at the age of 18 by a tragic wrong. The story of her later life grows with a vital dramatic power until at the end we leave her comfortably settled, developed through trial and sorrow, a noble and lovely woman. In its vivid reality, its profound insight into the problems of character, its strong and wholesome optimistic note, it is a relief from the many morbid novels of recent years, and one which will be widely read.

MAGAZINES

The hot weather number of the Century will be unusually strong in fiction—the leading feature, a complete novelette by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, entitled "The Society of the Guillotine." A phonetic of Dr. Mitchell's "A Diplomatic Adventure," is an important character; and the scenes are set in Paris during the American Civil war. In this number, too, will be published the second of the three anonymous "Thirteen at Table" stories. The title of this is "The Waiting Hand," and the story is based on a gruesome clause in an actual old New England will. The reader is left to guess whether Margaret Deland, Dr. Mitchell, or Owen Wister is the author. There will be other short stories—humorous ones—by Lucy Pratt and by Charles D. Stewart.

Ainslee's for July carries a table of contents that offers to its readers a quality and variety of fiction that has rarely been equaled anywhere. Harold MacGrath brings his serial story, "The Goose Girl," to a triumphant conclusion, and the scenes are set in Paris during the American Civil war. In this number, too, will be published the second of the three anonymous "Thirteen at Table" stories. The title of this is "The Waiting Hand," and the story is based on a gruesome clause in an actual old New England will. The reader is left to guess whether Margaret Deland, Dr. Mitchell, or Owen Wister is the author. There will be other short stories—humorous ones—by Lucy Pratt and by Charles D. Stewart.

Heine and The Hohenzollerns.

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, June 18.—Literary and artistic Germany has just been deeply stirred by an action on the part of Emperor William which appears to it a wanton insult to the memory of one of Germany's great men; one, indeed, who (if the judgment of intellectual people all over the world be consulted) reflects the brightest glory on his country as a home of letters. The Kaiser has sold for £500 (\$2,500) a statue of the poet Heine which once stood in a temple attached to the villa erected in Corty by the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the beautiful woman who died at the hands of an assassin at Geneva eleven years ago. It is considered by German literary men no mitigation that the statue has been sold to Herr Julius Kampe of Hamburg, although he is a member of the publishing house which originally produced the works of Heine. Artistic feeling, it appears, has been outraged by the very fact of the statue's removal from its temple and its disposal as though it were a piece of unnecessary furniture. Some of the Kaiser's officers, subjects have not hesitated to describe the act as a paltry piece of revenge on the dead genius for his strictures on the Hohenzollerns.

It is, however, no new resolve on the part of Emperor William to remove the statue from Corty. When he bought the villa, as the famous villa is called, as a summer residence for himself whenever he should be cruising in the Mediterranean, he was already credited with the intention of converting Heine's temple into a memorial chapel for the murdered Elizabeth herself. He can, therefore, at least plead that he is performing a pious work when he takes steps to commemorate the imperial designer in the grounds of

the building which she planned and had erected for herself by the Italian architect, Certo.

THE EXTRAVAGANT EMPRESS.

Wildly extravagant as was the Empress Elizabeth in her craze for building and decorating, the Achilleon was perhaps her greatest folly in luxurious and artistic prodigality. Built on the site of a sumptuous house which Elizabeth bought only to pull down, the villa cost no less than \$16,000,000. Perched upon a rock commanding the sea, it has two stories on the side lapped by the waves, and, in addition, a ground-floor on the land side only. The base of the building follows exactly the natural formation of the rock and the ascent to it. A colonnade of twelve marble pillars fronts the blue expanse of sea. By every one of these pillars stood in Elizabeth's time some precious example of ancient statuary, each piece bought by her in Rome and transported by her from the Italian coast to Corty on board her yacht, Miramar, on which she made so many cruises. The wall behind the colonnade is decorated with frescoes by Italian masters. Through the hall, where a huge canvas depicting "The Triumph of Achilles" is displayed, the private apartments are reached by an immense marble staircase. The ante-chamber, all in red, contains a wonderful piece of mosaic work. In the first room, which was the empress's study, the furniture, before she removed it, was in the best style of the empire period. The grand drawing room, which comes next, was also empire, and had a great black marble fire-place, ebony furniture embellished in gold, and tapestry of peach-colored silk. Next come a very simple boudoir, a dressing-room upholstered in blue silk, a completely fitted gymnasium, and, lastly, a bathroom, in the center of which, sunk in the floor, is a large white marble tank. The drawing-room and bed-chamber open out upon a terrace which projects right over the sea. On the floor below are a big drawing-room in yellow and gold, a dining room, a smoking-room, and a number of other apartments; for the Achilleon has no less than 128 rooms. We must not omit to mention the chapel, in Byzantine style, with a masterly copy of Munchausen's "Christ Before Pilate," and many valuable antiques brought by the empress from Pompeii, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

VILLAS FABULOUS COST.

One cannot be surprised, therefore at the fabulous cost of the villa, and still less after visiting the garden and park. The former is a dream of beauty containing no less than 25,000 rose-bushes, of the rarest kinds, merely on

the terrace in front of the entrance to the building. These roses, being constantly in flower, owing to the exceptional climate which Corty enjoys, are a joy to the eye and a delight to the nose. Beyond this forest of roses stretches a park wherein mingle with the scented shrubs of Europe the palms of Africa and the fantastic growth of the tropics, while the limpid air is musical with the sad plashing into marble basins of tiny jets of water. More marble pillars rise into view—a little Greek temple, all rose and white, springing from the luxuriant greenery, and looking down into the blue of the waves below. In this charming temple's shelter, Elizabeth, at the time of her last voyage in 1896, when she made a long stay in Corty, used to sit for whole days, a solitary crumpled figure plunged in the depths of her grief, facing the immensity of the ocean.

A little harbor, guarded by a miniature light-house, giving access to the villa from the sea, a red marble staircase being led into the solid rock, at the base of the stairs is another little temple, the celebrated one, indeed, which the Kaiser now proposes to make into a memorial chapel for Elizabeth herself. The empress, as has been said, dedicated it to Heine; and she erected in it a statue of the poet whom she loved so well and to whose grave in the cemetery of Montmartre, Paris, she never failed to send annually a bequest of white roses.

ELISABETH'S PRESENTIMENT.
When leaving the Achilleon towards the end of 1898, Elizabeth had a presentiment that she would never see it again. Tears rose to her eyes, burning the strange light, kindled by perpetual insomnia, and as she watched from the bridge of the Miramar the sea swallow up the white speck which was her splendid folly, she let drop these slow words: "Just as we come to marry in our lifetime a beloved daughter, to secure her happiness so we ought to sell before our death a beloved home, to make sure that a worthy master follows us."

Elizabeth was not destined to see this wish realized, hard though she strove; for there was no purchaser to be found for so fantastically costly property. Shortly before her death she had all her furniture from the Achilleon brought to her chateau at Lainz. She was burying her dream in its grave. What would she have said, we may well ask, had she known what fate awaited her villa and her little shrine to the beloved poet?
H. de WEINDEL.

NEW DESIGN IN BOOKSTORES.

Books in a Gothic scriptorium, books in the sort of place where books were born, and thought and learning felt at home, are what the new San Francisco will have to offer in a local store. It is a place to speak of, a place as a store, its atmosphere is as little suggestive of merchandizing, even

of book merchandizing, as anything of today could well be. In such places clerics illuminated missals for the glory of God. They wrote down their thoughts for love of man, and in such places the lamp of learning was kept alive by sequestered monks through the dark ages. Gothic arches intercross above, between their supporting columns rise curtain walls of old gray stones, against which stand ranks and ranks of books. Along one side, but high up, a tier of stained windows gives the clerestory lighting of old cathedrals, the sort of lighting architects have struggled for as the ideal illumination of handsome interiors. Stairs in deep-punneled cases rise at either end to upper chambers, which at the stair heads look back into the main hall through windows of deep gothic tracery, hand-carved in heavy timber and richly gilded. This treatment has also been applied to a hooded seat in the main room, and to a tall glazed lectern, the center of the floor, which will contain some of those treasures in porcelain, silver and turquoise, or jade and gold, that Elders show from time to time. The dominant color is gray, the air of deep scholarship and a reassuring tone that things have a way of taking on when they have been a long time established. The ceiling runs into a somewhat livelier blue; and near the entrance is a recessed settle that furnishes the main color note—a warm bold mass of red. In such a settling books become intimate. Here is the air of deep scholarship and that sense of establishment and permanence in which alone the mind finds its time and chance. With such surroundings men once lived the life of the intellect instead of the cash-register; they associated with Plutarch and Aristippus and forgot about tax time and the day the interest was due. In such places men like Abelard and Duns Scotus announced new systems of thought, and earnest students came and sat on their trusses of hay and the stone floors to hear. To create such an atmosphere besides the tide of traffic in a modern city might seem impossible, until one steps from the sidewalk of Grant avenue into the hush, the quiet, the almost churchly peace of "Elders," senses the coolness and security of its gray walls and arches and the beauty and strength of its gothic treatment, making a refuge, but a refuge, vital with the medieval spirit of work and service, and notes that the architect and the workman have wrought a perfect whole, consistent throughout, and without a suggestion of the haste and urgency of modern life. The place will be much discussed. It has distinction and will have its distinctive fame and that will add to the fame of San Francisco, for which every true San Franciscan will be grateful.

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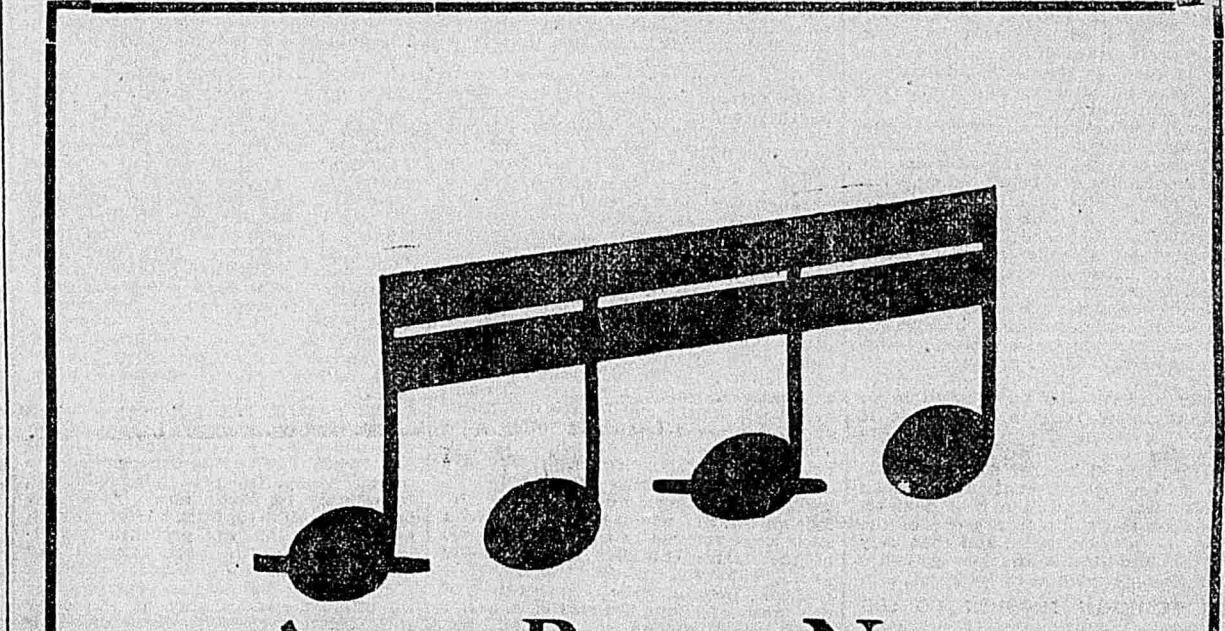
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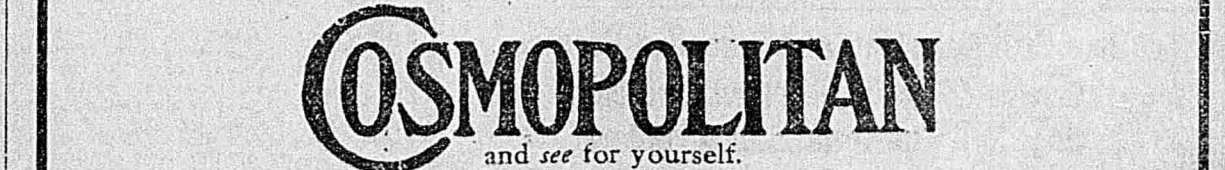
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