

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of the "Rebecca" and "Penelope" books and of a new story which will appear on the autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Co., attended the 25th Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Authors in London. Dr. Edmund Gosse presided in the place of the Society's president, Mr. George Meredith, Mrs. Wiggin and Lord Collins responded to the toast of "The Guests" proposed by Anthony Hope, and the following lines are Mrs. Wiggin's contribution to the speeches of the even-

Mr. Chairman, good friends, fellow authors at table. I fear I shall find myself not very able To deal with that difficult subject "The Guests." Still, one cannot evade Dr. Gosse's behests. If only he'd said; "Talk of-Palates of Snails," 'The Uses of Radium.' 'Women in Jails.' 'Revisions of Tariff,' or 'Copyright Laws.' The Prospects of Holland,' or 'Rumors of Wars,' "---You can "read up" such topics in encyclopaedias. You're sure of your facts, if you're frequently tedious!

I myself am a guest from across the blue wave. "The land of the free and the home of the brave." Native singers have styled it, and yet, I suppose, We cannot monopolize phrases like those. Notwithstanding your Princes, your Kings, Courts, and Thrones. Institutions our infant Republic bemoans-Your "freedom," your "bravery," needless to tell Appear to be standing the test rather well!-

Do you know what I see as I stand here the guest Of the flower of London, its cleverest, best. Its poets, its editors, novelists, sages?---I see you as you are, then as heirs of the ages! Your laurels are green, I see others unfaded Tho' centuries cold are the brows they once shaded .---See ghosts of immortals whose eloquent words Made England a forest of rare singing birds: Magicians whose tales are still fresh to the car. They spoke, they still speak and the world bends to hear. I own the same tongue so I share in the glory That makes Britain famous in song and in story. (We imperilled our heritage slightly, you'll say. When we ventured from out your dominion to stray, But not one Pilgrim sailed for his bleak Plymouth Rock Till Shakespeare was born, so we're stock of his stock!)

Later, gods grew more scarce and the half-gods anneared. 'T was the same on our side, lower altars we reared When our Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier passed, With Hawthorne and Holmes, and dear Lowell at last. Yet though we meet often the Homer who "Nods." We must still pour libations to gods and half-gods: Those who smile,-grave, serenc,- from the heights of Olympus. And smaller ones, somewhat addicted to simpers: We must bow to a genius whenever we see one. If heroes aren't worshipped there'll soon cease to be one! They used to be big, now the little ones lead; They can always write books if they can't always read! Soon, among the small fry, with their hustlings and jostling Instead of a critic like Gosse we'll find Gosselings!

Our pedestals stand rather empty of late. Each for its Colossus doth patiently wait. One is just newly filled: golden voice, heart of fire. What cloquent strains he has swept from his lyre! The thrushes that sing o'er that freshly made grave Make music no sweeter than Swinburne once gave To a world that thinks less of a poet's bird-notes Than armies and navies and feminine votes. Is it this that put bitterness into the heart Of a singer who lives for, but not by his art? Poor John Davidson's gone: he was hopeless and sad: If now he's at peace we can only be glad That the "weariest river" when once it flows free. Finds somewhat and somewhere its path to the sea.

Now from sorrow to gratitude: blessings are many, Tho' up to this moment I've not mentioned any! There is one splendid voice that is still ringing true. One worthy to rank with the immortal few. Old or young, he's as full as a reed is of pith. Your president, God bless him! George Meredith! The novelists need n't lose courage and more



NEW PAINTING OF ELIZA R. SNOW.

The above cut is a reproduction of a newly finished portrait by L. A Ramsey, of one of Utah's most noted pioneer women, Eliza R. Snow, made from a photograph taken about a year before her death. It is the best ever made of the poetess, and the artist has given new tone and life to the picture both with coloring and a few appropriate changes in pose, which help the natural and life-like expression. The eyes, especially, seem gleam-ing with intelligence, and the entire portrait is suggestive of life. The work is considered the best the artist has yet done, and is intended for a place In the temple with other prominent women who devoted their lives to the L. D. S. Church.

Henry James, because the writer uses | break forth into laughter at each scene word "inn" when he might say 'hotel.' Theodore Roosevelt, because the writer Theodore Rooseveit, because the whiter mentions "a very special reason." Here the reviewer adds: "Could so thor-oughly a Rooseveltian phrase be any-where but in a work by Theodore of charms present and to match. that name?" . . .

Mark Twain, in view of his recently published inquiry, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" is sure to be interested in a new contribution to the matter of Bacon and Shakespeare appearing in the latest copy of the (Leipzig) Der Men-schenkenner. The author of the article, a woman, Frau Thurn-Kintzel, discusses the Promus manuacript, said to be Bacon's, and published some years ago by an adherent, with illustrations in comparison with passages from Shakespeare. The writer maintains that in reality the hand-writing shows the greatest contrast to Bacon's, in height, slope, pressure, etc.; and that it was in fact penned by the same hand that wrote the Shakespeare Testament and Signatures. The original Promus manuscript is in the British museum, registered under Francis Bacon's name.

Louis Closser Hale, author of the new Harper novel, "The Actress," attributes most of the enjoyment to be got out of life to a capacity fo seeing the joke when it is on one's self, and she has a sense of humor which is quite equal to

sense of humor which is quite equal to any strain in that direction." "While I was writing 'The Actress," Mrs. Hale said recently, "I was touring Engl ' part of the time, and I often wished I could put my various landla-dies of the 'diggings' in which we lived into my book. They knew very little of Americans and expected us all to talk Americans, and expected us all to talk through our noses. 'She speaks quite nicely, doesn't she?' said one landlady to my washerwoman right before my face. Another, after I had put on the miscrable rags that the forlorn bride, Miss Hazy wears in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," had occasion to come to the theater to bring a parcel, and viewed me with much satisfaction. 'Now, you are something like it,' was her statement, which was too fraught with dire suggestion to require any further words." . . . Gertrude Atherton establishes her worthiness to be the great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin, by continuing pre-eminent among women writers for knowledge and concern in affairs of politics and political history. In her last article, appearing in the current North American Review, she does not hesitate to discuss a generally difficult subject, how Russia nearly acquired our Pacific coast, with an interesting bearing on Japanese relations, and a consideration of Nicolai Rezanov. Of the latter she asserts that had he lived 10 years longer, what is now the western section of the United States, with British Columbia as well, would be Bussian territory. be Russian territory. William Dana Orcutt, author of one of the season's "best sellers," "The Spell," exchanged a few words the othor day with the boy who runs the news-stand at one of the largest of the New York hotels. Mr. Orcutt, a guest at the hotel while stopping in New

"MARRIAGE AS A TRADE."

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.) ONDON, May 19 .--- Cleely Hamilton, who wrote "Diana of Dobson's," has been chiefly occupied, since the publication of her novelized version of her own play,

with a book that seems likely to make a commotion. Its title "Marriage as a Trade" piqued curlosity, and I got the author to let me see the proof sheets she was so busily correcting, for

where she was so burry contributing for publication early in June. Well, when Theodore Roosevelt comes to England on his way back from his shoeting of lions, let Miss Hamilton beware of him, for her views and his don't exactly tally. The author of "Diana of Dobson's" has constituted hereof the shundlon of the subject. brain of bouson's may consider the champion of the spinster, and declares that, except in rare cases, marriage is a trade for women like any other, a sweated industry, toolany other, a sweated industry, 600-the poorest paid as a rule, and the most wretchedly organized. Although it is only one of many trades women are fitted for, every girl is more or less brought up for it, and her apti-tudes in other directions are more or less stunted in order that she may have no londency to strax from it

no tendency to stray from it. Miss Hamilton doesn't make any at-tack on marriage—far from it—but she makes a vigorous, well-reasoned, and entertainingly-written protest against the masculine view that marriage and motherhood and home-keeping are the pnly things women are intended for, and that the women who through in-clination or necessity are shut out from privileges are necessarily obthese jects of sympathy.

MUCH ASKED; LITTLE GIVEN.

"I have laid stress," she writes, "on ie conditions under which woman's the conditions under which woman's work as a wife, mother, and house-keeper is usually carried on, because it seems to me that the influence of those conditions has extended far be-yond that narrow circle of the home to which, until comparatively lately, her energies have been confined it was her energies have been confined. It was within the four walls of the home that man learned to look upon her as a be-ing whose share of work was always which seems to call for tears, should be inclined to consider himself ridiculed. Like him, we should certainly turn and go, were it not that the laugh is "like running water," and all other ing whose share of work was always the unpleasant share, and whose wages were the lowest wages that could pos-sibly be given. And—which is far worse—she learned to look upon her-self in the same light, as a creature from whom much must be demanded and to whom little must be given. Small wonder, then, with that age-long tradition behind her that when she is Unrec ognizably veiled-in the white vell, of course-this lady first steps from an empty old mansion on a New York square into the astonished vision of the young owner, who merely came to stare at the old home with the senti-mental homesickness that overtakes the tradition behind her, that when she is forced out into the world, unorganized solitary bachelor when his steamer has just docked in the port of home. Undaunted, she asks him to call a cab: he enters with her, alights to fulfil a slight request, and returns to find the cab

her head and hands-and that when you speak of a sweated you mean a woman's trade. "There is, so far as I can see, only one way in which woman can make horself more valued, and free herself from the necessity of performing du-ties for which she gets neither thanks nor payment. She must do as men have always done in such a situation---shirk the duties. WHY MARRIAGE IS AVOIDED.

"My intention in writing this book

has not been to invelgh against the institution of marriage, the life com-panionship of man and woman; all that I have inveighed against has been the largely compulsory character of that institution—as far as one-half of hu-manity is concerned—the sweated trade manity is concerned—the sweated trade element in it, and the glorification of dertain qualities and certain episodes and experiences of life at the expense of all the others. I believe—because I have seen it in the working—that the companionship in maringe of self-re-specting man and self-respecting wo-man is a very perfect thing; but I also believe that, under present conditions, it is not easy for self-respecting wo-man to find a mate with whom she can live on the terms demanded by her on the terms demanded by her self-respect. Hence a distinct tendency on her part to avoid marriage. Those women who look at the matter in this light are those who, while not denying that matrimony may be an excellent thing in itself, realize that there are

some excellent things which may be bought too dear. That is the position of a good many of us in these latter days. If we are more or less politely incredulous when we are informed that we are leading an annatural existence, it is not because we have no passions, but because life to us means a great deal more than one of its possible cpisodes. If we decline to listen with be-coming reverence to disquisitions on the broadening effect of motherhood upon our lives, the deep and miraculous upon our rives, the deep and miraculous understanding that it brings into our hearts, it is not because we are con-temptuous of maternity, but because we have met so many silly persons who brought babies into the world, and remained just as silly as they were be-fore. We are quite aware, too, that it is, for the most part, women of our own unmated class, and, likely enough, of our own way of thinking, who spend their days in teaching bungling moth-ers how to ever the children who would ers how to rear the children who would otherwise only come into the world in order to afford employment to the unforced out into the world, unorganized and unprepared, she finds it hard to get even a living wage for the work of lation of this country would be in a

perilous state if the superfluous women hereof were suddenly caught up int the air and dumped en bloc in the Sahara.) "And in this connection I feel ! necessary to state that I have hitherto sought in vain in real life for that fa-

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miliar figure in fiction-the unmarried whose withered existence is in ceaseless and embittered woman craving for the possession of a child of her own. The sufferings of this unfortunate creature, as depicted by masculine writers, have several times masculine writers, have several times brought me to the verge of tears; it is difficult to believe that they are en-tirely the result of a vivid masculine imagination; but honesty compels me to admit that I have never discovered their counterpart in life, in splite of the fact that my way has led me amongst splisters of all ages." It is interesting to note in this con-

It is interesting to note in this con-Miss Hamilton was also working on a play of which divorce is the theory.

LITERARY BULLETINS.

Anatole France is on his way to Buenos Avres to stay for several months. He has promised to stop over n Portugal on his way back and de-iver some lectures. The author of "Elizabeth and Her

German Garden"-everybody knows by this time that she is a countess, though she doesn't like to have her name used—is more lucky with her first attempt at dramatizing her nov-els than most novelists are. She made a dramatic version of her "Princess a dramatic version of her "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" a while ago, and has just sold it on goodly terms to the Repertory theater, which is to begin a three years' lease of the Haymarket next September, under the manage-ment of Herbert Trench, erstwhile poet. The new theater people in New York have also contracted to produce a version of this novel. It will not be that made by the countess, however, that made by the countess, however, but another made by Edward Knoblauch by arrangement with the coun-

Mrs. Elinor Glyn severely burned her right hand the other day, and in consequence was unable to finish the drawings she intended to make for her forthcoming "Visits of Elizabeth to America.'

CHARLES OGDENS.

A HAPPY FATHER

A HAPPY FATHER Is soon turned to a sad one if he has to walk the floor every night with a cry-ing baby. McGee's Bab? Elixir will make the child well-soothe its nerves, induce healthy, normal slumber. Best for disordered bowels and sour stomach-all teething babies need it. Pleasant to take, sure, and safe, contains no harm-ful drugs. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bot-tle Sold by Z C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., Sait Lake City. B

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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.

For while they have Hawkins they always Or, if they're depressed in a casual way There's a tonic just out. Wells's "Tono-Bungay." With the knowledge that cheers us, encourages, heartens, That nothing's the matter with Herr "Maarten Maartens" (I give him his pen name, my Muse never courts A Dutch rhyme like Herr Van der Poorten und Schwartz!).

These then, fellow scribes, are the thoughts of a guest Who tacitly in her first sentence confessed She hadn't a notion of speeches at dinners .---For on these occasions the men are chief sinners I thank dear Edmund Gosse for the honor conferred In letting me speak for the guests this brief word. Lord Collins I thank for dividing the toast Especially when in himself he's a host. And last, friends and authors, I'm glad to be here, Not alone for the wit and the mirth and good cheer. But because we are sounding the praises to night Of an art in whose service lies keenest delight. Talk of angels! Poor angels, they play and they sing. But never a quill do they pluck from a wing! They've only their harps: no pr per, no ink: I'd rather be author than angel I think! I'm nearly submerged in a crowd of my betters, But proud to be known as a woman of letters! Kate Douglas Wiggin.

the Fair. Likewise we should like to

ing On,

street

the girl.

know if there is any one who has es-caped the following experience:

'The Card no Question makes of ayes

But High or Low, as suits the Player.

But he who Stands Beside you, Look-

He Knows about it all! He Knows! ! He Knows! ! !"

Wilton Lackaye, in "The Battle," happened recently to witness a sneak thief snatch a girl's pocketbook on the

The thief was caught and Mr. Lack-

The thief's lawyer was of the type that roars and rants at witnesses

aye offered to appear as a witness for

attempts to break them down. He tried this method on the actor.

"And at what hour, sir, did this hap-

You know that we want?" "Don't you want to know what I think?" mildly asked the actor. "I do not," the lawyer snapped out. "Well, then," said Mr. Lackaye. "I might as well leave the witness box. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyor "- June Young's Magraine

a lawyer."-June Young's Magazine.

* * * From Australia large orders have reached the Harpers for four novels,

two of them best sellers of last summer, the other two in the best-selling class

at the present moment. The four are:

Theodore Roosevelt and Henry James

na Orcutt's "The Spell."

. . .

NOTES

Psychology's the solvent. Maurice V. Samuels, long a keen student of psychic phenomena, bases his stirring play, "The Conflict." upon his knowledge of the psychological and physiological effects of fear on the human organism; and, to emphasize the scientific correctness of the treatment, his friend Hereward Carrington writes for his managers a little brochure under the title "Fear and Its Effects Upon the Body." As investigator of alleged spir-Itualistic phenomena for the American Society for Psychical Research and as author of such monumental works as The Physical Phenomena of Spiritual-Ism." and "The Coming Science," Mr. Carrington speaks with a degree of authority that is not found in a mere advertising pamphlet. At the same lime he makes out an interesting case for "The Conflict" as probably the first play in which are found "abnormal and supernormal psychological phenomcorrectly and scientifically portrayed.

There is scarce a bridge-player whose youl will not answer the soul of Caro-yn Wells where it finds printed utter-ance in her nex "Dispatal of Bridge." A timely publication of the Harpers in fearments in the second se recognition of the national peril.

"I sometimes think there's never such Tirade

Tirade As where some Bridge Game has been badly Played; When some one thinks you should have made no Trump, And you have the fetty declared a Rex Beach's "The Barler," Holman Day's "King Spruce," Elinor Macart-ney Lane's "Katrine," and William Da-

And you have thriftly declared a Spade!"

pent and awful fury of the lady May Wilson Preston has drawn into the picture, who rises in her place to are now nominated for authorship of the anonymous "Inner Shrine," whose publication the Harpers have just an-nounced. The reasons given are fairly dispassionate, being somewhat like this: a few plain things to her sister partner, may be assured of finding her prototype in every such gathering of

York, went to claim two cheater tick-ets reserved at the stand in his name. "Are you William Dana Orcutt?" de-manded the custodian. "So you wrote this here "The Spell," did you?" point-ling to the herit

ing to the book. "I did," admitted Mr. Orcutt. "What's "I did," admitted Mr. Orcutt. "What's the matter with it? Can't you sell it?" "Oh sure; it goes all right," said the youthful vender, generausly, "But say, you fellows don't none of yer know how to sell a book." "What's wrong with us?" humbly asked the author from Boston. "Why," said the other, "what you want to do is to get a pretty girl and put her on the cover, and after that it don't make no d- bit of difference what's inside the book."

. . . In Herman Whitaker's new Harper novel, "The Planter," the rubber plan-tation called "La Luna" is modelled upon a plantation where the author stayed two months, making no secret of the icit within the source the contrast labor his intention to score the contract labor and slave systems when once he should get out. "I'm not going to fight individuals." Mr! Whitaker told them, "but I'm going to hit the system the hardest whack that is in me." Nothe hardest whack that is in me." No-body seemed to take it over-seriously, however, until one day a newspaper clipping come to town in the mail, and the station agent took it out of the open folder and tacked it out of the sta-tion for all the planters to read. "In print the announcement of my inten-tion produced a different effect" says fion produced a different effect," says Mr. Whitaker. "What happened made me feel a bit 'scary;' and I confess I

wasn't sorry when, a few days later, an oportunity served for me to move up one town. They don't like the truth, those fellows, and I'm not sur-prised that "The Planter' hasn't made among them a howling hit."



Love is a sure-enough mystery, and lovers have many ways of mystifying each other, the world, and themselves-almost as many ways as authors have of mystifying their readers when the plot requires it. Rose O'Neill has cap-tured love and mystery both, and bound them fast together in "The Lady of the White Veil." We regard it as small wonder that a here hearing his hereing

wonder that a hero hearing his heroine

well told. One of the best stories of the west that has appeared at any time is "A Bad Land's Doctress," by Steel Williams, a story as the name implies, with a distinct feminine interest. A very good mystery story is Mrs. Vincennes' Pearl Necklace," by Norval Richardson. Owen Oliver has a

compty. There is a lover-like search of New York for her, a meeting under violent circumstances, another by chance in the park, a third at a dinner party, when they met in the usual way. And all the while there is the distance in lovely area and the laught.

distress in lovely eyes and the laughter on lovely lips, and villainy somewhere afoot. It is an ingenious villainy, and it concerns a man, the herolne's cousin, with a passion for copying great paint-ings, and an aversion to being caught ot it concerns the market of the second second second the second second

at it. Comedy was never better than when into the mystery steps the hero's little uncle, with his infinite capacity

for taking pains to rescue a lady in distress, and his one tune on the violin, a sad little tune, especially to others. A dainty novel this "Lady," delectable as a summer refreshment.—Harpers, publishers.

MAGAZINES

Eleven short stories, a complete novel, a serial, two essays, a critical review

of new plays, and notices of the latest

books is the program offered in Ains-lee's for June. This abundance of short stories might not be especially

noteworthy were it not for the fact that they are every one of them in-tensely interesting and exceptionally

unique and interesting love story called "The Drum," written as only he can write, A theatrical story by Mrs. Jacques Futrelle is "The Wanderers." Jacques Futrelle is "The Wanderers. Clara E Laughlin has a very unusual story called "The Law," of a girl who is a Chicago probation officer. Will Lev-ington Comfort has a most extraordin-ary story of child interest entitled "The Dull Little Man." A rather tensely demonstra story of worker pompanea is Duil Little Man. A rather tensely dramatic story of modern romance is "The Doer of Dreams," by Charles Ne-ville Buck. Quinten M. Drake, Francis Willing Wharton, George Lee Burton, wid Draw Norther also being actioned. and Roy Norton also have stories of great interest. The complete novel is by Marie Van Vorst, and is entitled "A Man Called Collings." It is a story of

great dramatic power, one which holds the interest unimpaired from beginning to end and is deeply emotional. Harold MacGrath's serial, "The Goose Girl," reaches its fourth installment and promises a startling climax. . . .

The Popular Magazine for June con tains short stories, a complete novel, and three continued stories. "The So-cret of Fort Hoodoo," by Max Surient, is a complete novel dealing with the coming to Washington of a man who possessed a secret which bade fair to wreck the world. It was a secret having to do with money and the sup-ply of that article to the marts of the world--such a secret that the secretary of the treasury had the possessor guarded by the secret service men, and the president himself entertained the president himself entertained doubts concerning the safety of the Union, were the matter to be disclosed. The solution of the difficulty is most unexpected. "Bill Bruce of Harvard" is the title of a great baseball story by Burt L. Standish narrating the for

Burt L. Standish, narrating the for tunes of the greatest pitcher who ever held down the pan for Yale's rival. In "The Pretenders," by Ralph D. Paine, the redder will fin) a compelling story of high human motives. A boy who started wrong at colless is the means of started wrong at colors of a nother. "Mark the greater salvation of another. "Mark Cox, Strike Breaker," by Robert Alston Stevenson, is a powerful story of the fight between capital and bossed labor. "The Baby Mint" is a very humorous story about an endeavor to pan pay-dist out of the baryen soil of Arizon dirt out of the barren soil of Arizona. There is a laugh in every line. "Miss Martin's Mission" is a more pretentious western story, teiling how the Flying U outfit entertained a missionary. There is a good detective story. "Posthumous Publication," by George Bronson-How-ard; a story of cavalry days by that with a splendid Indian fight at the most most evolution point. a story of "The most exciting point; a story of "The Circle of Intrigue." by Arthur Stringer, and other yarns equally good.

Many weak and nervous women have been restored to health by Foley's Kid-ney Remedy as it stimulates the kid-neys so they will eliminate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities de-press the nerves, causing nervous ex-haustion and other allments. Com-mence index end you will soon be well mence today and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take.—The F. J. Hill Drug Co., (The never substitutors.) Sait Lake City.

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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.

Chester's Business Stories

Stories by George Randolph Chester are practical and deeply absorbing tales of business methods. In this magazine for the coming year Mr. Chester will contribute a new series of stories. It will be the graphic recital of the business cataclysms and social and political upheavals wrought by the richest man in the world in an effort to reform great abuses.

More "Aunt Jane" Stories

It is more than ten years since "Aunt Jane" began telling her stories in the pages of this magazine, and there is still call for them from all quarters of the globe. "Aunt Jane" is the "real thing," and her tales are the "real thing." We are going to have more of them during the coming year, and they will be the best things Eliza Calvert Hall has ever done.

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 Watterson 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 Watterson, 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.

Edwin Lefevre on Wall Street

There is no writer that understands Wall Street 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 fillip and the comprehensive and telling effect of this master orator and raconteur.

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 vould 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.



"I think-" began Mr. Lackaye, when the lawyer interrupted with: "It isn't what you think, sir; it's what you know that we want!"