

LITERATURE

create Mr. Tarkington's first character to reach the stage is therefore a very interesting incident.

Eden Phillips, whose "Lying Prophets" and other novels have made the American reader familiar with Devonshire, has put out a book of short stories, the scenes of which are also laid in Devonshire. Its title is "The Striking Hours."

Mme. Norden, who spent the summer in the Black forest, improved her leisure by writing a book of short stories, which will shortly be published in Paris, London and New York.

George W. Cable has added his name to the list of civil war authors. In "The Cavalier" Mr. Cable has been uncommonly successful in satisfying the claims of both history and fiction. The novel is charged with the atmosphere of the great conflict. Mr. Cable writes as one thoroughly familiar with it and yet as one who is capable of putting the tragic events of that time in the right perspective—the perspective of romance, not history. He does not attempt to settle any dispute as to the ins and outs of any great battle or to discuss the merits of the lost and the winning cause. He writes to tell a good story, and he tells it.

Russian scholars are not common among English-speaking people, or we should not for so long have had translations of "Anna Karenin." Tolstoy's masterpiece, by the translation of Mrs. G. Garnett set herself to mastering the Russian some years ago, with the splendid result of giving us the first English rendering of Tolstoy's complete works. The Impish beauty of her English, holding close to that of the original, was such that the London Academy crowned her translation as one of the literary achievements of the year. Her translation of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenin," just published

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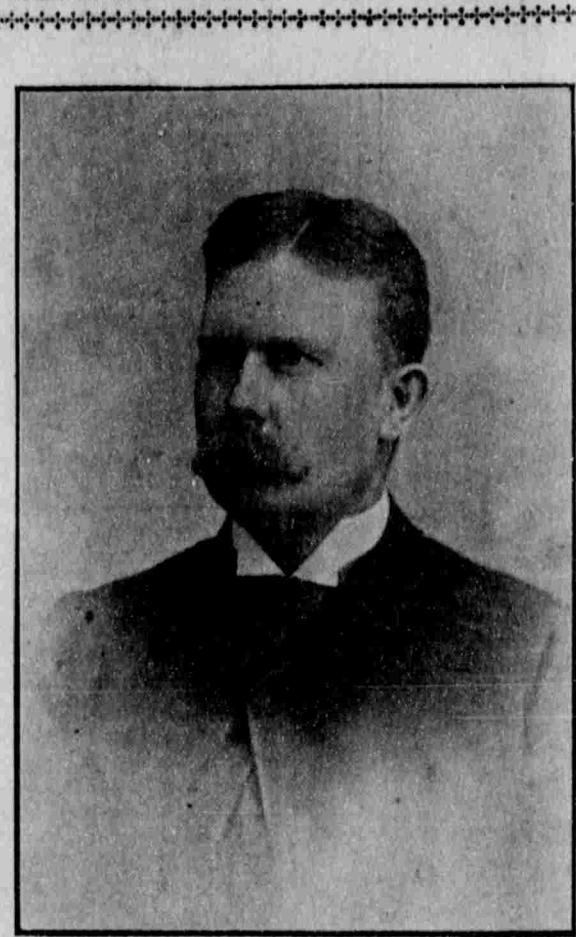
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daughter of an Ohio manufacturer, and the plot is developed through the story of a young man's life.

The Crisis is now in its three hundredth thousand. This number exceeds that of the sales of Richard Carvel during the first three months of its publication. In other words it is said to have passed all records in the annals of publishing in the way it has been taken up by the public.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has just made arrangements with Mr. F. Marion

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



W. T. ('JIMMIE') HARRIS.

The above picture is from a photograph of "Jimmie" Harris, a stage name by the way, his real one being Ferguson; it was at one time almost a household word with theater-goers in Salt Lake. He was a member of the old stock company which entertained the public here in the late '70's, his chief line being comedy. He also managed the Theater for a time. Some years ago Mr. Harris abandoned the stage, and went to New York with his wife, Louise, a daughter of President Young, engaging in the art glass business, which has been a very profitable one. There are many Salt Lakeers who have laughed at "Jimmie" Harris' "funny business" on the stage, who will extend him congratulations upon his present prosperity.

In this country by McClure, Phillips & Co., promises to take equal rank among translations. Mrs. Garnett, who is now in London as an essayist and general man of letters and as the son of Dr. Richard Garnett, curator of the British museum, poet and Eastern scholar.

Mr. Edward Markham, whose second book of verse, McClure, Phillips & Co. are soon to publish, has been made honorary member of many literary societies, from Passamaquoddy to Esenada, besides having had a number of flourishing societies named after him, and a hoe-pin invented as badge for clubs and lycums. The latest accession to his club memberships comes this week from the far Hawaiian Islands. He has just been voted an honorary member of the Kani Kodak Klub of Koloa, Kona, I. I.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce the second volume for publication about Nov. 1st. This will be the first collection of a poet's verse since the appearance of "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," and it will test the lasting power of his genius. Conspicuous among the contents will be "Lincoln, the Great Commoner," which gives the book its title; "The Muse of Labor," "The Sower" and "The Angelus," the last two being inspired, as was "The Man With the Hoe," by Millet's paintings.

"The Last Meeting," by Brander Matthews, is a book you cannot afford to leave unread. It is being sold in enormous quantities all over the United States and no one who pretends to keep abreast of current literature cares to say "No, I've not read it yet," when asked if they have read the book of the last meeting. The original plates of the \$1.25 edition have been placed at the disposal of the International Association of Newspapers and Authors for their celebrated edition of copyrighted novels by famous authors and bound in art cloth covers for only 25 cents a copy. "The Last Meeting" tells of the weird revenge planned by a Turk against a New York artist who chanced to offend him. A charming love story runs through the pages and triumphs in the end. The book can be obtained from the Desert News Co. at the low rate obtained only through the association to which the "News" belongs.

A field of Venice will be the title of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel. The period of the story is the end of the Fifteenth Century when the queen of the Adriatic was nearing the time of her greatest splendor. The romantic episode with which the story deals is historically true, being taken from one of the old Venetian chronicles. The action and interest center in the household of a master glass-blower, a member of one of the most powerful Venetian trade corporations which had many rights and privileges.

The title of Robert Herrick's new novel will be "The Real World Not Jack O'Dreams" as hitherto announced. The story will be published some time this month. That the world is not created afresh for each of us is a truth which is not always recognized, though each finds it out for himself soon enough. It is eternally old, but it is the motive of the story. The woman in the book is the

of the Municipal Council of that city and is to be maintained as a "Victor Hugo Museum." It will contain relics of the author, portraits, first editions of his works and the originals of his illustrations. The museum will be opened on February 28th of next year, that being the anniversary of Hugo's birth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward will be represented in this season's books by "Within the Gates," a brilliant dramatic story of the awakening of a soul in the after-life, and its entering on a career of conscious purpose and spiritual power. In the telling of this story Mrs. Ward shows that she has lost nothing of her great emotional and literary power.

BOOKS.

"The Van Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is an amusing recital of the search of a family for a home in a large city, with the incidental aggravations attendant upon frequent moving, furnishings, etc., with experiences with vans, janitors, landlords, localities, etc., the whole being told with a humor that keeps the reader's sensibilities constantly in play. The author wrote that thrilling bit of realistic romance "The Bread Line," which attracted much attention some two or three years ago, and this second effort though different in nature, has the same evidences of literary ability that made "The Bread Line" stand out among the many productions of the time.—J. F. Taylor & Co., Publishers, New York.

A child's book destined to be one of the most popular of holiday volumes, is a charming story entitled "The Lonesome Doll," by Abbie Farwell Brown. It is the story of two small girls, one a princess, the other a porter's child. The princess had a doll quite too splendid for every-day use—it was therefore locked up and was the lonesome doll in the kingdom. The porter's child, using her father's key, got into the treasure-room where the doll was. The princess found her way thither and the doll made the children friends. By and by the princess was captured by robbers, but was saved by the doll, which cried when the robbers squeezed it and revealed to the pursuers where the princess was. The story is illustrated with pictures of the princess, her playmate, the robbers and the doll.—Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

Outline History of English and American Literature, is a new book by Chas. F. Johnson, Litt. Doc., Yale Professor of English Literature in Trinity College.

We are glad to welcome among recent publications so excellent a work as this Outline History of English and American Literature by Charles F. Johnson, professor of English literature in Trinity College, whose name is a sufficient endorsement of its worth. Unlike many of the present text-books, this volume contains within a brief space a comprehensive treatment of both English and American literature, and will serve a much needed book for those schools and colleges which furnish instruction in the literature of both countries. The author has aimed to compress into this book the minimum of literature with which every young person should be familiar, and has designed it for use as a text book during one year's study. He has based it on the historic method of study, and has given in each chapter a brief survey of those changes and events in social development which have produced the literature of the time. The volume has been brought up to date and includes the names of prominent later writers. The examples have been chosen as a rule from poems which are generally familiar and far as possible from those which have an illustrative character.

Among the books recently published by the Surrey Book Co., New York, are two volumes containing the public addresses and interviews of William P. Stewart, one under the title of "Abstract Identities," containing those of his speeches and interviews which do not directly identify him with his profession, and another entitled "Concrete Identities," giving the addresses made on the subject of life insurance, of which Mr. Stewart is an ardent advocate. The volumes are edited by G. Lorine Price, A.M., M.D., and will doubtless interest a large class of readers.

MAGAZINES.

"Old Penny-Pincher" is the title of the opening story in the Youth's Companion, and is followed by "Margery Dunster's Fireman," "In a Fog," and "The Feast of an Amateur," three interesting pieces of fiction. "She Would Be a Doctor" is the title of a clever article recounting the experience of a young girl who determined to make a profession of medicine, and there is the usual bright and interesting material in the departments.

This week's issue of the Youth's Com-

YOUNG WOMANHOOD.

How Often it is Made Miserable by the Lack of Proper Advice at Just the Right Time.

This picture tells its own story of sisterly affection. The older girl, just budding into womanhood, has suffered greatly with those irregularities and menstrual difficulties which sap the life of so many young women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints, that bearing down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system.

Mrs. Pinkham especially invites young girls to write her about their sickness. She has made thousands of young sufferers happy.



Two young women authorize us to publish the following letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is simply wonderful the change your medicine has made in me. Before I took your medicine I could hardly stand the pains in my back. I tried different doctors but none did me any good. I took three bottles and feel like another person. My work is now a pleasure while before it was a burden. Today I am a well and happy girl. I think if more women would use your Vegetable Compound there would be less suffering in the world."—Miss MATHILDA J. LAGASSE, 836 9th St., New Orleans, La. (Dec. 30, 1900.)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several months with pains in my back and sides. I felt worn out and weak. I tried many different medicines but nothing seemed to do me any good until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking several bottles, I feel entirely well. My improvement was simply wonderful. Thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your medicine."—JANIS CLIFTON, La Due, Mo. (Jan. 12, 1901.)

Do not be persuaded that any other medicine is just as good. Any dealer who suggests something else has no interest in your case. He is seeking a larger profit.

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.

\$5000 REWARD

be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

panion contains the announcement of writers and articles for the December issue of the Youth's Companion. The list being such as to arouse the interest and anticipation of all lovers of good literature. The name of the Youth's Companion is a household word for pure, wholesome and entertaining fiction, valuable biographical sketches and clever anecdotes, besides a large number of other important features which help to make

If the classical youth's periodical of America. The present number contains the usual number of good things, and the forecast for the future ones will interest all readers.

Persons interested in the development and teachings of Spiritualism will find in the November issue of the new thought magazine, Mind, a symposium giving a most luminous outline of the subject. Its religious message, its scientific and moral aspects, and its ethics and economics are discussed, respectively by Dr. J. M. Peebles, A. M., Harrison D. Barrett, and William J. Hall—recognized leaders of the movement. In view of the recent "Confession" of Mrs. Piper, these articles are both timely and interesting. The subject of the frontispiece portrait this month is Henry Wood, who contributes the opening article: "Are there Fresh Revelations of Truth?" It is a scholarly production, written in a famous author's best style, and is followed by a suggestive historical sketch of the Wood from the pen of Editor Patterson. A contribution by Karl H. von Weizsäcker, entitled "Absent Treatments in Healing," calls forth some timely remarks on "Commercialism in the Mental Science" by Editor John Emory McLean. There are two excellent poems in this issue, followed by the concluding installment of "Meta the Magician," which is a most fascinating occult story. The Rev. Helen VanAndersson contributes a splendid article on "Character Books" to the Family Circle department, which has three other features. The leading power of the December Mind will be on "The Philosophy of Adjustment," by Horatio W. Dresser, accompanied with a portrait and sketch of the writer.—The Advance Pub. Co., Fifth avenue, New York.

The recrudescence of anarchy in this country has occupied much space in recent issues of our leading magazines but in none of them has the problem been treated more rationally than in "The Gospel of Destruction"—the title of the leading symposium of The Arena for November. Dr. Felix L. Oswald, A. M., discusses "The Evolutionary Aspects" and Mrs. E. H. Roberts, the wife of a Congressional minister, presents what she conceives to be its only effective "cure." The Rev. James H. Ballantyne writes a little pessimistically but instructively on "The Future of Freedom." Joseph Dana Miller considers the "Fetters of Reformers" in a timely article, and a distinguished educator of New England has a contribution on "The Ethics of the Land Question" that will delight the followers of the late Henry George. "The Office of the Prophet," by Stanton Kirkham Davis, and "Some Ancient New Women," by Mrs. S. Stuart, are excellent papers. Government ownership of the telegraph and telephone is discussed in a brief interview with Justice Walter Clark, U. S. D., and Will Allen Drayton, Indiana, discusses the new "Bell" feature of the magazine with an admirable negro character sketch. Prof. Frank Parsons' series of articles on "Treatments of the Nineteenth Century" and Miss P. A. Felt's study of "The Criminal News" are both brought to a close in this issue. Editor Flower's comments on timely topics and reviews of the latest books are interesting as usual.—The Advance Publishing Co., Fifth avenue, New York.

Mme. Sarah Grand, the famous authoress, is in this country on a tour. She will remain here until spring, and will make a big lecturing tour throughout the country. Her subjects will be "Mere Man" and the "Art of Happiness."



LINCOLN—1865.

The following poem, written by Walt Whitman is justly considered to be the finest piece of verse inspired by the assassination of Lincoln:

O Captain! my Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack,
The prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear,
The people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel,
The vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
Ch, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! Rise up and
lead the bells,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for
you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths
—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! Dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips
are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has
no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound,
its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes
home with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

LINES.

Poor rambling, shambling soul of mine,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
When thou dost unto death resign
This happy habit of clay.

In high conclave, at feasts divine,
Will legends leap to heed thy nod?
Or, doomed to darkness, wilt thou
whine,

A beggar at the gates of God?
—Robert Loveman.

NOTES.

Few men have achieved distinction in so many different fields as has Egerton Castle, author of The Light of Scarth, The Pride of Jennico, etc. Only forty-two years ago, he has written half a dozen successful novels, several plays, a book on fencing that is standard, a work on English book plates, has translated Stevenson's Prince Otto into French, and has edited an historical work. Besides, he has contributed regularly to English periodicals, was in the English army for some years as an expert on submarine mining, and incidentally since 1890 has been publisher of the Liverpool Mercury, one of the most important provincial dailies.

The Pride of Jennico, which was written in collaboration with Agnes Castle, appeared in 1897, and immediately secured a success. This is the first book in which Mrs. Castle's name appeared as co-author, although her husband, in answer to inquiries, has said: "She has always been in varying degrees an invaluable and invariably sympathetic collaborator, not only with counsel and pen, but also with brush and pencil. Many of the illustrations of Schools and Masters in Fencing, and of English Book Plates are her handiwork."

A London editor has been investigating the rate at which various English authors compose. According to him Robert Barr, T. Frankfort Moore and W. L. Alden write four thousand words a day; "John Strange Winter" writes from three to four thousand, and Dr. Conan Doyle half as much; Max Pemberton writes fifteen hundred words a day and William Le Queux about the same number. Mr. Crockett has written as much as five thousand words a day, while Mrs. Craig rarely exceeds one hundred and fifty words a day.

The London Bookman, reviewing Mr. Gilbert Parker's great success, "The Right of Way," pays the following interesting tribute to the hero of the book: "Its hero, Charles Steele, with his dandy coolness, his eye-glass, and his real sentimentality beneath his scorn of sentiment, should appeal as surely as Don Cesar de Bazan, Cyrano de Bergerac, or Sidney Carton." In appreciation of the magnetism of this unique creation of the novelist, critics are warmly agreed on both sides of the water.

Suzanne Antrobus, the author of The King's Messenger, is a well known figure in Detroit social circles. She is the wife of Albert A. Robinson of that city and the daughter of John Antrobus, the artist. She was born in New Orleans and was educated in a convent there, but after her marriage she came north to Detroit. She has always retained her love for the South and never allows a year to go by without spending several months in it and around New Orleans. How deeply she has been impressed by the color and glamour of Louisiana life is reflected in the pages of The King's Messenger, and the descriptive passages are replete with southern atmosphere. The King's Messenger is her first novel, but it will not be her last, as she has already completed a new story, also of Southern life