



THE CROWNS.

I saw Defeat, ugly and vile, and yet
The crown of roses on his head was set
And on a gilded throne he sat in state.
"Where, then," I cried, "is Victory?" From the gate
A voice replied: "Roses to me are naught,
Give me the labor done, the battle fought!
And through the jeering crowd, mid hate and scorn,
Came Victory, patient—with a crown of thorn."
By Priscilla Leonard.

PRIVILEGE AND PRICE.

No hands so busy are with tasks,
No thoughts so filled with care,
No feet so far afield have strayed
Where sin hath laid its snare,
But the meek heart may cloister find,
For shift and song and prayer.
No sense there is so cleansed of sin,
No penance so well done,
No galling cross so humbly borne,
No crown so proudly won,
But the rich heart its meed shall give
Of toll, "neath storm and sun."
—Mary Wheeler in June Ainslee's.

RONDEL.

Within your eyes I look, and looking see
Only myself. Would it were otherwise—
So much there is with greater right to be within your eyes,
They should but mirror back the morning skies.
The rose you bend above, your young heart's gleam,
Within your eyes I look, and looking see
Only myself. Would it were otherwise!

Oh, child, you shame me with such imagery,
I, who am one with all that youth dearies;
You shall not fall your dream in holding me,
Look out, dear heart, where all your kingdom lies.
Within your eyes I look, and looking see
Only myself. Would it were otherwise!
—Theodosia Garrison in June Ainslee's.

NOTES

"The Missioner," Oppenheim's latest novel, was the leader on Little Brown, & Company's early 1909 list with an extended stay among the "six best." Of their other fiction, the following titles demanded several editions: Miss Ray's "The Bridge Builders," Miss Knapp's "But Still a Man," and Rowland Thomas' "The Little Gods," have just gone into the third edition. "In a Mysterious Way," by Anne Warner, and "A Royal Ward," by Percy Brebner, out May 22nd, are already in the second edition, while Sidney McCauley's new story, "Red Horse Hill," published May 22nd, required two editions to fill advance orders before publication. Rex Beach, no longer to be described as a rising youth author, but as one already risen, grows more and more dramatic. "Going South," the frantically dramatic collaboration with Paul Armstrong, has settled in New York, and its career is said to be doing perfect justice to its name. "The Little Gods," which has not passed to be a best seller since the Harpers published it last fall, is to be staged under the direction of Elmer E. Langner, the playwright who will dramatize it. Eugene Presbrey, is the same who dramatized Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," and the actors who will take the leading parts, Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts, played the principal roles in that production.

On an autograph copy of "The Little Gods," which Rex Beach very cheerfully sent out West to help by its sale a hospital fund, the author wrote a hearty, impromptu sort of paragraph that the reader will delight some lucky possessor. It reads:

"A sentiment by the author that the characters in this book had prototypes in real life who walked the real streets of a real Birmingham may interest the reader although it will scarcely add to any pleasure he may be patient enough to elicit from its pages. The book, however, that the book may come to the notice of one or more of the originals has long haunted the writer, and he therefore takes a pleasure in hastily and publicly avowing that the virtues and vices which he has attributed to the characters were evolved utterly and wholly from his own fancy; and that the real people from whom he drew the pictures are neither quite so bad nor half so good as depicted herein. Signed, Rex Beach."

Now that the ruler of Turkey is being generally named in conversation, a gentleman from Indiana recalls of Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur," that the general was ambassador to Turkey he became a favorite of the late deposed sultan. While talking with General Wallace, the friend observed the latter's strict pronunciation of the word sultan, which, while in use by cultivated speakers of English, is not generally used by the mass of the people. This pronunciation is "soot-tan," with an almost even emphasis of syllables, or perhaps a slight accent on the last. Another word of which the general observed the oriental sound in pronunciation was harem, which he always called "hareem," accented on the reem.

When she was a youngster Mary Roberts Rinehart spent her summers on a farm. There was an old wooden settle in the kitchen; the seat was hinged, and one day under its seat she struck a treasure trove. Under Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were about 95 of the Nick Carter nickel novels dripping with crime and oozing with gore. They had pictures, too. They belonged to a hired man, a pale-eyed, pale-haired creature, meekness itself, who roveled in crime on the sty and dreamed of roveling redskins tremble at the mere mention of his name.

Some go to "The Iliad" for their inspiration, some to Shakespeare or the Bible. The author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten" cheerfully confesses that she got hers from Nick Carter at the age of nine.

Herman Whitaker, whose latest novel, "The Planter," recently published by the Harpers, seems to have created a mild sensation with its verified tale of wrong-doing in the Mexico rubber swamps, travelled all through the country he wrote about, and came back with a collection of experiences that are sufficiently startling. Once in a while a funny story turns up as a relief to the tragic. On a railway, camp where



JOHN E. WILKIE.

Chief of the United States Secret Service.

seems to be something in the business of soldiering, from the fight itself down to the uniform, which lends itself to dramatic attack. Some of the British regiments to boast playwrights among their officers are the marines, the Duke of Wellington's regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, the Royal Navy, and the Fourth Hussars. Maj. Dun Maier's own regiment is the Third Battalion Royal Fusiliers, where he is very popular in his command.

BOOKS

Theodore Roosevelt furnished the suggestion, the outcome of which was the writing "Mary of Magdala," the novel just of the press of the Saffield Publishing Company, Okon, O. In 1901 Mrs. Roberson met Mr. Roosevelt at the White House and enjoyed two of three hours' conversation with him, during the course of which the subject of the literary women was brought up. Mr. Roosevelt said in a jocular way, "Why don't you write a book?" The first suggestion was furnished. The suggestion of a plot came from Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur of the Fifty-seventh street Calvary Baptist church of New York. Dr. MacArthur, who is a friend of long standing with Mrs. Roberson, at one time voiced his views to her that Mary Magdalen was a greatly wronged woman and that some one should champion her cause. The second suggestion was furnished. Upon looking up many facts concerning the life of Mary Magdalen, Mrs. Roberson fortified herself with many truths which have heretofore been consigned to the background, and formed them into her present work, "Mary of Magdala," devoting a year to the task. Dr. MacArthur, who is the only person who read the manuscript before it was sent to the publishers, says of it: "The conceptions are vigorous, the descriptions of characters strong, vivid, attractive. The religious spirit, which permeates it, is commendable as it is conspicuous."

What sort of fiction for the girl between 12 and 15? This is a vital question with many mothers who are carefully rearing their daughters. The novel—and most certainly the modern novel is tabooed, and the usual run of "juveniles" is cast aside by the girl herself as worthless. Therefore the problem. But when a writer of the caliber of Mary Agnes Byrnes steps in with a book for them, on a high, assuredly the first of all it will be highly entertaining to the girl reader, and above all, wholesome.

For 1300 Peggy Alone comes from this popular author, and will serve to establish her more firmly in her enviable position. It is to be issued June 15, by the Saffield Publishing Company, publishers of so many of her books. Peggy Alone is the sobriquet given to the heroine by a bachelor uncle to the heroine because she is such a devoted girl, for with father and mother abroad, governess on a sick leave, and uncle engrossed in business, she is left much to herself in the largest and most luxurious home the small river town boasts.

Peggy is growing thin and listless and her uncle anxious, when one day her dog brings her three girls, plump, plump, and plump, and gives chase. Not because she wants to know them as much as because she is surprised at anyone eating green apples, she calls the dog off and makes their acquaintance. The three green apple eaters discover there may be true worth in a girl who wears flounces, laced petticoats, and silk stockings—they had doubted it before—and Peggy finds good times do not depend upon the possession of riches. The culprits elect her one of the Hays' daughters, a sort of club which is indeed very stretchable when it comes to good times, and what with picnics, berrying excursions, theatricals and a bit of day celebration the summer flies. Peggy Alone is lonely no more, the roses bloom in her cheeks and she has found friends of a lifetime. Strongly contrasted to her cherry, happy disposition is that of Ivy, a crippled girl of many moods, and fiery temper who browbeats the boys and wheedles the girls. The contract of the two is a good thing for all girls and many mothers to study.

Five half-tone illustrations embellish the book, which will be bound in cloth. The Saffield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.

MAGAZINES

It has been a long time since a new story of Ruth M. E. St. John's has appeared in print, but the June Century will have what those who have read the manuscript pronounce one of her richest and best, "Aunt Amy's Silver Wedding." Aristotle's "The end of labor is to gain leisure," might be taken as the text of A. Barton Hepburn's essay on "The American Business Man," which will appear in the June Century. The writer, president of the Chase National bank, New York, a man widely known and honored, believes that the American business man is paying too big a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence; and his suggestions regarding the ethical obligations resting upon rich men should make interesting and inspiring reading for all.

"Canada is the birthplace of Marathons," and Hamilton is the city of its origin," writes William Hemmingsway in the issue of Harper's Weekly for May 1. "Among the many lovers of outdoor sports in Hamilton about 1890 were a dozen or more young men who used to walk around the bay, on winter

SWINBURNE'S MONEY.

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, May 27.—Swinburne was a better man of business than most poets, and the little sum of £100,000, which he has left to the disposition of his house-mate and chum, Theodore Watts-Dunton, is probably rather larger than the amount he inherited from his parents. Life at "The Pines," in the London suburb of Putney, where Swinburne lived with his fellow-poet and the young girl whom Watts-Dunton married three or four years ago, was a simple enough affair, and Swinburne's short critical articles were always good for a thousand dollars from the magazines, thanks to the fact that he was quite ready to hold them indefinitely until some editor came along who was prepared to pay the price. His poems, however, brought him so little as to be scarcely worth mentioning. I was told by someone who was on intimate terms with the poet that Watts-Dunton had the actual paid-for sale of Swinburne's last published volume of verse in England was just three hundred copies.

SWINBURNE'S BIOGRAPHY.

Watts-Dunton is, of course, to write Swinburne's official biography, and will begin gathering new material for it as soon as he has recovered from the serious illness which compelled him to leave for Italy at the time of his friend's death. Swinburne, however, has held the entire copyright of his published and unpublished writings, and thanks to a recent decision of the English courts, he is enabled to restrain anyone who has letters written by the uncrowned Laureate from publishing them, it being held that the author of private letters holds the copyright in them. It has been decided that all applications to publish such letters shall be refused. The correspondence between Swinburne and his relatives, much of it said to contain the poet's freest outpourings, has been placed at Watts-Dunton's disposal, the gentle Watts-Dunton probably will suppress two-thirds of the material as being too outspoken and hasty.

FROM THE POET'S VIEWPOINT.

For example, here is a suppressed passage from Swinburne's pamphlet, "Under the Microscope," written in answer to Robert Buchanan's "Fleshly School of Poetry," a pamphlet from which one leaf was removed after it had been printed, and of which, it is said, there are only three copies left in the original form. In the page destroyed by the publisher, the poet, writing of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" described "the courteous and lovely Guinevere, the old romantic as 'the very finest figure in

all that cycle of strumpets and scoundrels, broken by, best and these, an imbecile, which Mr. Tennyson has set revolving round the figure of his central wittol." It was well that the passage was suppressed at the time, but now that both Swinburne and Tennyson are dead, neither can be harmed by its publication, and it gives a valuable indication of Swinburne's viewpoint.

Swinburne's whole property was left absolutely to Watts-Dunton without reservation, but I understand that there was a private arrangement between them for the disposition of the little fortune, and would not be surprised if some of it went to found a fund for awards to poets who do anything really worth while.

NO MONEY IN VERSE.

Several of the notable British poets of late years have been comparatively rich men—but they did not have their money made poetry pay, but it was not responsible for the quarter of a million dollars he left to his family. List of it to the present Lord Tennyson, who presided last week over the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, and warned authors that there was little money in anything except awards. Robert Browning left nearly £100,000 to his son Barrett Browning, who still maintains the Browning palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, though he doesn't live in it. Matthew Arnold was a poor man all his life, and left exactly \$5,000. William Morris left \$275,000.

Frederick Palmer, the American novelist and war correspondent, has been in London for a few days on his way back from Constantinople, and leaves at the end of the week to rejoin Mrs. Palmer in Paris, and may then either sail for home or go to the south of France to put the finishing touches on his forthcoming book about the present state of affairs in Central America.

MAXINE'S NEW PLAY.

Maxine Elliott, who has been looking for a long time for a play for her New York theater, concluded arrangements yesterday with Mrs. de la Pasture (she pronounces it approximately "De Lappature") for a dramatization by the author of her novel "Deborah of Today," which provides an ideal part for the beautiful Maxine. Unlike most authors of novels, Mrs. de la Pasture really knows how to dramatize her own books, for she began to write plays for amateur theatricals before she achieved fame as a novelist, and has been in close touch with the theater ever since. Her "Deborah of Today" was almost the only case on record of a successful dramatization by the author of the book, unaided by a professional dramatist. It ran nearly 200 nights in London, and caught to have been seen long ago in America, but I guess star actresses

don't like the idea of appearing as the mother of a boy of marriageable age. CHARLES OGDEN.

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