



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in Ireland June 28, 1811, and died in Boston, Aug. 18, 1881. When only nine years old he was an apprentice in the newspaper of his home town, and he subsequently became a reporter on different English papers. In 1830 he entered the British army, and for nearly six years was engaged in Fenian propaganda. In 1836 he was convicted of treason and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was commuted to imprisonment, and then he was sent to Australia, where he made his escape in an open boat, ingenious plans having been made by which he was picked up and taken to America on a whaler. He arrived in Philadelphia November 28, 1838, and at once took up residence in New York city. The following year he became connected with the Boston Pilot, and six years later he became part owner of the paper. During his twenty years' residence in Boston he published a half dozen volumes of poetry and prose and took high rank in American literature.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.
I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for rest,
When I dream my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure.
There is not a sweet in the city
But is patient as the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, not from the street's rude bustle,
From trophes of mart and stage,
I would dy to the woods' low rustic,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river
And be still, and let me dream always;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

THE GREAT PLAN.

We must sing a whole life through,
A whole life through we may not sing;
Our life is just between the two;
And each our part a little while;
The day of joy, the night of tears;
Give place to place along the years.

Sunshine and shower for the world,
Quiet and tempest, light and shade,
Before one tiny leaf is curled.
Before one dainty bud is made;
Some days the storm and some the sun
Till all the heavenward growth be done.

There is no sign of dark or rain
On the fair face of fruit and flower;
Yes, and no memory of pain
To hearts in one glad triumph hour;
But God who saw the way that made
Knows where the sunshine met the shade.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

NOTES.

The form of exercise adopted by Mr. Francis Lynde, the author of that excellent story, "The Grafters," is to say the least, unusual. His recreation is building a stone wall for a few hours each afternoon. At such moments he frankly admits that he is a fit subject for Hornet's nest; stripped to an undershirt, mortared trousers, lime-eaten shoes, a battered old hat, an Irishman's clay pipe with the stem broken off.

The other day a man and two young women came along in the wall-building interval. They stood just outside the boundary and gazed; and the colloquy was touching.

One of the maidens—Oh, no; that can't be Mr. Lynde, the author!

The Man! But I tell you it is. I know him.

The Other Maiden—I'll never believe it. It's impossible. Why that is a stone mason, and—he'd Irish.

The Man who doesn't like to be doubted—I'll prove it! (shouts) How are you, Mr. Lynde?

The Stone Mason—Why, hello, Smith! Is that you? Won't you come in and look on?

The Man—No, I guess not. You—you seem to be busy. Some other time, perhaps. (They move off.)

The Two Maidens (in chorus)—My goodness! How positively dreadful!

And he wrote that lovely book.

Tens of thousands of children have read the delightful "Peter and Ellen" and "Roggie and Beggie" stories, and have probably wanted to know something about Miss Gertrude Smith, who has told about the little people who live on "the beautiful road." Her publishers, Harper & Brothers, say she is a native Californian, although most of her life has been spent in the east. She was born in Coloma, El Dorado county, where the first gold in California was discovered. Her father, Rev. William Nelson Smith, went to the coast as a boy, but left the search for gold to become a clergyman. There he became interested in the "beautiful roads." Miss Smith says all of her little readers live in the same place, and she says that some day she hopes to write and tell exactly where it is.

Opposite the coming English book season, a writer in the London Daily Mail says: "Some of the autumn lists are already coming in, and the shadow of the season is upon us. Is it likely to be an interesting season? It is too early to say yet. Mr. Murray announces the 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' between the years 1837-1861, edited by A. C. Benson and Lord Esher—although this certainly cannot appear this year. Messrs. Methuen announce a goodly list of fiction. Passing over Miss Corelli, we come to Mr. Henry James' 'The Golden Bowl,' Mr. Hitchens' 'Gardens of Allah,' a new book by Mrs. Bernard Fahey dealing with Emma Lady Hamilton, new novels by Mr. Justin Hunt-

ly McCarthy, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. Belloc, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Leavitt Yents, Mr. Percy White, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Barrington-Gould, the two sisters Gerard, and many others. That is a very fair beginning."

The introduction written by H. G. Wells for George Gissing's posthumous "Veranada," has been suppressed by the author's representatives. It will be replaced with a preface by Fredric Harrison.

"The Bookman," of Melbourne, records that "Under the Rose," the love story by Frederic S. Isham, is decidedly popular in Australia. It has been twenty-six years old but already made some reputation as a poetical composer, connoisseur of chess problems, story writer, and maker of epigrams. A volume of chess problems, "Chess Harmonies," attracted the attention of chess players and critics on both sides of the Atlantic; his story of "That Duel at the Chateau Mariana" was well received, and his prose pastels, "Links of Love and Life," were exceptionally good. A new volume, which will further illustrate his versatility, is soon to be issued by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York. "A Cynic's Meditations" is to contain the epigrams and cynical reflections contributed to Town Topics, the Smart Set and other periodicals.

Count Tolstoi's article on the war, entitled "Bathink Yourselves!" which recently attracted world-wide attention upon its publication in the London Times, will shortly appear in booklet form in this country, from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The title itself characterizes it as "a remarkable document" in view not only of the nationality of the author, but also of his widely divergent views on warfare and present-day methods.

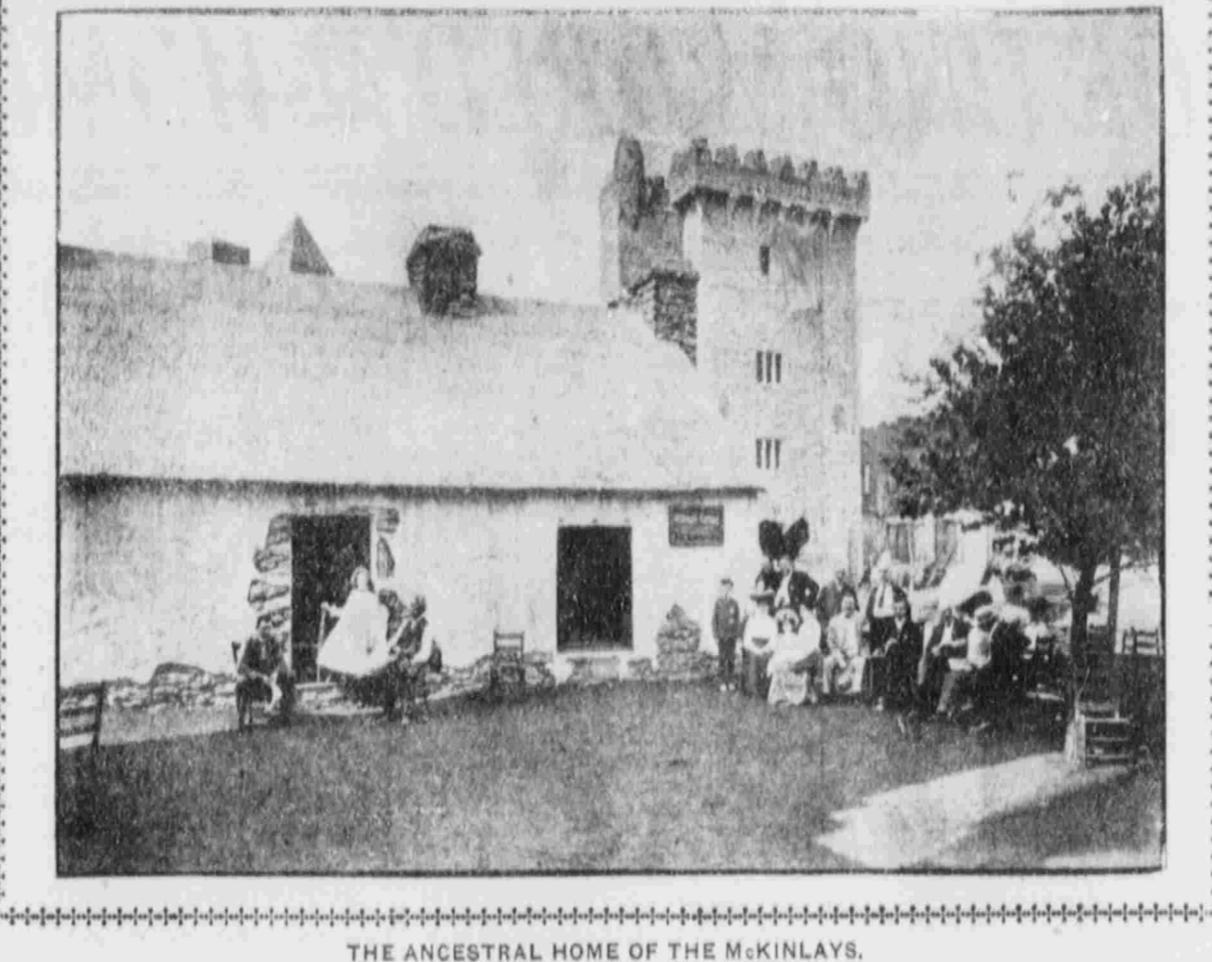
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Edward Bennett of the Psychological Society has in preparation a survey of his favorite subject, to be published in the autumn under the title of "Twenty Years of Psychological Research." It will provide the student with a comprehensive record, and it will contain, moreover, a selected list of the books which he would do well to consult in the course of his researches among the occult mysteries.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has returned from her recent trip abroad and is now at her summer home in Hollis, Me. Her new story, "The Affair at the Inn," will be published September 17, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The new collected edition of Swinburne's works is to be published in this country by the Harper's. The 12 volumes of which it is composed will include the poet's dramas and some of his prose writings.

It is a decidedly unconventional biography that Hon. Emily Lawless has written in the life of Maria Edgeworth she contributes to the English men of letters series. She gives us an especially vivid and picturesque presentation of the famous writer, and at the same time she carries us here, there and everywhere amid the curious parental and social environments in whose midst dwelt Miss Edgeworth would be complete without frequent reference to her father, these pages are filled with details regarding the life of the erratic and versatile Richard Lovell Edgeworth. "The history of the Edgeworth family," says Miss Lawless, "especially of that very remarkable personage, Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, his complicated marriage arrangements, his relations with his daughter, Maria, his subordinates, to his views of literature, and the further question of how far that submissiveness has, or has not, induced her own position as an author—all this has formed the theme of a good many capable pens." Miss Edgeworth was born near Oxford in 1767, and it was not until she was 15 years of age that she went to Ireland, where with the exception of occasional visits to England and two long tours of the continent, she spent the most of her life. It is undoubtedly to her Irish ancestry, and to her residence in Ireland during one of its most troublous periods of its history, as well



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE Mc KINLAYS.

Reproduced From the Deseret News World's Fair Portfolio.

The McKinlay cottage, filled with relics of the ancestors of the late president McKinley, is one of the many historic buildings of the world's fair. The great-grandfather of the late president was Francis McKinlay. Upon the moving of the family to this country the spelling was changed to McKinley. The original of the cottage was in County Antrim. Among the relics obtained from the Irish Historical Society and brought over to be exhibited in the cottage was the old cradle for the baby, one of the original doors, three of the old chairs, boards taken from the shutters, the iron plate upon which was baked the oatmeal cakes and which, at the world's fair, hangs in a fireplace, such as was used 100 years ago, the shears, the door scraper, and even the horseshoes above the door. One striking proof of authenticity is a piece of timber from the roof of the original cottage, bearing the brand "F. McK." In one room is the old bed, corded with heavy hand-made rope. The spade, the old spinning wheel and reel and the hatchet used by President McKinley's great-grandmother are shown. Francis McKinlay was hung by the yeoman to participation in the stirring events of 1798. Three pictures show the execution, the taking down and burial of the body at night, and the burning of the McKinlay home at Coleraine in 1798.

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In connection with the fact that the author of "Lux Crux," recently published by Harpers, is a corporation lawyer on Wall street, who is not content to devote himself strictly to his profession, but like Owen Wister, James Lane Allen and other lawyers, Mr. Gardiner turns from law to letters; it is recalled that artists are frequently not satisfied with the gifts nature bestowed upon them. Thus Savin always lamented the fact that he was not a good painter. Booth suggested that his son should be a comedian; the "Polo's Revenge" was his favorite piece. Gladstone, with a knowledge of what his great rival Disraeli had done, secretly cherished the belief that he could write a sentimental story. Eugene Field at one time aspired to be an end man in a minstrel show. Kipling, with his jungle stories, his "Kim," and his India place as a prose writer, has a greater pride in his weaker verse, and is prone to break into political numbers or more or less droll on every occasion of local excitement. Charles Dickens yearned to be a playwright, as did Wilkie Collins and Pinter, who is now the maker of master dramas, sight because he is not a novelist.

Walter Pulitzer, nephew of Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World, and son of Albert Pulitzer, who founded the New York American, although but twenty-six, a year old has already made some reputation as a poet, musical composer, connoisseur of chess problems, story writer, and maker of epigrams.

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Mr. F. Marion Crawford is spending the summer on his estate in Sorrento, having dispatched to his publishers the MS. of his new novel, "Whosoever Shall Offend." The story scenes are laid in modern Rome and Sicily.

Student's of Shakespeare will welcome the announcement for early publication by the Lippincott's of a new volume of the Furness Variorum Shakespeare, in which the dean of Shakespearean editors and critics will present "Love's Labour's Lost."

Readers of Miss Elizabeth Jordan's tales of school girl life, now appearing in Harper's Magazine and Harper's Bazaar, may remember that the first of these records from "May Iverson's" journal appeared three years ago in "Tales of the Cloister," published by the Harpers, and its reception then was such as to set forth upon it the title of "The Great Story." The story scenes are laid in the autumn under the title of "Twenty Years of Psychological Research." It will provide the student with a comprehensive record, and it will contain, moreover, a selected list of the books which he would do well to consult in the course of his researches among the occult mysteries.

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Yester evening, at the New York Public Library, the author of "Lux Crux," M. H. Carter, gave a lecture on "Common Things."

Carter is the author of "Common Things," by M. H. Carter, department of elementary science, New York Training School for Teachers. The object of this book is to teach young pupils how to observe nature, to learn to answer the question "What is it?" as a preparation for the future question "Why is it?" The subjects of the lessons are fruits and vegetables, which can be readily and economically obtained for study. The lessons are so arranged and of such length that they can be handled each in a single recitation, even in classes where the teacher has had no special training in science. They are planned to set forth what the child can learn for himself in one hour about the subject of the day's study. Each illustration tells a story, and is a model arrangement and a caption, to be followed by the pupils, who are, however, to make their own drawings direct from the object itself. These lessons have been tested in the schoolroom and will solve successfully the problem of an adequate elementary laboratory training for the lower grades.

Birds and their Nestlings, by Margaret Coulson Walker contains short chapters or essays on twenty of our best known birds, describing their nesting habits, their food, their songs, etc., and all their actions inimical to the quietude and gaiety of the northern seas. The story that kind of organism that results in happiness. It is powerfully told, and will recall "The Manxman" and "The December." Like those earlier books of Hull Caline, it shows a mastery of the Gaelic and Norse temperaments, and a singular power of presenting the simple, primitive impulses of man.

The renunciation of his ambition by the hero is the central motive of the story, but it is quite impossible in a few words to do justice to the power with which the author develops her plot.

The community is one of fishermen and farmers. The life is hard, and its struggle brings out the racial characteristics of Norwegian, Celt, and Scot: devotion, shrewdness, and hardness.

The little Shetland island, with its sheep pastures and its fishing fleet, isolated by the danger and mystery of the sea, is as real in these pages as are the people. Emotions, tears, laughter, admiration, and unflagging interest hold the heart and mind through every page.

It is truly a remarkable performance, this of an American woman writing of the life of a fisherman in Scotland.

The young Duchess of Sutherland is celebrated for all things besides her really uncommon literary ability and her interest in charitable work. These two avocations of hers she is combining, at present, by editing a book of poetry from distinguished persons which will be sold for the benefit of charity in Newcastle. It will contain contributions from the queen of Roumania (Carman Sylva), the duchess herself, Lady Lindsay, Miss Helene Vacaresco, Fiona Macleod, Mrs. Meynell, Thomas Hardy, the Earl of Crewe, and William Sharpe. Moreover, the cover design will be by Walter Crane.

Queen "Carmen Sylva," by the way, seldom misses an opportunity at book-making—in the literary sense, of course.

The place of honor in the Overland Monthly for September is given to a readable article on dramatic art in the University of California by Osra Birdsell, with many illustrations. Other readable illustrated papers are: "Three Nurses and a Chicken Ranch," by Eugenia Venegas, and "Lima Beans," by W. A. Tenney. An article, which is worth reading is "A Business Education," by Austin Lewis, in which some very plain truths are told by the author to the business man and his narrow outlook, as well as about the extravagant claims of the advocates of college education. In reality Mr. Lewis shows very clearly that American business men do not want the college student, and that among the most successful American "captains of industry" there are no college graduates. Mr. Lewis is a practical business man, and the advice he gives on this subject the selflessness and the prejudice of the average business man, who knows very little about any other subject than the making of money in his own special trade, and who has little interest in anything that does not bear directly on the accumulation of wealth.

Caroline Lockhart writes "Sharper Than a Barber's Tooth," which is a story of Labrador and a thankless child. "At the Sign of the Waxen Woman," by Clinton Dangerfield, is a lively story of the pursuit of a bride and the outwitting of an unwelcome bridegroom.

"The Regeneration of Ishah" closes a series of amusing darky sketches by Ellis Middleton Tybout which have been running through the magazine for some months. These have attracted attention sufficient to demand their publication in more permanent form.

Embodying in a delightful paper by Mrs. Howe, called "Rome at Easter," is the description of a visit from the queen to an American artist, as well as other interesting incidents of Rome up-to-date.

The number contains verses suited to the season: "A Lark" by Lizzie Woodworth Reece, "At Night" by Edmund Vance Cooke, "The Forest" by Frank Moore, and Burns quite recently by Mrs. Elsie Lane John Keats, or rather a miserable ghost of John Keats, figures in Kipling's nightmare, "Wireless."

But many of the most brilliant and romantic careers have been left untouched, Sir Thomas Overbury's adventures are indeed stranger than fiction. The path that Sir John Suckling trod led through many exciting episodes, well worth telling with the aid of imaginative reconstruction. Marlowe, Carew, and Otway in the sixteenth century, and James Thompson in the eighteenth are poets whose stories he ready-made to the hand of the anxious author in search of a plot. At a time when many writers are striking artesian wells into realism, perhaps there will be a flocking after Miss Higgin to the