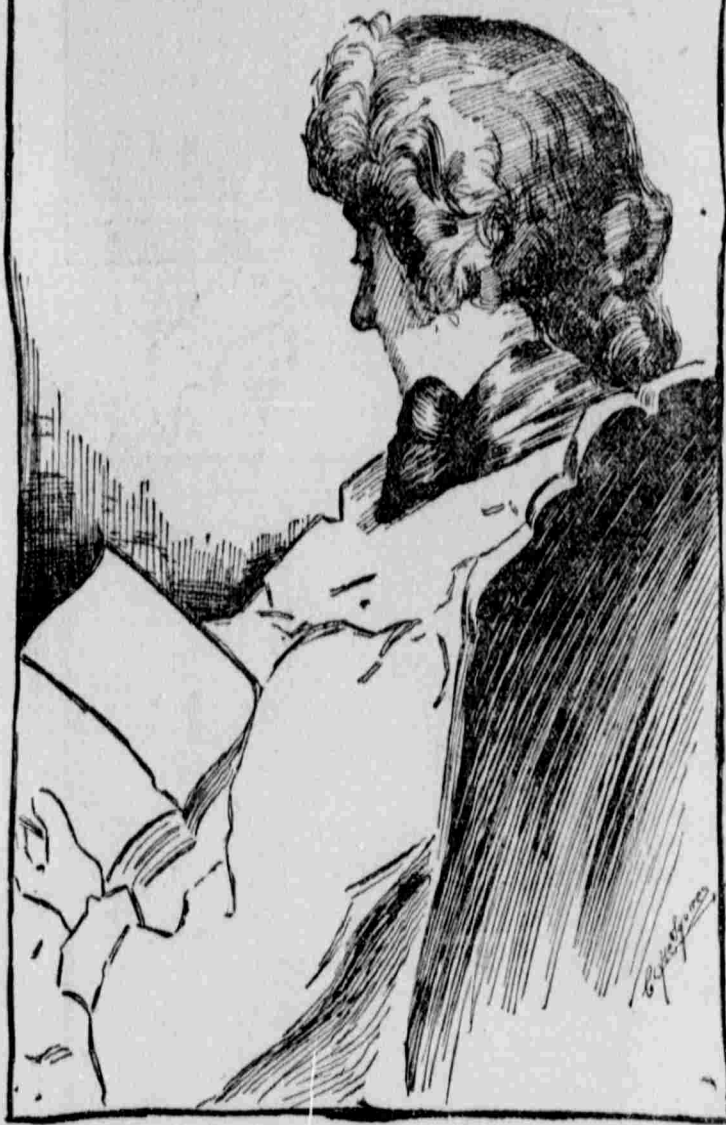


## LITERATURE



## THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

When Artemisia and Mausolos rode  
Out of the Carian gate, their chariot  
wheels  
O'ercome the world, till its great spaces  
flowed  
Like air away; while on their horses'  
heels  
Like the one cloud of whitest fire  
That brings the god again,  
Their chariot hurled, to match their  
swift desire;  
And so went quickly from those  
Carian men.

Went, but not all; it left pale radiance  
there;  
Love's perfect apparition cannot  
fade,  
Their passionate chariot still upon the  
air  
Hung like a cloud, and swaying by,  
still said—  
As if each chang'd and fading ray  
Retook its fervency,  
Retook their splendor, till their  
train, that they  
That gave it fire, still rode by  
radiantly.

For Artemisia, when her dear lord died,  
Drank his burnt ash, solv'd in a cup  
of wine,  
And turned their chariot into stone,  
for pride  
Of their undying Love, and cast a  
shrine,  
The world's last wonder, on the air,  
To tell in marble rhyme  
What Artemisia and Mausolos  
were,  
Who Death o'erway, though  
dead, and conquer Time.

This, the world's wonder, Artemisia  
gave;  
Because she loved Mausolos death-  
lessly,  
So, come, all Lovers! to Mausolos'  
grave,  
And say, "All fades; but Love the  
Mystery,  
(Since spirits master Time) fares  
unafraid  
To its supreme abode;  
Past Fate, and Night, and Death,  
the darker shade—  
As Artemisia and Mausolos  
rode!"

—[Ernest Rhys, in Harper's Magazine.]

## AN INVITATION.

"What do you say?" said the Work To  
Be Done.  
"Shall we start bravely together,  
Up with the earliest peep of the sun,  
Singing, whatever the weather?  
Come, little busy-folk, what do you  
say?"

Let's begin fairly together today.  
"Shall we keep step with a laugh and  
a song,  
All through the runaway morning?  
And when the noontime comes speed-  
ing along,  
Whistling his chorus of warning,  
Then, said the Work To Be Done, "let  
us see  
Who has kept up in the hurry with  
me."

"Hark, in the midst of the long after-  
noon,  
When you're a little bit weary,  
How all the meadows keep sweetly in  
tune,  
Tolling, and prattling, and cheery.  
What do you say," said the Work To  
Be Done,  
"Shall we be comrades till setting of  
sun?"

—Frank Walcott Hunt, in Youth's  
Companion.

## THE MUSIC OF THE PINES

These woods are never silent. In the  
hush  
Of the high places, solemnly there goes  
In endless undertone the stately rush  
Of music—windy melody that grows  
And ebbs and changes in uncertain  
time.  
As if some pensive god tried here  
apart  
Vague snatches of the harmonious di-  
vine  
Before he played them on the human  
heart.

WARREN CHENEY.

## PLAYGROUND DEMOCRACY

Underneath the spreading maple happy  
children meet and play,  
And I love to sit and watch them in  
the closing hours of day.  
Watching them my thought will wander  
to the happy days gone by  
When I, with the neighbor children,  
counted out to play "I spy."  
Oney, orry, lokery, Ann,  
Pillson, fullison, Nicholas, John;  
Quevey, quavey, English navy  
Rinkum, inkum, buck.

And I long to run and join them, long  
to be a boy again;  
Long to lay aside the burdens borne by  
tired, busy men.  
And my blood leaps fast and faster, and  
I clap my hands and shout  
When 'midst merry peals of laughter  
my own boy is counted out.

Eney, meeny, miny, mo,  
Catch a nigger by the toe;  
If he hollers let him go;  
Eney, meeny, miny, mo.

to his pecuniary advantage and to the  
comfort of the reader? Remember that  
your audience has not craved up for  
the occasion, and may be less learned  
than yourself. Be careful, therefore, to  
let them know at the start exactly the  
time and the locality with which you  
are dealing. Often it is not until several  
chapters have been read that the reader  
in "Tom Waverley's" words, realizes  
"where he is at." I am firmly con-  
vinced, indeed, that it would be an ex-  
cellent idea if the novelist would imi-  
tate the dramatist, and affix to his  
novel a table showing who are the  
characters, and what is their relation to  
each other, to the fictitious episode, and  
to real history. Nor would there be  
anything amiss if the novelist would  
skip to add just a small resume of the  
historical episode which entered into  
the warp and woof of his story.

In a recent issue of the London Pall  
Gazette we find the following  
amusing sentences in a review of Mr.  
Will N. Harben's "Westerfelt," re-  
cently published by the Harpers: "We  
have read 'Westerfelt' with interest, be-  
cause it deals with such a real and  
rounding out of the common. The  
quietude of New England villages has  
been described by writer after writer;  
we know the slums of New York al-  
most as well as our own, the far  
West is no undiscovered country. But  
while G. W. Cable and others have re-  
vealed in negro humor, the white popu-  
lation of the South has been rather  
neglected, and the lonely townships,  
where an occasional carpentering and  
the rare arrivals of the mails form the  
chief excitement, are well worth know-  
ing as Mr. Harben knows them. This  
study of life down South well repays  
reading." The English reading public  
has been accused of blind ignorance  
concerning American literature, and  
the charge has not been without  
grounds. While we are grateful for this  
English appreciation of Mr. Harben's  
work it must be admitted that praise  
has been bestowed upon him with an  
indiscriminate regard for previous  
Southern writers. Mr. Cable described  
as revealing negro humor is a sorry  
jest that has happened frequently in  
England. And where are the names of  
Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Egbert  
Crawford, Joel Chandler Harris, James  
Lavel Allen, and others well known in  
England as well as in this country as  
distinguished delineators of the charac-  
ters of the white people of the South?  
Speaking of Mr. Harben's "Westerfelt,"  
we observe that the book is meeting

to victory always, and whose work  
leads young enthusiasts, and shapes  
young ambitions and dreams, cannot be  
allowed to die. In truth, they do not  
die."

That the sales of Mr. Winston Church-  
ill's three books are running on a  
toward the million mark in the three  
and a half years since the publication  
of The Celebrity, is a fact that will be  
of interest to not a few American pub-  
lishers. It has been stated on good au-  
thority that Mr. Churchill's first book  
was declined by six publishers. If this  
is the case, and there is little reason  
to doubt it, it is a good instance of the  
unknown quantity with which a pub-  
lisher deals from day to day. It is as  
much a question of chance as of judg-  
ment sometimes; generally a shrewd  
combination of both.

The Macmillan company, who were  
the fortunate publishers of "Elizabeth  
and her Garden," will issue an-  
other anonymous work shortly. This  
time of American outdoor life bids  
fair, so say those who have read it, to  
rival Elizabeth's book. The Garden of  
a Commuter's Wife. The record of a  
parlor that began in Autumn, will ap-  
pear in time for the holiday season. It  
is now in press.

The publishers of the anonymous novel,  
"When a Witch is Young," have re-  
ceived many communications addressed  
to "415-69," the mysterious author of  
this immediately successful book. Some  
of these letters are congratulations to  
the author, some are solicitations for  
autographs, and some are from theatrical  
managers who are keen to secure  
the dramatic rights to the novel.

The mysterious disappearance of  
nineteen thousand pounds in English  
bank notes and a series of crimes in-  
conceivably woven into a romance from  
the plot of "The Hound of the Baskin-  
shaws," a new detective novel by  
Burford Delannoy, R. P. Fenno  
& Co., have already sold three editions  
of this thrilling narrative.

"The Crystal Scepter," a novel of ad-  
venture by Philip Verill Michels, au-  
thor of "Nella, the Heart of the Army,"  
is perhaps the first book the scenes of  
which are laid on the island of Sumatra.  
Mr. Michels has succeeded in making  
a romance of the most thrilling type.

Canada has produced a new and or-

ty of the finest pieces in the Wallace  
Collection at Herford House have been  
reproduced.

"Dri and I," by Irving Bacheller, au-  
thor of "Eben Holden," is one of the  
few really great novels of the season.  
Its serial publication in the Century  
Magazine has already enabled hundreds  
of thousands of readers to see it, and  
that many who have read it desire to  
re-read it is a thousand copies of the  
book were ordered in advance of pub-  
lication. It is a tale of the New York  
"border" in the year of 1812-15, but some  
of the scenes are laid in Canada, and  
three distinct types of national charac-  
ter—English, French and American, ap-  
pear in many kaleidoscopic changes.  
Dri and I is essentially a novel of in-  
cident and action, yet that author's  
fondness for quaint and entirely natu-  
ral characters, which made his "Eben  
Holden" phenomenally successful, is in  
evidence in every chapter. Especially  
interesting are two French-Canadian  
girls who unconsciously make bliss and  
misery, at unexpected times and in un-  
foreseen ways, for the title characters.

## MAGAZINES.

A very successful series, "Great Types  
of Modern Business," has been running  
in *Almslee's* for several months. In the  
October issue, which has a beautiful  
cover design, this series is concluded  
with an original and vigorous article  
on "Politics as a Business," by J. Lin-  
coln Steffens. Included in the article is  
a prospectus of a machine's source of  
income from votes, privileges and ap-  
pointments. C. G. Bush, the famous  
cartoonist of the New York World, has  
drawn some striking cartoons to illus-  
trate points of the text.

In "The American Exporter" H. G.  
Armstrong tells how American products  
are to be found in the remotest corners  
of the Seven Seas, and how the Ameri-  
can producer is beyond competition in  
supplying any commodity from a cam-  
era to a railroad bridge. *Almslee's* has  
two articles of peculiar interest to wo-  
men in this issue—"The New Baby," by  
Hutchins Hargood, and "Housekeeping  
at a Mile a Minute," by Helen Churchill  
Candee. "Notorious Criminals in Wes-  
tern Prisons," by Charles Ulrich, is a  
graphic article, enlivened with several  
dramatic episodes of criminal life in  
the West. "Topics of the Theater," in  
addition to a handsome assortment of  
photographs, contains an interesting  
note on Charles Frohman and another  
on Clyde Fitch.

In stories the October *Almslee's* is  
richly and variously supplied. "The  
Last Run of the Valley Hunt," by Mar-  
vin Dana, is a splendid field story with  
a pretty love interest. "The Wild Cats  
of Wisconsin Valley," by Arthur Stringer,  
is founded on a laughable incident of  
life in the Northwest. "Mr. Pooley's  
Governance," by Addison Clark, is a  
fresh and rather tender story, laid in  
a town where there is only one wo-  
man, and she a newcomer and homely.  
"Bad for the Finner," by Miles Sandys,  
is a train robbery story of unique  
character, and "The Horse and the  
Traveler," by G. H. Payne, is a  
fantastic fiction of stage life that  
is really amusing. The illustrations to  
stories and articles are plentiful and  
artistic—Street & Smith, Publishers,  
New York.

"A Modern Flying Dutchman" is the  
title of an amusing story by Holman F.  
Day, which appears on the front page  
of the *Century* for this week. It re-  
lates the adventure of a party of old  
sailors, who maddened by the  
taunts of their village cronies, who  
have made long voyages, determine to  
set forth upon a mad and perilous  
journey which shall relive the experiences  
of the then rival tars. They set sail in an  
ancient and unseaworthy tub of a boat,  
and the relation of their adventure is  
refreshingly new, if not amusing. There  
are several other interesting short  
stories in the number.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

"When the lights are out," he said;  
"when forever and a night the actor  
bids the stage farewell; when, stripped  
of mask and tinsel, he goes home to  
that Auditor who set him his path  
then perhaps he may find a journey  
which shall relive the experiences  
of the then rival tars. They set sail in an  
ancient and unseaworthy tub of a boat,  
and the relation of their adventure is  
refreshingly new, if not amusing. There  
are several other interesting short  
stories in the number.

He rubbed raw the stage,  
But only saw a hat;  
Next day he heard the play was bad,  
And he was glad of that.

—John Henry.

It is a miserable thing to linger on  
the threshold. The darling spirits pass  
across and close the door.—Sister Teresa.

You can't cuss your way to glory. No,  
sah, you can't do it.—The Petrel.

The devil possesses no one who does  
not desire him.—Sister Teresa.

Men are born for hardship. It is the  
alloy which gives firmness to their met-  
al.—When the Land Was Young.

He is governed by two things—his  
stomach and his pocketbook. He can  
satisfy his stomach, but the second is well  
supplied.—J. Devlin, Boss.

The over-exercise of a critical facul-  
ty is always dangerous, and by too  
much judging of port, Benjamin ruined  
his career.—The Seal of Silence.

A poet may be a good companion, but  
so far as I know, he is even the worst  
of fathers.—Dri and I.

Altruism is a pet name for a rather than  
a duty.—The Symphony of Life.

Heaven and hell are very real, but  
they are states of mind.—The Sym-  
phony of Life.

When the law sets out to punish, it  
doesn't stop with the guilty only.—The  
Manager of the B. & A.

They took his place for flippancy be-  
cause their own flippancy was devoid  
of humor.—Men and Books.

A Typical South African Store.

O. R. Larson, of Bay Villa, Sundays  
River, Cape Colony, conducts a store  
typical of South Africa, at which can  
be purchased anything from the pro-  
verbial "needle to an anchor." This  
store is situated in a valley nine miles  
from the nearest railway station and  
about twenty-five miles from the near-  
est town. Mr. Larson says: "I am an-  
nihilated with the custom of farmers with-  
in a radius of thirty miles, to many of  
whom I have supplied Chamberlain's  
remedies. All testify to their value in a  
hundredfold where a doctor's advice is  
almost out of question. Within  
sizable of my store the population is per-  
haps sixty. Of these, within the past  
twelve months, no less than fourteen  
have been absolutely cured by Cham-  
berlain's Cough Remedy. This is un-  
doubtedly a record." For sale by all  
druggists.

Rejuvenate Effect.

Considered with reference to its re-  
cuperative effect, there is not so much  
good in the ordinary vacation as there  
is in a single bottle of Hood's Sarsapa-  
rilla. The latter costs \$1; the former  
well, that cost, but how much did  
your cost last year?

Hood's Sarsaparilla refreshes the  
tired blood, sharpens the dulled ap-  
petite, restores the lost courage.

## BISHOPS.

Blanks for the use of block teachers,  
in making yearly statistical reports, can  
be procured at this office, 25 cents per  
dozen.

## TO CHRISTEN CRUISER DES MOINES.



Miss Frances West, one of the belles of Des Moines, has been selected by  
Governor Shaw to christen the superb United States cruiser Des Moines,  
which will be launched next November in the ship yards at Quincy, Mass.  
Here is Miss West's latest photograph.

with a great measure of success in Eng-  
land. Where it has been even more fa-  
vorably reviewed than in this country.

Even if one does not consider "The  
Helmet of Navarre" the most remark-  
able historical novel ever written—an  
attitude quite conceivable even in one  
who is not a critical age—one cannot  
but enjoy the descriptions of Bertha  
Runkle, the fresh and unaffected young  
girl who wrote it.

It seems that at her summer home  
at Ontario, in the Catskills, she is the  
most light hearted of youthful beings,  
even removed from the bluestocking,  
disguised, woman of the world bluestocking  
of today. She goes about by day in a  
short skirt, with her hair hanging in  
two thick braids down her back; and in  
the evening she is just as eager for the  
dances at the inn as if she had never  
written a line.

The first thing she did with the money  
she received for her tale was to buy a  
pony and a cart, with which she drove  
indefatigably over the mountains.  
When she was obliged to come back to  
the city, she drove in the precious ve-  
hicle to New York with her mother.

## BOOKS.

"A Singular Sinner" is the title of  
a novel and interesting story by Charles  
R. Harker. The scene is laid in Cali-  
fornia and there are touches of local  
color in political incidents, in charac-  
terization and description that marks  
it distinctly from the commonplace or  
ordinary. Sensational and supernatural  
elements in it detract from the value  
of the story, which is remarkably inter-  
esting without the intrusion of these  
intensely unrealistic incidents into the  
narrative. The author has done good  
work in his delineation of the hero,  
Philip Starwood, Dr. Quintard and the  
two heroines, Lillian Quintard and  
Nellie Brooks.—Abbey Press, 141 Fifth  
Ave., New York.

The third portion of Lady Dilke's  
work on French Art in the eighteenth  
century is devoted to Decoration and  
Furniture. It contains 160 photographic  
plates and six half-tone reproductions,  
and is issued in imperial octavo  
by The Macmillan company. Lady  
Dilke sketches the evolution from the  
lordly style of the Golden Gallery in  
Chantilly to the tapestries of the fragile  
elegance of later work as developed in  
the palace of the Elzevir; in the rooms  
of the Princess de Soubise and the  
Cardinal de Rohan; in the Royal apart-  
ments of Versailles; and the Petit Tri-  
lun in the hotels of M. Guimard  
and Mlle. DuRoi and the boudoirs of  
Marie Antoinette and the Marquise de  
Serrilly. The painted "Singerie" of  
Chantilly and the tapestries of the Gobel-  
ins and of Beauvais; the triumph of  
hammered iron in "grilles" and balus-  
trades are not forgotten; place is found  
for the chiseled mounts of the Caffieri,  
for the Gobelins and the Martenot  
and Gouthere. The furniture which  
owed so much to their skill and craft  
is liberally illustrated. Private collec-  
tions in Paris and England, as well as  
the Gobelins and the Martenot have been  
laid under contribution and over two-

The romantic craze, it is evident, is not  
yet at an end. Experts in literary  
fashions are predicting that it will hold  
on for at least half a dozen years longer.  
Most of the leading publishers have  
their lists of autumn announcements  
with novels whose very titles are pre-  
monitory of battle and pugnacity. If it  
not, therefore, timely to drop a hint to  
the romance-writer which might work

## THE POPULAR WOMAN.

## The Kind That Men Admire.

Men admire a pretty face and a good figure, but sooner or later learn that  
the happy woman,—that contented one is most of all to be admired.

Those troubled with fainting spells, irregularity, nervous irritability,  
backache, the blues and that dreadful bearing-down feeling cannot hope to be  
happy, and advancement in either home or social life is impossible.

It is clearly shown in the young lady's letter which follows that Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of wo-  
men; and when one considers that Miss Murphy's letter is only one of the count-  
less hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this  
country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all;  
and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly  
take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go  
into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be  
"just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no  
other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.



MISS MARGARETTA MURPHY,  
President "Lend-a-Hand Club," Seattle, Wash.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For three years I suffered with bearing  
down pains, backache, became nervous and hysterical and could not  
enjoy life as other young women did. A lady friend who had suffered  
similarly and been cured, suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-  
able Compound. I had little faith in it, but nevertheless I gave it a  
trial, and I am glad that I did. I kept getting better gradually and my  
pains left me and within four months I was a well woman. This is a  
year ago and I have never had any trouble since. I wish all suffering  
women knew of your valuable medicine. —Yours very truly, MARGAR-  
ETTA MURPHY, 2703 Sec. Ave., Seattle, Wash."

## Two Floors Grateful Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it  
my duty to write you in regard to  
your valuable medicine. I have been  
troubled with falling of the womb  
and inflammation of the ovaries, and  
was so bad I could hardly walk across  
the floor. The doctors said it was  
impossible for me to get well unless I  
had an operation, but this I would  
not listen to. Having read so much  
about Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-  
able Compound, I made up my  
mind to give it a trial, and it has  
done wonders for me. I commenced  
to feel better from the first dose, and  
today I am a well, healthy girl.  
"Hoping that your Vegetable  
Compound will relieve other sufferers  
as it did me, and thanking you for re-  
storing my health, I remain, —Miss  
ALMA LARSON, Box 158, Hudson, Wis."

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything  
about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you  
with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted  
writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000,  
which will be paid to any person who can find the above lost and un-  
used medicine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special per-  
mission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

As durable as the Pyramids  
and finished much  
better are  
the

# STEWART

Steel Ranges,  
Stoves and Heaters.

A \$500.00 THRESHER FREE to the  
holder of the lucky ticket Drawing at  
October Conference. Each \$5.00 pur-  
chase gets one ticket.

## CO-OP. WAGON & MACHINE COMPANY,

GEO. T. ODELL, General Manager.

Houses at  
Salt Lake, Ogden, Logan, Idaho Falls,  
Montpelier.

Our New \$20.00  
Good Luck Steel Range

HAS RESERVOIR, HIGH CLOSET,  
ADJUSTABLE FIRE-BOX, ASBESTO-  
SUS LINED. SEE OUR LINE HEAT-  
ING STOVES, SAMPLES ON FIRST  
FLOOR.

## SCOTT-STREVELL HARDWARE CO.