DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.



THE WONDER OF THE WCRLD

When Artemisia and Mausolos rode Out of the Carian gate, their charlot

wheels O'ercame 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 hurl'd, to match their

swift destre: And so went quickly from those Carlan men.

Went, but not all; it left pale radiance there: Love's perfect apparition cannot

fade Their passionate charlot 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 Their room it fice still rode by

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,

Thus the summer hours speed swiftly as the childish games are played In my back yard by the children gathered 'neath the maple's shade.

Dancing feet and happy laughter make And the back yard knows no rulers, knows no pride of birth or caste; For upon an equal footing there they gather, girls and boys. And I sit and envy them their healthy lungs and childish joys. ungs and childish joys. Wire, briar, limber, lock, Three geese in a flock: One flew east, one flew west, One flew over the cuckoo's nest.

Pure democracy exists there, all for one and one for all, Flitting here and romping yonder 'neath the green-leaved maple tall. And I wonder as I watch them why men grasp for gold and fame. Missing all the joys of living, risking misery and shame. Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer, How many monkeys have we here? One, two, three, Out goes he. O, that men might learn the lesson! Be from greed and passion free. Like the happy children playing underneath the maple tree. -COMMONER.

to his pecuniary advantage and to the comfort of the reader? Remember that your audience has not cranimed up for the occasion, and may be less learned than yourself. He careful, therefore, to let them know at the start exactly the time and the leasily with which you

let them know at the start exactly the time and the locality with which you are dealing. Often it is not until severai in Tom Watson's words, realizes "where he is at." I am firmly con-vinced, indeed, that it would be an ex-cellent the dramatist, and affix to his novel a table showing who are the characters and what is their relation to That the sales of Mr. Winston Churchnovel a table showing who are the characters, and what is their relation to each other, to the flotitious episode, and to real history. Nor would there be anything amise if the novellst would stoop to add just a smell resume of the historical episode which entered into the warp and woof of his story.

In a recent issue of the London Pall Mall Gazette we find the following amusing sentences in a review of Mr. Will N. Harben's "Westerfelt," re-Will N. Harben's "Westerfelt," re-cently published by the Harpers: "We have read 'Westerfelt' with interest, because it deals with society and sur-roundings out of the common. The roundings out of the common. The quietude of New England villages has been described by writer after writer; we know the slums of New York a-most as well as our own; the far West is no undiscovered country. But while G, W. Cable and others have revelled in negro humor, the white pop ulation of the South has been rather neglected, and the lonely townships, where an occasional componenting and the rare arrivals of the mails form the the rare arrivals of the famils 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 heap and heap without the charge has not been without grounds. While we are grateful for this English appreciation of Mr. Harden's work, it must be admitted that praise has been beziewed upon him with an indiscriminate regard for previous Southern writers, Mr. Cable described as revelling in negro humor is a sorry jest that has happened frequently in England. And where are the names of Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Egbert Craddock, Joel Chandler Harris, James Lane 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? type. Speaking of Mr. Harden's "Westerfelt" we observe that the book is meeting Canada has produced a new and or-

TO CHRISTEN CRUISER DES MOINES.

CED

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

D'ri 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 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 attested by the fact that more than fifty thousand copies of the book were ordered in advance of publi-cation. It is a tale of the New York "border" in the war of 1812-15, but some of the scenes are laid in Canada, and three distinct twees of national characthree distinct types of national charac-ter-English, French and American, appear in many kaleidoscopic changes. D'ri and I is essentially a novel of incident and action, yet the author's fondness for quaint and entirely natu-ral characters, which made his "Eben Hoiden" phenomenally successful, is in The Macmillan company, who were the fertunate publishers of "Elizabath and her Garman Garden," will issue an-other anonymous work shortly. This evidence in every chapter. Especially interesting are two French-Canadian girls who unconsciously make bliss and misery, at unexpected times and in untime of American outdoor life that blds time of American outdoor me that olds fair, so sore those who have read it, to rival Elizabeth's book. The Garden of a Commuter's Wife—The record of a garden that began in Autumn, will ap-pear in time for the holiday season. It is now ir press. foreseen ways, for the title characters.

MAGAZINES.

A very successful series, "Great Types of Modern Business," has been running in Ainstee'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 vice, 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 Ainslee's for several months. In the

trate points of the text. In "The American Exporter" H. G. Armstrong tells how American products 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. Ainslee's has two articles of peculiar interest to wo-men in this issue—"The New Baby." by Hutchins Hapgood, and "Housekeeping at a Mile a Minute," by Helen Churchill Candee. "Notorious Criminals in Wes-ern Prisons," by Charles Ulrich, is a graphic article, enlivened with several graphic article, enlivened with several dramatic episodes of criminal life in the West. "Topics of the Theater." 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 Ainslee's is

In stories the October Ainslee'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 Wioska Valley," by Arthur Stringer, is founded on a laughable incident of life in the Northwest. "Mr. Pooly's Governess," by Addison Clark, is a fresh and rather tender story laid in a town where there was only one wo-man, and she a newcomer and homely. "Bad for the Finder," by Miles Sandys, is a train robbery story of unique is a train robbery story of unique character, and "The Horse That Traveled with the Troupe," 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 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 Youth's Companion for this week. It relates 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 nautical journey which shall eclipse 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 novel and amusing. There are several other interesting short stories in the number.

THE POPULAR WOMAN. The Kind That Men Admire.

19

Men admire a pretty face and a good figure, but sconer 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 hady'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 countless 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 ne other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

THE REAL PROPERTY OF



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 Vegetable 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 More 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 Vegetable 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

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : - I have been greatly benefited by the use of your medicine. I was troubled with a pain in my side and any little un-usual thing would almost prostrate me I was so nervous ; 1 was so weak I could not do my work ; menstruation was very scanty. I tried med-icines for my nerves, also kidney and liver medicine, but nothing did me any good. I then concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took three bottles of it, and one box of your Liver Pills, and I have not been sick since. That



. . . "The Crystal Sceptre," a novel of ad-venture by Philip Verrill Mighels, au-thor of "Nella, the Heart of the Army," thor of '

The publishers of the anonymous nov-d, "When a Witch is Young," have re-vived many communications addressed c "4 15-69," 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 theatri-

cal managers who are keen to secure the dramatic rights to the novel.

The mysterious disappearance

The mysterious disappearance of nineteen thousand pounds in English bank notes and a series of crimes inbank holes and a series of crimes in-cention by woven into a romance from "he plot of "£19,000." a new detective novel by Burford Delannoy, R. F. Fen-no & Co. have already sold three edi-tions of this thrilling narrative.

is perhaps the first book the scenes of which are laid on the Island of Sumatra. Mr. Mighels has succeeded in mak-ing a romance of the most thrilling . . .

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 Who Death o'ersway, 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 As 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

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

"Hark, in the midst of the long afternoon

When you're a little bit weary, How all the meadows keep sweetly in

Toiling, and prattling; and cheery. What do you say," said the Work To

Be Done, "Shall we be comrades till setting of

-Frank Walcott Hutt, 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 divine

Before he played them on the human heart. WARREN CHENEY.

PLAYOROUND 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 wan-

der to the happy days gone by

der to the happy days gone by When I, with the neighbors' children, counted out to play "I spy." Onery, orry, lckery, Ann, Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John; Queevey, quavey, English navy Rinktum, linktum, 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.

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

NOTES. The literary path does not seem strewn with gold in England. Mr. Heinemann, the publisher, declares that there are not twenty-five novelists in the United Kingdom who make over £250 (\$1,250) a year. Simultaneously, a writer in the London Academy, and an-other in the Monthly Review, estimate the events of a tradicational

other in the Monthly Review, estimate the average earnings of a professional literary man (holding no salaried posi-tion) at about £150 or \$750 a year, Teu years ago the prospects for the Ameri-can novelist were equally gloomy. To-day, owing in part to the International copyright laws, but in part also to the increase in the numbers, the intelli gence and the monetary liberality of the reading public, he is to be congratu-lated on possessing an excellent trade. The dime novel has disappeared, and the romantic novel, a sort of glorified dime averable are taken its place selling dime novel, has taken its place, selling lways as largely, and often far more largely, and retailing at a dollar and a half instead of a dime, with an enormous multiplication of profits to both author and publisher. It would be easy author and publisher. It would be easy to number at least fifty works of fic-tion which in the past, twelvemonth sold over 25,000 copies. Half a dozen of them reached into the hundred-thousands. Now, the copyright paid on a dollar-and-a-half book would not be less than fifteen cents, and might be more, according to the reputation of the author. Be on the safe side, how-ever. Put it at fifteen cents per copy, and the royalties on a sole of 25,000 would amount to \$3,750. At this rate a ovel a year would bring in a comforta-

ble competency, quite irrespective of what the author might be able to make out of the magazines, the papers, and other sources of intermittent revenue. This is the age, apparently, of re-vivals. A Philadelphia firm is publish-ing complete editions of Balzac and George Sand, and resuscitating Harri-son Ainsworth from the grave Another publisher has found fame and fortune in the revival of Croly's "Wandering Jew." I wonder why no publisher has deemed it worth while to revive an ex-traordinary bit of Rabelaisian humor, the best English specimen of this sort best English specimen of this sort of drolling, which was published anony-mously in 1815 under the title "The History of John De Castro." Perhaps revive" is a wrong term, inasmuch as the book, most unaccountably, dropped

almost still-born from the press. Yet it known to a select circle of admir-.... The humorous side of the subscription book business is frequently in evi-dence, but it is only now and again that It presents a fresh side. The following letter was received by the publishers the other day from a prominent New England physician after examining a subscription set of Mark Twain's Best Books, issued by Messes, Harper & Brothers. It must be noted, by the way, that these books have uncut edges— the uncut edges being a feature which it is difficult to get the average man to appreciate, and the explanation of which is a severe tax on the resources it presents a fresh side. The following which is a severe tax on the resources of the salesman. Thereby hangs this

"Gentlemen-You do not find encreand the payment you are expecting, but you are no more disapointed than were we when we opened our package of books. for instead of finding what we bought -viz., a set of nice-finished books, we find books with edges (all except the top edge) which looked as though they had been chewed off by rats, instead of being cut smooth, only they were not chewed deep enough. There were left innumerable leaves still unchewed which the reader must disconnect ere he could pursue his narrative. Very

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 Wests' latest photograph.

The achievement of Miss Clara Morris

many great actors as had she; and she

knows how to picture these stage fa-vorites in a way that makes them live

again for a younger generation. The many letters received from the readers

of McClure's Magazine prove this. The enthusasm which has greeted her

"Recollections of the Stage and Its People" in serial form gives promise

BOOKS.

it distinctly from the commonplace or ordinary, Sensational and supernatura

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,

Furniture. It contains 16 protogravure plates and fifty-six half-tone reproduc-

the palace of the Elysee; in the rooms of the Princess de Soublee and the

Cardinal de Roban; in the Royal apart-ments of Versailles and the Petit Tria-non; in the hotels of Mile, Guimard and Mile, Duthe and the boudoirs of

Marie Antoinette and the Marquise de Serilly. The painted "Singeries" of Chantilly; the tapestries of the Gobe-

iginal writer in the person of Adeline M. Toskey, whose book, "Where the Sugar-Maple Grows," will shortly ap-pear from the press of B. F. Fenno & Co. Miss Teskey has produced in these with a great measure of success in Engwhere it has been even more faland. vorably reviewed than in this country. . . .

Even if one does not consider "The Heimet of Navarre" the most remark-able historical novel ever written-an attitude quite concelvable even in one idylls of a Canadian village something unique in the way of character studies, equai in all respects to the quaint types of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." who is not a critical agre-one cannot but enjoy the descriptions of Bertha Runkle, the fresh and unaffected young in making for herself a reputation as a writer of stage biography which may equal her reputation as a player is re-markuble. No one ever had a wider or more intimate acquaintance with so

girl who wrote it. It seems that at her summer home at Onteora, in the Catskills, she is the most light hearted of youthful beings, ages removed from the bluestocking, even the very modern, carefully disguised, woman of the world bluestock-ing 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 enger 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 that Miss Morris' book, "Life on the Stage." Issued by McClure, Phillips & Co. in September, will become the clas-sic of American stage biography. pony and a cart, with which she dust indefatigably over the mountains. When she was obliged to come back to the city, she drove in the preclous ve-hicle to New York with her mother. The place that Miss Charlotte Yonge "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 commonlane

shall hold among the immortals of fit-erature is a subject of considerable moment in England just now, when the interest in literature is in a rather languid state, and Mr. Edward Cooper devotes half a dozen pages in a recent number of The Fortnightly to the weighing of testimony in the endeavor to define just what her title is to a niche to define just what her title is to a mene in the Temple of Fame. He marshals a brave array of names in her support, and kindly brings forward a host of reasons why her work should, and will, be reckoned among the undying forces that have "made for righteousness." ex-tending through a large portion of the that have through a large portion of the nineteenth century. He calls to mind the fine quality of the character of the woman, which stood behind all of her writing, which was always addressed to

the young readers of her day, and which aimed not at an older audience at which aimed not at an older audience at all; but, for all that, such men as Lord Tennyson, Dr. Whewell, the, famous Master of Trinity, William Morris, Burne-Jones and the present bishop of Winchester found great delight and no little satisfaction in reading and, in frequent cases, re-reading Miss Tonge's books. All this is fame, lasting fame, and will endure beyond the present deand will endure beyond the present de-mand for, and unhealthy satisfaction in, ephemeral sensationalism of the day, Mr. Cooper thinks that "a thousand grownup folk, yesterday, today, and for years to come, have gone and will go to Charlotte Yonge's books for pure love of studying such serene faith and high idents as live in them." . . . "But

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 part then perhaps he will be told what manner of man he is. The glass that now he dresses before tells him not; but he thinks a truer glass would show shrunken figure."-Audrey.

He rubbered hard to see 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 ilnger on the threshold. The daring spirits pass across and close the door.—Sister Ter-esa.

esa. Yo' can't cuss yo' way to glory. No, sah, yo' can't do it.—The Petrel.

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

Men are born to hardship. It is the alloy which gives firmness to their metal .- When the Land Was Young.

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

The over-exercise of a critical faculty is always dangerous, and by too much judging of port, Benjamin rdined his career.—The Scal of Silence.

Professional saints are very tiresome people. Amateur sinners are much more more interesting --Casting of Nets.

A poet may be a good companion, but, so far as I know, he is even the worst of fathers,-D'ri and I.

Altruism is a privilege 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 humor 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 Philip Starwood, Dr. Quintard and the two heroines, Lillian Quintard and Nellie Brooks.—Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. about twenty-live miles from the near-est town. Mr. Larson says: "I am favored with the custom of farmers with-in a radius of thirty miles, to many of The third portion of Lady Dilke's whom I have supplied Chamberlain's remedies. All testify to their value in a household where a doctor's advice is almost out of question. Within one taile of my store the population is perwork on French Art in the eighteenth century is devoted to Decoration and plates and inty-six mark-tone reproduc-tions, and is issued in imperial octavo by The Macmillan company. Lady Dilke sketches the evolution from the lordly style of the Golden Gallery in the Hotel de Toulouse to the fragile elegance of later work as developed in the palace of the Elysee: In the prome haps gixty. Of these, within the past twelve wonths, no less than fourteen have been absolutely cured by Cham-berlain's Cough Remedy. This must surely be a record." For sale by all druggists.

Recuperate Effect.

Considered with reference to its recuperative effect, there is not so much good in the ordinary vacation as there is in a single bottle of Hood's Sarsap-arilla. The latter costs \$1; the former -well, that depends; how much did yours cost last year?

Hood's Sarsaparilla refreshes the tired blood, sharpens the dulled ap-petite, restores the lost courage. 3

BISHOPS.

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

today I am a well, healthy girl. "Hoping that your Vegetable

Compound will relieve other sufferers as it did me, and thanking you for restoring my health, I remain, - Miss Ohio. (Nov. 19, 1900.)

was three years ago, and I have given birth to two children since then, and do all my housework for a family of six."- Mas. JOHN MOLEE, Hillsboro,



SCOTT-STREVELL HARDWARE CO.

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