In a way this is a Bliss Car-man number, for a portrait of him by John Cecil Clay, and a likeness at his best, is on the cover. The departments are up to their self-set standard—to say which is indeed praise; Bert Les-ton Taylor's "Reading Sauce" as funny as ever, Carolyn Wells' "Over the Book Counter" as plquantly sensible, the serious reviews excellent, The Writ-ers' and Banders' section full of the

ers' and Readers' section full of en-grossing and harmless literary gossip and new literary pictures, and "The Bishop's Carriage"—for that story has

grown into the most popular depart.

the lady-thief, though reformed, still a

thief, and her adventure with a lost baby simply delectable. The Reader,

10 West Twenty-third street, New York.

bad work appears under a popular writer's name," said this editor, "he will soon decline in public favor; where-

as, on the other hand, if a 'ghost' can lurn out consistent good work, there is every reason for him to write under his own name and get paid more." Notwithstanding, there as peared in a

condon newspaper yesterday a state-ment by one who described himself as a 'ghost' that, if he had something to sell and needed the money immediately.

instead of hawking his work around or

dragging out impecunious days awalt-ing a check, he took it to a popular writer, whose work is in constant de-

mand, and obtained cash down for it, "I sell it to him," he said, "and he

ment of all-bowling along merrity



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS.

[From "Endymion," Book I.]

A thing of "enuty is a joy forever;
Its lovelines, increases; it will never
Pass into methingness; but still will keep
A hower quiet for us, and a sleep
pull of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breatility.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
of noble natures, of the gloom v days,
of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways
Made for our searching; yes in spite of all,
some shape of beauty moves away the pall
prom our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
we have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
And endiess fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

THE NEW BABY.

By Aloysius Coll. Some time ago Munsey's Magazine offered a prize for the best topical poem to be presented early in the new year. The award has just been made to the follow ing chose a good mother."-Panama's first word, in a press cartoon.

I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam;
I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam;
Though little and young I be,
The chipperest child he owns I am,
When I rock on his skinny knee.
The last of the Southern sisterhood,
I take up the bottle and gum,
And hoist my flag with a lusty yell,
And beat on my little drum!

I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam;
His knees are as sharp as rails—
But his syrup soothes me like a clam,
And his diet never fails;
And while he is busy cutting his ditch
From sea to the western sea,
I sit in his lap, and cut my teeth
On the bone he gives to me.

I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam;
If I wake with a cry at night,
When the southern thunder breaks the calm,
He will rise and strike a light—
And woe to the goblin or the ghost
Or the giant or jealous sib
That comes to devour or frighten me
In my guarded slumber-crib!

I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam
He has played the mother and nurse
To a dozen orphans, of which I am
The last—I might do worse!
Liberla, Guam, and Cuba's isle,
The Philippines and me—
He has nursed us all in the lap of peace
With the milk of liberty!

I chose a good mother in Uncle Sam;
I sit on his skinny knee
And coo and crow, and cry for jam—
The pet of the family;
But behind the cradle and books of songs,
And the "Hints to Motherhood,"
I spy the limber birchen-switch—
So I mean to be very good!

≈NOTES. ≈

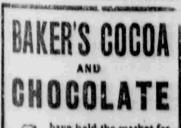
custom, published a book of fiction during January. The novel is entitled Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apos-tle, and was written by Samuel M. Garenhire. The scenes are placed in the first century and develop an impressive story of the invincible progress and lumph of the Christian creed in the midst of semi-barbaric luxury and vice. The Great Apostle is, of course, St. Paul of whom, both as man and apos-tle, the author has drawn a sympathetic and reverent picture. A vein of ro-mance— the love of a brave tribune for Christianity-winds through the story strong contrast to the brilliant glad istorial scenes and the imposing pa-grantry of the pagan emperor Nero. The persecution of the Christians, and their delivery to the wild beasts to make a spectacular show for the populace, is described with wonderful pow-er. It is believed that there has been no novel since Ben-Hur which will create the profound impression this book is expected to make.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's play Agatha, hich she wrote in collaboration with Louis N. Parker, has been given a trial performance in America. This is not Mrs. Ward's first venture into the field of the playwright. She dramatized her novel Eleanor, and the play was presented in London with some success. Mrs. Ward is now at work on a new novel, which the Harpers will publish.

Alfred Austin, whose latest drama flodden Field, was recently published by Harper & Brothers, will contribute a of papers entitled "The Poet's to the English National Review. Year, Mr. Austin's last published vol-ume was Flodden Field, which has never been acted in this country, but was given a stage presentation in England.

Douglas Wiggin's new story "Rebecca" found a place among the "best selling books" from the very moment of its publication. The publishers report that in two weeks four editions, making a total of 25,000 copies, were

Gelett Burgess, the author, with Will The Reign of Queen Isyl," y avocations, but the one from e takes most pleasure is the cture of miniature old-fashioned agiand farm houses. He makes eard board, and they are fully with realistic detail, down to indows, curtains, vines, and even wash tubs on the back perch.

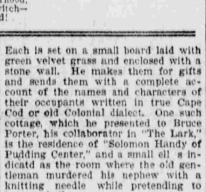


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and flavor.

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DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



When William R. Lighton, author of The Ultimate Moment, which a West-ern paper describes as "the best Omaha story ever written," was only a small boy, he tried his hand at all sorts of writing-stories, fragments of natural history, verses—and insisted upon sending them to magazines. To earn the money for postage-stamps, he picked cherries "on shares" for a neighbor, and peddied his own share a round the town. He made more than a dollar that June, and invested in a supply of stamps that kept his manuscript going for several months. Despite this persevering spirit of enterprise, it was many years before his manuscripts began to be accepted; but with his new novel Mr. Lighton seems to have ar-

The increasing popularity of Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin's fantastic Cal-ifornia story, "The Reign of Queen Isyl," is shown by the fact that the pub-lishers, McClure-Phillips, received from one book store last week an order for five hundred copies.

Mrs. Deland's satisfying stories, en-titled Dr. Lavendar's People, are taking their place among classics of a similar character. The London Athenaeum compares the book with the best English models of its kind, and says "From beginning to end this book forms delightful reading, in the sense that Pride and Prejudice and Cranford are de-lightful." The thousands of readers who know their Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell, will be thankful to add the American Mrs. Deland to that charmed

The Harpers are publishing a new edition of Judith of the Plains, Marie Manning's striking novel of the big cattle days in the west, a story which has been favorably compared by several reviewers to the work of Bret Harte Miss Manning is now in Rome, where she expects to remain until the spring.

Carl Snyder's successful book, New Conceptions in Science, has been very well received in Germany. Johann Ambrosius Harth, the German publisher, has now opened negotiations with Harper & Brothers, who publish the book in America, to translate it into German and issue it at Leipzig. As the firm of Barth has high standing in Germany, and particularly as publish-ers of authoritative books of science, their appreciation of an American work like Mr. Snyder's is the more notable. The book is also published in England by the Harpers, and has passed through several editions there.

"The most delightful picture gallery of the season" is the Boston Transcript's summing up of its criticism of "World's Children." Since the book's appearance in September the MacMillan company have published another book by Mortiner and Dorothy Menpestheir record in colored pictures and vivid descriptions of "The Durbar," which had an immediate and astonishing success. Mr. Menpes is now at work on his biography of Whistier.

By reason of its accuracy, its full-

By reason of its accuracy, its fullnoss, and its entertaining style, Mrs.
Roger A. Pryor's "The Mother of
Washington and Her Times" is likely
to remain the standard authority on its
interesting theme. Mr. Pryor has incorporated into her narrative much
valuable, curions and unusual testle
more from Mrs. Washington's contemporaries as to the people, manners, custous and spirit of the age and oscality
in which Mary hall lived; so that the
book has decided historical value os
well as real charm of style.

well as real charm of style One would never dream, by looking



R. E. YOUNG.

R. E. Young, who has been appearing in the magazines, the Atlantic Monthly especially, with stories of Missouri life, has just published a novel. "Sally of Missouri" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The author is Miss Rose E. Young, who has chosen to conceal her sex behind non-committal initials. In Missouri she has found a new and fertile field in fiction. Her novel deals with the Zinc Boom days in the Ozark mountain regions, and she has drawn an interesting picture of a sleepy old Missouri town startled into life by the rush of speculators. In Madelra she has painted a life-like portrait of a common western type, the semi-dishonest leading citizen of a boom town, who uses all things and all people for his own personal profit. Her heroine, Sally, is the most gladsome, joyous, and human girl-creature that ever came out of the west. Miss Young was born in Missouri and passed most of her life in Lexington, not far from Kansas City. Circumstances made her the family bread-winner, and at 18 she was a schoolteacher-teaching German, Latin, French and trigonomerty. She then took up newspaper work in Texas, going later to Chicago and joining a medical magazine, finally coming to New York as the manager and owner of a medical magazine herself. Journalism gradually led her into literature as a vocation. In addition to writing she is now a special reader for a big New York text-book house.

through "Who's Who" (in England), cerned-that is, in color-it is no differ-

gantlemen have educated your powers of perception. Of course, we might easi-

≈Books.≈

novel of the new navy, "The Spirit of the Service," illustrated by Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum; Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe's "Boston: The Place and the

that the person described as follows is ent from dozens of other liquids.

the original of the great detective. "Now I want to see how many of you Sherlock Holmes: Sheriock Holmes:
"Joseph Bell, M. D., F. R. C. S. Edinburgh; consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children. Member of University Court,

Edinburgh University: born in Edin-burgh in the year 1837. The eldest son of Benjamin Bell, surgeon, and of Ce-cilla Craigie. Married to Edith Kath-orine, daughter of the Henorable James Erskine Murray. Went through the ordinary course of a hospital surgeon at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, from dresser to senior surgeon and consulting surgeon. Twenty-three years (1873-96) editor of the Edinburgh 'Medical Jour-

Yet he is the original Sherlock Holmes—the Edinburgh medical stu-dents' ideal—who could tell patients their habits, their occupations, nationality and often their names, and who rarely, if ever, made a mistake. Ofter-times he would call upon one of the students to diagnose the cases for him. Telling the house surgeon to usher in new patient, he delighted in putting the deductive powers of the student to the test, with results generally amusing, except to the poor student victim.

This is Conan Doyle's description of Joseph Bell: "He would sit in the patients' waiting room with a face like a red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, before even they opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, and would even give them details of their past life, and he would

hardly ever make a mistake.'
What Edinburgh student of Conan Doyle's student years can fall to recog-nize in the stoic-faced professor Joe Bell, the "king of deduction?" "What is the matter with this man, r?" he suddenly inquired of a tremb-

ling student, ''Come down, sir, and look at him. No. You mustn't touch him. Use your eyes, sir! Use your ears, use your brain, your bump of perception, and use your powers of deduc-

After looking at the patient, the em-bryonic Holmes blurted out: "Hip-joint

"Hip nothing!" Bell retorted. "The man's limp is not from his hip, but from his foot, or rather from his feet. Were you to observe closely, you would see that there are slits, cut by a knife, in those parts of the shoes where pressure of the shoe is greatest against the foot. The man is a sufferer from corns, Gentlemen, and has no hip trou-ble at all. He has not come here to be treated for corns, gentlemen. We are not chiropodists. His trouble is of a much more serious nature. This is a case of chronic alcoholism, gentlemen, The rubicand nose, the puffed, bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the tremulous hands and twitching face muscles, with the quick pulsating temporal arteries, all show this. These reductions, gen-tlemen, must, however, be confirmed by

tlemen, must, however, be confirmed by absolute and concrete evidence. In this instance my diagnosis is confirmed by the fact of my seeing the neck of a whisky bottle protruding from the patient's right-hand coat pocket.

"From close observation and deduction, gentlemen, you can make a correct diagnosis of any and every case, However, never neglect to ratify your days to substantiate your diagnosis. deductions, to substantiate your diag-nosis with the stethoscope, and by other recognized and everyday methods of

One day, in the lecture theater, he gave the students a long talk on the necessity for the members of the medical profession cultivating their senses sight, smell, taste and hearing. Before him on a table stood a large tumbler filled with a dark, amber-colored liquid. "This, gentlemen," announced the professor, "contains a very potent drus. To the taste it is intensely bitter. It

Yet, as far as the sense of sight is con-

physiciana for 50 years.

ways been stirred by tales of the sufferings of the wretched victims in the torture chambers once connected courts of justice. The very sight of a gruesome collection of pincers, tongs, thumbscrews and racks, used ages ago, awes curious spectators and makes them tremble with living horror. While such cruelties survive now only among savage races, men still suffer from agonies of disease so intense that they can find no terms fit to describe them save words like "torture" and "rack,"

which call up vividly the barbarities of the outgrown past. The unhappy vic-tims sometimes, as in the case which follows, faint with the exhaustion of inhasten and end sufferings which they have appealed so long in vain to men relieve. All help that comes from drugs that deaden pain for a brief season s only mockery, for the short respites are through my head. They were so ex-cruciating that they would almost make

"Personally," he went on, ingeniously, 'I look upon the well-known writer who 'farms out' his work as a sort of heaven-sent being and not, as many appear to consider him, a species of impostor. Ask any writer of popular fiction, and he will tell you that every year the applications he receives for long stories as well as for short stories increased until it has come to this: (1) He must decline to undertake to get through more than a comparatively small amount of work; (2) he must 'scamp' a portion of the work he has agreed to do, and thus, in the long run, ruin his well-earned reputation for producing interesting stories; (3) he must call in the aid of a proxy or, in other Williams' Medicine Co., Schenec words, 'farm out' the surplus."
Since the appearance of this letter
there have been attempts—notably on the part of the Society of Authors—to explain it away as a "jeu d'esprit." but there is a general belief, notwithstanding, that the document was genuine. else has been found equally good.

analyze this chemically, and find out what it is. But I want you to test it by smell and taste; and, as I don't ask of the "Long Sault," by Adam Daulac and 16 other Frenchmen, ranks with the anything of my students which I wouldn't be willing to do myself, I will defense of Thermoapylae and the battle of the Alamo for sheer dauntless courtaste it before passing it around."
Here he dipped his finger in the liquid, and placed it in his mouth. The tumbler was passed around. With wry and sour faces the students followed the age in a seemingly hopeless cause, which in the end achieved its object. For more that a week they held off the attacks of 700 Iroquois, causing them fearful loss. At length the Irotasted the vile decoction; varied and amusing were the grimaces made. The tumbier, having gone the round, was returned to the professor.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a laugh, "I am deeply grieved to find that not one of you have developed this reverse of the said and the said an quois overcame and killed them; but they had had enough of fighting, and returned to their villages dejected and amazed, to how! over their losses; and

one of you has developed this power of perception which I so often speak about; for if you had watched me closely, you would have found that, while I placed my forefinger in the medicine, it was the middle finger which found its way into my mouth." These methods of Bell impressed Doyle greatly at the time. The impresion made was a lasting one .- Collier's The Macmillan company are publishing Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood's breezy

"The Fortunes of Fifi." by Molly Elliot Seawell, is a delightful story. The publishers have given to it a most at-tractive dress. The fancy cover, with Howe's "Boston: The Place and the People," with more than a hundred illustrations; Mr. Jacob A. Ris's new book of stories of the "Children of the Tenements," illustrated by C. M. Reisya and others; Mr. Rober Herrick's contribution to the series of Little Novels by Favorite authors, "Their Child," "Palmetto Series," by Mrs. Celina E. Means, which consists in historical stories of South Carolina; "Evolution and Adaptation," by Thomas Hunt Morgan, the author of "Regeneration;" "Happy England," by Holen Allingham; and "The Life of Simbon Sterne," a sturdy soldier, favored by Napoleon, who loves Fin devotedly, and whose unselfish devotion wins for him the affection of the reader,—Bobbs, Mer-One of the most herole 'tales in the world's history comes into Sir Gilbert | affection of the rea Parker's new book on "Old Quebec: The | rill Co., Indianapolis

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Magazine contains three illustrated only among the simple folk of France. It has a short story which is now in the midst of the opera season, particof tennis, by Mary Moss; "The Cat and the Painter," an artist's love story, by Eleanor H. Porter, and "On the Honor types," and suggests to each of us the of a Man," a western story, by W. R.

an immigrant munity and coming to New York with them in the storage. The articles now running in the magazine are the first attempt at a human understanding of the problem.

The man who many people think should have been port hurrents—William Watson—contributes to the February number of The Reader Magazine

Over Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints is very decisive when you use Hostetter's Stomach litters. Then why will you continue to suffer when it is unnecessary. Get a bottle today from your drussist and see how much good it will do you. It never falls in cases of Poor Appeties, Indigestica, Dyspepais, Constigation, Kidney lifs, Chills, Coids or Malaria, and has been endoused by physicians for 50 years. org little take by Cosmo Hemilton. have a saled in Regard to Optimized. It is a story of Evench possent life, and is in especially lifetise doinnation of that

The February Issue of Scribner's | human nature that seems to be found question as to whether we are such genuine opera enthusiasts as we are Some menths ago Leelle's Monthly sent its special correspondents, Mr. and Mrs. Broughton Brandenburg, to Italy to study the problem of American immigration at first hand by living with an immigrant family and reminer to the surface of the study that the surface of the surface

iant Watson—contributes to the Febru-ary number of The Reader Magazine an article on "The State Discourage-ment of Literature." Those who are dissuitable with the way instrume is The Macmilian company has just issued the January number of the Burlington Magazine, which has become famous during its two and a half years of life for its beautiful reproductions of all sorts of rare objects of art, the rail approduction of which is confined chiefly to the campoisment. The most arractive features of this issue are reproductions of polarities by Greuze, Rubens and others, in the Normanton collection, by J. S. Colman, and by the vary Milanese painters. Rubens and others, in the Normanton collection, by J. S. Colman, and by the early Milanese painters.

The naveletic p. Aincles a for February is by Fizzabeth Duer, and is entitled "A Natural Divorce." Mrs. Duer has come to be recognized as the prophetess of polite metropolitan society, in fiction at least, and his latest

Nina R. Allen writes a diverting essay about the pathetic side of obesity; and Sewell Ford a humorous skit on "The Literary Homesteader." The Italian hill-town Spoleto is ex-

The Italian hill-town spoieto is ex-quisitely pictured by Edward Hutton; there is an open letter to the late Wil-iam Ernest Henley, which handles the poet without gloves; and Yone Noguchi has a sort of open letter to American poets in general, inviting them to adopt quaint Japanese verse-forms, and giv-

ng several delicious samples. The number contains other good poems, by Charles Hanson Towne, Clinton Scol-

lard, Gelett Burgess, Wallace Irwin,but especially Bliss Carman, who has a long poem about Sappho, the lady he

us so charmingly taken under his

London, Jan. 26.-Readers on this side

of the water are getting decidedly curi-

ous to know how much there really is behind all the suggestions that have been made recently as to the existence

of "literary ghosts." That is, unknown

scribes who are said to write novels,

short stories or what not to be signed by authors of reputation and published

as their work. And that the public

should be getting interested in this question is rather natural considering

the definiteness of some of the state-ments that have been made of late. It

was the remarkable letter signed, "Proxy" and published in The Author-

And, as the result of inquiries in the

parties to the transaction given, that one of the most famous writers in this

country, who has been represented by rather a considerable amount of work

for much of it upon the efforts of a paid hack—the undistinguished husband

DEATH PREFERABLE TO THE AGONY BORNE BY MR. COYLE.

A HIDDEN TORTURER

Three Years of Exeruciating Neuralgia Terminated by six Boxes of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis-The pity of the modern world has al-

always followed by more terrible agony The story of James B. Coyle, a mil operative, residing at No. 9 Pond street, Amesbury, Mass., is a striking recent case in illustration. "During the past three years," said Mr. Coyle to a re-porter, "I was troubled with neuralsia in the head. At times the pains were almost unbearable and my sufferings were such that death would have been welcome as a relief. The pains began right over my eyes and shot upward me faint dead away from exhaustion. "I consulted several physicians but, while they all diagnosed my case as neuralgia and prescribed for that, they gave me only temporary relief. Then ! took a number of advertised neuralgia cures with no better result. About four months ago a friend told me about Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I decided to try a box, although then I had but little faith in them, be cause I had taken so many remedies without benefit. After I had used one box I noticed that the pains were less frequent and intense than before. So I took a second box with additional im-provement. After I had taken six boxes my neuralgia was entirely cured, and for two months I have been free from pain. I have sound restful sleep at night and no feeling of languer dur-ing the day. I bless the day when began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Cures equally remarkable for their completeness and permanence have also been wrought by these pills in the case of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, eclatica, nervous head-ache, after-effects of the grip, palpita-tion of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness in either male or female. Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists, or will be sent direct from tady, N. Y., postpaid, on receipt of price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half. Do not be de-ceived into taking a substitute. Nothing

Fortress of New France." The defense the colony was saved.

"A Daughter of the Rich," M. E. Waller's bright and breezy story of country and city life, has gone into a second edition, and many of the critics are comparing the story favorably with Louisa M. Alcott's stories. One enthu-Lonisa M. Alcott's stories. One enthusiastic reader writes the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., as follows: "Since the days of 'Little Women,' I have not read a book which appealed to me so strongly for girls, old and young. There is a sweet wholesomeness about it, and one grows to love the character of that Vermont home, and draws an inspiration from the lives of those happy, cheerful loving children, and that sweet, noble mother. ren, and that sweet, noble mother, 'Martie.'"

can do what he likes with it. There is no fraud on the public, for the popular writer I refer to knows what his editors want; he edits for editors. The editors know, or are presumed to know, the official organ of the Society of Authors—that started the discussion. Its writer, who described himself as "the what the public want, and they edit for real author of two stories that have appeared serially and in book form as the original work of a well-known liter-It is likely, however, that there won't be satisfaction all round if the public gets to know definitely that this sort of ary man," declared that the occupation of literary ghost was quite a common

announcement and announcement and announcement and announcement

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

mountain and a second a second and a second and a second and a second and a second

gets to another thing is common. one. Moreover, this particular spirit, defended his calling sturdily. "I may be allowed, perhaps," he began, "to Readers of Rider Haggard's novels and of "The Yellow Van" would have enjoyed being present at the meeting of trustees of the so-called "Garden draw attention to the advantages which the system of 'farming fiction' may be said to possess where the interests of the unknown writer—the ghost—the ity," in London the other day, for both he author of "She" and Mr. Whiteing hack—the proxy—call him what you will—are at stake." were present and spoke. This scheme of founding a model village for working people near London on the lines of those started in the country by the philanthropists Cadbury & Lever is one that chimes in exactly with the view which Mr. Haggard has expressed so often of

late, and which inspired Whiteing's most recent book, and the authors gave it their blessing heartily. Rider Hag-gard's remarks were devoted chiefly to the financial outlook for the "Gar-den City," which he found favorable, but Mr. Whiteing's text was the disbelief, which he said he found every-where, that any good thing could be the result of creative effort, "People believe" said "The Yellow Man's" aubelieve" said "The Yellow Man's" au-thor, "that everything must grow, not only in a good historic sense, but in a sense that was neither good nor his-toric—that it must run a certain pre-appointed course of evil, a kind of huggermugger in which Providence only does good by stealth." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is New Grub Street of today, the writer found no one prepared to deny the exis-tence of literary "ghosts." It was de-clared, in fact, and the names of both

"standing" as a parliamentary candi-date in the Conservative interest for Border Burghs, the Scotch constituency, is beginning to have his troubles. His supporters, who include many prominent Hawick tweed manufactur-ers, are impressing him with dreadful tales of hard times and bankruptcy in the district, but unfortunately, the annual statement of the Hawick Savings bank, just published, shows that the record of deposits for the last year was paid hack—the undistinguished husband of a rather well known woman writer. The thing seemed incredible, but my informants declared that there was no doubt about it whatever.

As might, perhaps, be expected, the editor of a popular magazine declared, when interviewed on the subject, that the "ghost stories" were absurd. "If the largest since the institution's establishment. Which has inspired a Liberal newspaper to remark, rather cruel-ly, "Sir Conan may have a greater task to explain away this fact to the Hawick electors than to explain away the death

of Sheriock Holmes."
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