

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

SOMETIMES.

Across the fields of long ago
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad with face aglow—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within—
I think that he still hopes to see
The man I might have been!

—Thomas S. Jones, in the Windsor Magazine.

TRAMPING.

His heart should sing from dawn to sunset fire,—
Wherever foot may tread his path may lie,—
His pack must be too small to hold a care
Who takes for guide the gipsy butterfly.

At morn the thrush, at noon the tinkling brook,
At eve the cricket choir shall cheer his way;
His eye shall find delight in every nook:
The squirrels, merry gnomes in red or gray.

The clover bell beneath the booming bees,
The woodchuck, sober monk in russet clad,
The dragon-fly althwart the culverkeys
Shall waltz his love of things and make him glad.

'Tis well to drink the crystal drafts that flow
From azure depths where cloud-built fountains sail;
'Tis well to feel the spirit breathe and grow;
Once more 'tis well to seek the golden trail.

Again along a checkered road I swing
Through friendly woods and fields where daisies nod,
While still before me drifts on vagrant wing
The butterfly whose beauty praises God.

—Arthur Guiterman in Youth's Companion.

NOTES

"Every time O. Henry gets out a new book of his incomparable short stories, I like to the belfry and ring out a triple bob-major on the joy bells. It's an occasion for rejoicing that must be sent out to the world in big circles of noise."

So begins one editor his column of appreciation of O. Henry's latest book of Four Million stories, entitled, "The Voice of the City" (The McClure company). From the reviews which the publishers have thus far received, the name joyful mood at the advent of the new book seems to have been experienced by many brother editors, and especially by those who were privileged to pass on many an O. Henry story for the Sunday supplement, long before their author acquired his fame as a humorist.

It superiority over every other form of fiction because of its very brevity, its "immense force derivable from totality."

Arthur Stringer, whose new novel of adventures, "The Under Groove," (the McClure company) is about to be dramatized, confessed to the fact that he writes a farce. He also confesses to taking it to a busy Broadway manager whom he had met in a social way and knew more or less well. In two weeks the young author looked up the busy manager and had his manuscript thrust back into his hand. "I read this play of yours, old man," explained the manager, "and I find that unless it's punctuated by wit and prolonged applause it's going to run 40 minutes short. And after going through those three acts of yours I don't see where that punctuation is going to come from!"

It is related by the editor of a Pittsburg paper, in his review of one of O. Henry's books, that O. Henry had breezed unannounced into the office one day four years before, while on his way east.

"He was in a hurry because he was hungry. He had an inside coat pocket bulging with manuscript, and a vacuum in the compartment consecrated to small change. He looked as if he had seen much of the world, and a good deal of it had stuck to him. For all that he looked as happy as a philosopher and as wide as a road, and for two or three of those manuscripts, to provide himself with pate de foie gras and peanuts before marching onward to New York."

"Two or three months later the story refused by this Pittsburg editor appeared in a prominent eastern magazine. It made people sit up and ask who this new writer was. And today there isn't any name that is better known than O. Henry, the pseudonym of Sidney Porter."

Harold MacGrath is the most domestic of men. But every Saturday night he goes off to his Syracuse club and stays as long as there is any one left to swap a story with him. This is generally a long, long time, and it is a week's hour generally before the spirit waves him homeward. Then he takes a cab. But the cab is never allowed to draw up in front of his house. It is always stopped before a little church around the corner. His wife, observing this curious rite, asked, "What is it, is very simple," said the author. "If I clattered up to our door at this unearthly hour, the neighbors would be raising their eyebrows. But if I stop at the church, only O. Henry knows about it."

It is rumored on good authority that O. Henry, the famous short story writer, has at last managed to drag himself away from Holland, seems now to have extended to fiction. We have had Dutch plays and Dutch novelties innumerable and now we have our first romance with an exciting Dutch setting, but with American and English characters. "The Chaperon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (the McClure company) is one of the most charming stories these authors have yet produced. Unlike their other books, the automobile (though we hear it "puff" occasionally) is not the chief factor here, but a motor boat, and the story is one of a cruise taken by a merry party of English and Americans through the quaint Dutch waterways. Seldom has a more fascinating picture of Holland been presented than that which is to be found in this delightful story.

William Dean Howells is expected to return to this country at the end of June. Latterly he has been staying in London, where he will remain until his departure for Boston. Mr. Howells has been abroad, chiefly in Italy, since the beginning of January.

The present "Dutch Craze" if such a term may be applied to the fact that has lately existed for everything that comes out of Holland, seems now to have extended to fiction. We have had Dutch plays and Dutch novelties innumerable and now we have our first romance with an exciting Dutch setting, but with American and English characters. "The Chaperon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (the McClure company) is one of the most charming stories these authors have yet produced. Unlike their other books, the automobile (though we hear it "puff" occasionally) is not the chief factor here, but a motor boat, and the story is one of a cruise taken by a merry party of English and Americans through the quaint Dutch waterways. Seldom has a more fascinating picture of Holland been presented than that which is to be found in this delightful story.

BOOKS

In his latest work, Prof. Brander Matthews makes the claim that the short story, as a distinctive literary type, was first consciously defined and named by Edgar Allan Poe. According to Prof. Matthews, it was Poe who first laid down the true principles of short-story construction—unity and singleness of intention—in a review of Hawthorne's "Tale," written in 1842. His technical theories made little impression in the United States at the time, but they were quickly seized upon by French writers, worked out well-nigh to perfection by Melville and Maupassant, and later accepted by masters of the short story in every modern language; coming back to the United States by way of France, here to reach their widest, if not their most exceptional development. Poe not only organized the short story, he claimed for

The Macmillan company announces a third large edition of "Mr. Creve's Career," the new Winston Churchill novel. This means that the sales within three weeks of publication have run far into the second hundred thousand—a record that recalls the "boom" years of 1900-5.

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MAGAZINES.

The July number of the great outdoor magazine, "Recreation," is now on all news stands, and every one who is interested in healthful, clean, outdoor sports should have this number.

A series of short articles on the necessity of recreation for the sales will be those of the smaller towns. Some of the articles in this number are "Sleeping Out at Home," profusely illustrated with photographs of utility outdoor beds. Along the same line is the second of a series of Recreation houses illustrations and plans showing how bungalows can be made at small expense. For those in search of big game pens, the long trip, there is an article entitled "Some Pack Trips North White," also profusely illustrated. "A Vacation on Cape Cod" will attract the attention and interest of those who are inclined to favor the rugged New England coast for the vacation period. For the angler there is an article on brook trout by an expert, and another article by several experts on salmon fishing. The gun enthusiasts will find much enjoyment in "The Future of Wing shooting" and other matter un-

When the Bowels Get Balky

Often Stomach Trouble Comes from Constipation—the Remedy.

Often a stomach has become weak because the bowels did not move the waste matter out of the system. When this waste accumulates it generates poisons that enter the blood and to a certain extent numb or paralyze the nerve centers that control the work of digestion.

"I have had stomach trouble for twenty years and was in bad health when I commenced taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Everything I ate distressed me. I have taken three bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and am still using it. I have no more pain in my stomach, have a good appetite, eat everything I want and work every day."—G. E. Rickett, Assessor, Perry township, Allen Co., Indiana.

Mrs. H. H. Crea, Decatur, Ill., says: "Twelve years' use in my family has convinced me it is the best remedy for the many stomach troubles of childhood."

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin empties the bowels at once and so strengthens them that the movement becomes regular and normal. It does this without pain or grip, and it does it for old people with chronic cases just as easily and pleasantly as it does for the youngest baby.

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Pepsin Syrup Co., 225 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill., is glad to send a free sample to any one who has hesitated to use it and will give it a fair trial.

der the department headed "Game Field."

This issue of Recreation has a distinctive summer flavor which will appeal to every one.—Outdoor News Company.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice makes out a strong case against "Our Barbarous Fourth" in her destructive and constructive discussion of the national holiday's abuse and possibilities in the June Century. Figures, she says, show that during the celebration of five national birthdays, from 1904 to 1907 inclusive, 1,133 persons were killed, and 2,520 were injured! Of the injured 88 suffered total and 89 partial blindness; 208 persons lost arms, legs or hands, and 1,067 lost one or more fingers. But these figures, starting as they are, convey only a faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental which went to swell the total cost of these five holidays; in this we must also include the vacation and other months of anguish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the crushing poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maiming of the breadwinner.

The literary editor of the "News" has received a letter from the American company, New York, publishers of the American Historical Magazine, calling special attention to an article by B. H. Roberts appearing in the July number, entitled "The Book of Mormon." Following is a reprint of their announcement:

"It was natural that the series of articles which Mr. Theodore Schroeder has contributed to the American Historical Magazine of New York upon

various phases of Mormonism should excite considerable interest among readers everywhere, and especially among those who are believers in the religious principles which Mr. Schroeder has unsparingly criticized. The result has been to call forth a multitude of Mormonism and many criticisms of Mr. Schroeder and the attitude which he has assumed towards the Mormon Church. These criticisms have come from several sources and in particular they seem to have moved official Mormonism to desire to present the subject from the point of view of that Church.

A series of several controversial articles treating of this subject has been published for that magazine, and the Sept. issue number. This series is from the pen of Mr. Brigham H. Roberts, of Salt Lake City, who is a member of the First Council of Seventies of the Mormon Church. Mr. Roberts, taking up Mr. Schroeder's presentation of the subject in careful detail and attacks him from every point of criticism and argument. The papers of Mr. Roberts derive special interest and importance from the fact that they are the work of a leading member of the Church, and are, therefore, in substance, official in character. They will be accepted, as they are by the Mormon Church to the present day criticism of those who antagonize it. In that respect they constitute an exceedingly valuable contribution to contemporary historical literature and should attract widespread attention, both among those who are opponents of the Mormon Church, and those who are its supporters.



WANG TAH-SIEH

Minister Wang Tah-Sieh, who represents the Chinese Empire at the British court, is an excellent highness in his own country and an honorary D. C. L. of Oxford University, in England. He is a splendidly educated Chinese and a man noted for his rare tact in handling diplomatic tangles. Minister Wang was trained in Europe and this country before being promoted to the head of the Chinese embassy at the court of St. James. He travels frequently on the continent when British affairs permit him a holiday. He makes his home in Portland Place, in the fashionable West End of London.

TEMPER, NOT TEMPERAMENT.

One of the most terrible arraignments of women in the world has ever known was made by Dickens, probably without much consciousness of the violence of his attack, when he created his whole class of nagging women. These women are not to be confused with one of his novels. A list of them would include Mrs. Wilfer, Mrs. Varden, Mrs. Podsnap, Mrs. Gummidge, Miss Squeers and—names of ill omen—Mrs. Sowerberry, Mrs. McGinty, Mrs. Snodgrass and Miss Knag.

It is a testimony to the grim acceptance of their type by the world that we can laugh at them. They are generally indulged and excused by their men-folk and feared by their children. They are caricatures, no doubt, but like most caricatures which survive the moment, they bear a vital relation to fact.

Education helps to discourage and abolish the nagging woman. She still exists, however, although she is now driven to apologize for herself. She takes life actively, she has many nerves, of the wear and tear of social and domestic life, and especially of the inescapable sway of temperament. In point of fact, her miseries and rather than to temperament. The fault is not in her stars, but in herself, that she is altogether miserable and detestable.

Neither argument nor grace seems able to save her. A Yankee farmer, the victim for 40 years of his wife's tongue and temper, put the thing in a nutshell with the wit and frankness for which his kind are famous. He had had his wife nagging for her abusive talk, without a word in reply. Finally he left his favorite seat by the fire, fairly driven out by the storm within. As he went, he flung into his shoulder his many words: "Sairey, there's that in ye that nothin' but the ground'll ever take out!"

Unknown Author With Enormous Sales

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 2.—Few women have had as much suffering as the mysterious novelist known as Allen Raine, whose death was briefly recorded this week. Her novels were beginning to have a big sale in America, and over here they had reached figures that leave even Maria Corelli far behind, yet the general public knew nothing of her, not even whether she was a man or a woman—only that she was Welsh. I believe no authentic picture of her has been published, and no interview with her ever printed.

The writers, the correspondence which has since over my books has brought me some of my friends."

The reason Corelli is so immensely popular with women readers is because she deals with the emotional side of nearly every known language. The women admirers of Corelli seldom read the last chapter first as is the wont of most women devourers of books; but they made right through. Her income from after books is a handsome one about \$30,000 a year. She lives in a fine house at Stratford and has about everything the heart of a woman could desire—including the bitter animosity of hosts of enemies.

It is owing to one who knew her personally that I can supply some information about her. "Allen Raine" was Ann Ada Puddlecombe, and was the daughter of a Welsh lawyer, and married to Benyon Puddlecombe of Winehouse Hall, Middlesex, she became ill and was unable to leave her bed for 10 years. She had scarcely recovered before her husband died, and she was 30. This was some 15 years ago.

Poverty gradually crept close and Mrs. Puddlecombe decided that she would try to help out the family exchequer by writing.

Another author whose works run into many thousands is Silas K. Hocking. One of his books, "Her Benny," has reached its one hundred and fifty thousandth, and has been translated into nearly every known language. This book has also had the unique distinction of having been "made into lunatic slides." That is, drawings and photographs illustrating nearly every portion of it have been prepared, and the work has been used by lecturers treating phases of life in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the book is a household word. Though Silas K. Hocking's name is not on any bill-boards, he has attained a solid and, what is better still, a very remunerative fame which has only come after years of struggling. His first entrance into literature was an attempt to win a \$500 prize; but he only completed a few chapters of his book, and then gave up. The next effort was the writing of a 50,000 word story, for which he received \$75.

Her first novel, like all the others she has written since, dealt with the Welsh, although it made very little money. It was awarded the fiction prize at the national Biddesford. Her next novel, published 10 years ago, was "A Welsh Singer." Its sales were immense and according to the lucky publisher's ledgers, the total sales of the book in Great Britain and the colonies to date have been 216,000 copies. Since then she has written a number of other books, and her average sales have been about 250,000 copies each.

Mrs. Puddlecombe's books carried her suddenly from poverty to wealth, but she evidently had a grudge against her, for at the same time success came, her health began to fail and following the death of her husband two years ago, it was discovered that the novelist was afflicted with cancer. Her last novel, "Neither Storehouse Nor Barn," published this spring, was written under the shadow of death and in great suffering.

HEAVY SALES.

Although her English sales are exceeded by those of "Allen Raine," yet Marie Corelli's position as the most popular writer of the day among women is unshaken. Corelli's "Ardath" and other stories of this character strongly appeal to a certain order of feminine intellect; and the author herself is personally popular among a very large class of working women in England. Some time ago the writer happened to visit Miss Corelli's home at Stratford, and the most intimate personal confidence in me. Many of these letters strongly appeal to me, and I always try to answer them so as to give the best advice in my power to

TURNED MINISTER.

That bored him, and he became a Methodist minister; but there is a saying that "once a writer, always a writer," and he finally reverted to literature, although he had a salary of \$500 per year. He is another of the authors who, like Mrs. Puddlecombe, have won success without a literary boom. One of the curious facts which attended the religious turn, but he deals with social, scientific and other problems. He incurred the enmity of many churchmen for his rather "advanced" views on most of these topics. The result of the opposition he met with was an increase of circulation. On this point, Hocking tells a rather amusing story of himself.

"I was once traveling from Manchester into Yorkshire," he said in the course of a recent interview. "On the way I saw a young woman reading one of my stories. A clergyman spoke to her and asked if she was reading and reading, and when she said 'Yes,' inquired what she was reading.

"One of Silas Hocking's books," she replied. He responded, 'At once I regretted it was had for her from every point of view.

"When I heard this, I took up the cudgels on behalf of Silas Hocking, and ascertained that the clergyman had never read one of my books. And yet he said he objected to all of them, and stated that a fellow-clergyman friend would not permit them inside his house.

"When we came to Halifax, where my journey ended, I gave this minister the look of consternation on his face."

CHARLES OGDEN'S.

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