

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

RESURRECTION.

As souls rise from a shattered form of clay,
In fairer guise, upon some higher plane,
Does San Francisco's spirit rise today,
In newer strength, to rule the West again.

This blackened ceramic men shed their tears upon
Is but a tattered garment, cast aside
For fairer robes to celebrate the dawn
Of new ascendancy to might and pride.

An empty repulchre is gaping where
The fair young body of our city lay—
Stain, sundered, and distorted by despair—
The hero-martyr of an awful fray.

Three days and nights, 'tween as the Saviour's form
Reposed amid the grief of Calvary.
Then, lo! above the ruin of the storm
She rose to find a greater destiny.

And men who came to mourn for what had been
Found nothing, but were summoned by a voice
That rang as from a mystic realm, unseen
And bade them grieve no longer, but rejoice.

Half dazed and full of wonder, they beheld
A radiant vision, crowned with Peace that said,
"Let all this chaos, fear, and woe be quelled
I am your city, risen from the dead."

(Louis J. Stollmann in *Lelsie's Weekly*.)

LAUGH A LEEDLE.

Ven der whole plame world is dweived,
Unt you can't make noddings straight,
Unt you're gedding double-visted
Plows right from der hands of fate,
Don't go scowling all der morning,
Don't lie weeping all der night—
Dere is hedder times a-borning,
After vile it was all right.

Laugh a leedle.

Ven you're chust chuck-full mit sorrow,
Unt your mind unt heart iss plue,
Unt you're predd' are tomorrow
Will be vor'ed by you,
Don't gif up'—let 'em vip you!
Dwist your lips unt a schmile,
Like as not hat luck vill skip you—
You'll be happy adde vile.

Laugh a leedle.

Dere is lots of laugher in you:
Dere is laug for all der tears;
Chust forget der grief dot's been, you
Haf your chance in odder years,
Don't go round all bent up double
Mit der load of woe you've got,
If you want to borrow trouble,
Dere is folks to lend a lot.

Laugh a leedle.

Vat it iss? Healt', frients or money?
Dose mit you has lost der rest,
After vile you'll think it's funny
If you haiffen't got der best!
Let der laugher come a-bubbling
From you heart unt from you eyes,
Den der world vill cease from troubling
Unt you von't haf time for sighs.

Laugh a leedle.

Bells ain't tolling in der steeples:
Put your plueness on der shelf—
Don't you fret for odder peoples;
Each von vorries for himself!
Laugh a leedle! Get it started,
Gif it room unt see it spread;
Bedder live here happy-hearted,
For you'll be a long time dead.

Laugh a leedle.

Selected.

NOTES.

A peculiar circumstance in connection with the publication of "The Incubator Baby," Ellis Parker Butler's new book, to be published in September by Funk & Wagnalls company, is that neither the author nor the illustrator of the book had ever seen an incubator nor an incubator baby until after the story had been written and illustrated. The rather clever way in which the incubator baby makes her entrance into the tale, the fidelity of the drawings, and descriptions of incubators and incubator babies when compared with the real thing in the incubator baby show at Coney Island are therefore the more remarkable.

F. Berkeley Smith, whose books of Paris life have excited considerable attention, and whose new book, "In London Town," will come from the Funk & Wagnalls company's press in September, tells a story of a friend, a brother spirit during their student days in the Latin quarter in Paris. It seems that the friend was passionately fond of honey, and of a particularly good kind which he secured in a little restaurant in the quarter. The waiters became accustomed to him and usually had a dish on his table. The student married, and some months later brought his bride to sup at the restaurant and incidentally have her taste the honey of his bachelor days. As they sat down to the table he noticed the ab-

DO YOU REALIZE

the great risk you are taking in allowing the stomach to become weak and the bowels constipated? Serious sickness is always sure to follow. Be wise in time and commence taking

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sence of his usual delicacy and called to the waiter. "Hey, where's my honey?" The waiter, a stranger, looked puzzled for a moment, and then his face cleared, with satisfaction at the thought of exhibiting his familiarity with "rag-time" Americanisms, winked knowingly, and in a hoarse stage whisper, remarked: "Ah, yes, you mean ze little black-haired one? She sees not here now, but perhaps I could find out for ze gentleman where she go." As Mr. Smith's friend assured the waiter that it was not necessary, he caught his bride's eye, and the meal was finished in silence and without the honey.

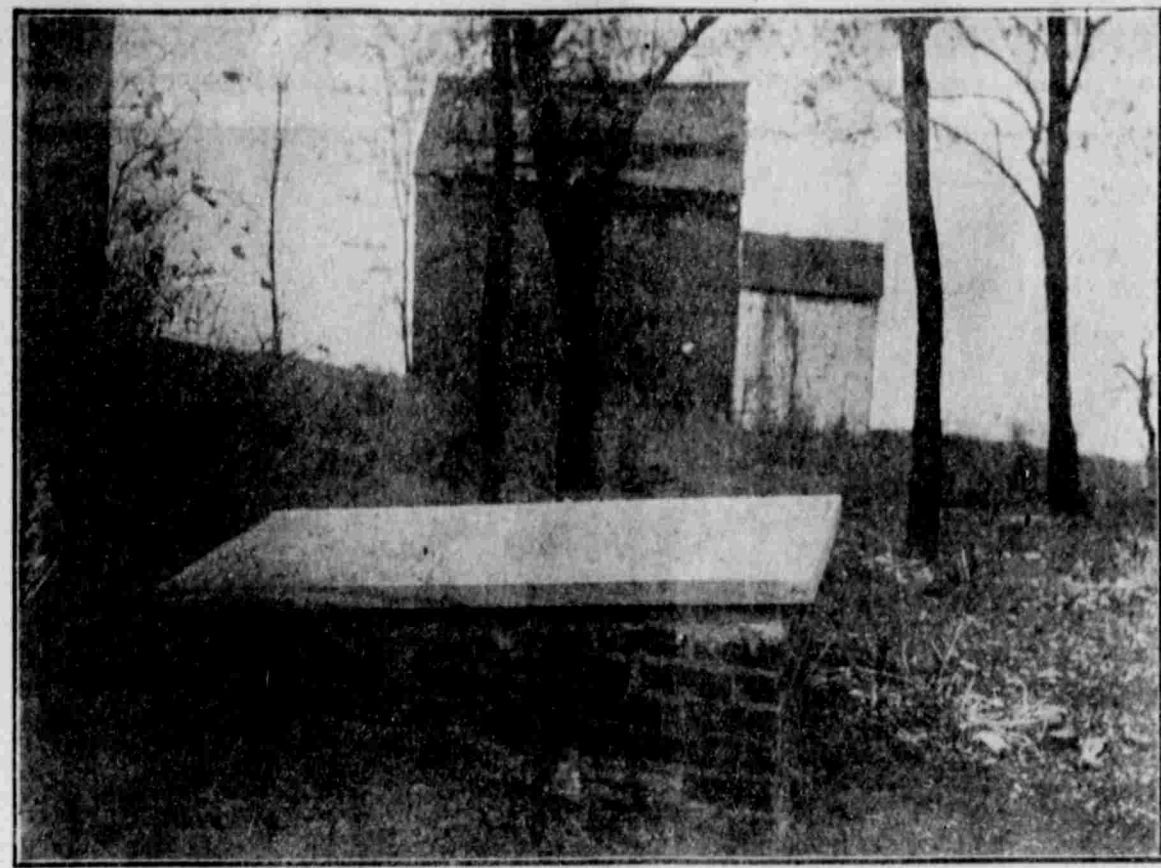
After a prolonged trip abroad, Mrs. Anne Warner French, the author of the inimitable Susan Clegg stories, has returned to St. Paul, Minn. Her new book, "Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs," went into a second edition on publication, and promises to rival in popularity the original Susan Clegg book, "Susan Clegg and Her Friends." One of the best bits in the new book is Susan's inspection of an automobile which stopped in the country town where she lives. Gazing at the license number, 88, on the back of the car, she exclaimed: "It's a brand-new one, for the price tag's still hanging on the back."

Arthur Stringer, the author of "The Wire Tappers," has retired for the summer to his Lake Erie fruit farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario. Like most amateur farmers, Mr. Stringer does not find his fruit-raising a source of any great revenue. He explained this to a reporter by pointing out the difference between the so-called gentleman farmer and the every-day farmer. "For it's very simple," said the author over a dish of his Eumelan black grapes. "The first sells what he can't eat, and the other eats what he can't sell."

A young lady entered a Toronto retail book store a short time since and inquired from the gentlemanly clerk in a married man's way if they had a book suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Without a moment's hesitation, the clerk reached for a copy of Portman's "A Half Century of Conflict."

The seventh volume of the of the fine library edition of "The Writings of Benjamin Franklin," edited by Albert Henry Smith, contains the letters writ-

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



SIMPLE TOMB OF EMMA HALE SMITH,
Who After the Tragic Death of Her Husband Became the Wife of Major Lewis C. Bidamon.

The above picture represents the last earthly resting place of Emma Hale, wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who for more than 17 years shared with him a life of stirring events, the parallel of which this earth has seldom, if ever, witnessed. Three years after the death of her martyred husband, the widow married again, and the second partner of her joys and sorrows lies in a grave beside the vault shown in this cut. This woman, who was designated as "an elect lady," was nearly two and a half years older than her first husband. She was the daughter of Isaac Hale, of Harmony, Penn., and was born July 16, 1803. On January 15, 1827, nearly eight months before the Hill Cumorah yielded up the golden

plates, from which was translated the Book of Mormon, Emma Hale was wedded to the man into whose hands the sacred treasure was entrusted. There is a tradition that she was with her husband during the visit that put him in possession of the divine charge at the hands of the angel. Be that true or not, the fact remains that Emma Smith played a prominent role in the great drama that gave to the world the volume that is second only to the book of all books. During a portion of the time that the work of the translation of the Book of Mormon was going on, she acted as scribe to her husband, and copied with careful hand the words that fell from his lips, as with eye and brain guided by spirit light and sacred stone, he evolved them from the unknown language of the golden record.

It was on December 22, 1847, the forty-second anniversary of her former husband's birth, and three years after his tragic death, that Emma Smith became the wife of Major Lewis C. Bidamon. For many years the couple maintained as a residence the Mansion house, built by the prophet. Later the Nauvoo house was partially completed by Major Bidamon, and there it was that Emma Hale Smith Bidamon passed the remainder of her days. She died on April 26, 1879. The slab that covers the vault bears the following inscription: "Emma Smith Bidamon, born July 16, 1803; died April 26, 1879."

Major Bidamon survived his wife some years, and when at last he answered death's summons, he was given burial beside the grave wherein her remains reposed.

ten by Franklin between 1771 and 1778 when he represented this country in France. They are of varying interest, some being note papers of permanent value while others are merely personal notes to friends. Two that may be indicated as of special interest are "Comparison of Great Britain and the United States in regard to the basis of credit in the two countries," and an essay on chess. In his lighter as well as his graver work Franklin shows the same mastery of style and the same good common sense. Very interesting are the letters which Franklin wrote to John Paul Jones, telling him of the efforts which he had made to get the rascal here the command of a good ship. The volume is finely printed and bound.

R. Phillips Oppenheim's American publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, announce new printings of "A Millionaire of Yesterday" and "The Man and His Kingdom," two of his older stories that have been in constant demand since Mr. Oppenheim's latest book, "A Maker of History," achieved such popularity. Little, Brown & Co. have also added to their list "Enoch Streeter and A Sleeping Memory," two of Mr. Oppenheim's earlier novels and new editions of these books will be brought out in the near future. This publishing firm controls all of the Oppenheim novels now issued in this country.

A book of more than present day interest, to be issued this month, is "The City That Was a Requiem of Old San Francisco," by Will Irwin. (H. W. Heubeck, New York.) This appeared originally as an article in the Sun three days after the earthquake devastated San Francisco and it aroused so much favorable comment that the edition containing it was speedily exhausted. In preparing the book, note of the snap and brightness which characterized it in its original form was sacrificed, yet the marks of its hurried writing—for a copy-boy stood at Mr. Irwin's elbow—were deleted. The story, expanded and revised, is bound in boards, will be offered at 50c net. That Mr. Irwin is thoroughly competent to picture the real San Francisco goes without saying. He is one of the bright school of younger writers typical of the spirit of California. The author has just left the staff of the Sun to assume the managing editorship of "McClure's Magazine."

BOOKS.

"Fables of the Bench" is the title of a new book by H. S. Wilcox of the Chicago bar just published by the Legal Literature Publishing company of that city. It deals with characteristics and eccentricities of noted jurists and entertaining incidents of the court making an interesting volume which cannot fail to find a large number of readers. The book is neatly bound and reasonable in price.

"Schiller's William Tell," edited by Edwin C. Foster, instructor in German, University of Wisconsin, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—This edition, which differs from all other editions in several important particulars, has been prepared to meet the needs of the younger students, as well as those more advanced. Besides the usual notes relating to assist in the understanding and appreciation of the text, there is a special set of notes designed to aid the students in visualizing an actual stage performance and to give suggestions for expressive reading. The appendix contains 16 poems on Tell and his country by Schiller and others, and some

extracts in modernized German from Tschudi, Schiller's chief source. The vocabulary is unusually full in phraseology and idioms; the introduction, which contains an analysis of the drama, gives a conservative view of the Tell saga. That is a full bibliography.

"Dutton's Little Stories of France," by Maude Barrows Dutton, author of "The World at Work in Field and Pasture," American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—The stories in this supplementary reader were written for children from seven to 14 years of age. They give the simplest elementary facts of the history of France, taking from each epoch a central figure—such as Verdun, Charlemagne, Joan of Arc, Henry of Navarre, or Napoleon—about whom the story is woven. The child is thus enabled to compare the past and present of this interesting country, and to view the one in the light of the other. The style in which the book is written is clear and simple, and the acts are charmingly related. Numerous attractive illustrations add to the helpfulness of the volume.

"Storms in Sonnerchein" and "Ein Grosses Blatt," edited by G. L. S. Guggenbuhl, M.A., Ph.D., professor of modern languages, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—Two short idyllic tales edited with notes and a vocabulary. The title story is the beginning of a courtship, the interruption of which is narrated 40 years later to another generation by an old grandmother while musing over an old grandchild. The second tale is based on a faded leaf from an old album, carried by a soldier through his campaigns, which recalls a love day of his young days. The graphic style and interesting subject-matter of these stories by the author of "Immense" make them especially suitable for class reading.

MAGAZINES.

The August number of the Reader Magazine is the most notable, in the writer's opinion, than any yet issued. It is filled from cover to cover with good reading matter, and a special feature in the array of articles is a short story which will rank as one of the best pieces of short story fiction that has appeared in an American magazine for years. It is by Mary Stewart Dargatz, and is entitled "A Chariot of Love." The chief incident of this story is a chariot race in one of the great flower festivals of California, and the reader is taken back to the festival of pagan Greece and Rome—all the color, light, splendor of the ancient holidays finding a wonderful reflection in the author's vivid inspiration. The human interest in the story is a vital adjunct of this central scene, and it is a new credit to the author's genius that she has kept her homely, natural folk in reasonable touch with her heroic master incident without violating the slightest canon of credulity.

The author has shown glimpses of her latest before in "Mariposa" and "Chinese Sketches," but this short bit of fiction in the Reader establishes her place in the front rank of short story writers. The illustrations by Warren Y. Chaff are in excellent keeping with the fine tone of the text. Another article of special interest is the story of the San Francisco disaster, by Gertrude Bonner, author of the "Pioneer," whose faithful pictures of the argument and constructive days of the wonderful construction makes her description of its destruction and desolation especially appealing. Besides these are the usual contributions of excellent

verse and other pieces of interest. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The August number of The Four-Track News contains an especially attractive number of articles which cover all points of the compass, and almost every phase of tourist and outdoor life.

Among these leading articles are "America's Front Door," descriptive of the important part played in the affairs of the nation by New York City; "Mr. Moose," from the pen of L. F. Brown, which breathes so strongly the atmosphere of that noble animal that one would almost be excused for thinking it autobiographical; "Lincoln in Brazil," closing the interesting series of Lincoln articles that has been running through this magazine for a number of months; "Our Friends, The Primates," an interesting story of the monkeys in the New York Zoo, written by William T. Hornaday; "The Gem of the Mountains," an exquisite sketch of Idaho. There are articles on Mammoth Cave, the Syracuse Ka-Noo-Ka Carnival, "Mountain Mystery," "The Beautiful," "Old Port," "Haff," "The Best Vacation," "The Land of the Apostles," "The Rival Mittenmen," "Lake Champlain," "The Old Oaken Bucket of the Desert," etc. Among the foreign articles will be found, "Sancho's Spain," "A Dutch Island Adventure," "The Smallest Republic," "Zanzibar," "The Dragon Throne," and others.

There are numerous poems and the usual departments and other features of interest.

The Four-Track News is one dollar a year, or 10 cents a copy, and can be had of George H. Daniels, publisher, 51 east Forty-third street, New York, or at any newsstand.

The following is from an article by Eugene Parsons in the August number of Recreation, entitled "How Pike Found His Peak."

On November 25, 1896, Gen. Zebulon Pike and a small party of soldiers arrived at the river forks on the present site of Pueblo. Here they built a breakwater of logs for defense. Then Pike started with three men to make a sidetrail to the mountain that has for more than half a century borne his name. A week earlier on their Arkansas route he had seen the grand peak when he was more than 100 miles distant. Its snowy crest had lured him on and now he was determined to try to ascend to the top. But he was carefully deceived as to the distance. He expected to be back in a day or two but was gone more than five days. He little dreamed of the obstacles in his way. He and his men were ill-clad, having only light summer clothes, and they suffered greatly from the cold. They also endured the pangs of hunger and the tortures of thirst, going 48 hours without eating. On the third day (Nov. 27) they gained the summit of an interesting peak, "Cheyenne Mountain." "Here we found the snow middle deep," Pike writes, "no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer, which stood at 5 degrees above zero at the foot of the mountain, fell to 1 degree below zero. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of 15 or 16 miles from us. It was as high as any as what we had ascended, and could have taken a whole day's march to arrive at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle. A few days later he attempted to measure the altitude of the north mountain (Pike's Peak), estimating its elevation to be 12,581 feet. Scientists of our day have taken more accurate observations and found the height to be from 14,000 to 14,140 feet or nearly three miles above sea level.

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Prompt and careful attention given to correspondence

bands that start from either end of the fore corner of shield, which are themselves known as either "dexter" or "sinister."

Gibney says that it is probably through the confusion of the terms "bend" and "bar" that the error has sprung in being the bend being also a band of color, metal or fur crossing the shield, but in a diagonal direction from dexter to sinister, or vice versa. But he adds that the bend sinister is "an absolutely honorable charge," and it seems that it is only when its width is reduced to a quarter and its extremities do not reach the confines of the shield that it is regarded as a mark of illegitimacy. Then, moreover, it is called a "baton." So it appears that the expression that should be used is "baton sinister" and as a matter of fact, Mr. Gibney says the book he criticizes carries on its cover a representation of an armorial shield, quartered and charged with a baton sinister, though bearing the title, "The Bar Sinister."

It is likely, however, that the general reader, and the writer for the general reader, will continue to stick to the "bar sinister," no matter how technically wrong the expression may be, or how many heraldic teeth it sets on edge.

The first volume of the laggard "official" history of the Boer war has just been issued. It might be more correctly described as the history of the Boer war "written to suit officials." It has been five years in preparation. The late Col. Henderson, whose book on "Stonewall" Jackson, revealed him as a military historian of the first class, was first entrusted with the editorship of it, and soon had the first volume in hand. It was brilliantly done, but it hadn't been written to suit the old fogies of the war office, and when the proofs fell into their hands they raised a row and insisted that it should be revised in accordance with their notions of how official history should be written. Col. Henderson, in effect, told them that he would see them elsewhere before he would change a line of it to please them, or submit to having it emasculated by their blub pencils. Probably he would have had his way in the long run, for he was a man with a backbone, but unfortunately he was summoned to a region where war office officials cease from troubling, before the matter was settled. Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice was then given charge of the work, presumably on satisfactory assurances being received that he would prove a more pliant edifice. Anyhow the war office gentlemen have since had their own way with it, much to the disgust of some of the most brilliant officers who have contributed chapters to the work. The "history" will run to four volumes. If any publisher could get hold of the first volume compiled by Col. Henderson, which the war office suppressed, there would be a big sale for it. But in the official history the general public will take little interest.

At last something unique in the way of legacies has been achieved. An Italian woman has bequeathed \$3,000 to a newspaper. "In recognition of my gratitude for having been so often entertained by it. People who are not a bit grateful often sign their communications to newspapers, 'Grateful Reader,' because they have a notion that will help secure the publication of their letters, but this is the first instance on record that a 'grateful reader's' gratitude has been demonstrated in a substantial form. It is to be hoped that the example will be imitated. There would then be fewer premature gray heads among the editorial fraternity."

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 5 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Aug. 6, 1906:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alger—Moral Overstrain.
Avery—History of the United States, vol. 1 and 2.
Beard—One Hundred Sermon Pictures.
Brown—Glory Seekers.
Cowell, Ed.—Jataka: Stories of the Buddha's Former Births; 5 vol.
Gren—Gloss in Hamlet.
Kraus—Second French Empire.
Thermonier—Old and New London; 7 vol.
U. S. War Dept.—Genius of Porto Rico.

FRENCH BOOKS.

Le Bras—Paris distants.
Le Bras—Tours du Paris.
Remy—Sous le Fardeau.
Sindhal—Rouge et Noir.



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There is no Such Thing As a "Bar Sinister."

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence. LONDON, July 24.—There is no such thing, and in fact never has been any such thing as a "bar sinister." That is the disconcerting statement that has just been made by a prominent British authority on heraldic matters, and no wonder his dictum has caused surprise, for if there is one phrase that has been beloved of scribblers ever since the business of writing began it is this grim and supposedly authoritative one that almost invariably has been employed to signify illegitimacy.

It must have been used some hundreds of thousands of times, but always without the slightest justification, according to Somerville Clancy, who has just been speaking his mind on the subject. Presumably, too, Mr. Clancy knows whereof he speaks, for he is the editor of "Lodge's Peerage," as well as a recognized expert on all subjects con-

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