

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

"Current Literature" reprints in a recent issue a lyric, of which the greatest living poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, has said that: "A more perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out." The author of this poem is, however, not, as we should imagine, one of the great lyrists of the age, but a man whose reputation was acquired in the field of the novel .- George Meredith.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky, And in the osier-isle we heard them noise. We had not to look back on summer joys, Or forward to a summer of bright dye: But in the largeness of the evening earth Our spirits grew as we went side by side. The hour became her husband and my bride. Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth! The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood, Full brown, came from the West, and like pale blood Expanded to the upper crimson cloud, Love that had robbed us of immortal things, This little moment mercifully gave, Where I had seen across the twilight wave The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

NOTES.

The English Bookman is in the habit of offering each month a prize for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the

name of any author or book appearing in that month's issue of the mag-azine. September the book was "The Jungle," The prize was won by the following: Titania. Say, sweet love, what thou irst to eat.

desir'st to eat. Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. —Midsummer Night's Dream, "The Jungle" suggested many quota-tions. For instance: And now about the cauldron sing, Enchanting all that you put in. —Macbeth.

And again: Sir, I will eat no meat. —Anthony and Cleopatra.

Also: By my troth, I cannot abide the smell of meat since.-Merry Wives of Wind-....

Perhaps more than any writer of to-day—certainly far more than most— Robert Hichens makes a point of studying closely and for a long time the scenes where he is to locate his stories. London for his earlier work, the Sa-hara for his Garden of Allah, and afterwards Sicily in preparation for what has proved to be his greatest success, The Call of the Blood, were in turn lengthily studied in their every aspect.

In this results, aspect. All of which made it very amusing to him to meet, in an Italian railway car recently, a man who, having no suspicion of Hichens's identity, began speaking with admiration of his Sicil-ian novel, but then said: "But, you know, this Hichens never sees these places he writes about. He but clays at home and imagines it all!"

lust stays at home and imagines it all!"

Arthur E. Bostwick, Ph. D., chief of the circulation department of the New York public library, writes for one of the periodicals on the subject of the "best novels of the year," and among the very few which he admits to this dictingtion he phase prominently. The distinction he places prominently The Awakening of Helena Richie and The Call of the Blood.

all of the Blood. Speaking of this latter, he refers to he intimate skill" of Robert Hichens drawing of native and of huan passion," Mrs. Deland he compares with anher author of the Harpers, Mrs. umphrey Ward, and declares that the display "sanity, seriousness of arpose, lucidity, and clear-cut delln-tion of character." eation of character."



it, that of Harpers. As a matter of curiosity, too, the original records were recently looked up, at the office of the Harpers, and it was found that all of their literary staff who read the manuscript were unanimous in advising that it be ac-cepted.

The was his first sight of the Pyra-mids on a trip to Egypt for his health, some years ago, that inspired Robert Hichens with that profound love for the regions of the Mediterranean that transformed him from the clever writ-er of tales of London society into the novelist who, after locating one really great story in the African desert, has recently located a still greater one. The Call of the Blood, in the fascinat-ing environment of Sicily. Without that fortunate sight of the Pyramids, with its profound impres-sion of the south, it is possible that Hichens would never have attained such greatness, but would have con-tinued to write along lines in which there would have been less develop-ment of what was really best in him.

The Story of the Other Wise Man was first published more than 10 years ago, but, so far from being forgotten, it is in persistently recurrent demand

ago, but, so far from being forcotten, it is in persistently recurrent demand with every Christmas season, and it has been translated into many a for-eign language, including even the Ar-menian and the Turkish. So unique was the idea of the story as to puzzle even the author himself. Dr. Henry van Dyke. "I do not know where it came from;---out of the air, pernaps," he writes. The entire story came to him in the course of a long and lonely night. "I had studied and loved the curlous tales of the Three Wise Men of the East as they are told in the Golden Legend of Pacobus de Voragine and other medieval books, but of the Fourth Wise Man I had never heard until that night. Then I saw him dis-tinctly, moving through the shadows in a little circle of fight. His counte-nance was clear. The narrative of his journeyings and trials and disappoint-ments ran without a break. Even certain sentences came to me complete and unforgettable, clear-cut like a cameo. All that I had to do was to follow Artaban, step by step, as the tales want on, from the heginning to

COLLEGE PRESIDENT FOR THE SENATE.

What is believed by many students of political economy to be an indication that the voters of the United States want to see a radical change in the character of the men who sit in the national senate is the fact that at the present time three college presidents are being talked of as candidates for this important political office in their respective states.

Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, is mentioned as a possible candidate in opposition to Senator Dryden, of New Jersey. Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia university, is one of the men spoken of as a possible successor to Senator Platt in New York, and James B. Angell, president of the University of Michigan, has many supporters for a seat in the United

life.

. . .

are the very first to appear in cullnary literature, and the enticing combina-tions have much to recommend them both to the amateur and professional

Campbell, tells the story of some ir-resistibly appealing small tads who cel-ebrated their mother's wedding anni-versary. "The Law of the Lakes," by J. Olivier Curwood, is a tale of pas-sions, strong and elemental, loosed on the water of Lake Michigan. The sto-ries are all finely illustrated, the first named being accompanied by F. W. Read's famous picture, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Of essays, there are Albert Hale's searching and graphic analysis of "Uruguay," the fourth paper in his se-ries of artic's on "The South Ameri-can Situation." Alice Brown, the not-ed novelist, contributes a charming pa-per entitled, "This Creature Named I." Prof. G. P. Baker, of Harvard univer-sity, discusses "Narrative in the Dra-ma." Warwick James Price gives a scholarly summary of the important events of 1906 in a page entitled. "The ma." Warwick James Price gives a scholarly summary of the important events of 1906 in a paper entitled "The Wine of the Year." Bliss Carman, the celebrated poet, and John Kenderk Bangs, the humorist, contribute poems. Other poems are by Florence Earle Coates, Cralotte Wilson, S. H. Kemper and Samuel McCoy. The cover design is by Harrison Fisher, the well known artist. artist,

The New Year number of the Youth's Companion comes with a special cover design in the way of a picture repre-senting an old-fashioned sleigh filled with a crowd of young people greeting the year with trumpets, shouts and song, the coloring of cloaks and caps making a cheery color scheme with the white drifts of snow. Within its pages Hamlin Garland's story. "The Long white drifts of snow. Within its pages Hamlin Garland's story, "The Long Trail," is continued, and a half dozen short stories, with the usual depart-ments and poetry, with a special article by the Hon, Joseph W. Folk, governor of Missouri, make up the interesting contents. This brightest, best and most formous of multiple formed by the store of the stor

A Famed French Writer Who Was Once a "Clacquer". Our Paris Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

ARIS, Dec. 25 .-- It is not generally D known that M. Ferdinand Brunetlere, editor of the "Revue des

Deux Mondes," who died the oth-Deux Mondes." who died the oth-er day, with the well-merited reputation of being one of the most eradite and accomplished of French writers and critics, was at one time a "clacquer," That was in the early days of his struggles against poverty when no one dreamed that he would become one of the most influential of the immortais. He loved the drama, but he could not afford to pay the price of a good seat. He loved the drama, but he could not afford to pay the price of a good seat. At the Theater Francaise he made friend of the "chef de clacques," the influential functionary whose business it is to lead the artificial applause. He used to let M. Brunetiere a seat in the pit for one franc for which he would have had to pay two and a half frances at the box office. But there is little doubt that his contributions to the ap-plause were inspired by genuine anthu-siasm, for the plays which he attended were by his favorite seventeenth cen-tury authors and were rendered by an

tury authors and were rendered by an admirable cast M. Brunetiere was a shining example

tury authors and were rendered by an admirable cast. M. Brunetiere was a shining example of the valuelessness of pedagogic exam-inations as a test of genuine in cellectual ability. Born at Toulon in 1849, the son of a poor naval officer, he went to Paris when 18 to prepare for admission to the Ecole Normale—the great training school for French professors and schoolmasters. But he falled two years later to pass the entrance examination which many other young men of medio-cr ability passed with ease. The trou-ble with young Brunetiere was that he was afflicted with an insatiable intel-lectual hunger which refused to be sat-isfied with the accumulations of bail facts with which the examination pa-pers were concerned. He read Darwin and Comte, and drank deep at the well springs of contemporaneous thought and philosophy. This live knowledge crowded out the dry-as-dust stuff with which candidates for the Ecole were cranmed. In consequence he was "plucked," and found himself at 20 stranded and alone in Paris. Time brought bim a fine revenge. Seventeen years later he became professor of the Prench language and literature at the institution which had rejected him. But he had a long and hard fight to lift himself out of the slough of pov-etry. For a time he managed to keep the wolf from the door by giving les-sons, Then came the war with Ger-many, and he abandone teaching for fighting. Throughout the siege of Paris he served as a soldier in the ranks. The declaration of peace frought him only a renewal of his fight with poverty. He took up teach-ing again and just managed to support himself by the practise of the severest economy. It was through his old school mate, Paul Bourget, that he first for his foot on the ladder of fame and prosperity. Bourget introduced him to the editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes. The editor told him to write something and he would "consider it"--the usual thing which so often leads to prompt publication and a request for more, which proved even more satis-

sinfu' ungovernable world outside his monastery walls. Brunetiere took literature seriously. Writers who wrote merely to enter-tain, and catered to ephermeral feeling, he scorned. Like Tolstoi he had to be satisfied as to the moral purpose of a book before he could be brought to praise it. He was a prolific but most conscientious writer and a man of pro-digious industry. He was only fifty-seven when he died. Though twenty volumes of it had been published, his sreatest work, the manual of French literary history, he left uncompleted.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 7, 1907;

Armour, Ed.-Ferie Book. Bolsche-Hacckel: His Life and Work, Bryan-Letters to a Chi-ase Official. Curtis-Creation or Evolution. Gillettic-Acad Construction. James-Wonders of the Colorado Desert.

voi. Lambourne-Plat. McKay-Scottish School of Painting. Nevinson-Modern Slävery. Pennell-Charles Godfrey Leland, 2

Shadwell-Industrial Efficiency, 2 vol. Smith-First Forty Years of Washing

Smith-First Forty on Society. Thwaites, Ed.-Early Western Travels,

ol. 30. U. S. Public Health and Marine Ser-ce-Transactions of Conference, 3rd, 4th. FRENCH BOOKS.

Breton-Traite du nivellement. Gachous-Le manuvais pas. Mallat-Les Philippines. Rameau-Du Crime a l'Amour. Strannik-Les mages sans stoile. FICTION.

Benson-Paul. Brown-Country Road. Connor-Doctor. Crockett-White Plume. Findlater-Ladder to the Stars. Page-Burial of the Guns.

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ern civilization, in many particulars, i that he became the subject of many humiliating escapades. The book is handsomely illustrated and is cast on a high moral plane and is permeated with important descrip-tive and historic sketches and with much of the everyday philosophies of life.

The cardinal idea is to instruct, rather than to amuse or entertain. Montrose, Col.

Col. "101 Mexican Dishes," by Mae E. Southworth.—From the Mexican point of view, the chile pepper is a thing of heauty and a joy forever. Those who have been fortunate enough to visit that land have come to feel the lure of the pepper and have borne away with them pleasant memories of the chile and garlic. There is no cullnary prep-aration in that country in which those who condiments do not play a part, and if the taste for pepper has not yet been acquired, attend to it at once, for there is no more savory dainty to woo the appetite. As good housekcep-ers are always in search of novel dishes.Mexican cookery furnishes some-thing out of the ordinary, and can be adapted to the American table in many acceptable and fascinating dishes. It appeals strongly to the good judgment of the epicure as it is a magic stimu-lant to the jaded palate and proves a veritable fairy godmother to the health. As far as known these typical Mexican dishes adapted to American kitchens are the very first to appear in cullnary literature, and the enticing combina-

in search of something "good to eat." "101 Mexican Dishes" has just been added to the "101 Epicurean Thrills Se-ries," published by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco and New York.

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Harold MacGrath, whose new story, Half a Rogue, is being very generally read, gives the following coscription of the way he writes his novels: "I map out the first two or three chapters in my mind and then the end-ing of the story. I don't bother with what is in between until I to work on the story itself. I write it out first in Ing of the story. I don't bother with what is in between until I to work on the story itself. I write it out first in lead penell on cheap paper-any old way. While I am at work on the story I make notes about it on backs of en-velopes that I happen to have in my pockets. I tried carrying around a formal note book once, but found that by the time I got that out and ready to use my precious thought of the mo-ment had been freightened away. Afterward I typewrite the manuscript and correct it some more. I find that I can not do as well by letting some one else copy it on the machine as by doing it myself, because so many new ideas come to me in that part of the work. With Half a Rogue it was entrely impossible for a time to do any typewriting, and some of my man-uscripts must have given the printers a bad quarter of an hour."

An announcement of much interest is that Mark Twain's book on Christian Science is to be published by the Har-per's early in February. He has been busy during the past month in thor-agily revising this great work, which is the result of years of labor.

It has often been said that Ben Hur eas among the books which found a publisher with great difficulty and only after the manuscript had been submit-led to many different houses, and this suppositions fact has frequently been



follow Artaban, step by step, as the tale went on, from the beginning to the end of his pilgrimage."

BOOKS.

The New Cynic's Calendar resem-bles the former Cynic's Calendar in its spontaneous galety: otherwise it keeps its pledge of "altogether new-ness." The three authors, Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Oliver Herford and Addison C. Mizner, having found out that proverbs are just as true and much more amusing when turned in-side out or upside down, have continued the revision of the wisdom of the ages after this original recipe. "Content-Frances Charles, whose second Ari-zona novel, "Pardner of Blossom Range," has just been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, jumped into literary fame with her first novel, "In the Country God Forgot," in which she struck a distinct note of individual-ity. That virile story of the hatred of a rich old Arizona rancher for his only son was written in a style that at-tracted instant attention, and the book was widely read and discussed. Miss Charles is a Californian by birth, and has always lived on the Pacific coast. Her present home is in San Francisco, and as she lives away from the center of that city, she escaped the earthquake and fire. Miss Charles' familiarity with Arizona life and character is again dis-played in her new story, "Pardner of Blossom Range." It is one of the sweet-est and wholesomest stories ever writ-ten of western life. Its pages pal-plitate with the atmosphere of the plains, and the characters are all strongly convincing, the chief ones original enough to suggest a real in-dividuality and to hold one to its vi-brations throughout the book. The he-ro and heroine are new personalities in fiction, and the incidents in their ca-reers so refreshingly removed from commonplace, while never boardering on the unreal as to suggest actual life studies, a flavor which always lends in-terest to people, incidents or localities. It is a pleasing panel of Ilfe pictures the revision of the wisdom of the ages after this original recipe. "Content-ment," reads one of their new syni-cisms, "Is the smother of invention." It certainly has not smothered theirs. The illustrations gaily printed in red and black are hardly less diverting than the text. "The First Cynlo" and "The First Quarrel" are quite as clever as "The First Monday" of the last year's volume, the success that was pirated and plagiarized to an unlimited ex-tent; and "Never say diet" and "Many looks spoil the cloth" have a pointed shaft for the foibles of today. The book as before is conveniently arranged with as before is conveniently arranged with a page for memorandum facing each page of dates, and appears again in the page of dates, and appears again in the familiar bright ginghams of formar issues. The publishers announce that they have purloined 10 illustrations and aphorisms from the Cynic's and other galety volumes, and have prepared a series of 10 post cards that may be had free from the booksellers or will be sent by them upon receipt of 2 cents for by them upon receipt of 2 cents for postage. The price of the Cynic's Cal-endar is 75 cents net. New York, Paul Elder & Company.

MAGAZINES.

turest to people, incidents or localities. It is a pleasing panel of life pictures let into the great vague walls of the plains and is full of interest from be-ginning to-end. plains and is full of interest from be-sinning to end. """ "The Pligrim and the Ploneer" is con-structed on lines of its own, by John C. Bell, for four years a district judge and for ten years a member, of Con-spress, on the frontier in western Colo-rado. The ploneer—the teacher, and the pligrim—the taught, appear in a in the heart of the Rocky mountains, and the stirring incidents along the way are related in such a manner, as to give a fair idea of the trapper, plo-neer, and settled social, moral and ma-terial developments of this marvelous. Determined the and enough of the tri-upper of our country. "Much adventure and short stories are induged in for the purpose of holding the reader, and filtering through this sophies of life and enough of the tri-umphs of virtue, it is hoped, to cause wards. and all to be benefitted. "A strong hereditary lesson is drawn from the Ploneer's marriage to an In-dian princess whose children bear no of sophints the brilliant and optim-site Ploneer that he embarks on this soften of his children, but in vain. The morning of the Ploneer's auspict-our file active by optimism, is strongly contrasted with the miseries and parched fields following the even-ing of this same life, controlled by weak, pessimistic thoughts. The Pli-weak pessimistic thoughts. The Pli-be false Ideas of the eastern residents weat. He expected to be supreme and purposed of the was constantly humil-periors, and that the western civiliza-tion was so far in advance of the cust-The name of William Jennings Bryan must be considered the most distin-guished on the list of magazine con-tributors of the month. The great commoner writes a New Year's article for the January Reader Magazine on the upward movement of all the na-tions, based on his observations during his recent tour around the world. The magazine which succeeds in obtaining his contributions is extremely fortunate. "The Port of Missing Men," Meredith Nicholson's thrilling serial story, is absolutely fascinating in its dashing advance. It will certainly prove to be the great romance of the year. Arthur I. Keller illustrates this installment. The Reader's New Year's number is rich with good stories. "The Bearer of the Torch," by Frances Wilson, is the best Limit," by Frederick L. Keates, is charged with laughter, sympathetic feeling and vivid studies of character. "Happy Returns," by Mary Talbot The name of William Jennings Bryan



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famous of youth's journals begins a new year under the happlest auspices, and its thousands of patrons, readers and admirers, cannot but join in wish-ing it a renewed prosperity that shall increase its usefulness and general interest a million fold.

DON'T LET YOUR PAST SPOIL YOUR FUTURE.

There is nothing more depressing than dwelling upon lost opportunities or a misspent life. Whatever your past has been, forget it. If it throws a shadow upon the present or causes melancholy

upon the present or causes melancholy or despondency, there is nothing in it which helps you, there is not a single reason why you should retain it in your and there are a thousand reasons why you should bury it so deeply that it can never be resurrected. The future is your uncut block of marble. Beware how you smite it. Don't touch it without a program. Don't strike a blow with your chisel without a model, lest you ruin and mar forever the angel which lives within the block; but the past marble, which you have carved into hideous images, which have warped and twisted the ideals of have carved into hideous images, which have warped and twisted the ideals of youth, and caused you infinite pain need not ruin or mar the uncut block before you. This is one of the merci-ful provisions that every day presents to every human being, no matter how unfortunate his past, a new uncut block of pure Parian marble, so that every day every human being has a new chance to retrieve the past, to improve upon it if he will. chance to retr. upon it if he

upon it if he will. Nothing is more foolish, more posi-tively wicked than to drag the skeletons of the past, the hideous images, the foolish deeds, the unfortunate experi-ences of the past into today's work to mar and spoil it. There are plenty of people who have been failures up to the present moment who could do won-ders in the future if they could only forget the past. If they only had the ability to cut it off, to close the door on it forever and start anew.-O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. Nothing is

The object for which we strive tells the story of our lives,

There are a hundred successful men for one that is contented,

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