

### TO A GOOD MANY.

Oh, blind and selfish; 'Helpless as the beast Who sees no meaning in a soul released And given flesh to grow in-to work through,' Think you that God has nothing else to do 'Than babble endlessly the same set phrase? Are Life's great, spreading, upward-reaching ways Laid for the beasts to climb on till the top Is reached in you, you think, and there you stop: They were raised up, obedient to force Which lifted them, unwitting of their course, You have new power, new consciousness, new sight; You can help God; You stand in the great light Of seeing him at work. You can go on And walk with him, and feel the glory won. And here you sit, content to toll and strive To keep your kind of animal alive: Why Friends; God is not through; The universe is not complete in you. You're just as bound to follow out his plan And sink yourself in ever-growing man As ever were the carliest, crudest eggs To grow to vertebrates with arms and legs. Society holds not its present height Mercly that you may bring a child to light: But you and yours live only in the plan That's working out a higher kind of man; A higher kind of life that shall let grow New powers and nobler duties than you know. Rise to the thought; Live in the widening race; Help make the State more like God's dwelling place; New paths for life divine, as yet untrod,-A social body for the soul of God! -CHARLOTTE P. STETSON GILMAN.

Mrs. Charlotte P. Stetson Gilman who is in the city for a few days and who will lecture here on Monday well known as night, is writer and lecturer upon subjects of social economics, her book "Woman and Economics," creating something like a furore at the time of its appearance about 12 years ago. "Human Work" is the title of a more recent book, and she is busy constantly with articles for leading magazines, Collier's having printed a pungent article from her pen a short time ago. Mrs. Gilman has also published a volume of verse under



# BOOKS

"The Diary of a District Messenger," by the author of "Another Three Weeks; Not by El'n-r Gl-n." Paper covers, 64 pages. New York: Life Publisihng Company.%Any one who has ever had to employ the services of the kind of messenger boy here depicted will find vast satisfaction and a good will find vast satisfaction and a good many laughs in this alleged confession of one of those precoclous young ras-cals. It takes the form of a diary ex-tending over a month, and in that brief period is concentrated an amount of youthful deviltry which would ast most adults over a lifetime. The lad is not so much immoral as absolutely non-moral and his unconcerned and matter-of-fact way of doing the most uncon-scionable things makes them highly laughable instead of absolutely shock-ing. The author of the "Diary" wrote the müch-selling "Another Three Weeks" which so laughably and effect-ively satirized Mrs. Elinor Glyn's book

with a similar title.

Swinburne's letters to Edmund Clarence Stedman, which the London Times has had the privilege of laying open to ence Stedman, which the Donosi rates has had the privilege of laying open to the public eye, reveal the whole-souled admiration of genius that constituted part of the poet's greatness. In partic-ular Swinburne makes mighty offering of tribute to Walter Savage Landor, whose literary antagonists were repre-sented by Prof. Lounsbury of Yale in an article, afterward included in his book. "The Standard of Usage in Eng-lish." in which he referred to Landor as "one of the minor gods of the Georg-ian era in whose honor a cult has been instituted." Stedman's own admiration of Landor led him to make the critical study about which Swinburne is here speaking: "The only drop of qualifying DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JULY 17 1909

brought no little attention to them-selves, is now disclosed by her publish-ers, the John Lane company. She is Mrs. Spencer Trask, other literary works of hers being a play. "The Little Town of Bethlehem," acted last winter by the Ben Greet players, and a dra-matic poem, "Night and Morning." For the pageant to be held at Bath next month, Mrs. Trask has been invited to contribute to its text an episode in hon-or of American towns of the same name.

Dorothy Canfield, the author of many charming short stories, and daughter of Flavia A. C. Canfield, who wrote "The Kidnapped Campers," a recent Harper book for children returned recently from a sojourn in France, and is again settled at her home in Arlington. Ver-mont, where much of her literary work is done s done. 

On the south side of Fleet street; in London, there is an unobtrusive gate-way with the effigy of a lamb above it, which the unwary traveler might pass a dozen times and not notice. But if he does notice it, and if he enters, he will pass at once into another age. For this is the entrance to the temple, and in all London there is nothing richer in memories and pictures of the past than these courts and gardens and an On the south side of Fleet street; in in memories and pictures of the past than these courts and gardens and an-cient buildings in the heart of the city. How they and their neighbors of Lin-coln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Inns of Chancery look today, with some-thing of their history and associations, is told in the latest addition to the well-known Macmillan Color Books. Inns of Court. The twenty full-page paintings in this volume are by Gor-don Home, and Cecil Headlam is the author. The origin of the Inns is disuon Home, and Cecil Headlam is the author. The origin of the Inns is dis-cussed, there is a chapter on the Knights Templar, and another on their famous Round Church, still in use within the temple. The rest of the book is devoted to the Middle and In-ner Temple and to the other inner ner Temple and to the other inns.

"Jason," a new novel by Justus Miles "Jason," a new novel by Justus alles Forman, who wrote "Buchanan's Wife," and "A Stumbling Block," will appear about the middle of July. "Jason" was formerly announced for an earlier date, but was postponed b yagreement of the author and his publishers, the Messus. Harnor until the midsummer season. Harper, until the midsummer season.

William Dean Howells' "A Little Swiss Sojourn" echoes the call to for-eign travel with a timely reprint in the Harper "Black and White" series, pocket size. The experiences of which Mr. Howells tells in his books are of several delightful weeks spent in the Canton Vaud, at Montreux, Vevay, and Villeneuve William Dean Howells' "A Little Villeneuve.

Few literary biographies have receiv-ed as immediate and as hearty recog-nition as the "Life and Times of Lau-rence Sterne," by Prof. Wilbur L. Cross. In a review of this important work, the New York Tribune declares that "Sterne was nothing if not a pel-sonality, a vivid engaging figure, a creature of originality. It is in his constant recognition of this fact that Prof. Cross most clearly shows his au-

creature of origination of this fact that Prof. Cross most clearly shows his au-thority as Sterne's biographer. He has got under his hero's skin. This is, in-deed, a book making for a better un-derstanding of its subject. Quietly, steadily and with a defightful polse, a delightful freedom from the foibles of the latter-day compiler of memoirs, Prof. Cross discloses the characteristics and the incidents which make his hero attractive and that hero's career sin-gularly picturesque and interesting.

attractive and that here's career sin-gularly picturesque and interesting. He has produced a portrait of Sterne no less artistic than veracious. "It shows, to begin with, a right in-stinct for the man, and with this a sure command over perspective. If Sterne is here painted for his own sake, he is also studied with reference to his surrounding. The background is filled in with uncommon good judg-ment. We breathe the air of the eigh-teenth century, and are helped to perment. We breathe the air of the eight teenth century, and are helped to per-ceive its reaction upon the tempera-ment of one of the most impressionable of human beings. . . Prof. Cross neither extenuates Sterne's shortcom-ings nor places undue emphasis on his better traits. He seeks, rather, to give his correction of the balance." his portrait a just balance." . . .

A correspondent writes to inquire what "The Greater Mischief" might mean as a literary nomen. The phrase was used by the young English writer, Margaret Wastrup, whose novel the

or hostess and everybody the guests. Indeed it half seemed as if every one thought he or she had helped write the story, such is the local feeling of pro-prietorship in Mrs. Riggs. No doubt it came about largely because this was by no means the first Reading by Mrs. Riggs at Buxton Lower Corner, Mrs. Riggs does most of her writing at Quilleote during the summer, and at the end of the season each year she offers first to her neighbors the fruits of this at the little Congregational church. Such being the case, it is easy to see why the whole neighborhood has come to feel that Kate Douglas Wiggin is its own, and her work as well." Hanotaux-Contemporary France, vol. National Irrigation Congress-Proeedings, 1907. National Prison Association—Proceed Russell-Expedition to Mt. St. Elias. Smith-How to Collect Postage Stamps. U. S. Commissioner of Education-Report 1998, two vols. U. S. Public Health and Marine Hos-pital Service—Weekly Reports, 1998.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS. ed to the public library Monday morn-ing, July 19: The following 35 volumes will be add-

MISCHLANDOUS.

American Library Association—Pro-ceedings Ashville Conference. Continental Congress—Journals, vols. Griswold-Sixty Years with Plymouth Church,

(Special Correspondence.)

can usually be counted on to supply a

tonic bitter. Its editorial comments

on America and Americans are as a

rule in the manner of a good lady who

has been unintentionally slighted in

some way, as for example, in its ob-

ONDON, June 30 .- In the midst

of all the pleasant and kindly

things that are printed about us

in England, the Saturday Review

# Americans Not Civilized, Says The Saturday Post

ter's Tale.

#### London Literary Letter

be called a popular writer. His books appealed to the elect, but the masses did not read them, and after all it is the appreciation of the masses which makes the fortune of an author. I happen to know, however, that Mere-dith's fortune did not all come from his pen. He came in for a couple of lega-cies at different periods of his life and while he never told his friends the amounts. I think it is pretty safe to asamounts, I think it is pretty safe to as-sume that a good share of his estate is represented by these legacles

SWEDISH BOOKS. Kunskap for Alla, four vola FICTION.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Houston-In Captivity in the Pacific. Hunting-Witter Whitehead's Own

Johnson-Eternal Boy. Johnson-Eternal Boy. Shakespeare-As You Like It; Cym-bellne: Evening with Shakespeare; Macbeth; Merchant of Venice; Mid-summer Night's Dream; Romeo and Juliet; Tempest; Twelfth Night; Win-

Clouston-Count Bunker, Maartens-Brothers All.

REMEMBERED THE SERVANTS.

some way, as for example, in its ob-servations on Daphne, the American heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Marriage a la Mode"—which, by the way, it considers Mrs. Ward's test book, "Daphne," says the Satur-day Review, "Is simply insufferable, conceited, pedantic, insolent, lecturing everybody. The book may shock those who make the mistake regarding the Americans as a civilized people. De-One of Mr. Meredith's executors, by the way, is Viscount-better known the way, is Viscount-Detter known as John Morley, another the novelist's only son, William Maxse Meredith, who is manager of the publishing firm of Archi-bald Constable & Co. The novelist's will, which, with a codicil, contained rather less than 2,000 words, left the bulk of his estate to his son, daughter and scarburginglaw but the humble everybody. The book may shock those who make the mistake regarding the Americans as a civilized people. De-spile their furious energy and their genius for mechanical invention, the Americans are no more civilized than the Japanese. The men are cruel and dishonest in business, and the women are hard, immeasurably conceited, and impatient of the duties of domesticity -we write of types, of course. The men are much to blame for their Fem-inists, for they have spolled their wo-men by indulgence. Daphne is a splen-did drawn type, the woman who is swept into marriage by 'a sudden gust of physical inclination;' is disappointed and disgusted by the first experience of marriage; and then impatiently cancels the contract, talking about her career, her individuality, her chances! Of course a great deal of trouble is caused by the American girls being left in uncontrolled possession of so much money. Until the United States adopt a decent and uniform law of divorce we shall persist in regarding the Am-ericans as seni-civilized and as set-ting a very bad example to the rest of the world." and daughter-in-law, but the humble members of his household were not for-otten we bis nurse. Mr. Meredith left \$1,250, to his housemaid, \$45, to his cook, \$1,250, to his housemaid, \$45, to his cook, \$100. His gardener, who had been in the novelist's service for many years, was remembered to the extent of \$750. Mr. Meredith directed his trustees to realize the whole of his residuary es-tate, including copyrights and Ameri-ture many distingtion but they have nower. can literary rights, but they have power

to postpone such realization in their ling, Wells, Conan Doyle and a host of less known writers figure in paper cov-UNKNOWN IN FRANCE.

official capacities in each.

Nothing is said in his will, it may be noticed, regarding the French literary rights in Meredith's works. Curious as it may seem, outside of a quite small literary coterie, George Meredith is less than a mame in France. The English romancer, who loved France, and was an ardent student of French literature, is not even mentioned in handbooks of English letters for French students, though other English novelists, both of the Victorian and Edwardian period, the lesser as well as the greater, are speedily translated into French, Dick-ens is almost as familiar to the French as the English public, and Hardy, Kip-Nothing is said in his will, it may be

less known writers figure in paper cov-ers on Parisian and provincial book-stands. Some few literary eclectics, like Marcel Prevost, who read English,





LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

## MRS. A. V. TAYLOR. The above cut shows an old timephotograph of Mrs. A. V. Taylor, well

known in club and social circles, taken at the time when the "bang" was

a fashionable feature in conffures. Mrs. Taylor has been actively connected

with a number of local literary and philanthropic clubs, acting in various

## CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

the title "In This Our World," her the title "In This Our World," her theme in most of the poems contained in the book dealing with questions of progress and practical social and eco-nomic concerns. The poem above is taken from the little volume of verse. Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been

Charlotte Perkins Gilman has been a marked figure in the field of social progress and reform since 1890, when her revolutionary poem "Similar Cases" attracted attention throughout the reading world, and her initial work on the platform identified her at once with the movement for economic prog-ress. Both as speaker and writer, Mrs. Gilman inherits her ethical passion and special ability from New England an-costry, prominent for generations in churches, colleges and courts. She is a grand nicec of Henry Ward Beecher and shows the altruistic forvor of his sister Harriet Beecher Stowe. Since grand nicee of Henry white Decent and shows the altruistic fervor of his sister Harriet Beecher Stowe. Since the appearance of "Women and Eco-nomics" in 1898, she has become a recognized power in progressive thought in Europe as well as in Amer-ica. This is translated into German, Dutch, Italian, Russian, French, Hun-garian, Danish and Swedish: and the poems and later books are also being translated. "Concerning Children" was published in 1990, "The Home" in 1902, and "Human Work," 1904, This last is an important contribution to social philosophy, connecting and unifying all her earlier works. As a lecturer and preacher Mrs. Gilman has also an in-ternational reputation, standing always for social evolution in all lines. She protected and, contain a standing always for social evolution in all lines. She brings to the study of our present world problems a distinct philosophy of her own, clear, simple, consistent, and arousing increased attention. In the International Congress of Women, held in London in 1899, she was a prom-inent speaker, and also in the next meeting of this congress in Berlin in 1904. In 1905 she was called to Europe again and loctured in England, Hol-land, Germany, Austria and Hungary. Mrs. Gilman is that rarest of persons— a reformer with a sense of humor, a preacher who is never dull, a satirist who is still essentially a poet.

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Harpers published about a year ago, and is undoubtedly derived from the verses which follow. The question of authorship has been left open— Margaret Westru peaking: "The only drop of qualifying pitterness in the pleasure with which I speaking: "The only drop of qualifying bitterness in the pleasure with which I read and reread it rises from the regret that it could not have come nine years before instead of after he went back to the Olympians; for I remember well how pleasant and how precious, for all his high self-reliance, the sincere tri-bute of genuine and studious admira-tion was even at the last to the old demigod with the head and the heart of a lion. I have often ardently wished I could have been born (say) but five years earlier that my affection and rev-erence might have been of some use and their expression found some echo while he was yet alive beyond the rooms in which he was to die. The end was very lonely, and I fear the last echo of any public voice that reached him from England must have been of obloquy and insult."

"Uncertain ways unsafest arc, And doubt a greater mischief than despair.'

In "How to Identify the Stars," which the Macmillan company is bring-ing out this season, Prof. Wil-lis I Milham has provided exactly the information which amateur astrono-mers wish to find at hand. With the aid of the charts and plans at the back of the book, the identification of the constellations becomes a simple un-dertaking, and in the text is to be found much compact information. One every valuable feature is the inclusion of the recently completed work of the Harvard observartory in determining the magnitude of the stars. These fig-

Harvard observations in determining the magnitude of the stars. These fig-ures, representing the latest results of astronomical research, have not hith-erto been readily obtainable. Alto-gether, the book provides a convenient and agreeable introduction to knowl-edge of the beavens. edge of the heavens.

edge of the heavens. The many readers and admirers of those masternieces of American fic-tion, "A Kentucky Cardinal," "The Choir Invisible," etc., tales which stand peculiarly alone in their descriptions of the borderland between north and south, and which placed Mr. James Lane Allen in the front rank of Amer-ican novelists, will, after a silence of six years, welcome a story equal in charm and interest, "The Bride of the Mistletce." Artistic in their settings, realistic and true to nature and life in their descriptions, dramatic, pathe-tic and tragic in their incidents, Mr. Allen's works have become classics of American literature. The scene of his latest story is laid in his favorite state of Kentucky and breathes the happy spirit of Christmastime. An equally great success may be safely predicted for this new work by this favorite author as that achieved by its predecessors from the same pen.

MAGAZINES

The name of the author of "King Alfred's Jewel," and Mors et Victoria," two poetic dramas that have



<text><text><text> It seems natural that Kate Douglas

to be animals or numan beings: There was a well known anti-vivisection plac-ard representing a plaintive dog ap-pealing to a bloody-minded vivisector. He would not destroy that placard. Ho would add another foot to it, in order to place beside it a picture of a mo-ther bending over her child dying of diphtheria, and under the double pic-perior the place of the guestion ure he would place the question, Which?"

which had to be made, he declared, certain things which had to be done. Were the subjects of the experiments to be animals or human beings? There

DR. DOYLE ON VIVISECTION.

DR. DOYLE ON VIVISECTION. London has been seeing rather a lot, recently, of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, For the past three weeks his name has figured daily among those stopping at a fashionable hotel in Northumberland avenue. Probably his presence in the metropolis is connected with his new play, "The Fires of Fate" at the Lyric. Nowadays the former "Doctor" Doyle seldom is heard on subjects connected with medicine. He dealt with one, on an evening this week, however, when he spoke on "Vivisection" at a meeting of the Re-scarch Defense society. He declared that their case rested on common sense. There were certain experiments which had to be made, he declared.

"Which?" Sir Arthur added that he would ask three other questions—Is the lower or the higher animal to suffer? Is it bet-ter that one should suffer or that 10,000 should live? Is it better that an an-imal should die painlessly under chloroform or that tens of thousands of human beings should die in the long-drawn agonies of cancer and other dis-eases which afflict human kind? Andrew Lang, whose favorite femi-

cases which athlet numan kind? Andrew Lang, whose favorite femi-nine characters in history are Joan of Arc and Mary Queen of Scots, has of-fered prizes for essays on either by the schoolchilden of Ealing, one of the sub-uple of London urbs of London

PROSPEROUS WRITERS.

The craft of the writer may be ill-paid, but certainly neither the late Al-gernon Charles Swinburne nor the late George Meredith had reason to com-plain. The former of these two literary

plain. The former of these two includy confriences who died within a few months of each other left close upon \$122,000, and the will of the latter which was probated this week, disposes of an estate of ever \$160,000. No one imagined that he would leave as much, for he was not what might



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