### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1903.

on the relation of the mind to the body the appearance of which is most timely, as it is based on the current controversy between the commonsense school of theorists, who maintain that the mind acts on the body, and the "interactionists" or "parallelists" who declare that the varying conditions of consciousness are only the patural se-quences to changes in the brain. The writer further maintains that the only

writer further maintains that the only way to determine this question, which has been the subject of much discus-

has been the subject of much discus-son for many years, is by means of

metaphysical investigation of the na-ture of matter and mind. To this meth-od he adheres throughout the entire course of the book, and succeeds in

course of the book, and succeeds in mediating between the two schools, by suggesting a doctrine which combines interactionism with recognition of the officiency of consciusness and giving an

intelligible explanation of the fact that every mind we know is connected with

a body. The mind is thus shown to be the neimary, and the body the derived thing-hence the title. The book is lucid, and the different sider of the controversy around which it

centers are brought out in an interest-

n= manner.



The woodpeckers tap at its weather-worn gables. The pigeons fit in at its belfry above: The swallows build nests in the roofs of its stables. And round it the bees seek the blos-soms they love. The graen-plumed old elms stand like sentries before it.

Behind it the willows droop drowsy and still.

And gently the breeze from the ocean The little white meetinghouse under the hill.

The golden-barred sunbeams, new-minted and yellow, Like falchions flash in at the win-

dows' queer panes. To fill the old church with a radiance

And cut through the dust-drift fair

And cut through the dust-drift fair star-powdered lanes. They glid the high pews with a glitter-ing splendor. With halos of glory they dapple the

And on the quaint pulpit their touch tender And soft as the peace that lies over

How often I've gazed at those bright

ances streaming. And fancied them ladders to mansions of joy. As, in the old pew by the aisle, I sat

dreaming The wonderful dreams of a light-

hearted boy! My eyes do but close, again to their

places Come trooping the shadowy figures I

The forms, well-remembered, the dear-ly loved faces, The faces and forms of the best long

I hear round about me the hymn-book's

The lavendered gowns scent the fan-driven breeze, And, through the faint murmur and

soft Sabbath bustle, The sermon drones on like the buzz-ing of bees.

Beside me the dear sweet-faced mother

is sitting, e white-haired old grandsire, The

The white-narred out granders, serene and devout. The brother with thoughts 'neath his curls idly flitting To where the blithe bluebird is sing-

ing without.

Dear little home church! 'tis a beautifut The picture wou frame in the sun-

beam's red gold: For through it is shining the G.d.

given glory. The rest and the peace of those Sun-days of old.

and though in grand temples that tow-er high above you. Far, far from your portals they wor-ship at will.

While memory lasts all your children

shall love you O little white meetinghouse under the

-by Joe Lincoln, in Youth's Companion.

## NOTES.

The Athenaeum gives high praise to Miss Wilkins's ingenious stories in her recent volume Six Trees, and remarks "the whole thing seems so simple one has to make considerable ef-

The woodpeckers tap at its weather-worn gables. The given gables. The given gables. The swallows build nests in the roofs of its stables. And round it the bees seek the blos-Is a Lady's Soap. Is a gentleman's soap. ancestors. The name du Chaillu is very commonly pronounced in the contin-ental fashion, eliding the double I and saying "Shai-u." The great explorer once at a private dinner corrected this. "Madam," he said, "say to me, em-phatically, 'Shall you? Shall you?' and you have my name."

The author of "The Land of the Mid-

The author of "The Land of the Mid-night Sun" was a man whose social side was wonderfully developed. His circle of personal friends-those whom he really regarded with affection-was remarkably large, and from one end of this country to the other there are scattered adopted nephews and nieces (and largely the latter) who lately mourned the death of their "Uncle

Is a soap for everybody who wants the best toilet soap ever made. prietor of the Grand Union hotel in New York.

"It's Sewell Ford who had sixteen (not thirty-five) years' experience in news-paper work, imon who is the 'long, lean laugh-maker.' . . . I haven't achieved laugh-maker.' . . . I fraven't achieved much fame, and what little I possess I cannot afford to have merged with Simeon's, which is greater and of a different character. Sincerely, "SEWELL FORD."

WITCH SOAP

Is a Baby's

Sosp.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS. 



"SUSIE" SPENCER RICE.

"Susie" Spencer Rice, whose photograph is reproduced above, was a well known stage personage in the days of the old stock theater company, when her petite figure flitted through the scenes of the old comedies, dramas and melodramas that held the boards in the late "sixties" and early "seventies." Her roles were chiefly soubrette and in these she was an eminent favorite with the public. In her early girlhood she was married to E. B. Marden, also a member of the old stock company, and later to John H. Rice, a well known mining man, who died shortly after their marriage, his death preceding his wife's only by a few months. Mrs. Rice left two daughters, Frankie Marden Sharp, at present Mrs. Alexander Dowd, and Miss Judith Rice. The arguments are easy to follor, while intersported faches of humor relieve the work of tedium. Bather that develop an entirely new theory, Mr. Strong numbes to their logical conclu-sions these already advanced from various sides. His foremost nosition is clearcuit and logical, and affords an escellent basis from which to proceed, while his conclusions are stored in terms of frank fairness which slight the interest of any broad-minded reader. The hoals is one that can be read at a will repay closer study.

It is autous to find that the nath of human knowledge circles often yorv close to its starting noist. That this ected is ease in matters of relenting re-search is senselally true. The ald con-contion of the philosopher's stone, from which wold and silver and precious stones might he in come way explored, has been introbad at for conturies moday many relentists are comined to -lieve that there is hut one elemental substance to which all matter say he This is obtained, could read. handbar ilv he developed into any of the en it he developed into any of the so-celled elements of today. Such a theory if proved, would seem to vindinate the oncleats. Carl Souder, in his "New Conceptions of Science" (Harpers), which presents very elective the vari-ous developments of scientific research during the past few years makes the states even that Domocrities and Lin 17. cretius arrived at the theory of stoms a theory which was scorned during conturies that followed, but stands now on a very sound hoels of scientific be-lief.

Cook Book has been issued by the Bobhs Merrill company of Indianapolis. Babbs Merrill company of Indianapolls. This book has many new and valua-ble features. The service and cocienty of the different meals are clease. Its wether, so that one can learn in order. It sectiones all there is to know about breakfast, its preparation and service, and then go on, with a charge of at-mosphere, to juncheon, or dinner, or afternoon tea. Especial attention is be-stowed upon entertaining on a small

dow her personal supervision. Through all the densetments of the book sounds the note of steady chear and courses, the unlift and inspiration which have made Marion Harland's nunils feel that the proofies of house beening is the woman's honored pro-

This is a book that the old house hence will not concent to do without and the young housekeeper can not af-ford to deny herself.

A large volume of 780 nages, handfully illustrated.

The



# A Danger Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. At this period a woman indicates a tendency towards obesity or tumorous growths. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, some-

times with chills, as if the heart were going to stop forever, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life, and all women who use it pass through this trying period with comfort and safety.

### TWO COLUMNS OF PROOF.

"DEAR MRS PINEHAM : - I was sick and nothing seemed to do me any good work. I know your medicine saved my life and I cannot praise it enough. Mns. Lizzie Roecap, until I began taking Mrs. Pinkham's 519 Smith St., Millville, N.J.

badly

" DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : - I have

for weeks at a time. I would

I have

worked hard all my life, and when the Change of Life came I flowed very

went through an examination, and spent two hundred dollars for medi-cine and doctor's bills, but I did not

advertised and began its use. I h found it to be just what I needed.

"I wish every woman suffering from female trouble would try it. I

"ecommend it to all my friends." Mns. WM. DAILY, Millbank, S.D.

get the relief I expected.

It was Change of Life with me and falling of the womb. I had severe pains all through my body. I had a a terrible cough and people thought I had consumption.

stop for a day or two, then start again. I went to see a doctor and "I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and two of Blood Purifier, and two baxes Liver Pills, and I am now stouter than I have been for a long time. I can do all my work now, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable "At that time I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Compound. "If any one wishes to write me, to verify these statements, I will gladly answer their letters"

MRS. CLARA CHEZEM, Jewett, Ill.

" DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : -- For seven years I had been suffering, was pass-ing through the Change of Life, and my womb had fallen; menses were so rofuse that at times I was obliged to lie on my back for six weeks at a time.



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Hotel Belleclaire Broadway and 77th St.

New York.



THE HOTEL BELLECLAIRE appeals especially to what

may be called semi-transient visitors: people who desire, for a week or a fortnight or a month, the comforts, conveniences and



forts to appreciate the delicacy and the skill of the author's subtle art." Only a close study of the trees and an intimate knowledge of nicely observed ar-boreal traits and characteristics which blend with the oddities and idiosyncra sles of her studies of human nature treated with unaffected simplicity and quiet humor, could have yielded such results in an original field. "Like the shepherd who finds individuality in the members of his flock, without giving thought to any question of their delicctual or moral capabilities, or even speculating on their hidden mo-fives the author of Six Trees seems to stand aside and watch human creatures as they happen to pass before her and the sharp lockout essential to the naturalist succeeds in effecting excellent discoveries."

Justin Huntly McCarthy, the author and playwright, had at a very early age an introduction to the American world of letters which many an older head must have envied at the time. "I recall a reception which occurred a good many years ago," says one of Boston's veteran literary men, "at the home of E. P. Whipple, the essayist. Holmes was there, and Bayard Taylor, Obacks Charles Sumner, Gen, Benham and many others who are accounted worth remembering. whering. Justin McCarthy was visiting America, with his wife little boy. It was their wish to and little boy, the lad with them everywhere, he three were present that evenand the thre and the three were present that even-ing. "We broke up not earlier than midnight," says the narrator, "and young Justin Huntly, then 8 or 9 years old, had stayed it out to the end, lis-tening quietly and absorbing much. I believe he attended many other such affairs, where he must almost always have been the junior by at least 30 years." Mr. McCarthy's "The Proud Prince," will be published this fall by the Harpers over the R. H. Russell im-print, simultaneous to its appearance it, simultaneous to its appearance the New York stage, with E. H. hern in the title role. Two years the same imprint appeared on "If Were King," and the little volume has proved as popular as the play, which drew such crowds last season.

The pronunciation of proper names and to whom you give credit for writ-



Paul." . . .

A southern writer in the September Critic makes an interesting point. "Northern authors," she says, "indicate by their work a more progressive understanding of literature as an ar because of educational advantages which reach, by at least one generation, further into the past than they do in the south; and thus they have a mental discipline of which southern writers know little . . . . They [northerners] do not lack the emotional power to dramatize intelligence. There are immortal characters in There northern fiction who owe their exis-tence to the author's psychic power to create the spirit as well as the grosser personality of his hero. We have very

few such characters in southern fic-tion. There is the never-ending varia-tion of ante-bellum ladies and gentle men mincing and strutting through nearly all our novels, but I now rehearly all our hovers, but I how re-call only one original man type that has been produced within the last year. Mr. Will Harben's mountaineer, Abner Daniel, is autochthonous."

Later on she says of the same book and its central figure: "He is one of the few living characters today in re-cent southern fletion." Valous other reasons she adduces for the dearth of southern books. Camparisons are es-pecially odious between geographical sections of this country. But, carry-ing further her line of thought, is it not likely that this forced book-pro-duction in the north--this rush of copy duction in the north-this rush of copy and prodding from publishers-will re-sult in a steady loss n the matter of quality? And may not that dignified deliberation which is certainly essential to the production of literature be eventually confined to the south? Mr. Will Harben is perhaps the foregrupper Will Harben is perhaps the forerunner of a mighty school.

"Most humorists I have met," said a man whose position has for years brought him into contact with writers of all sorts, "are dreadfully afraid of wasting their stockin-trade. As a re-sult they are chary of jokes, and their conversation-what there is of it--is solemn or tiresome, or both. There's none of that about Bangs, however. He's the funniest man in conversation I ever knew." It is to be hoped that the speaker's generality is untrue. The humorist is a gift of God, like rain to the dry places of earth. And he has no right to bury his talent in a writ-ing-desk. Incidentally, Mr. Banks, who has been devoting his time to the production of two operettas, has gone abroad for a month's holiday. "Most humorists I have met," said a

. . .

The Ford family seems to be coming The Ford family seems to be coming it strong in the making of books. There was James L. Ford, who made us all sit up with "The Literary Shop?" there was the late Paul Leicester Ford of "Janice Meredith" fame; and now there are two S. Fords who are in danger of getting themselves mixed. Indeed, Mr. Sewell Ford, who was a jolly, humor-ous story called "The Renunciation of Petrus" in the September Harper's, has had to unravel a tangle which got him

ous story called "The Renunciation of Petrus" in the September Harper's, has had to unravel a tangle which got him mixed up with Mr. Simeon Ford, the author of "A Few Remarks." In a let-ter to the editor of the Bangor Dally Commercial he says: "Dear Sir-With an intent evidently of the best you have most amazingly mixed the deeds and doings of two Fords. I am one of them. No, I am not going to be indignant. I expect, in my 16 years of newspaper work, I have made many 'breaks' of the same kind. This is merely to untangle myself for your benefit from the other Ford, and perhaps prevent more confusion among

perhaps prevent more confusion among my numerous relatives in Maine. "The author of "Horses Nine," who was born in South Levant, and who remembers coming into Bangor at day-break with his 'Uucle Will' to sell green corn is Sewell Ford. That's me. Mr. corn is Sewell Ford. That s me. and Simeon Ford, whose picture you printed

vin the eminent scientist. "Domestic science," says the writer, "has of re-cent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and become the favorite field of chemists and economists. Twenty years ago, however, it was still a novelty to be ireated, not flippantly, per haps, but with less seriousness than it receives today. It was something like joy, therefore, that a few students, ad-Joy, therefore, that a few students, ad-mitted to the sombre meetings of the Royal Scientific Society of Edinburg, heard the present Lord Kelvin announce "Tea-Cosies' as the subject of his pa-per for the evening. In that bleak land where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the padded hood to slip even the itempoint and arrest the displayton over the teapot and arrest the dissipation of its heat is everywhere in use. Lord Kelvin had made an exhaustive study of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot and minded the teapot, and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cosy would no longer keep it warm, but make it actually cold-er. The boy on the back seat listened

eagerly. Here at last was a practical use for science. By manufacturing tea-pots of scientifically exact proportions, the cumbersome tea-cosy might be dis-pensed with and one's fortune made. Through endless formulae the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At "The proper size, in sort, for the ideal teapot," he announced, "is approximate-ly that of an ordinary garden pea.""

An interesting brochure on "The Doones of Exmoor has just been pub-lished in Eugland, which has for its ob-ject a consideration of the evidence for the stories in Lorna Doone. The au-thor concludes that the Doone tradition is of greater antiquity than has been generally supposed, even by Mr. Black-more, and dates it as far back as the in-cursions of the Danes during the reign of Alfred the Great. He also corroborates the statement that Mr. Blackmore got his clew for the weaving of his great romance from a story entitled "The Doones of Exmoor." published at one time in that old-established family magazine, The Leisure Hour. The unfailing delight which this wonderful story yields to readers, new and cid, year af-ter year, is attested by the fact that the Harpers report is as in constant demand. Especially is this true of their illustrated edition, the test one-volume illustrate ed edition on the market.

Mr. Howard Pyle's "Rejected of Men" continues to be widely discussed, some approving, others disapproving. It seems to be allowed by all that the story is so vividdly depicted and presented that it startles the reader with its dar-ing reality. As conservative a relig-ious journal as The United Brethren Re-view strongly approves and adds forciview strongly approves, and adds, forci bly: In the rush of our material life it is well to stop a moment and think how we would treat Christ if He came

among us today. BOOKS.

"Why the Mind Has a Body." by C. A. Strong, published by the Macmil-lan company, is a philosophical essay



Used by American Physicians nearly 60 years Cleans and settles the stomach, keeps the bowels free, the liver active; it aids digestion and is "good for children, too." Soc. and SI, at Druggists or by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 21 Jay Street, New York MAGAZINES.

Youth's Companion for this

month is an interesting number. Its orening story is "Tote Tillou" and the "Sawyer." by Henry E. Chalmers and this is followed by saveral other anter-taining pieces of fiction. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, has an excellent article on the "Physiology of Adolescence." and there are many other good features in the issue. An anesdote about Browning in the



The Book Lovers' Magazine for the autumn is a splendid number, the con-tents covering a range of subjects that could not but be of interest to the most blase and epicurean of readers. The following titles of articles will give an idea of some of the excellent ma-terial in the magazine.

Chaucer as a Book-Lover, Lorenzo Sears. Dedication Ode, Carnegle Library, Atlanta, Chas, W. Hubner. Treasures in Y. M. C. A. library.

Emily Wilder. Walten's Autograph.

A Remarkable Literary Discovery. Gautler, the Impeccable, Edgar Sal-

Gladstone and Verlaine. . The Romantic Twentieth Century,

Minnie D. Kellogg. Amir Abdur Rahman Kahn as an Author, Charles Johnston. Rime du Bibliophile, Frankfort Somerville

School-Room Humors. At Oscar Wilde's Grave, Robert H.

Sherard. Book Sales of Dr. Johnson's Father, Mr. Dooley and Mr. Thackeray, Forgotten Southern Authors, Andrew James Miller. The Polygamous Poet, William Wallace Whitetlock.

Full of Stange Oaths, Arthur Hayden, James Clarence Mangan.

A Chapter in the History of Para-dise Lost, F. S. Ellis. The Buyers of Old Books, About Sainte Beuve.

Book-Plates. Malcolm Chandler. Frank R. Stockton: A Memorial Sketch. Marian E. Stockton. Recollections of Frank R. Stockton, George Cary Eggleston. A Future for Poets. The Making of Bret Harte.

