

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

DO IT!

(By Herbert Kaufman.)

Do it! Keep on and leap on—get through it!
Don't stop in the road or hop like a toad
From this side to that, or fly like a bat
With your head upside down all your brain rattles 'round;
Of course—there are boulders!
But you have strong shoulders—
A tug and a stride, though, will move them aside—so!
Deep ruts? To be sure,
Toward the end, though, they're fewer.
The path over there may appear far more fair,
But you haven't the time to find out if it's prime,
And the road to the right winds too far out of sight.
It may prove much slicker and smoother and quicker,
But you know your way's right, for the goal is in sight.
So what if it's rough— Isn't strenuous enough?
Get this down where 'twill stay, for you need it all day.
What's got without effort is worth what it cost,
The easily gained things are easily lost.
When a road is worn that you can bet your best hat
That it leads to a place where too many an cat.
When a way is all roughness and gruffness and toughness,
And branched and scrambled and wildly overgrown—
You can make up your mind
There are new things to find,
That you're getting at something that hasn't been known,
If you don't go on through it you'll live on to rue it.
Somebody who isn't a quitter will do it!
He'll laugh as he rambles his way through the brambles;
He'll know that the big things of life must be won.
He won't mind a stumble (it takes time to grumble);
He won't care a hang if he does bark his shin.
He won't be defeated because he's over-enthusiast,
He'll leap on and keep on until he gets in.

NOTES.

It is the settled belief of many critics that Agnes and Egerton Castle are the chief writers in English in this day of the pure romance. Their new book, which is to be published this spring, with the title "Flower of the Orange," will display them in their most romantic mood. It is a collection of stories ranging in time from the latter part of the sixteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, but all stories of action and adventure, placed in strange or unusual settings that appeal to the imagination. It is promised that the volume will contain the pick of the short stories these authors have written since 1900.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of that splendid book, "The Shuttle" (Stokes) is in common with most of the great writers of today, tremendously interested in occult and psychic phenomena. That there are powers which we cannot grasp or explain, but merely sense from afar off, she feels perfectly sure, and that we are on the verge of making great discoveries about this practically new world of ours, she is convinced. She has a certain faith in and tolerance for Christian Science, because she believes it is at least a step in the direction of important things. Anyone who read "The Dawn of Tomorrow" and "The Closed Room" will appreciate her attitude. There are many passages in "The Shuttle" which will be much more interesting if read with these facts in mind.

Think of one blind and deaf from early childhood who finds the world "alive, ruddy, and satisfying." That is Helen Keller's own expression; and certainly it is a unique and important human document which is promised in her essays on "Sense and Sensibility," the first to appear in the February Century. Here she tells, to the world for the first time, how she "sees" and "hears."

"How can the world be shivered with this most profound, emotional sense, touch, is faithful to its source? I am sure that if a fairy bade me choose between the sense of sight and that of touch, I would not part with the warm, endearing contact of human hands or the wealth of form, the nobility and fullness that press into my palms."

President Theodore Roosevelt has written a foreword to the late Jeremiah Curtin's "The Mongols," an important historical work which Little, Brown & Co. are publishing, in which he says: "The death of Jeremiah Curtin robbed America of one of her two or three foremost scholars. The extraordinary facility with which he learned any language, his gift of style in his own language, his industry, his restless activity and desire to see strange nations and out-of-the-way peoples, and his great gift of imagination which enabled him to appreciate the epic sweep of vital historical events, all combined to render his work of peculiar value. His extraordinary translations of the Polish novels of Sienkiewicz would have been enough to establish a first class reputation for any man. But nothing that he did was more important than his studies of the rise of the mighty Mongol Empire and its decline. In this particular field no other American or English scholar has ever approached him."

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia, pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You can "self at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 11, Notre Dame, Ind.

MAGAZINES.

The early eighties were interesting and exciting times in English political history, and the most interesting and exciting period in Lord Randolph Churchill's career; and these are the years covered by Lady Randolph Churchill in the chapters of her reminiscences which appear in the February Century. With her clever touch she has set down her memories of London politics and society at that time, of friendships with notable English statesmen, of the formation of the Portrose league, and of her own personal campaign experiences as well as her husband's—all the events

and incidents leading up to Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation of his post of chancellor of the exchequer, the step which "signed his political death warrant."

This week's issue of the Youth's Companion has the usual number of interesting articles, the front page story being a sea tale by Norman Duncan entitled "A Lad O' Wits," and the special article is "Reminiscences of William Thompson, Lord Kelvin," written by Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry in the University College, London. Two pieces of verse, entitled separately "Begg" and "The Exile," are the chief poetry of the number, and the usual interesting material makes up the departments.—Perry Mason Co., Boston.

SARTORIAL ATTACK ON HALL CAINE

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—Everybody knows—or ought to know—that Hall Caine's home is on the Isle of Man. In fact, it is the opinion of many of his admirers—and it is an opinion which Hall Caine himself would be the last to dispute—that the Isle of Man's chief claim to distinction is that it is the home of Hall Caine. And yet, incredible though it may sound, there are people living on the Isle of Man who do not appreciate his

"One of our members," he went on in tones of seething indignation, "has shown such little respect for us, for himself, and for the historic ceremony in which he participates, that he—once but often—has taken part in it thus arrayed, wearing a slouch hat and if I mistake not, knickerbockers too. You all know to whom I refer—Mr. Hall Caine. Members should appear in as respectable attire as they wear when they go to church."

You could have heard a pin fall when Mr. Hutchins finished his attack on the one great man in the whole Isle of Man. Members eyed each other aghast. Some



INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

In this enlightened age when women know more about political economy than they do about the household kind, it is but natural they should wish to air their knowledge in public and defend the faith that is in them on any given question. Therefore, Miss Elizabeth E. Cook, whose name is at least suggestive of the festive chafing-dish, if not of the homely kitchen range, steps into the limelight as of right as a member of Cornell university's team in the triangular contest that takes place simultaneously between Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania universities in New York city, Ithaca and Philadelphia on the night of Feb. 28. The question for debate is: "Resolved, That all corporations doing an interstate business, should be licensed by the federal government, constitutionally conceded." Miss Cook's team—the men's names are of no account—will speak on the affirmative of the question at Ithaca against Cornell's negative.

reflected glory which the presence of the great man in their midst confers upon themselves. Among them is Mr. Hutchins. I would gladly give him the benefit of his full name if I knew it. Mr. Hutchins is a member of that unique legislative body which runs the Isle of Man—the House of Keys. So, of course, is Hall Caine.

The House of Keys has been agitated recently by a momentous question. The chamber is drafty. Some of the members are bald-headed. For a bald-headed man to sit in a draft is a sore trial. One of them moved by 11 votes to 9. Henceforth, drafts and bald-headers were the House of Keys in session they must uncover their bald pates.

It was after winning this glorious victory that Mr. Hutchins, emboldened by his success, ventured to speak in terms of "lese majeste" of Hall Caine. The fact that Hall Caine was not present may have been responsible for some measure of his audacity. The opportunity was offered him by the discussion which followed on the plans for the procession to Tynwald Hill next summer for the annual open-air promenade of laws. Mr. Hutchins, and boldly demanded a rule prohibiting members from appearing in "unseemly dress such as some tourists wear when on a holiday jaunt."

of them doubtless shared Mr. Hutchins' convictions but they lacked his courage. It was one thing for members with well thatched heads to vote that those who lacked such laudable protection should keep their hats off, quite another to convict the best advertised and most widely read author of the age of sartorial bad taste. The discussion of such a topic was full of danger. One member found a way out of its snare and pitfalls. He suggested that the matter should be left to the determination of Lord Raglan himself. That suggestion was eagerly adopted. It is now up to Lord Raglan to determine whether or no, on the occasion of the historic procession, Hall Caine must wear the sort of clothes most affected by respectable nobodies in which he would be inconspicuous, or he permitted to parade in a costume which will make him appear conspicuous.

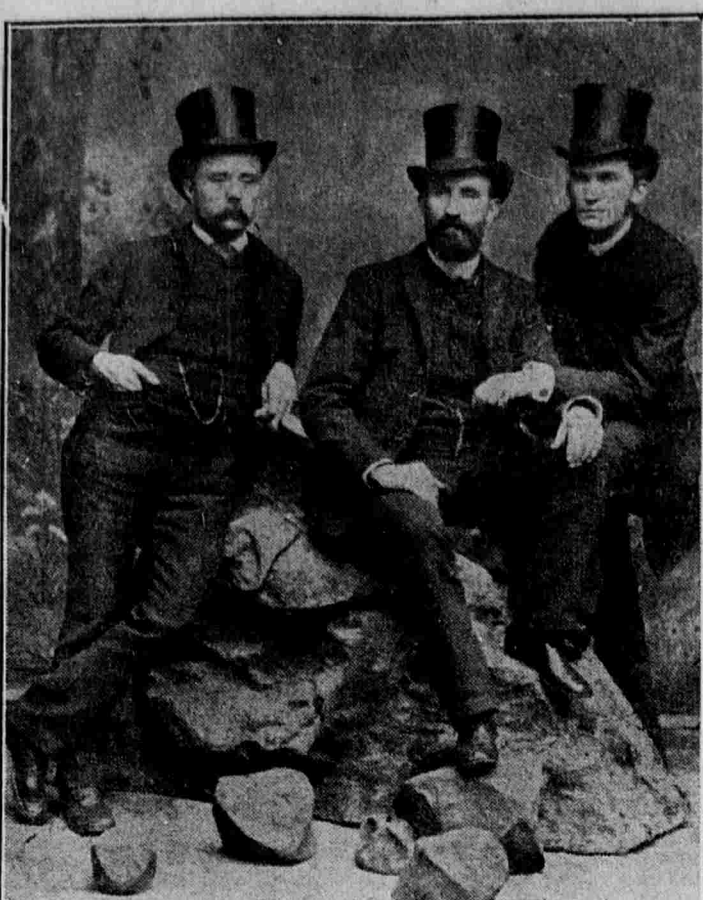
Hall Caine has been interviewed on the subject. He denied the "knickerbockers." He said he had not worn those abominable trousers for 10 years, from which it may be inferred that his calves are not what they used to be. "Last year," he went on, "I went to Tynwald Hill from my home at Gretna Castle in a suit very like this one I have on and my usual hat. Those clothes I should certainly have worn had I been going to church. Some of the members of the House of Keys attend at Tynwald in frock-coats and silk hats, but I do not think that etiquette demands that degree of discomfort. For my part," he added, "and this may be regarded as a hint to Lord Raglan, I cannot take this protest seriously."

Hall Caine's "usual" hat is a thing of rare beauty and unique. Foreigners and visitors to the Isle can identify him by it alone. The broad brim and low crown surmounting his flowing locks is supposed to emphasize his resemblance to Shakespeare. He intends to stick to that hat at all hazards. Tynwald would be a dreary place without it.

"My constituents," he said, "will not expect me to go to the House of Keys to defend my hat, for they know I could not constantly be in the island and elected me on that understanding. Nor shall I write to them on the subject." Which shows that the great man is at least assured that he is "solid" with his constituents.

He is going to Egypt to recuperate. He expects to travel as far south as Khartoum and as far east as the Dead Sea and will probably not return until the end of April. He is very much run down and besides is suffering from insomnia. His literary work takes a lot out of him. Few authors find the labor of composition so arduous. His nerves go all to pieces when he writes a book. At its conclusion he frequently betrays himself to a private establishment in Cardiff conducted by a famous specialist, to undergo repairs.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THREE IMPLEMENT HUSTLERS. A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

This old photograph of three Salt Lakers, George T. Odell, B. F. Grant, and J. F. Grant (reading from left to right), shows those well known citizens as they looked in the days of Grant-Odell & Company, the firm from which sprang the big Consolidated Wagon & Machine company of today. The somewhat jaunty air with which the head gear of the gentlemen is worn, and the rocky nature of the surrounding objects, faintly suggest a more or less sportive tour to an adjacent mining camp, but the fact is that the rocks in question were only properties in the studio of a photographer in Omaha, who caught the gentlemen on one of their business tours to the east. The hats, it is hardly necessary to say, were carefully returned to their resting places in the travelers' trunks, on the crossing of the Missouri river, western bound.

For Lame Back

Lumbago, Strain, or any Back Weakness, don't use sticky plasters. Try

Sloan's Liniment

It's very penetrating. Needs hardly any rubbing, and gives instant relief. Keep a bottle in your travelling bag for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sprains, Insect Bites, Cuts, Burns, Cold or La Grippe.

Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.



That Out of Sort Feeling

Comes more from improper food than anything else. Feed your family

HUSLER'S FLOUR

Every Day.

COMFORT AND APPEARANCE

Discomfort and distress is often caused by improperly adjusted eye glasses. The appearance is often injured by the "wet" of the frame. We properly adjust all our glasses. J. H. KNICKERBOCKER, O. D., Practical Optician. 143 Main St.

It's a Fact

Indisputable. That nearly every ailment of the human system is caused either directly or indirectly through some disorder of the bowels.

The cause removed and you feel better all over, and at once. THE BEST REMEDY for Constipation we know is A. D. S. Fruit Lax. EAT ONE. No other recommendation is necessary.

GODBE-PITTS DRUG CO.

There isn't any kind of a

PRACTICAL ALCOHOL LAMP

that we do not carry. Collapsible lamps, to curl the hair while traveling; lamps that are not collapsible to serve the same purpose at home; lamps for light house-keeping; instantaneous heaters for emergencies. In many prices and styles, to be found of course at Schramm's, the great prescription drug store.

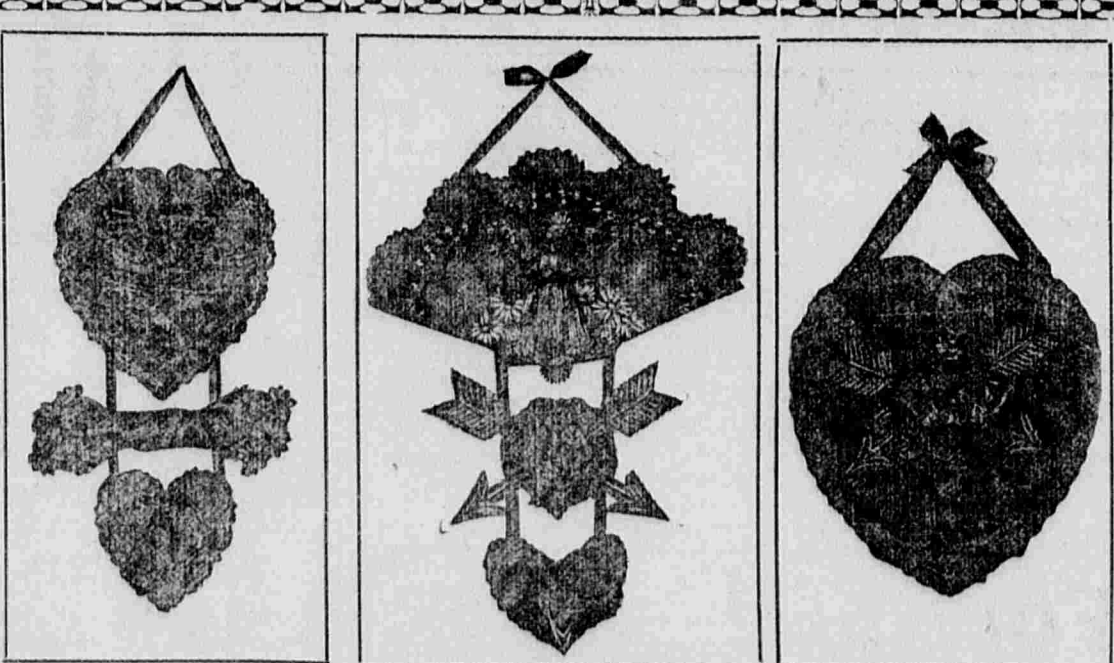
SCHRAMM'S

The Great Prescription Drug Store.

Pineules

For Backache, Rheumatism and the Kidneys and Bladder

Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-4 Main



VALENTINES

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Lace, Drops, Cards, Fine Novelties
Celluloid, Comics, and
Valentine Postal Cards

LARGEST STOCK and GREAT-EST VARIETY in the MARKET

Call and See Samples and Get Prices.

Deseret News Book Store

Leading Book Concern

6 Main St.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS



If you want an absolutely pure medicine, get a bottle of the Bitters. We guarantee it so. It will cure and prevent Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds and Malaria Fever.

WALL PAPER.

Midgley-Bedel Co., 33 E. 1st St.