



## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

## OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Is two wuz boys when we fell out,  
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;  
Don't recollect what twuz about,  
Some small difference, I'll allow.  
Lived nex' neighbors two years,  
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,  
He havin' his opinyon uv me—  
'Nd I havin' my opinyon uv him!

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,  
Courtin' sisters, 'nd marrin' 'em, too,  
Tended same meetin'-house once a week,  
A-hatin' each other, through and through!  
But when Abe Linker asked the West  
If soldiers, we answered, me and Jim,  
He havin' his opinyon uv me,  
'Nd I havin' my opinyon uv him!

Put down in Tennessee one night  
There wuz sound uv firin' 'em away,  
'Nd the sergeant allowed there be a fight  
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;  
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie and home,  
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim;  
He havin' his opinyon uv me,  
'Nd I havin' my opinyon uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be  
Serious trouble 'f me and him;  
'Nd I havin' my opinyon uv him!

Is two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,  
But never a word from me or Jim!  
He went his way 'nd I went me,  
'Nd into the battle roar went we,  
I havin' my opinyon uv Jim,  
'Nd he havin' his opinyon uv me,  
Jim never came back from the war again,

But I hain't forgot that last, last night,  
When waitin' f' orders, u' two men  
Made up 'nd shuck hands afore the fight;  
Made up 'nd shuck hands afore the fight;  
That here I am, 'nd you're here,  
He havin' his opinyon uv me,  
'Nd I havin' my opinyon uv him!

James Whitcomb Riley

## THE QUATRAIN.

Four lines with but a single thought,  
Or maybe without any;  
Two rhymes that render one distraught—  
A poem for a penny.

—W. W. W. in The Reader Magazine.

## NOTES.

Myra Kelly, whose stories of child life in the public schools of New York beyond the Bowery, in McClure's, have been a source of interest to a wide and growing circle of readers, is about to leave on an extended trip through our own southwest, Mexico and California. Miss Kelly does not make the trip purely in search of literary material, but some literary returns are not improbable, nevertheless. In the meantime a number of her stories have been collected for publication in book form.

Anthony Hope has returned to his first love, pure romance. He is again writing in the Zenda vein, which will always be popularly considered his best. In the March McClure's he serializes this return by a romantic love story constructed along the line of his former successes.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell is adding to her reputation as a writer that of an after-dinner speaker. At the banquet of the Chicago Society of New York, on Lincoln's birthday she was invited to speak extemporaneously upon the joint exegesis of the newspaper men present, and according to reports, made the hit of the evening. Miss Tarbell's years of study of the life of Lincoln enable her to speak with authority on that subject.

McClure-Phillips recently stated that about fifty sets a day were being sold of Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" in the four volume edition and that over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the books have been sold since its publication. This is proof enough of the vitality and commercial value of a good book on a good subject.

There is some reward in novel writing and that there is some truth in popular claims to great editions of popular novels issued by them is indicated by the fact that the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, the author of "Baruch of the Guard," who recently died, amounted to more than two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The royalties from "Baruch of the Guard," which has sold among the best selling books in the United States, contributed no small amount to this total.

A notable feature of the present publishing season is the sudden increased demand for books on subjects connected with the Pacific Ocean and the countries of Japan and Russia. Practically all books on Japan and Russia and the Pacific ocean published in recent years have sprung into renewed popularity. The call for "Colquhoun's 'The Mastery of the Pacific'" exhausted the edition on hand and necessitated a new one; the same is true of Mr. Wm. Gerrard's "Russia." Mrs. Fraser's "Letters from Japan" is to appear in a welcome new edition in one volume. The last named charming and intimate picture of Japan, long in the island empire. The lower price than the two-volume edition, which has had an extensive sale, will contain all of the large number of beautiful illustrations which were in the original edition. Another company which has been revived by recent events in the east is "Radio Hearn's 'Kotto.'" This includes a translation of a very remarkable diary kept by a Japanese woman of the lower classes during several years,

which gives a unique intimate picture of the inner life and thoughts of Japanese women. Other volumes of special interest just now include: "Japan: A Record in Color," by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes; Mr. Francis H. March's "Expansion of Russia," which is a historical study of Russian growth since 1815, especially in Manchuria; Mr. Walter Del Mar's bright and entertaining book of travel, "Around the World Through Japan"; and Mrs. Wirt Gerrard's "The Story of Moscow."

In the bookman there is a tabulation of the best-selling books in the country for the year 1903. During the twelve months there appeared in the records as best-sellers a total of thirty-two titles. The largest number of volumes issued by a single firm was five published by the Bobbs-Merrill company. Charles Scribner's Sons and the Macmillan company were tied for second place with four each. The five Bobbs-Merrill books claiming this distinction are: "Under the Rose," "The Grey Clouds," "The Main Chance," "The Fillgree Ball," "Arcturion."

The late Henry Seton Merriman, author of "Baruch of the Guard," though not much of a social lion abroad, was a splendid host at home. At one time he lived in the country at the top of a very steep hill and extended the following racy welcome to his visitors: "Every man who comes up my hill is rewarded at the top with a bottle of champagne." It is a difficult hill, and every man who accomplished the feat got his bottle, and also a great many other men who tried, failed, and acquired nothing but a great thirst.

According to "Who's Who," Mr. Eden Phillips was born at Mount Abbot, India, in 1862, the eldest son of an army officer. He was educated at Plymouth, England, and then in an insurance office in London from 1880-90. On coming to London first he studied for the stage, but abandoned his project on finding that his ability did not justify his expense. "Some Everyday Folks," 1893, his first book, was followed the next year by "Down Dartmoor Way," by which he first came to public notice; and two years later by "Lying Prophets," and in 1898 by "Children of the Mist." "My Devon Year," a volume of nature studies of the country which Mr. Phillips has made peculiarly his own, was welcomed last fall; and his "The American Prisoner" has been received in a way which shows that the author's reputation as a novelist is established. His recreations are trout fishing, gardening and bicycling.

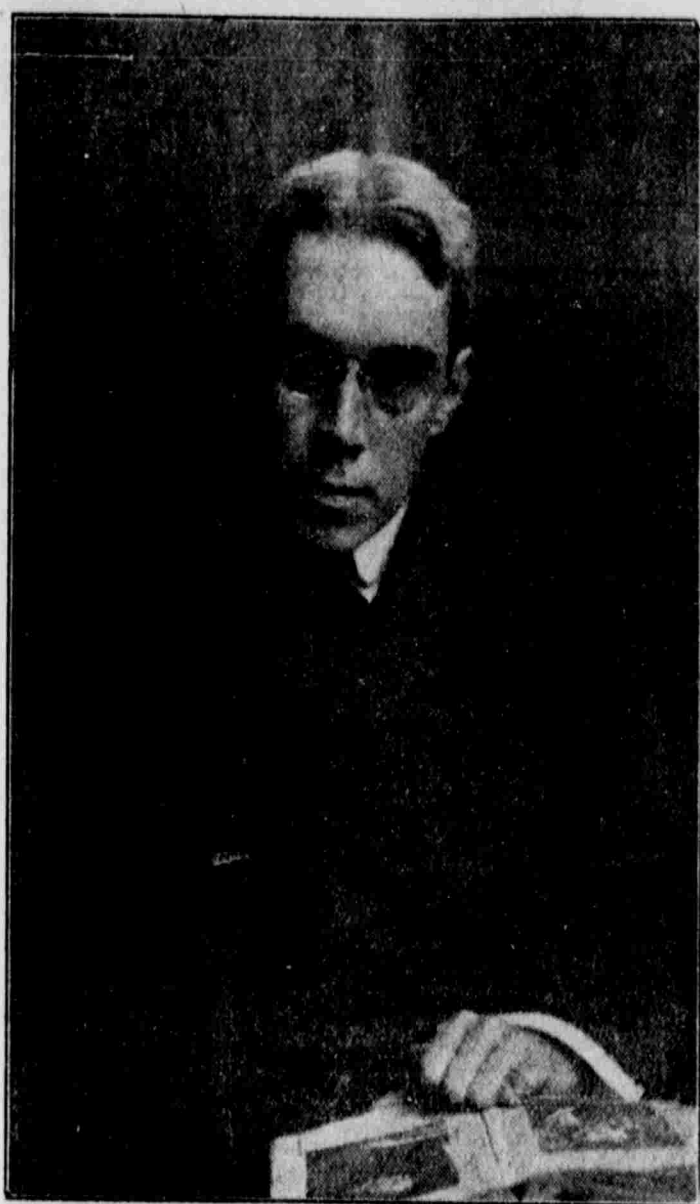
Myra Kelly, the clever portrayner of child life in New York's public schools beyond the Bowery, is practical. Literary fame and public attention have not diverted her from the paths of sanity into the "higher walks" of speculation. Her suggestion of mastery whither so many literary women have wandered. Such a disciple of oriental mysticism met Miss Kelly recently and after considerable cross-questioning, confessed that he had the purpose of her soul, inquired anxiously: "My child, what is the color of your soul?"

"I am sure I don't know," promptly replied Miss Kelly, "unless, being Irish, it is green."

"Green, green," exclaimed the questioner, "mine is royal purple. Our colors can never harmonize. I must leave you. Farewell," and she floated away into the purple shadows of a darkened room beyond.

That the literary side of journalism is improving is shown by the care that the literary editors of papers now exercise in the selection of reviewers for important books. A big New York weekly recently wrote to McClure-Phillips in connection with their volume "Religion of Authority," by Auguste Sabatier in substance as follows: We are tremendously impressed with the book and are glad of the copy you sent us. We are trying our best to get someone who is capable of giving it the kind of a review which its importance demands, a thing which we have not found easy.

No one would imagine that Henry Harland, author of "My Friend Prospero," whose literary style is so bright, rippling and spontaneous, would consider Henry James' work the most admirable kind. The fact is, however, that Mr. Harland worships at James' shrine and thinks that everything that comes from the James pen is perfect. His admiration for James, the man, is quite as strong as his admiration for James the author, and when Harland is in England the two are the greatest joy of his life.



HENRY HARLAND.

"My Friend Prospero" is the title of Henry Harland's new book that McClure, Phillips & Company are publishing. To those who know the author's previous successes, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "The Lady Paramount," this new novel will need no recommendation. Mr. Harland is one of the rare writers who work their particular literary vein for richer gold at each new venture. "My Friend Prospero" is a sparkling, dainty Italian romance, with an unclouded love story and a dialogue that ripples with laughter. Before bringing out "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," Mr. Harland wrote under an assumed name—many of his articles appearing in the Yellow Book over the name "Sidney Luska." Mr. Harland is a cosmopolitan of the cosmopolitans, as his books indicate. He went so far in this particular line as to be born in Russia, and he spends now quite as much time in Italy and in England as he does with his family, who live at Norwich, Conn., on land which was bought from the Indians 300 years ago. Mr. Harland is fond of America, especially of Norwich, which he calls the "rose of the world," but finds Italy and England more congenial for work. He is rather averse to being written about, and when asked a short time ago concerning his life returned for answer: "I was born in 1911 and thank God am still alive."

In these days of annual "Who's Who" it is strange that there should be any doubt about the facts of an author's history. But it has been recently circulated as information that Joseph Conrad, the author of "Falk" and "Youth" (McClure-Phillips) began life as a newsboy in Paris. This is not so. He was born in Poland, educated at a Polish university, and was for some years an officer in the French navy, later entering the British marine service, where he picked up his knowledge of English.

Hundreds of beautiful old steel engravings of birthplaces of famous authors and of scenes from their books have been reproduced in the four volumes of the new "Illustrated History of English Literature," by Dr. Richard Barnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse; and each of the more prominent authors is presented in a really fine photograph reproducing the best portrait. The account of Sir Walter Scott, for instance, is accompanied by many portraits and also by just the scenes from Abbotsford which visitors to Scotland will remember with pleasure.

Major Martin Hume, the author of "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots," left Wemyss Castle the other day, bearing away in his bag a manuscript that Scotland has been longing to get a sight of for many years. It is the diary of David Menzies, Lord Elcho, who went out with Prince Charles, the young Pretender, in the rising of 1745. Lord Elcho was then 28 years of age, son of the fourth Earl of Wemyss, and from his youth had been an ardent Jacobite. He was opposed to the rising of '45, but nevertheless raised a troop of life guards which he commanded until the overwhelming defeat of Culloden, and when the young prince was compelled to fly to the continent, Lord Elcho went as his companion. During the long foreign exile that followed, a careful diary was kept, and in its pages, written in ink and on the last of the Stuart pretenders had his base and vain character laid bare. It was a triumph for Major Hume as a historian when he was able to persuade the owners of Wemyss Castle to allow him the use of papers and documents hitherto refused to many distinguished applicants.

A strange literary coincidence turns up in connection with Mary Findlay's book, "The Roses of Joy." The title of the book is taken from a little known volume, but little seen even in English libraries. Notwithstanding its rarity the little poem appears in another novel of the year, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in

## WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The March number of the Reader Magazine has the honor to contain the management and from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill company.

To issue the February number from New York, and the March number from Indianapolis means more than appears on the surface. Under the most favorable conditions the difficulties to be overcome in the transplanting of such a property must have been tremendous. Every department of the magazine was reorganized, complete and unusual arrangements for distribution were effected, additional type setting, printing and engraving facilities were added, and hundreds of details adjusted that could not even be considered until the February number was off the press in New York. And yet the Reader Magazine appears on time; its cover adorned by a newly-designed title letter, its table of contents long and appetizing, its pages clearly and beautifully printed, its advertisements increased, and its own announcements for the future enterprising and encouraging. The whole

## THIN FOLKS

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## SETS OUT TO KILL

MRS. ETZ ATTACKED TWICE AND LEFT IN A PITIABLE STATE.

Saved From Fatal Results of Second Encounter with Grip by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Not content with smiting down its victims once, the grip often repeats the attack, and is followed by such distressing after-effects that many sufferers succumb through exhaustion and sheer discouragement. It is just here that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved such a help to thousands of despondent people.

"I suffered from two attacks of the grip," says Mrs. Mary M. Etz, of No. 309 West Clinton street, Elmira, N. Y., "and the second attack was followed by terrible after-effects. I suffered for nearly a year and during a great part of that time my symptoms were constantly increasing in severity, although I was under the care of a doctor and a nurse."

"There was an incessant ringing noise in my ears which was distracting to an extent that I cannot describe. I had very weak heart action and I believe that my kidneys became affected. There were terrible pains in my back and limbs and my feet and ankles were swollen. I had night sweats and sometimes a cold numbness would come over my limbs."

"My trouble was complicated with sciatic rheumatism and at times I could not raise my foot two inches from the floor. The rheumatism grew gradually worse as my system was weakened by the poison the grip had left in my body. About this time a friend of mine who lives in Cortland recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did so and had taken but one box before I was relieved. In all I took six boxes and was cured. One remarkable thing I noticed about the pills was that they began to give me strength almost as soon as I began the treatment. I shall be glad to have you publish my statement, and I hope the pills will be as much of a blessing to others as they were to me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so promptly helpful in oblate cases where other remedies have failed, they act directly on the blood, expelling all poisons and supplying the elements upon which the entire system depends for its strength. They also repair shattered nerves and minister helpfulness to overcome the depressing effects of disease like the grip. They are sold at all druggists throughout the world. Fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and a half.

educational pioneer called to Japan to organize schools there on the American system and is an eminent authority on his subject.

## CLAY CLEMENT AS A POET.

The many people in Salt Lake who admire Clay Clement in his distinctive vocation as actor and playwright will be interested to read the following lines from his pen and know that he at times practices poetry as an art as well as dramatic expression. The poem appeared in the February number of "The Current Issue," a monthly published in Austin, Tex., a marked copy of which was sent by the actor to Mr. C. S. Burton of this city, between whom and Mr. Clement exists a warm personal friendship.

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



WALTER J. LEWIS AND HUGH WATSON.

How They Looked Just Thirty Years Ago.

That 36 years work a mighty change in the looks of men is apparent when an album of the seventies is picked up and the eyes fall on a leaf of a photograph like the one from which the above cut is made. When the young men, whose features are here depicted, walked into the Savage & Ottinger Art Gallery to "look pleasant" they were 20 years old, and had a short time before served their apprenticeship in the printing establishment of the Deseret News, and were then receiving journeymen's pay. Walter J. Lewis, with his wealth of curly black hair, will be recognized upon the left, but it is doubtful if his companion would be set down as Hugh Watson, who now tips the scales at nearer 300 than 200 pounds. Nevertheless Hugh is the younger on the right. Even then he was of large frame, but it was not suspected that some day he would become one of the heaviest of Salt Lake heavyweights. For a generation he has been putting on flesh and has not yet stopped, and what is more, he doesn't know when the home station will be reached. In the meantime he is helping the matter along as a giant drayman, while Mr. Lewis is the manager of the Deseret News book store, having risen to that position by sticking to the business early and late, in season and out.

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## MAN'S MOTIVE.

(Written for the Current Issue.)  
Oh, mystery-wrapped and fire-clad

dames of Heaven, with broods of worlds!  
A seaman, tired, I lean on my world's edge and scan the blue,  
In which you whirl and swing majestically, serenely true.  
While constantly you keep your course upon that trackless sea—  
Are not you, like me, lured on to traverse your long way?  
By that same central star that makes my course—the Star of Hope?  
—Clay Clement.

## OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's hold on the public good will has been so constant and his treatment at the hands of critics so kindly ever since he created Sherlock Holmes that it must be rather a disconcerting experience for the author to see himself roundly abused and his opinions ridiculed as he has had several times of late. But when the "crackling" "Doctor" Doyle decided to run for parliament as a Conservative, he hardly could have expected that even his admiration for his writings would prevent laborers from doing their best to bring about his defeat either by discounting the soundness of his judgment in matters political or attempting to deprive the accuracy of his statements. As a matter of fact, Sir Arthur is at present being taken to task for his views as severely as if he were just an ordinary candidate, and not a distinguished author, an acknowledged past-master of the art of fiction, and a singularly amusing way.

Dan, Beard, famous as an illustrator and as the author of a book entitled "Moonlight and Six Feet of Romance," announced for publication the latter part of February, by Albert Brandt, publisher, Trenton, N. J. It is said to be a brilliant, analytical and intensely interesting story illustrative of a great strike in the Pennsylvania coal regions. In the telling of which is brought out not only the dramatic side of the world upon the anthracite regions last year, but the problem of human rights and the wrongs of the present system. Louis F. Post, editor of the Chicago "Public," furnishes a thoughtful introductory study. Illustrated with pictures by the author.

The author, however, "came back" promptly in a letter written at the Alhambra club, Pall Mall, in which he declared that he believed more money had been deposited at Hawick for the simple reason that the people saw hard times ahead of them. But this is not considered especially convincing. Moreover, Sir Arthur was inattentive enough, in the same letter and apropos of the present tariff discussion, to touch upon the state of the wool trade in the country of which Hawick is one of the centers. He remarked that Great Britain's export of woolsens outside the empire was only about \$3,000,000. This statement has been attacked as vague by a well known ex-member of parliament who quotes the board of trade returns to show that instead of \$3,000,000 worth of woolsens going outside the empire, only about half that amount is sent to the empire, while nearly \$100,000,000 worth actually is going to foreign countries! Dr. Doyle's critic says, "This is surely a very serious misstatement on the part of a public man."

Another declaration of the knight's on the subject of imports recently has been compared somewhat to its disadvantage with official figures, and the tart comment added: "This method simply shows ignorance."

When Mrs. "John Oliver Hobbes" Craigie is at home in the Isle of Wight,

When thousands of guineas are eagerly tossed  
For a copyist's copy of "Paradise Lost,"  
We guesses should, when we typewrite  
our wares,  
Slip a carbon sheet in for humanity's  
help.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, one of the new writers recently added to the staff of McClure's, contributes to the March magazine an article giving the hitherto unpublished facts in the case of Caleb Fowara, the young Kentuckian under conviction for the murder of Governor William Goebel. Mr. Adams spent some time in Kentucky collecting his material and found the pursuit of truth in the case almost as exciting as that of the criminal.

"Grandfather Mumbelo's Stump" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion and there are two other interesting short tales and some entertaining matter in the departments, while the "social article" is a timely one on Japan by the Rev. William Griffith, D. D., L. L. D., entitled "Japan Since 1864," and dealing with the events and conditions which have led up to the present war with Russia. Dr. Griffith was the first

who, however, has no "charge" at present, being occupied entirely in writing novels that sell like the proverbial hot cakes. This revered gentleman may, perhaps, be described as the most "popular" author in this country. His romances—in which religion plays rather a prominent part—are not literature, and a leading West End book seller announced the other day that he never had been asked for one of them, yet it is stated that Mr. Hocking's outpourings sell steadily at the rate of 1,000 copies a day, and a year or two ago his publishers announced that 1,031,185 copies of his works had been disposed of.

Although at home, public men generally talk readily enough for publication in this country it is a rare thing for a real authority on any subject to consent to an interview unless a fee is forthcoming. The practise is called to mind by the fact that Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who is professor of music at Cambridge university, recently told a newspaper man who wanted him to "talk" that his fee was 200 guineas, or £1,000. W. G. Grace, the cricketer, demands \$500 for an interview; and rates set by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, are nearly as high. Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., feels that his spoken opinions are worth from \$50 to \$100.

From St. Maritz comes word that Hall Caine, who fled to the Riviera recently to recover from nervous breakdown, is decidedly better. The novelist, however, is not yet up to doing any literary work, and the appearance of his new novel, "The Prodigal Son," is likely to be delayed for quite a while.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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## "PRINTER'S INK"

The National Authority on Newspapers, says in its issue of August 19th: "The Semi-Weekly Deseret News has a higher circulation rating than is accorded to any other paper in Salt Lake City or in the State of Utah."

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