



LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

"Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones.
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thank be to them for countless gems
We never had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

NOTES.

Mary E. Wilkins says that two tributes have much, if not most, pleased her during her career of successful authorship. One was a generous letter of congratulation which she received from another author after winning a prize in a contest in the particular files of the latter, and one in which she had been a competitor. The other tribute is an echo of the Spanish war. A distinguished prisoner confined in Montjuic found in an old illustration from Jerome, with which he had decorated his cell, his chief consolation during his confinement.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers's recent novel, "The Conspirators," which many of the critics have found fault with on account of the author's daring introduction of two less persons than the Kaiser and Queen Wilhelmina, is, despite criticism, meeting with a notable success.

Although published scarcely five weeks ago, it has already gone through five editions, and it seems probable that it will prove the most popular of the author's many successful books.

Miss Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Potage," has throughout her literary career carefully avoided all newspaper publicity, and only in answer to inquiry has she consented to reply to the charges of a number of English papers, that in her portrayal of the Rev. Mr. Gresley she has made an unjustifiable libelous attack on the high church clergy.

Writing to Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, Miss Cholmondeley says: "I have attempted, after years of patient observation, not to describe a type, not to wound a party in the church among whom I count some of my best friends, but to create a character as individual as I hope Captain Pratt is individual, yet no captain in the guards, as far as I am aware, thinks that I am attacking the army, or even their department of it, when I describe Captain Pratt, who is a worse man than Mr. Gresley. The whole policy of Mr. Gresley's character appears to me to be misused if he is regarded as an accusation of a class or as anything except what he is, namely, a man with a closed mind."

On the whole, Miss Cholmondeley's point is well taken, and if the criticisms of the American press may be taken as evidence, the character of the Rev. Mr. Gresley has been better understood and more keenly appreciated in this country than on the other side—which, after all, is not unnatural.

F. A. Stokes is busy just now with making ready John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) sequel to "A School for Saints," which is to be called "Robert of Orange." Three years ago Mrs. Craigie brought her "School for Saints" to a close with the words: "The story of Orange's married life, of his literary and political life in 1870-1880, of his friendship with Disraeli, and of his career in the church, will be told in a subsequent volume," and the present work is the fulfillment of that promise.

W. D. Howells has the following to say of Jane Austen:

It remained for the greatest of the gifted women, who beyond any or all other novelists have fixed the character and behavior of Anglo-Saxon fiction, to assemble in her delightful talent all that was best in that of her sisters. Jane Austen was indeed so great an artist, that we are still only beginning to realize how fine she was; to perceive, after a hundred years, that in the form of the imagined fact, in the expression of personality, in the conduct of the narrative, and the subordination of incident to character, she is still unapproached. In the English branch of Anglo-Saxon fiction, in American fiction Hawthorne is to be named with her for perfection of form; the best American novels are built upon more symmetrical lines than the best English novels, and have unconsciously shaped themselves upon the ideal which she instinctively and instantly realized. Of course it was not merely in external details that Jane Austen so promptly achieved her supremacy. The wonder of any beautiful thing is that it is beautiful in so many ways; and her fiction is as admirable for its lovely humor, its delicate satire, its good sense, its kindness, its truth to nature, as for its form. There is nothing hurried or

huddled in it, nothing confused or obscure, nothing excessive or inordinate. The marvel of it is none the less because it is evident that she wrote from familiar acquaintance with the fiction that had gone before her.

The tendency toward athleticism among writers is forcibly illustrated by the fact that the Wellesley College book store recently placed an order with the publishers for some five copies of Mr. Robert H. Greene's admirable little volume, entitled "Healthy Exercise." For women or men no better treatise on this subject has been published. The author's purpose is to help the reader to keep in a really healthy condition, and his system is so thoroughly practical in its simplicity that it is pleasant to see that it is meeting with such general adoption.

Harper & Brothers are following up their subscription edition of Motley's works with a library edition, and an edition of the entire works of Oliver Goldsmith, including "Forster's Life." The edition de luxe will be known as the "Wellsford edition," and will be in twelve volumes, each to have ten photographs and an illuminated titlepage on Imperial Japan paper. The text is that of the Cunningham edition. The introduction is written by Austin

rationalizes the death of our Lord." This last sentence is illustrative of a very important element in Professor Gould's treatment, namely, the tracing of the gradual rise of theology through the New Testament literature. In his treatment Professor Gould traverses some traditional beliefs, in a way that is likely to arouse some discussion.

The MacMillan Company have in press a new work by Professor Nash, author of "The Genesis of the Social Conscience," upon the History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament. This new work as published by Professor Nash is one of the New Testament Handbook Series, and promises to be of exceptional interest. Professor Nash has given something more than a mere statement of the various schools of criticism, and has produced what is in fact a sort of philosophy of the critical movement from the earliest times. Practically it is the first book to be written on the general subject in English.

The recent failures in the publishing world lead the New York Evening Post to draw the following moral: "However great the success of single ventures, the stability of a publishing house depends not upon unexpected single successes, but upon the generous and uniform good judgment shown in the selection of its whole list, and upon the conservative and continuous development of all good books on it. For there is such a thing as the 'unfashionable development' of a book. In this art, indeed, lies one of the secrets of success—the art of keeping a good book alive in the public mind as long as the public mind is receptive. Unfashionable and unusual successes probably do even more to demoralize a publisher than they do to demoralize an author or the public. In fact, the public, if it suffer at all, suffers least in the confusion of values that such successes necessarily bring. Hardly one of the books that have had phenomenal sales in recent years has been a bad book. Some are in fact, and most are of little permanent literary value, but they have not degraded, even if they have not elevated, the public taste. They have had, however, a very strong tendency to introduce into publishing methods and into the aims of writers the extravagant expectations that all games of chance encourage. Unfortunate from every point of view is the failure of such houses as there is no warrant for the conclusion that it indicates a falling away in the public appreciation of literature, or that publishing enterprises, when wisely and conservatively managed, are more hazardous than they formerly were. They are, no doubt, somewhat less profitable, as most forms of business activity are, for the percentage of profit has shrunk. But the market for good books is larger than it ever was. The share of the profits that now goes to authors is larger, and the share that goes to the publishers is smaller, than used to be the case; but it has hardly yet come to pass that the downfall of publishers can be laid at the door of authors' greed."

"Among the many parts," says the new London paper, the Daily Express, "which Rudyard Kipling has played during his eventful career it is not generally known that once at least he successfully figured as a pressman. It happened thus: On board the empress liner on which he chanced to be crossing the Pacific a quartermaster died, leaving a widow and large family. The following evening there appeared on the notice board, half way down the 'entertainment program,' this brief intimation: '3 p. m.—Sermon by a Layman.' The sermon was crowded with curious folk at the appointed time, and Mr. Kipling, from the front of an improvised platform, proceeded to preach a beguiling sermon of some fifteen minutes' length. The appeal was addressed

LURING TOLSTOI WESTWARD.



William D. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, hopes soon to have Count Lyof Tolstoi, the eminent Russian author, humanitarian and reformer, as his guest. President Harper has just returned from a visit to the count's home in Russia, where he spent a delightful time. He is the most prominent exponent in his country of the Tolstoi cult.

Dobson. The frontispieces are by Howard Pyle, Alfred Fredericks and A. J. Keller. They have also under way a new edition of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," with thirty-two full-page illustrations and a photograph of the author. The subscription department, by the way, since November last, has been in charge of Mr. Francis A. Winslow, known in Boston through his former connection with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In his book, "The Biblical Theology of the New Testament," which is shortly to be published by the MacMillan Company in the New Testament Handbook Series, Professor E. P. Gould has the following discussion, which will be of interest to the general public: "Why is faith the principle of righteousness? The answer to this is obvious to any one who is conversant with the Apostle's thought. At least, the most obvious answer is that faith justifies because it connects the man with Christ. Our Lord is himself the vital principle of the new life, and this is what brings the source and the recipient of the life together, as roots bring the plant and the soil together. Anything in either God or Christ which is restoring and life-giving in its effect may become the object of faith and the restorer of life, but as a general thing, just as it is Christ who is the usual object of faith, so it is the death of Christ rather than the other aspects of his life; and so we have here the first attempt to

to his hearers' sense of justice rather than to their charitable impulses, a foreshadowing of the later homily whose refrain is 'Pass the hat for your credit's sake.' The result was gratifying. From a congregation numbering fewer than 200 the sum of £70 odd was raised—a practical proof of eloquence that many professional pulpiter orators might sigh for in vain."

BOOKS.

Allies Visit to the Hawaiian Islands, by Mary H. Kront, is another new and excellent publication recently issued by the American Book Company.

Since the Hawaiian Islands have now become a part of the United States it is important that the children of our schools should learn something of the geography of these islands and of the people who inhabit them. The history of these islands, though restricted as to the scope of action, has been as stirring and dramatic as our own. This book describes the imaginary journey of a little girl who starts with her parents from Chicago and after traveling to San Francisco at last reaches Hawaii. Here she remains for three months and when the time comes for her to leave she has acquired a knowledge of these tropical islands which is interesting and instructive and can never be forgotten. A vivid picture is given of the strange objects she sees, of the peculiar manners and customs of the people, and of the beautiful and luxuriant flowers and foliage. Everything is noted as it ac-

tually appears, and as it would be seen by one going for the first time to this unusual and picturesque country. There is also included in the book a list of Hawaiian names and terms with their pronunciation.

We have in the "Bath Comedy" by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," one of these light books which once begun it is impossible not to read through, but which it is so difficult to write about, partly because they do not fully determine for their readers the kind of writing their authors intended to represent, or to put it differently, are not quite their own excuse for being, and partly because we seldom remember them long enough to form any definite and decided opinion about them. To seriously criticize trifles which merely amuse us would be as absurd as to measure the merits of pantomimes by dramatic laws.

"The Bath Comedy" is not so much a comedy as its title would lead one to expect as a laugh at the very idea of comedy itself, a farcical mockery of comedy in the sense that Sheridan's "Critic" is a farcical mockery of tragedy. The writers of this little have peopled their imaginary stage with some half a dozen old stock characters—a young wife, who fancies that her husband has ceased to love her—a desolation in which she is encouraged by the desertion of his female friends, an intriguing widow, who assures her that the way to reclaim her husband is to make him jealous of her, the husband, who wags himself into lechery; two or three male friends whom he suspects, in turn, of being in league with her, and his own discomfiture; preparations for duels which do not occur; an abduction and a rescue, and so on, and so on; bustling movement, light chatter, but nothing that bears the semblance of reality, the action and actors playing upon each other, the whole being an intricate game of artificial make-believe, which deceives nobody, not even the clever creators of these people, who much have stuck their tongues in their cheeks and winked at each other, while they allowed themselves to manufacture them.

Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, "The Worshipper of the Image," gets this warm welcome from the Sunday Review: "Rarely indeed do we meet with a work of so striking a distinctive quality as this, a curious pretentious cheapness. The writer fondly sub-entitles it, 'A Tragic Fairy Tale.' It is not tragic, and it is not a fairy tale; it is merely a cheap story of a cheap person who does cheap things to an accompaniment of cheap blather, and it is told in that cheap, life language the pretensions of which is even more irritating than the slovenliness of the hasty hack. This is the kind of story stuff that the beetle in his hand a long while, loving it. Then he said to himself, with a smile in which was the delight of a success: 'A vast shallow beetle with deer's horns.' The phrase delighted him. He set the insect down on the path, tenderly. He had carved it in seven words. We believe that the 'cult' of the beetle, and the suburban woman, for whom this sorry stuff is written, calls it 'poetic fancy.'"

Literary London is still torn to pieces over the Le Gallienne-Kipling discussion, Owen Seaman in the Londoner is taking up the cudgels for the Kipling defense.

"A Master of Craft" by W. W. Jacobs, author of "Many Carriages" and "The Skipper's Wooing," is a story not exactly of sea life, but of seafaring people. The scene of the most part is laid about the wharves at Woolwich. The principal character is one Captain Flower, who runs a small coasting schooner, and who has the unconventional habit of engaging himself to every young—or old woman, for that matter—with whom he becomes acquainted. This habit brings him into no end of trouble, and his life is a constant peril. He is spent in dodging the various widows and spinsters who have claims upon him. Some of his experiences are very funny, and the book altogether is a most entertaining one.

In the entire range of Kipling's prose works there is nothing so fascinating, with the one exception of "The Brushwood Boy," as his Jungle stories. Both old and young find an enthralling interest in the tales of the boy Mowgli tricked and reared by the wolves and brought up as one among the wild tribes of the forest. To read the folklore of the untamed denizens of forest lairs as imaged by the wonderful master-termer of the author is in itself an enthralling enough, but with all this to have a human being as hero of the enthralling romance, mingling with the wild breeds, talking their talk, living their lives, taking part in their loves and hates and hunts and chases, as if bred of their very fibre is to invest the tales with unspeakable charm. This is done in Kipling's "The Jungle Book" with the admirable style of the author that leaves nothing to be imagined or desired. George Q. Cannon Sons, who are becoming noted for the choice line of publications carried at their place of business, have the books on sale, and parents could add no choicer piece of literature to their children's libraries than this veritable classic.

A book written ostensibly for children, but interesting alike to both old and young is Elizabeth Smart's tale written for the purpose of showing up the cruelty of vivisection. The chief figure in the book is a pet dog of surpassing beauty and breeding belonging to a little invalid girl whose secluded life makes her dependent upon the chance associations introduced into her life for the sum total of happiness known to it. The story of the cruel trial which deprives her of her almost idealized pet with the serious results that bring her almost to death's door, together with the unknown fortunes of "Loveliness," which terminate in a vivisection room at medical college with the fortuitous rescue of the intelligent and high bred little beauty from the knife, is most pathetically and thrillingly told, and must inevitably find a host of sympathetic readers.—George Q. Cannon Sons.

MAGAZINES.

The Juvenile Instructor for June 15th opens with a sketch of the life of Apostle George Teasdale as one of the "Lives of our Leaders" series. "Tom Redford's Luck" is the title of an interesting boy's story by Alice Blake; "Ask and Ye Shall Receive" is a true narrative of the reward of faith in the response that was made to a boy's prayer; "Marcus King, Mormon," is continued, and other choice prose articles with the usual good poetry and interesting departments make up the number.

The New Lipincott for July is announced as "A Summer Story Number," and this descriptive title fully characterizes it. Besides the charming complete novel, "An Anti-Climax," by Ellen Olney Kirk, there are five diverting and lively short stories in keeping with the season of outdoor life and idle occupations.

A vote for the leading half-dozen of American novelists would certainly give the fairly good place to the author of "Margaret Kent." She is known better by the name of her creation than by her own name; but any thoroughgoing reader can tell you it is Ellen Olney Kirk.

For a score of years this gifted lady has been shyly putting forth books to stand only a shelf below George Eliot's, and in the July New Lipincott appears the last, and perhaps best, of her recent novels.

It is called "An Anti-Climax," and relates an unflattering humorous story of the life of a widower with two daughters and several collateral re-

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.



ELIZA R. SNOW.

The Famous Mormon Poetess.

Among the names appearing in this department which may be said to be most distinctly deserving of being placed under the title of "Notable Utah Women" is that of Eliza R. Snow. One of those who made the historic journey across the plains to Utah in 1847, her life, with the exception of a year spent in travel in Europe and Palestine several years before her death, was passed in the shadows of the mountains of Utah, and devoted untiringly to all effort that went to further the moral and material welfare of the community of which she was a part. Allied, chiefly as a leader, in all the movements of a social, humane, and religious nature of the Church of which she was a devoted adherent, she was also a no uncertain power in politics of the earlier days her tongue and pen being ever active and eloquent in the cause of woman's suffrage and other affairs which concerned the interest of the community.

Her name is associated with the founding of the Relief society, an organization which during her lifetime attained a prominent place amongst the chief philanthropic societies of the world, and in 1881 she was appointed president of the Latter-day Saints Women's organizations throughout the world, the Relief society alone numbering hundreds of branches. She was prominently connected with the Retrenchment associations founded in 1869, and also with the establishment of the children's primaries, now a notable organization, and in 1882 was made president of the Deseret Hospital, to whose interests she devoted a large portion of her time and energy. No toil nor effort was too arduous to hinder her participation in any movement for the promulgation of her faith or promotion of the interests of its organizations.

At an advanced age she made trips of thousands of miles through the Territory, aiding in the establishment of branch institutions of the different women's and children's societies, many of these journeys being made by team, and over difficult roads. In 1876 she was appointed superintendent of the Woman's Store—a commission house for Utah home made goods, of which institution both officers and employees were women, and was also associated with other public enterprises.

It is as a writer, however that her name will perhaps be held in longest and warmest remembrance. There are few of her people either in Utah or elsewhere, who are not familiar with her beautiful hymn "Oh My Father," inscribed by her pen, and many other of her poems have taken a high place in the literature of her people. She is the author of two books of poems, the first published in Liverpool in 1856, and the other in Salt Lake. A well known local writer says of these efforts: "Her poems are characteristic, and embody most of our Church history. To select her best poems would make a volume. The one by which she is best known is 'Oh My Father,' and ranks in individuality and popularity as a Latter-day Saint doctrinal hymn, with 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning.' It is safe to say these two hymns have wielded an influence outside our power to estimate in conveying the spirit of the Gospel to their hearers."

Eliza R. Snow was born in Massachusetts, January 12th, 1804, and died in this city in 1887.

She is the sister of President Lorenzo Snow, present presiding official of the Church of Latter-day Saints.

lations who, in bending to their social demands, throw off the grief for one wife by secretly pining for another. The environment is that of a summer colony of swell places, and the people who move through the story are a light 13/16 of pleasure-loving society. It is a novel for idle holiday reading, but will not fade out of one's mind with the season.

"Paris and Its Fair" is the leading article in Cram's Magazine, from the pen of Spencer Townsend; it is the first of a series of illustrated articles on this subject from the pen of one who knows his Paris thoroughly and who, having been a correspondent at all the previous world fairs, beginning with the Centennial in 1876, will be able to give his readers an insight into the peculiarities and characteristics of the Paris Exposition hardly to be had elsewhere. France in general comes in for a fair share of attention in this number of this constantly improving magazine. Mr. Geo. F. Cram writes the first chapters of "Minnette: A Tale of the Crusades," illustrated, which opens promiscuously; Milton Reeve, in "The Father of His People," gives a graphic account of the assassination of Henry IV of France, Henry of Navarre; Editor Clare has a historical sketch entitled "The Battle of Rocquencourt," and N. Hudson Moore adds an illustrated description of the "Chateau de Chenonceaux" and its romantic past; these make up a series of glimpses into French life and history that are very appropriate and acceptable just at this time.

The Youth's Companion for this week is the Fourth of July number, and its handsome cover has an appropriate illustration in a picture representing a pretty summer scene—a girl in a boat on the river which is lit with reflections from brilliant rockets in the background. A spray of lilies with the red-lettering of the Companion's title completes the artistic design. The opening story, as might be guessed, is a Fourth of July tale entitled "Our Celebration at Two-One-Two" and there are four other interesting stories besides a biographical sketch of Admiral Farragut, and the regular departments.

We Want to Know

What You Know
What Everybody Else KnowsTHAT
WE
HAVE

Just unloaded, 20 Case threshing outfits.
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