

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

FOR PEACE.

In tented camps, ere the daylight hour,
Two mail-clad leaders lay,
And dreamed of glory they hoped to reap
From the battle-field that day.
They thought not on the blood they'd shed,
The ghastly heaps of manly dead,
The wives' and orphans' tears and dread,
To crown the fearful fray.

On crimson field, at the noonday hour,
The valiant cohorts met;
And the noise of battle raged loud and long
Till the smoke-dimmed sun had set.
The priceless lives of men were spent;
The hearts of thousands with grief were rent;
And the chiefs, their groans of anguish blent,
Lay prone in the night-dew's wet.

In the hospice bright, at the midnight hour,
The dead-clad friars wait;
And there the mangled men are borne
Through the moss-grown convent gate.
By both the self-same bed is pressed;
By the self-same nurse their wounds are dressed;
In new-born peace, they lie at rest,
Till time shall tell their fate.

So the erstwhile foes lie side by side,
Till shines the morning sun;
The while God sends to the victor death,
And life to the vanquished one.
And this the fruit of their gory strife;
To the victor, death; to the vanquished, life;
But never the need with glory rife,
For deeds of valor done.

But the angels of peace and ghostly death
To that lowly room have sped,
And crowned with victor's laurel wreath
The living and the dead.
Love glorifies the nurse's brow;
On the dead man's face hope resteth now;
At the shrine of peace he makes his vow
Who smiles from the hospice bed.

And gory war hath no guerdon won;
Defeat and death her fate;
While love and peace have crowned each brow,
And made the humble great.
So all may gain the victory
Through heaven-born hope and sympathy,
And honor and peace and charity,
And love, that conquers hate.

Willard Done.

NOTES

The Macmillan company will publish this month a dramatic poem entitled "The Way of Perfect Life," by George Goddard King. This poem, while dramatic in form, is described as lyrical in content—a decorative composition in the style of the Renaissance, and filled with Elizabethan in tone.

One of the most interesting events of the approaching theatrical season will doubtless be the production by London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, of the new Stephen Phillips play. It is not surprising that Mr. Phillips has been tempted by a subject that has engaged so many poets and dramatists as has the Faust legend. For some years it has been understood that he intended to produce his own version of "Faust" for the stage. The work is described for the title page as "Freely Adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem," and the name of Mr. J. Comyns Carr appears with that of Mr. Phillips as joint author.

An examination of the new work discloses a curious relationship with Goethe's "Faust." In spite of the freedom of the rendering, it is a genuine translation, and as such it promises to take high rank among the best examples of the translator's art. The body of the poem is, as might be expected, in blank verse, and there are many passages which Mr. Phillips has never surpassed for sheer technical excellence. At the same time, it is astonishing to find how faithful he has been to his original and reluctantly he has preserved its spirit. The quotation of a few lines from the familiar opening scene will indicate how simple and means employed and how complete the success:

"Alas! What boots it to have mastered now
Philosophy, medicine, even theology,
With unrelenting zeal and toil unceasing?
Lo! here I sit no wiser than before.
True! I can lead my scholars by the nose;
They hail the master, doctor, fawn on me.
But I, I know how deep is my defeat,
I only know that nothing can be known.
And urged by this insane and desert thirst,
What have I missed! All honor, rank and wealth,
Even the thrill of kisses and of wine,
The seeming, farewell! To Magic now I turn,
From Magic I may wring some secret yet.
And learn what forces bind and guide the world."

As might be expected, Mr. Phillips is nowhere happier than in the more lyrical passages.

His rendering of the King of Thule ballad, for example, has a charm such as is seldom achieved by the translator. Where he departs from Goethe's poem, it is for the sake of dramatic effect that the original does not achieve. The English poet's keen sense of what is theatrically effective, and his knowledge of the stage, are shown in these departures. Doubtless it is here, too, that one must look for evidence of the work of Mr. Carr, a dramatist of some power and a master of imposing stage effect. With the elaborate production that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is sure to give it, this may well prove to be the greatest of all versions of "Faust" for theatrical purposes; and the beauty of Mr. Phillips' verse will make it equally one of the great versions for the lover of poetry.

Next week the Macmillan company is to publish "Wroth" by Agnes and Egerton Castle, the first novel from these authors since "If Youth but Knew," nearly three years ago. "Wroth" is described as a story of the early part of the century, with the interest centered in the character of the hero—a wild, reckless fellow who is known as "Mad Wroth."

Among the early fall books are two of the kind that will appeal to those who have to provide reading matter for children. One of the best of such books will be "Red Cap Adventures" by S. R. Crockett, which will require no recommendation to the many youngsters who already know the same author's "Red Cap Tales." Like the earlier book, this is a re-telling for children of some of the best stories in the Waverley Novels. In a volume similar to "The Iliad for Boys and Girls," and "The Odyssey for Boys and Girls," the Rev. Alfred J. Church has retold the story of the Aeneid. For grown-up readers as well as children is "The Pinafore Picture Book," in which the famous author himself retells the story of "Pinafore" and illustrations are supplied by Miss Alice B. Woodward, the illustrator of "The Peter Pan Picture Book." Sir William Gilbert was evidently anxious to resist the temptation to embroider his original work, and he has made it over into a fresh story which will appeal all the more strongly to those who know their "Pinafore" by heart.

Among the works of general interest which the Macmillan company promises for publication this month are "Realities and Ideals," by Frederic Harrison; "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," by Clifton Johnson; "The Scenic Unraveling of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King; "The United States as a World-Power," by Archibald Cary Coolidge; Volume II of Prof. Edward Channing's "History of the United States," "The Evolution of Modern Civilization," by Louis Adolphe Coquerel; "The Principles of Anthropology and Sociology in Their Relations to Criminal Procedure," by Maurice Parmelee. These, in addition to the two novels already announced—"Wroth" by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and "Cousin Cinderella," by Mrs. Everard Cotes.

Here is the way the editor of one of the great magazines expresses himself with regard to Robert Herrick's "Together." "Herrick's book has some very disagreeable passages but it's great—the highest price of fiction any American has turned out for many a day. It makes one look like an amateur. But it's not for the immature or the 'weak brother'—or sister."

"The United States as a World-Power," by Prof. A. C. Coolidge of Harvard, is to appear next week. This is the outcome of the notable series of lectures which Prof. Coolidge delivered some months ago at the Sorbonne in Paris. Arrangements have been made for its simultaneous publication in America, England and (in translation) Germany and France.

BOOKS

"The Little Brown Jug at Kildare" is the title of the latest novel by Meredith Nicholson, author of "The House of a Thousand Candles." Mr. Nicholson is the inventor of fascinating titles and amazing plots. The plot and title of his latest novel break all records. They



J. E. RALPH, THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

J. E. Ralph, the new head of the department of engraving and printing in Washington, is a busy man trying to finish up the issue of \$20,000,000 of emergency currency which the last Congress authorized the treasury officials to issue in order to give more elasticity to the currency system in vogue at this time in the United States. Mr. Ralph will make a report sometime in September as to the status of the new twenty-million issue, which is expected with great interest by the bankers and business men. Should there be an enormous demand indicated by the treasury order on Mr. Ralph to hurry up more emergency currency it will be necessary to work night and day to keep up with the demand.

are different, strange, unusual. Here is something new under the sun, and for something as delightful as it is new. For once curiosity is not disappointed. It is satisfied by the extraordinary. Palates weary of old fables will find the draught from this quaint jug of the imagination deliciously refreshing.

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare is not readily described in familiar terms. It is a romance, a comedy, a tragedy, it is only an approximation. Romantic it certainly is, and full of ringing laughter, but "comedy" hardly suggests the delicate fancy, the airy turn of sentiment and the grace of style which makes Mr. Nicholson one of the most worthy among popular writers, and which he displays here in greater profusion than ever before.

Moonshine and mystery, love and laughter—these are the keywords of The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. A bright jet of sparkling humor plays through all its pages over rollicking adventures and the light-hearted duel of men and maidens.

The maidens are charming. Particularly Miss Jerry Dangerfield, who ran the government of a great state in a most spirited manner. The men are new types in fiction. For example, the young college professor who goes in for a reckless escapade, on the border line of North and South Carolina, and violates law, order and established custom with a gray abandon that carries all before him.

This is by all odds the best book Mr. Nicholson has given us since "The House of a Thousand Candles." It is even more original than that great success, more assured, and more amusing. Indeed, it is quite the most cheerful thing that has happened in American fiction in a month of Sundays. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, Indianapolis.

Two volumes, just issued by the H. M. Caldwell Publishing company, are those respectively bearing the titles, "Irish Toasts," by Shane Na Gael and Ivor Ben McEvoy, the first containing verses and sentiments from Irish authors, and the second the same in connection with the bonnie lane of Scotland, "Irish Toasts" was by John E. Redmond, M. P., and a brief introduction says, among other things, "Irish wit, Irish eloquence, Irish patriotism and respect for woman are famous the world over. This collection of Irish toasts and sayings contains the cream of it all." This is true both of the pretty little volume with the shamrock cover, and also of the one in gold, both containing the best of famous sentiments, in prose and verse, pertaining to each country. The books are attractive, bound, and daintily adorned with the hands so renowned in poetry and song. We bespeak for the little volume a wide popularity. On sale at Deseret News Book store.

MAGAZINES

The Youth's Companion for this week comes with an artistic cover design in the way of a beautiful autumn scene, showing a forest path strewn

Coming Deluge of Novels; Authors Busy on Autumn Works

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Sept. 9.—Despite the fact that business depression in England is pretty general, the publishing trade for the coming autumn presents a lively outlook. There is to be, in fact, a perfect deluge of novels; showing that the demand for fiction—even of the high-priced, \$1.50 variety—has by no means frittered out. Nearly all of the host of "distinguished" authors are now busy wrestling with page-proofs, while book artists are filling rush orders for drawings and illustrations of all kinds. In England, the autumn is considered the harvest time for books. It is said that, as the days shorten, people take to reading more.

NEW BOOKS PROMISED.

Among the busy authors who are doing their final correcting is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who brings out a new novel entitled, "Diana Maclary." Marie Corelli is also bringing out a book called "Holy Orders," and the first editions of both these books will run into

with leaves, while the half denuded branches of the trees show suggestively, have in the afternoon light. The opening story is entitled, "In the Great Hardisty Marsh," by Edward William Thomson, and a special feature is an article entitled, "Winter Visitation," by Bradford Torrey, author of a number of notable books on outdoor life and objects of nature. A thrilling story is "The Night the Doubt," by Robert L. Stevenson, and another, though of a different kind, is "Delivering a Load of Wood," by Fisher Ames, Jr.

What is the matter with the public schools? asks Rheta Childre Dorr, in the October Delineator.

The head of the preparatory department of one of the largest secondary schools in the country was examining an applicant for admission—a fine, well-grown lad of 16 years. The boy was an American—a descendant of an old New England family. His elementary education, he said, had been secured in the New York City public schools, and he had spent a year in a Connecticut high school.

The principal began his examination with the question:

"Well, Potter, I suppose you know something about geography? Where is Egypt?" repeated the boy. "I know about where it is, but I don't remember whether it is in Africa or Asia."

"It is in Africa," said the principal patiently. Do you remember the name of the great river that flows through Egypt?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy brightly. "The Congo river flows through Egypt."

"Is that boy a fair sample of the grammar-school graduate?" I asked later.

"A very fair sample," was the reply. "The average grammar-school product is the most ignorant little animal on earth. He knows absolutely nothing. His mind is in a perpetual state of fog. He cannot concentrate, he cannot think, he cannot even remember."

"Is this a new thing?" I asked. How do the boys know anything? I asked him to compare with the boys of 10 or 15 years ago?"

"There is no comparison," said the principal. "I ought to know. Up to a dozen years ago, we will say, the boys came to my classes possessed of some actual knowledge. They knew something of history and grammar. They could spell a little. Now they know about where Egypt is, and they have a dreamy notion of the location of the Nile. They don't know anything, not even how to read."

"Oh, they can read!" I protested. "They can translate into words into speech. But you give an average grammar-school graduate a book—Irving's tales or any good, clear English prose—open the book at random, and he is unable to read a page, then close the book and ask him to tell you what he has been reading. Just try it; that's all."

"record figures," judging from the demands already beginning to pour into their respective publishers. Hall Caine, much to everybody's surprise, will not bring out a book this year, as he says that his autobiography running in "M. P." is sufficient claim for the public. F. E. Benson will publish "Sheaves," while Charles Marriott produces "The Happy Medium." Several authors are even bringing out two books. Among these are James Blythe, Mme. Albanesi and Sidney Paterson. These "double bids for popularity"—as the two-book idea is called—are a curious experiment which will be watched with interest by both authors and publishers. Hitherto, if an author had two books ready, he was usually advised to let them follow each other, so that a man would not, as it were, be competing with himself. It has been considered, on the contrary, that the more times the public sees his name on the bookshelves, the more the "hypnotism of numbers" can get in its fine work, and the public will buy, influenced by the mere element of repetition. Among others who will produce books shortly are Anthony Hope, Beatrice Harraden, Robert Chambers, Frankfort Moore, Marion Crawford, William de Morgan, H. G. Wells, Jack London and Booth Tarkington.

TO ELEVATE THE STAGE.
It is somewhat singular that Florence, Italy, should suddenly develop interest to American readers by the publication of magazines printed in English. On these unique ventures, the most exciting is "The Mask," the magazine of the "Art of the Theater," edited by Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry, the actress. The aim of the publication is the elevation of the stage, in particular along the line of Mr. Craig's

theories. A feature of the coming numbers is to be a correspondence entitled "Letters from Gordon Craig to his Mother" and "Letters from Ellen Terry to Her Son."

In the current number Mr. Craig has expressed very positive views on what he thinks should be permitted on the stage. "A censor," he says, "is not only a blessing; he is a necessity. He should be as strict, as puritanical as possible, to prevent the disastrous invasion of these sacrilegious and profane improprieties. To his end, no religious subject should be permitted; no part of the body except face and hands should be permitted to be seen. We would even go so far now to suggest each scene of violence, such as murder, suicide, seduction, torture, fighting, riot, or bloodshed of any kind, should be allowed to come before the eyes and ears of the audience; and all this should, in our opinion, be secured for us by act of parliament."

PRaise FOR AMERICA.

America, in her attitude to the theater, he cannot praise too highly. "America does what she does well," he reassures us. "She could do otherwise but she will not. She knows what she wants; it is already hers; she waits for it to respond. 'Salome,' he declares, 'has stood as an excuse for any amount of vulgarity all over Europe, and has served the theater a bad turn because the public who flock to such shows of semi-nude dancers now refuse to patronize anything which has not a good slice of nudity in it.'"

He is assisted in his work on "The Mask" by a number of well known writers, among them Dorothy Neville Lees, whose charming books on Italy, "Tuscan Friends and Tuscan Shrines," etc., have just appeared in America.

EDITION OF "HAMLET."

Mr. Craig also announced a remarkable edition of "Hamlet" which is to include, in addition to the text of the First Folio, descriptions and designs for each scene, each costume, each piece of furniture used, and ground plans for each scene and full directions as to how to light each play. Every movement of the actors will be noted at the side of the text, and at times a design also to assist the student to a complete understanding of that movement will be included.

Mr. Craig himself is one of the sights of Florence. He wears clothes of easy cut of white linen, bare feet and sandals, long hair and a hat like a shepherd's, dropping over his classic features. He is a tall, slender, through the street is marked by the staring and turning round of Italians, the petrification of tourists and the fearful remarks of the small boys who probably have some Italian equivalent for our "Johnny get your hair cut."

Another well-known adopted Florentine who has become famous is Mr. William de Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," "Alco for Shoon," and "Somewhere Good." He spends his winters in Florence; his summers in England. He is an example of an occupation finding its man, for his hair was gray when he began to write.

His father the famous English mathematician, always insisted that his son was a writer. The son disagreed, and became a potter and a pupil and follower of William Morris. It was in his shops, where cooperation was the law, that he learned the art of the potter.

GOES IN FOR ARTISTIC TILES.

De Morgan took up the making of tiles and worked incessantly to discover a certain lost luster. Instead, he invented a new one. He himself



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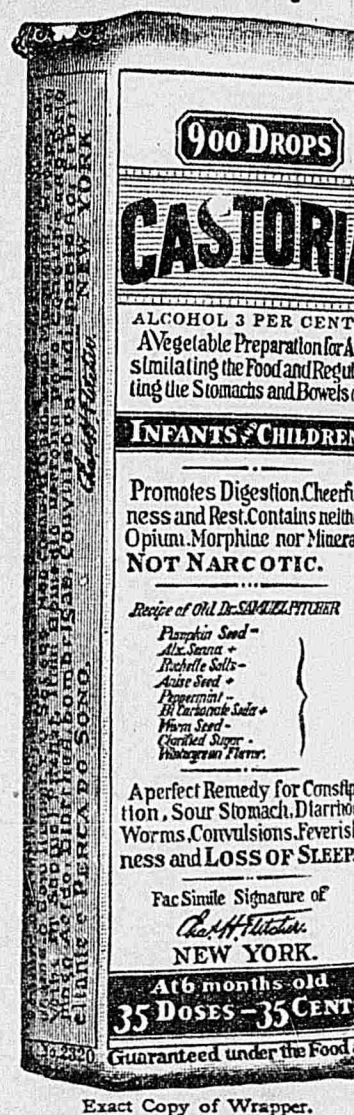
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