DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JANUARY 11 1908



REX AND RAGS.

Ret Crouse, he lives acrost the street; le's rich as rich can be. were awful common, an' that's why He dassent play with me. He father is a millionaire, Pa drives for Mister Cronse, per call their place a residence, But ours is just a house.

ges fot a game of indoor golf, A printin'-press fer boys, seam'engyne, a phoneygraff----I never seen such toys! But he is tired of 'em all; He'd rather come an' play 'im," or swing on our back gate, when his ma goes away.

when she leaves him with his nurse Be slips acrost the street, witakes his shoes an' stockings off, cause I'm in my bare feet. a sks fer 'lasses on his bread fo eat, the same as we, Is na don't know what's good to entthat's what he says to me.

Elikes my hat; so when we play falways trade with him, pough his is new an'mine is just Acrown an' half a brim. le says he doesn't like his name. Be wishes he had one the mine. That's Rags. An' so I call Bim "Peanuts," just fer fun-

heavs that I'm the very best of ell the friends he knows. it that our house is lots more fun Than anywhere he goes. a when we play "Pretend," an' each (an choose what one we'd be, always play that I am him, He always plays he's me.

then when his nurse or mother calls, He says to us, "O dear!" n' always waits a little while, An' 'tends he didn't hear. an' then he puts his shoes back on To fix up like he was, Because he dassent play with us. He dassent, but he does. Marian Kent Hurd.

NOTES.

Sir Gilbert Parker recommends a simple method whereby one may possess the books one would like to possess. "I have often said to myself," he sees. I have orten said to myself, "he remarked recently to a London audi-ence," 'I cannot afford to buy that book' And then I have said again, 'My dear fellow, if you will fast for one day you can buy three of them.' It is a book for a meal."

"Was there ever a gladder, madder, merrier sound than the chiming of the bells on a New Year's morning when we were young! "A blithe New Year's time bell; a droll, daft, scatter brained bell; it gave no horrid alarms, no solemn reminders that commonly toll from steeples and make good fellows from steeples and make good fellows melancholy to think upon things un-done, the brevity of days and years, the the parting of good company, but a cheery dity-'boom boom ding-a-dong

an English which supplies the edition of Thackeray containing the biographi-cal sketch by his daugnier, much inti-mate correspondence, Thackeray's own drawings, and the like. Mr. Keld's ar-ticle was originally delivered as an ad-dress at the Titmarsh club in London last October.

In view of present day discussions of corporate combinations of capital, it is of interest to note the distinctly modof interest to note the distinctly mod-ern development of the "Trust," as pointed out by Prof. E. E. Sparks in his volume on National Development, a laté volume in Harpers' History of the American Nation. Prof. Sparks shows that as late as 1880 the railway mileage of the United States was oper-reted by 1514 different comparison of the second the by 1.514 different companies; also that of the 182 manufacturing com-binations listed in the report of the in-dustrial commission of 190⁴ only three were in existence before 1885.

A story is being told of a woman who met Gertrude Atherton at the ment reception in her honor of the San Francisco Spinners, and tried hard to say something "fit." As the line was pass-ing along, this woman whispered to her Ing along, this woman whispered to her companion, "Oh, do tell me the name of the book she wrote—something or other about family descent," but the other said she couldn't recall it, eith-er. Just as they reached the author of "Ancestors," the woman apparently re-membered, and her face beamed. "Oh, Mrs, Atherton!" she said, as they shook hands, "I can't tell you how I loved your "Forefathers!"

In course of the various comment attending his latest novel, The Street Agent, Joseph Conrad has been called the disciple of Henry James. Such a

> Many readers will recall a remarkable book published some years ago with the title, "The Soul of a People." The author, Mr. Fielding Hall, was an Englishman who has spent many years in Burma, and his book was described by

comparison is especially curious n view comparison is especially curious n view of the fact that Mr. James uses Eng-lish as a natural heritage, while Mr. Conrad's native medium is not English at all, but Polish. In this connection, too, it is significant that during the years when Joseph Conrad was acquir-ing the tongue his only model was the speech of the creek of a saling vessel, and that his occasional reading was chiefly French. Mr. Conrad is at pres-ent living in Bedfordshire, having very recently left his hoem at Pent Farm in Kent conclusion that it is because in France Farm, in Kent. Comparatively few people among those who handle the decorated holiday books have any idea of the care and thought expended in their production. In the case of The Other Wise Man of Henry Van Dyke, the rather remark-able form in which this Christmas tale has proceed by search sugrests the has appeared this season suggests the sort of value such a volume may represent. The parchment paper, for example, was prepared in imitation of old monastery scrolls. The type was pat-terned from the letters found in some fine old manuscripts of the Roman vatican labrary and the Laurentian library in Florence, after permission had been In Florence, after permission had been obtained to photograph these pages. Those who were to set type for the book were tutored in the pen-drawing and ancient letters, their illumination and design, as it prevailed before the invention of printing. The young Italian, Enrico Monetti, who did the illumination was brought from the Italian, Enrico Monetti, who did the illuminating, was brought from the Florentine library to this country for the work. It is said that the Harpers, who publish the book, had had de-mands for it for reference rooms of libraries, as a samplar of combined mediaeval and modern methods of of bookhtding. of bookbinding.





MRS. EDWARD AND HER SISTER, THE LATE MRS. ARTHUR.

This picture shows the well known singer, Lizzie Thomas Edward, and her sister, the late Mrs. Sadie Arthur, as they looked a number of years ago. The two were closely associated in life, especially in musical work, having been members of the Tabernacle choir for many years past.

ings being by Will Vanter and Trunk-lim Booth. The author dedicaes it to the Burmese, to see them as they do the Burmese, to see them as they do themselves, to describe their religion and its effect on them." As a sympahis friend, Newton Booth Tarkington.

Those indispensable books of referriose Who's Who," the "Who's Who year-Book," and "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" for 1908, are announced for early publication. Be-tween two and three thousand new biographies have been added to the first which in spite of its increasing roll of names, has not grown too bulky to handle conveniently. Both the Year-books have also grown in size, and contain new tables not to be found in any other reference books.

After a silence of some years Mr. Hall has now followed up this work with another which the Macmillan company is to publish shortly after the holidays The subject of "The Inward Light" The subject of the inward Light is of even more general interest than that of "The Soul of a People." name-ly, the teachings as to immortality in the Buddhist and the Hindu religious systems, and other universal elements in these religions. Because of the sub-

ject and the manner of treatment that may be expected from Mr. Hall, the book will be awaited with more than common interest.

thetic interpretation of an Oriental

Japan

Lafcadio Hearn's books on



Our London Literary Lefter.

good.

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Jan. 1.-Rudyard Kipling is now enjoying a great

with which his translator, M. Fabulet,

vogue in France, which is due

largely to the verve and fidelity

regain his earlier form and find fresh inspiration. MOORE'S START.

Frankfort Moore has been giving some interesting reminiscences of his early literary struggles. The manner of his first getting into print was rather strange. As a boy he was always fond of studying seamy and peculiar phases of life which led him one day to visit a police court. He wrote a humorous account of one of the cases that was tried and gave it to a reporter who handed it in to his paper as part of his own copy. It was the only item relating to the police court proceedings that appeared in the paper next day. It got to the editor's ears that young Moore was the author of it with the result that he was offered the position of the reporter who had sent it in as his own work. But the future novelist had not Frankfort Moore has been giving work. But the future novelist had not then acquired that self-confidence which acteristics. He did not know shorthand and declined the job on the ground that he was not qualified for it. Afterwards he obtained a journalistic footbold as an



Rome, Dec. 31, 907.-(Delayed in transmission)-A dynamite bomb ex-ploded in the stock exchange of this pioded in the stock exchange of this city today, wounding is Roman finan-clers and seriously injuring many others. If is thought the bomb was thrown with the intention of preventing the customary end of the month liqui-dation. The stock exchange occupies the Temple of Neptune, built on the south side of the Plaza di Pletra, and was crected by Hadrian.

ONTEMPORANEOUS history says of this event, that it was

one of the most disastrous explosions in the history of the Temple of Neptune. Many times have outbursts of pyrotechnics of a more

or less serious nature occurred in the historic old building. In which one Roman financier or orator, more or less, was taken stunned from the scene; but the explosion today will go down into history as the only one in which as many as 18 at one time were knock-ed off their feel and bruised. The session was well under way. The business of the year 907 was being brought to an end. The flower of Roma's financial sector and and

Rome's financiering giants were out in force; muny of her orators had as-sembled to do grace to the occasion; noble old gladiators were there, whose classic features were only necessary to be seen in public, to become the occasion of enthusiastic and spontaneous outbursts of applause on the part of the people. Ancient warriors from the the people. Ancient warriors from the Marilan Way on Second South were also there, bringing with their grisied locks memories of military achieve-ments to the greatness of Rome; merchants and usurers, wonted most to congregate on the Rialto on West Tem-ple made part of the notable gathering, It at once took its place in the esteem of competent critics with such studies as Prof. Percival Lowell's and the late wearing their most splendid robes; and iast but not least, a number of the most grave and reverend seignors d rect from the presence of great Caesar's ghost were there-noble orators all whose flow of speech and wealth of

ghost were there-noble orators all, whose flow of speech and wealth of wisdom were not equalled since the days of Cheero. As stated, liquidation was about to take place. Not only the ordinary, end-of-the-month liquidation, but a liquida-tion which should include all the fea-tures of the regular article, coupled with the more impressive and import-ant ceremonies of an end-to-the-year liquidation, calling into requisition the talents of Rome's more celebrated citi-zenship for its fitting observance, 38 well as more and costly liquid. On the forum sat in high state the august Practor, or speaker, Arrius Josephus, whose refulgence filled all the immediately surrounding space: (now the title of practor is derived from the early Dutch word "practen, later praaten-to speak, to talk, to jabber." It may therefore be observed that none of the significance of the word has been lost by its Romaniza-tion.) tion.)

In majesty of distinction enwrought, his unhirsuted cranial eminence enhal-The unitsuted granial eminetic emine-oed by the lingering radiance of the "See Rome First" great thought, sat the great and only, The-Noblest-Roman-of Them-All Fishero Harreso, who had been engaged especially to take the lead in the annual liquidation exercises on this auspicious closing of the not-able year of our Lord 907.

able year of our Lord 907. At intervals convenient for pleasant aural reception of the zephyrlike tones of Practor Josephus, when like an incipient thunderstorm that dignitary gently invokes order in the august as-semblage, also to comfortably drink in the dulcet tones of the gifted Har-reso in his elucidation of the liquida-tion stunt, sof divers and sundry seig-nors more or less grave and notent tion stant, sat divers and sundry seig-nors more or less grave and potent awaiting the termination of the annual event before proceeding to mulct their fellow-members of their hard-earned sestercit. The moment had arrived; the man was there; hoisting high in his hand the bubbling mead in which the liquidation was always drunk, great Harreso proceeded to orate:

Biff! Bang! Boom! The bomb exblin Bang Boom The bomb ex-ploded, striking into the heart of the assembly. Eighteen noble Romans fell with 18 slekening thuds, many of them seriously wounded. Pandemonium pre-valied; all who could run, did so-the practor's seat was vacant. Silence reigned; several minutes elapsed. Some of the sedenore avalanting from the of the seignors, awakening from the swoon, rubbed their eyes and looked around, surprised that the hall should be empty; for they thought it was but another of Practor Josephus' rulings on the Galveston bill.

EXCHANGE EDITOR'S GEMS.

EXCHANGE EDITOR'S GEMS. Some persons who have read poet-laureate Alfred W. Austin's recent at-tempts say there is no more poetry being written. They became doubly convinced after reading rhymes by contributor's to the Sunday comic sup-plement. But the person who longs for real poetry that amuses: that en-tertains; that—oh to cut it short, that's simply rich must look to the country newspaper. For it often happens the village smithy is also a poet; the fur-niture store man can write "pomes" and the fish man likes to cry his wares in rhyme. In rhyme. The Idaho Enterprise contained, re-

cently, the following gem:

We have the music, We have the floor

For a right good dance Now what do you w

Some one has said: "A good partner's pretty fine." Well, over at the Pavilion You'll find her every time.

Or what's the matter with this? (It's from the Bingham Bulletin):

We are the first door south of the court

And the first door south of the joint house, And the first door east of the jail, We are just across the street from the new postoffice, And we have the music trade by the

tail.

Barton & Blake, furniture dealers in a small nearby town, firt with the muse once in awhile, too, as the following epic proves:

Furniture company: Barton & Blake; A fine place to deal, they do business straight.

They are careful and cautious not to

over-rate.

over-rate, They wait upon trade both early and late. Buy your wife a china closet, fill it with chinaware, Thanksgiving will soon be here ,you can feel it in the air Ruy your wife a range and look at our graniteware, Buy now, don't wait 'till your wife says, "you're stingy, so there." Carpets, rugs, pictures and rocking chairs, Carpets, rugs, pictures and rocking chairs, Mirrors, chiffioners, iron beds, single or

in pairs, Blank Fire Keepers, hot blast stove, not hot air, Phonographs that sing "we will meet

Phonographs that sing "we will meet you over there." Best of all the Jangle piano. Xmas is coming, do not forget wife or daughter Anna. Surely they can play and sing Hosana, There is no other like the Jangle

piano.

Who says no poetry is being written? He's right.

KI! YI! KI! YI! WOW!

The call to the Indian war yets printed in the Emery county Progress follows:

Annual greeting Jan. 15 and 16, 1908. Jan-no-na Comrades: Mike-wa!

Atish. Avon Injin cot-te-su-ah Tish-ump quoie. Tish-ump Nah-o-qua cots we-no.

Um-pi-gi ow-up man-no-na Injin wino. Cots guole, cots nah-o-qua. Ow-up to-e-jah tic-a boo. O-wa. Nin-na non-gi pe-unng a-von comrades pi-ka Cassie Dale. GRI Thousands Are Prostrated Mills, Factories, Railroads, Stores and Nearly All Industries Are Crippled.



ing with colds are about today. To-morrow they may be prostrated with Grip or Pneumonia, Grip is spreading, Whole families are suffering, Many busi-liess places are crippled through sick-ness of employes. The disease is not necessarily dangerous with proper care and the right remedies. It is almost suicide to depend on quinine and whisky, or home decocitons. Don't triffe with a cold. Either take my Cold or Grip Cure or call in a competent physician. I can't say what your doctor will do for you,but if do know that my Cold and Grip Cure will speedily break up all forms of colds and grip. It checks discharges of the Nose and Eyes, stops sheezing, promply relieves the Throat and Lungs allays infiammation and Fever, and tones up the system. It cures Headaches and Diziness accompanying the symptoms of Grip.produces sieep and restores strength to the body. It is invaluable in all forms of Influenza or obstinate colds--MUNYON. Every druggist, 25 cents a vial.

ments upon him with a good deal of anxiety, but it came out all right and we were satisfied. Jnjun Joe got drunk oftener than before, and became in-tolerably interesting.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 25 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 13, 1908:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bright-History of England, four

Bright-History of England, 201 volumes. Cornelile-The Gid (translation). Epochs of Modern History: Fred-erick the Great; French Revolution; Beginnings of the Middle Ages; Nor-mans in Europe. Mineral Industry, volume 15. Sheidon-Notes on the Nicaragua Canal.

Thompson—History of England. Trevelyan—American Revolution, Trevelyan-American part three. Ware-Beet Sugar Manufacture and Refining, volume two. Who's Who, 1998, (reference),

FICTION.

Mason-Broken Road. White-Arizona Nights.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Church—Iliad for Boys and Girls, Favorite fairy tales, Kirkland—Polly Pat's Parish, Strange Stories of the Civil War, Strange Stories of the War of 1812, Wells—Rainy Day Diversions, Whitngy—Bedtime Book,

THEY ARE KOWN

TO BE FUTILE.

You probably do not know that phy. sicians do not now prescribe for kid-ney trouble the diuretics found in the ordinary patent kidney medicines that you have been using. As shown by the tremendous census deaths the old-fashioned diurctics have little or no effect in kidney disease that has fas-tened or become chronic. Result, phy_ slcians do not attack the kidneys but treat symptoms as they appear they

treat symptoms as they appear. There was no specific for the lingering chron-ic forms of kidney disease till very re-cently. As the line is a faint one between the mild form and the fatal as-pect, is it not your simple duty toyour-self and your family to take at once the only thing known that will reach it you have kindney trouble start

If you have kindney trouble start right with the only successful treat-ment for the stubborn forms. We sent a long way for it for you. It is the only thing in the world that cites no cases except in the heretofore fatal forms of kidney disease. Full in-formation for the asking. F. J. Hill Drug Co. Salt Lake City.

Drug Co., Salt Lake City.



EMILIA ELLIOTT.

Author of "Joan of Juniper Inn," For Some Time Past a Resident of This City.

has done his work. Since Kipling was awarded the Nobel prize, attention has been directed to him afresh and various writers in the Paris press have been explaining him, glorifying him, accounting for his universal acceptance by his own land as the poet and spokesman of British imperialism, and theorizing as to why France has produced no man who fills a similar role there. Ernest Judet, in the "Eclair," arrives at the

boom ding-hic-ding-dong!'-

infecting whoever heard it with a kind of foolish gayety." So says the Scotch author of Bud, a littel story that would seek to endear with the selfsame elfin charm of the Little Minister. With ev-ery attempt to impress the beauty of finging bells upon another, and especally any attempt by a Scotchman, one is reminded of the staid, starched Scots minister whose very step became mincing as he walked up Princess street in the town of Edinburgh to the lilting cang or the New Year's bells, and slopped one of his elders with the cheery greeting: "Is it not a fine thing, John, to remember and consider that the message of good-will toward men these bells are multing and for these bells are pealing out is not for our town alone, but for all the world?" John was rather deaf, and the minister had to repeat his rapt words. For the second time John was at a loss to un-derstand, and begged the minister to "speak a wee bit louder" while the bells lang on. A third attempt was no more successful, and exasperated John replied: "I canna hear ye, meenister. I canna hear a word yer saying', for that dom bells!

The new edition list of the Harpers presents some interesting names. Mark Twain is represented by A Horse's Tare and Christian Science, Mrs. Phelps Ward by Walled In, and Margaret De-land by An Encore. Hamlin Garland, Money Magic; Herman Whitaker, The Settler; Will N. Harben, Mam' Linda; Basil King, The Giant's Strength; and Neil Munro, Bud-are other names to be added. It remains for Cilbert Back er to complete the list with yet two more editions of The Weavers.

The Hon, Whitelaw Reid contributes an appreciation of Thackeray to the current London Book Monthly, which area london Book Monthly, which places pleasant emphasis upon the re-gard which the personality of the nov-ellst inspired in this country. "I never had the good fortune to meet Mr. Thackeray in America," says Mr. Reid, "hough I did meet soon afterwards your other great novelist of that per-iod. But for years I was constantly hearing gossip about Thackeray from these who had met him during his vis-its to us, like the genial publisher who is to us, like the genial publisher who was his guide, philosopher, and friend among the Brahmins of Boston, or like the Old Centurions of New York. Their account: accounts ran all one way. They admir-ed his talk, and they loved him. They pletured him as big hearty, and very human. They didn't find him playing the sprend engle too much. They point-ed out the corner in the Century club where he used to sit exchanging liter-aty chai, or in Yankee parlance ary chat, or, in Yankee parlance, 'swapping stories,' with a group of clabren about him. They could tell you years afterwards what had been Thackeray's favorite chair, and some had even been so observant of the least trace about the great man as to know about the great man as to know particular concoction in a club T had been his favorite 'night-Mr. Reid's reference to the "an publishers of Thackerday is "eed by the fact that it is an "an bouse (the Harperst) and not "einfor. American house (the Harpers) and not

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chart H. Flutcher.

BOOKS.

"Joan of Juniper Inn" is the title of a charming girl story by Emilia Elliott recently published by Geo. W. Jacobs Co. It is reminiscent of the "Jo" stor-ies of Louisa Alcott in its simple but healthy human interest, and the bright, intersecting and thoroughly, natural interesting and thoroughly natural character in its pages. It describes the struggle of a family in reduced cir-cumstances to make the various bare cumstances to make the various pare places in the family fortunes green, and Joan is the particular heroine of their varied experiences, though there are others whom our interest follows inevitably for their places in the simple human drama. The author Emilia El-liatt there has been here is at present

Nott though not born here is at present a resident of Salt Lake, and this re-cent book is not her first successful venture in the field of fiction. It is a book to amuse and interest without ex-citing any morbid or feverish emotion. It is on sale at the Deseret News Book

store. "Sin and Society" is the title of a new book by Edward Allsworth Ross, whose former works, "Social Control" and "The Foundation of Saciology" created so much discussion. It was of these President Roosevelt wrote in glowing terms, predicting for them an inupence should be felt throughout the The last book fully deserves that the former prophecy, few works on the fallacies of our economic systems be-ing so filled with trenchant arraigning so filed with trenchant arrange-ment of its follies and fallacies. It is really a volume of epigrams and strikes at the abuses it derides in so delightfully humorous a way that its lessons sink deeper than the most careful and logical discussion of the correction questions. It is published engrossing questions. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin, and is on sale at the Deseret News Book store,

new poem by James Whitcomb Kiley is laways an event in the literary word, and "The Boys of the Old Glee Club" would have been widely heralded if written by an unknown writer. It is one of the most papealing of the many heart touching poems by the well loved national writer, and to say this is to say all. The book is beau-tifully bound and illustrated, the draw-

no large distinction prevails between patriotism and politics and every

no large distinction prevains of every patriotism and politics and every achievement that concerns the nation is judged from a partisan standpoint. "The particular niche that Kipling occupies--'literature' is a poor, mean way of describing it--comes," he says, "from this very fact that the English-man can conceive of patriotism with-out politics. No doubt the man whom Sweden has honored is the high priest of imperialism, and has no words with which to tickle Little Englanders; at the same time he is the spokesman of the nation, the lyrical commentator of the British Renaissance, which is the result of a wider conception of the in-heritance of empire. "The nation that honors without cavil

The nation that honors without cavil and indecent party conflict, the services of a Lord Cromer and a Kitchener, of Lord Roberts and other generals and empire-makers, which is ever ready to vote a handsome money grant to national servants, is entitled to its ling and indeed produces him. Here alas! politics weighs in the balance the deeds good or bad, of pro-consuls, and the scales go down or up very much as the parties range in the chamber."

PAENS FOR KAPLING.

The laudations of Kipling in Franc remind one of the paens of praise that were showered upon him in England some years ago. "After Shakespeare and Defoe." writes Vicomte de Vogue. the celebrated academician, in the Fi-garo, "no one helps us to understand the British miracle as Kipling does. He

the British infractor as Kiping does. He expresses and represents a force which dominates the world. His books bring to mind the sea-girt Rock of Gibraltar, bristling with cannon, guarded by gen-tlemen who play tennis, drink whisky, think little, and are each and all ready to suffer atrocious death before relaxing their arrocious death before relaxing

to suffer atrocious death before relaxing their grip of a piece of the world on which they have laid hand. "Yet we can hear Kipling gibe at them. He seems to say, 'I know them. They are very stupid. But they are Britian. And Britain rules hundreds of millions. The Deity constructed clumsi-ly the British machine of empire. Yet He has never built a finer one since Rome: and He never will create a greater one than Britain."

greater one than Britain."" The "entente cordiale" is doubtless responsible for no inconsiderable por-tion of these laudatory outbursts. They are in striking contrast to the lack of enthusiasm with which the announce-ment that Kipling had been awarded the Nobel prize for literature has been received here. There is undentably a general feeling in English literary cir-cles that in present years Kinding har cles that in recent years Kipling has done nothing that adds to his fame-that, in fact he has declined. One paper expresses satisfaction over his denial

expresses satisfaction over his deniat of the rumor that he was engaged on a book about Canada, which he lately vis-ited, and voices the hope that a period of temporary silence will enable him to



Chills & Colds. Try a Bottle. Also ask your manac.

HARD ON HIS FRIENDS.

editorial writer and speedily "made

When he was 19 he published a vol When he was 19 he published a vol-ume of poems. "One may judge of the extraordinary popularity of the book," he states, "by saying that at the end of six months 50 copies were sold, and, moreover, that I was personally ac-quainted with every purchaser of the book. I eventually, however, made it a financial success by whipping up othe friends and by dint of sheer cheek get ting them to purchase copies they became aware of the fact that the price of the volume was six shillings, so I lost nothing by the book-except friends. From that day until now I have published between 50 and 60 books, friends. and by everyone of them I have managed to make some money Frankfort Moore's first signal success

Frankfort Moore's first signal success was achieved with "I Forbid the Banns." So firmly convinced was he that it would make a hit with the pub-lic that on the day he finished it he said to a friend: "I shall not be much long-er in this town. I mean to begin pack-ing this night because a book which I have just completed will enable me to sever my connection with journalism." But it didn't until two years had elaps-ed. It was the old story. Twelve London publishers in succession reject-ed it. The thirteenth, more greatly dar-ing, accepted it. In its three-volume ing, accepted it. In its three-volume form it ran through eight editions and it continues to sell well still.

PUBLISHER'S JUDGMENT.

Mr. Moore relates another story which illustrates the fallibility of a publish-er's judgment. Just after his "The Jessamy Bride" had begun to appear in serial form in an illustrated weekly a publisher whom he had met only once before called upon him to give meet of before called upon him to give some ad-vice. "I hear," he said, "that you have written a historical romance. Why on written a historical romance. Why on earth do you do anything so stupid? There is absolutely no market for such a thing. People are reading your nov-els of modern society and liking them pretty well, and if you continue doing them you might get a decent living. Now, if you will hisist on taking a leap into the dark they will petiter read Now, if you will insist on taking a leap into the dark, they will neither read that book of yours nor any other you may write in the future, either in your blessed eighteenth century or in the nineteenth century. I tell you this for your own good. If it is not too late I should strongly advise you to cancel the publication."

I should strongly advise the the publication." And now for the sequel. About a year after the publication of "The Jessamy Bride" the same publisher wrote to Mr. Moore stating that he would be delighted to publish a book by him, stipulating that it should be "s historical eighteenth century romance." CHARLES OGDENS.

ALL THE WORLD is a stage, and Ballard's Snow Liniment plays a most prominent part. It has no superior for Rheumatism, stiff joints, cuts, sprains, and all pains. Buy it, try it, and you will always use it. Anybody who has used Ballard's Snow Liniment is a Hving proof of what it docs. Buy a trial hottle. So for and \$1.00. Sold by 2. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-114 Main Stree, Bait Lake City. H

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Friends, Romans and Next Friends.

(Applause.) I came not here to talk, (Great applause.) I came to spout superheated atmosphere in favor of my nost august and gentle-voiced friend most august and gentle-voiced friend, compatiot, and fellow citizen, Practor Josephus. (Prolonged clapping.) I leave it you, my friends, if this same practor did not, when the plague of Galvestonism threatened to sap the very life of our matchless Rome, with one fell, back-handed swipe, lay the macross of that movement out old. novers of that movement out cold. ave it to you if he did not also, wh a mighty movement to investigate di ers and numerous alleged combines did cause threes to grapple the august law-makers of Etruria, so mix things up and impose such ultlander methods upon the various committees that al-though the subjects were investigated nothing ever came out of them. (Pro-logged applause) I say fellow aborts. onged applause) I say, fellow aborig-ines, and without fear of successful contradiction. Practor Josephus is about the richest. rarest and raciest about the richest, rarest and raciest thing that has happened to Etruria In centuries. (Great demonstration.) Therefore, my friends, I propose, In this great bumper of mead dedicated to our most cherished ceremony of monthly and annual liquidation, that we hereby pledge to Practor Josephus our united support for next Congress-map from"-

Heap big fun!

Heap pe-shar-a-na, heap we-pi. Um-pi-go me-poots nah-o-qua. Umpi-go pe up ne-ab pi-ka. Com-oosh Mormoni tol-nab-ba. Comrades man-no-na pi-ka. Nin-na

Comrades man-no-na pi-ka. Nin-na to-e-jah ash-un-ta up-wa poon-i-ca. O-wa man-no-na pi-ka. Bishop Akelund wi-no pe-shar-a-na. Heap tic-a-boo. O-wa! O-wa!! Shet-cup to-e-jah a-von. Comrades man-o-na tig-e-na-ry. Comrades all come. A. P. JOHNSON, A. A. G. That's just the idea a lot of people have had for a long time, but not having the poet's tongue-etc.

NEW BRAND OF FIGHT.

The Attell-Moran battle for the fea-The Attel-Morab battle for the lea-therweight championship at Colma Wednesday resulted in a draw. The fight lasted the 25 rounds and was a whirrelwinnd.—Elko Free Press.

LEAP YEAR NOTICE.

(From the Dillon, Mont., Tribune.) To parties wishing to get married, I can save you valuable time. Will perform the ceremony and fix papers in twenty minutes and will not attempt to kiss the bride—unless she is good looking and the groom very small and goo natured. JOS, RICH, J. P. and good

him, so we had two town drunkards at one time—and it made as much trouble in that village as Christen-

dom experienced in the fourteenth century, when there were two popes

drawn Frank exactly as he was. He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficient-ly fed; but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. His liberties

"Huckleberry Finn" I have

If the same time,

Huck. Finn Now a Western J. P Frank. Frank's father was at on OR 30 years 1 have received an | Frank. Frank's failer was at one time town drunkard, an exceedingly well defined and unofficial office of those days. He succeeded "Gen." Gaines, and for a time he was sole and only incumbent of the office, but afterward Jimmy Finn proved compe-tency and disputed the place with him so we bud two town drunkards average of a dozen letters a

year from strangers who remember me, or whose fathers re-

member me as a boy and young man, says Mark Twain in the North American Review. But these letters are almost always disappointing. I have not known these strangers nor their fathers. I have not heard of the names they mention; the reminiscences to which they call attention have had no part in my experience; all of w means that these strangers have mistaking me for somebody else. But at last 1 have the refreshment, this morning, of a letter from a man who deals in names that were familiar to me in my boyhood. The writer incloses

me in my boyhood. The writer incloses a newspaper clipping which has been wandering through the press for four or five weeks, and he wants to know if Capt. Tonkray, lately deceased, was (as stated in the clippings) the original of "Huckleberry Finn." I have replied that "Huckleberry Finn" was Frank F. As this m-quirer evidently knew the Hannibal of the '40s, he will easily recall

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

only really independent person-boy or man-in the community, and by consequence he was frainfully and continuously happy, and was envied by all the rest of us. We liked him; we enjoyed his society. And as his society was forbidden us by our par-ents, the prohibition trebled and quardupled its value, and therefore we surfer and sol more of his soquardupled its value, and therefore we sought and got more of his so-ciety than of any other boy's. I heard, four years ago, that he was justice of the peace in a remote vil-lage in the state of —, and was a godo citizen and was greatly re-sected ected. To all knowing sufferers of rheuma-During Jimmy Finn's term he (Jim-

To all knowing sufferers of rheuma-tism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, bachache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treat-ment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will tostify—no change of climate be-ing necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loos-ens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole sys-tem. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box H, Notre Dame, Ind. During Jimmy Finn's term he (Jim-my) was not exclusive: he was not inical, he was not hypercritical, he was largely and handsomely democra-tic-and slept in the deserted tan-ward with the hogs. My father tried to reform him once, but did not suc-ceed. My father was not a profes-sional reformer. In him the spirit of reform was spasmodic. It only broke out now and then, with considerable intervals between. Once he tried to reform Injun Joe. That also was a failure. It was a failure, and we boys were glad for Jnjun Joe drunk was in-teresting and a benefaction on us, but Jnjun Joe, sober, was a dreary specta-cle. We watched my father's exepti-

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