

VOICE OF THE WOODS.

Come, rest a while and let us idly stray In glimmering valleys, cool and far away. Come from the noisy mart, the busy street. And listen to the music faint and sweet That echoes ever to a listening car. Unheard by those who will not pause to hear-The wayward chimes of memory's pensive bells Wind-blown o'er misty hills and curtained dells. Song and romance still linger in the green Emblossomed ways by you so seldom seen. And near at hand, would you but see them, lie All lovely things belove1 in days gone by. You have forgotten what it is to smile In your too busy life-come, rest a while, -L. M. Mortgomery in the People's for August.

WHAT KIND ARE YOU?

There are men like the frog, That croaks in the slime. They knock, and they croak, And they kick all the time.

There are those like the snake that hides in the grass And sink its sharp fangs Into men as they pass.

There are some like the fox, So sly and so slick. Always watching a chance To play a sneak trick.

There are those like the wolf. That snaps, sharls and howls, Always dogging your steps With their grumbles and growls.

There are men like the bear. With grip awful and strong They throttle the weak With injuvtice and wrong.

There are some like the dove, That floats up above, The emblem of purity. Gentleness, love.

There are all kinds of men-The villain and true. The question is, brother, What kind are you?

MY WISH.

C. M. B.

Not the rnsh and the tread

Of crowds in the city street. But dusk in the still trees overhead And the soft ferns under feet.

Not the roar of the throng Where the shining windows gleam, But a hermit-thrush in his evensong And a murmuring valley stream.

Not the dust and the qry Of the hot streets walled with stone, But white hill-mists, and the quiet sky Where the wide, bright stars are

Strown! From "Star-Glow and Song" (Har-Charles Buxton Going.

NOTES What Swinburne, who was under tood not to believe in a personal God, stood not to believe in a personal God, really thought on religious matters, is one of the mosht absorbing features of the poet's intensely interesting lettors to E. C. Stedman, recently published in the London Times. 'Having been as a child and a boy,'' Swinburne wrote, "brought up a quasi-Catholic, of course I went in for that as passionately as for other things, then when this was naturally stark dead, it left nothing to me but turbid Nibilism: for atheist I

So long an hungered that the "inards' fight fight And growl outright—its pangs thou dost abate And all so amiably alleviate, Joy pats its belly as a hobo might Who haply hath attained a cherry pie With no burnt bottom in it, nor no seeds— Nothin' but crisped crust, and thick-pess of it

The Mental Man: The aesthetic appe

ness of it.

And squashin'-juicy, and jes mighty Too dratted drippin'-sweet fer human

But fer the sosh o' milk that goes with -James Whitcomb Riley.

We understand that the Marquise de Chambray of Paris, a firm believer in the principles of Fletcherism, is devoting a great deal of time to the exten-sion of that cult. She believes in prac-tical demonstration, and the other day attended a luncheon for poor children in the Phipps model tenement, where Mr. Fletcher has been living, at which the principles of thorough chewing the principles of thorough chewing were carefully explained and made vi-tal to a number of poor children. The marquise believes that the child is the marquise believes that the child is the proper vehicle for the reception of any such principles. But Mr. Fletcher's ideas as it seems, extend over a wider range than that including titled ladles and poor children; for he has, with the ald of X-rays, demonstrated that even cats follow in their digestive apparatus the same laws which he has particu-larly emphasized. For it must be re-membered that he lays stress not only on the value of thorough chewing, but on the necessity of peace of mind dur-ing the process. He has proven by his experiments that the normal processes of the cat after a hearty meal are en-

experiments that the normal processes of the cat after a hearty meal are en-tirely stopped by any disturbance or sudden shock. Mr. Fletcher has much to say about all his principles in his books, "New Menticulture," "A. B. Z. of our Own Nutrition," "The New Glut-ton or Epicure," "Happiness" and "The Last Walfs" (Stelea).

Last Waif," (Stokes).

Robert Barr has turned his attention from short stories, and has written a long novel in the real Barr style, "Car-Dilac," which is to be published next fall by Frederick A. Stokes company. It is a romance of France under Louis XIII, and should prove popular with the thousands of Mr. Barr's readers und adhead have at historical action and other lovers of historical fiction.

Marah Ellis Ryan is one of the few American novelists the sale of any one American novelists the sale of any one of whose books has reached the 100,000 mark. The readers of her "For the Soul of Rafael," or her "Told in the Hills" will be glad to know that she is to publish a new novel this fall through Stokes, entitled "The Flute of the Gods." This is an Indian novel, true to life in every respect and filled with life in every re t, and filled to fire in every respect, and filed with an atmosphere of charm. It may al-most be called the first really accurate Indian novel, for our attitude toward the Indian has always been either one of sentimental exaltation or unreason-ing prejudice. "The Man of Yester-day." by Mrs. Kinkaid is, of course, two to life but it postcours the Indian true to life, but it portrays the Indian of today in relation to the white man rather than the real Indian life of centuries ago. Mrs. Ryan seems to have a mysterious access to the heart of the red race and has shown it in a truly wonderful way. The book will be illus trated with 24 splendid photogravures from photographs taken especially for the purpose by Edward S. Curtis, who,



LARGEST FLAG IN THE WORLD.

This flag belongs to the city of Pittsburg. It is 100 feet long and 80 feet wide; there are 12,800 square feet of surface, and the weight without fastenings is about 1,200 pounds.

only seven of the many reviews of the book expressed unfavorable opinions, and that of the others, about seventylve were frankly enthusiastic.

"Art of Speech and Deportment," by "Art of Speech and Deportment, by Anna Morgan. Until Anna Morgan staged it, theatrical producers had thought Browning's "In a Balcony" too subtle for actual interpretation on the boards. With Shaw, Ibsen, and Macterlinck, too, Miss Morgan was a plo-neer producer. Her methods come, therefore, already clothed with authoritherefore, aready clothed with author-ty. In "The Art of Speech and De-portment" everything that goes to make the pleasing and powerful speak-er in the drawing room or facing an audience, is given detailed treatment. Miss Morgan treats first external manners and poise, which she holds to be the basis of a pleasing personality. Breathing is then treated and leads naturally to the use and quality of the voice. Reading aloud and platofrm manners complete the first half of the volume. The use of the different feat-ures and the proper handling of the ures and the proper handling of the torso and limbs considered in great de-tail. Under language, are discussed the choice of words, pronunciation, use of foreign phrases, and the avoiding of errors in speech: A notable part of Miss Morgan's work is her considera-tion of the demon which the treate his Miss Morgan's work is her considera-tion of the drama, which she treats his-torically and geographically. The dif-ferent schools are adequately described, and a valuable chapter on rehearsing ends the section. In an appendix Miss

Morgan gives her own most interesting experiences in staging plays in Chicago. McClure Co., Chicago.

"Selected Readings," compiled by An-na Morgan. From Tolstoi to O. Henry, and from Boccaccio to Edward Eve-rett Hale, the field of literature, old

and new, pays tribute to this volume. Prose, verse, and serious and light dia-logue are presented, as well as a most valuable list of dramatic readings taker from Shaw, Stephen Phillips, and An-thony Hope, as well as from Moliere and others of the old regime. Not only are these extracts different from the relative which are usually expedies selections which one usually expects ds in compilations for but many of them are published for the first time apart from their authors' works and only by special permission obtained from the author or publisher by Miss Morgan. In the choice of these readings Miss Morgan has not only been happy in the high character of matter she has included in her volume but her exclusions will not grieve the most devoted lover of the old and tried in literature. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago.

stories

Norton, Vanderheyden Fyles, Gertrude Warden, and Jane W. Guthrie. The fiction of this number has a quality and variety and intense inter-est that make the whole number a play

notable one Arthur Loring Bruce continues his entertaining articles on Bridge, which have made many new readers of the magazine.

In the Red Book Magazine for July Prof. Frederick Starr, the famous sci-entist of the University of Chicago, presents a most daring study of civil-ized woman under the title "The Women Men Marry." Prof. Starr de-clares that woman has never achieved a really first class performance in lit-erature, science or art. He says, further, that the ultra-civilized women of today have more in common with further, that the ultra-civinzed wonder of today have more in common with the savage women than the world real-izes, and deplores generally the ten-dency among women to seek higher education in American colleges. As a scientist, Prof. Starr tells why the big business-man is more likely to wed a business-man is more likely to wed a business-man is more likely to wed a butterfly-girl than a maid who has earned a college diploma. His article is destined to be widely discussed. In addition to this feature, The Red Eook Magazine for July contains storics by such well known writers of fiction as James Bränch Cabell, Edwin Asa Dix, Mary Imlay Taylor, Earl Derr Biggers, E. A. Wharton, P. H. Harris, Hugh Kennedy, and Helen Bagg. The issue opens with 28 exquisite portrait studies, and an account of the new "lays brings business-man is more likely to wed a and an account of the new rlays brings

the splendid number to an _ id.

Colds that hang on weaken the con-Colds that hang on weaken the con-stitution and develop into consump-tion. Foley's Honey and Tar cures persistent coughs that refuse to yield to other treatment. Do not experi-ment with untried remedies as detay may result in your cold settling on your lungs.—F. J. Hill Drug Co., (The never substitutors) Salt Lake City.

New stock Vudor porch shades just arrived. Reduced prices to clear them out. Z. C. M. I. Carpet Dept.

FLAGS AND BUNTING.

Literary Enemy of England "White Fawn Flour Lionized in London Leads Them All!"

London Literary Letter

Milled from the wheat that flours, you know. Milled from the wheat that finest fields grow-Milled to perfection-milled perfectly white milled here in Utah--it's flour that's right

SALT LAKE & JORDAN MILL & ELEVATOR CO.

over there-the living and the dead

"White Fawn is the flour of

"Come before it is too late." Gregov-Will you come?

Gregov—Will you come? At this juncture, a pitiful Jewish pedler is being dragged to jail by two wardens. Hartwell protests. Wolf-stamm, a German land owner, who has caused the arrest appears. Wolfstamm—I would I might ge', rid of the whole tribe the same way the Jew dogs. . . But why this sudden interest, Mr. Hartwell? Hartwell—Because I am tired of the injustice you and your kind perpetrate upon a defenseless people; because they are my people. (Pause.) I, too, or a low.

they are my people. (Pause.) 1, 100, am a Jew. Gregov comes to center of stage. Hartwell (putting his hand in Gre-gov's:) 1 will come. (Constain)

The second act finds hand in Gre-gov's:) I will come. (Curtain.) The second act finds Hartwell in-stalled as president of the Jewish Na-tionalists. We learn that he is en-deavoring to raise money to puy Paes-time from the Sultan, from whom he has negotiated an option. Also, he is making arrangements with the secre-tary for the British colonles to get possession of Ganuda in case of a failure to purchase Palestine. Dis-satisfaction is expressed at the latter project, and a spirit of rebellion against Hartwell arises. To add to the complications, Hartwell has declared his love for Frederike, and when he tells of it to his confreres he is re-buked by the others, Frederike being a Christian. Christian.

Then comes a scene between Hart-well and Frederike, which, in psycho-logy and pathos, is the finest in the

Hartwell—I exacted from you more sacrifices than any man has a right to ask a woman, because I dreaded to lose you. Today I must go through life alone—(sinks helpless into a chair the table.) Frederike—Raymond! (He attempts

Frederike—Raymond! (He attempts to rise.) Don't try to get up, dear. You are ill. And that's way you said you must go through life alone. But you are so big and strong, you will soon recover. I will watch over you as carefully, as tenderly, till all yous strength comes back. Hartwell—(faintly.) You dear child-, Frederike—And then we shall be so happy.

happy. Hartwell—(rises.) No, it isn't that You did not understand. My people

stand between us Frederike-But they shall be my peoole, too,

Hartwell-They will not follow me if marry you. Frederike-Raymend-is it-? It's not my faith, is it? (He nods.) Because I am a Christian? (Pause.) But 1 am a Christian? (Pause.) But 1 thought that made no difference to you. thought that made no difference to you. Hartwell--Whatever your faith or birth, I could not love you more or less. It's you I love, you, you, the woman Rieckchen. I love you till I die. You belleve me, don't you? Frederike--Yes, dear. (A pause.) I have no right to bring division into your life, and ruin your career. It is your life work; you have been called

your life work; you have been called from among millions to lead. I must not stand in your way. Raymond, last night I said, "Thy people shall be my people," today I add, "thy God shall be ny God."

Hartwell-I was never worthy of a

Hartwell-1 was never worthy of a love like this. Frederike-Yet, dear; you must be happy now. Every barrier is removed, and the world is open before us. Hartwell-No, darling, the arms of

the dead centuries are drawing us

Frederike-Don't let's think of them iny more. Raymond, They cannot come

Hartwell-No. they're alive-phantoms, specters not men-and they are crushing me slowly to death. Last night I thought that through my love for

"Inever leave my house," he says, "to journey in any direction, but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised of which the gospel is adultery and the ap-ocalypse the right of suicide. These highly charged explosives, a few years ago simply French, are now multiplied and multiplying in our English market and multiplying in our English market. Is there no public opinion strong enough to forbid the display of them at railway stations?

(Special Correspondence.) ONDON, July 14 .- Probably no French writer is better known to English and American readers than Pierre Loti, or to give him Marie Julien Viaud of the French navy. The author of "Madame Chrysan-

theme" and "Japonneries d'Automne' is no lover of English rule in the orient, but he has been the Hon of the

hour during his visit to this country during last week. He was a guest last Friday at the dinner for the king and queen given at the American embassy, and on the fol-lowing day he had the unusual honor of being restrict the output the guesn at of being received by the queen at Buckingham palace.

Buckingham palace. It may come as a surprise to those who are familiar with the extremely modern and exotic character of Lot's writings to hear that he is a great ad-mirer of Shakespeare. He is a hum-ble follower of the bard of Avon, how-ever, and a few years ago he produced in Paris a French adaptation of "King Loar," which, It is said, is quite one of the best translations of England's immortal dramatist in any foreign kunimmortal dramatist in any foreign kan-guage. During his stay in England he made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon and examined with keen interest all the Shakespeare relics there.

LOTI'S HOBBY.

At home in France Loti steeps him-At nome in France Lot steeps inne-self in orientalism. He spends his days wrapped in the costume of an Arab either writing or admiring the won-derful collection of oriental furniture and art treasures which he has heaped up in his house at Rochefort. The bound contains an Indian mean cleanur house contains an Indian room, gloomy with the solemn figures of the gods of that country; an Arabian room rich with divans and cool with founrich with divans and cool with foun-tains, and above all a mosque-a real, miniature mosque, where Loti spends hours stretched on an eastern rug, in the study of the Koran. The mosque is en the roof of the house and every stone which entered into its construction was brought by Loti from Moroc-co. After it had been constructed Loti discovered that it looked on a wall and the roof of his neighbor's house instead of permitting a clear view of the heavens as demanded by the ritual. Lott at once had it demolished and re-

built facing the right way. Edward Clodd who was Meredith's lifelong friend has been telling some interesting stories about him which have not been published heretofore. There has always been more or less mystery about Meredith's hirthplace and parentage and for some reason he was always averse to talking about

"It happened," says Mr. Clodd, "that I was staying with him on the night when the last census was taken. March 31, 1901. He expressed satisfaction that I was there to save him the labor of filling in the details, and when these, so far as the servants were con-cerned, were duly entered, he was asked where he was born. Is that neces-sary?" 'Yes.' Well, put Hampshire.' 'Oh, that't too vague, you'll have the paper returned for a more definite answer. 'Well, say near Petersfield.' And that was the nearest that I could

get. It is now established definitely that he was born at 73 High street, Ports-mouth, and that his father was a naval outfitter

PLAGUE OF BAD BOOKS.

The Rev. Dr. William Barry, the famous Catholic theologian, novelist, and essayist, has been writting to a literary weekly complaining strongly of the plague of "bad books" which he declares is raging on every side. The books of which he complains are chiefly fiction the work of minor fluor chiefly fiction, the work of minor authors it is true, but in the aggregate they have a very large circulation, and the advertisements by which they are liberally pushed are a frank appeal to the morbidly curious. "I never leave my house," he says,

magnificent country home at Frens-ham place was given in due course but everyone felt that the party without Mr. Pearson was like Hamlet without the ghost. He was ably represented by his charming wife and his brother-in-law, Malcolm Frazer, who is one of the editors of the Standard.

KEEN RIVALS.

Mr. Pearson is one of the glants of London journalism. He and Lord Northellffe, who is better know as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, control nearly all the London papers that are worth having, and both are immensely rich men. Both started with nothing and de-veloped a contact for diadarse in sec. having, and both are immensely rich men. Both started with nothing and de-veloped a genius for finding out what the public wanted in the way of news-papers. It goes without saying that the rivalry between them is of the sharpest and sometimes of the bitter-est kind, it reached its climax when the Times came into the market about a year ago, Mr. Pearson secur-ed the first option but when the old-fashioned shareholders, fearing that the Times would be modernized and "Americanized"—dreadful word—took the matter into court, Mr. Pearson rather than embarrass his friends threw up his option and withdrew from the fight, Lord Northcliffe then stepped in and captured the Thunderer so quietly that no one except those who were actually parties to the bar-gain knew anything about it until it was too late to do anything. WILL GET HIS PEERAGE.

WILL GET HIS PEERAGE.

It is giving away no secrets to say that Mr. Pearson will get his peerage from the next Conservative govern-ment. He has been a thick and thin Protectionist and it is due chiefly to Protectionist and it is due chiefly to his efforts that protection has now become the leading plank in the con-scrvative platform, Joseph Chamber-lain always referred to him as "my chief hustler" in the carly days of the protective tariff fight. He might have had a knighthood or even a baronetcy when Mr, Balfour went out of offlee three years ago but he had no fancy for being Sir Arthur. It must be "my lord" or nothing. Mr. Pearson's elevation will complete the trio of newspaper peers which was

the trio of newspaper peers which was broken by the death of the late Lord Glenesk, the proprietor of the Morn-ing Post. The other newspaper peers are Lord Northcliffe of the Mail and a host of other papers, and Lord Burnham of the "Daily Telegraph." Lord Burnham started life as Edward Lawson Levy. Then he became Edward Levy Lawson and his son, the heir to the peerage, is now the honorable Harry Lawson, Mayor of Stepney, and M. P. for one of the East End constituencies in London.

CHARLES OGDENS.

Foley's Honey and Tar is especially recommended for chronic throat and lung troubles and many sufferers from bronchitis, asthma and consumption have found comfort and relief, by using Foley's Honey and Tar.—F. J. Hill Drug Co., (The never substitu-tors) Salt Lake City.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 18 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morn-ing, Aug. 2, 1909:

REFERENCES.

Atlas of the World's Commerce Baird-Manual of American College

Fraternities. Brewer-Dictionary of Miracles. Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 16.

Mineral Industry, 1907. New International Year Book, 1908. Statesman's Year Book, 1909. FICTION.

Balmer-Waylaid by Wireless. Haggard-Lady of the Heavens. Metour-In the Wake of the Green Banner.

Muir-Stickeen. Thomas-Little Gods. Tynan-Mary Gray.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS, Stoddard-Fight for the Valley.

his full name and rank, Capt. Louis

naturally stark dead, it left hotming to me but turbid Nihilism; for atheist I never was. I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a personal God ex-cept by supersition or else by super-natural revelation; that a natural God was the absurdest of all human fig-ments because no man could by other ments, because no man could by other means than a violation of the laws of nature conceive of any other sort of Divine person than man with a difference-man with some qualities intensi-fied and some qualities suppressed--man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. Now of course this is the exact definition of every God that has ever been worshipped un-God that has ever been worshipped un-der revelation. Men give Him the qualities they prefer in themselves or about them. The God of the Christians is good for domestic virtue, bad for patriotic. Again, the god of the Greeks and Roman is not good for the domes-tic or personal, in the Christian sensol Virtues but glocionsity good for the tic or personal, in the Christian sense) virtues, but gloriously good for the patriotic. But we who worship no ma-terial incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine hu-manity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any God, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore L might call myself a kind Therefore, I might call myself a kind of Christian (of the church of Blake and Shelley)." That is, notes the Times editor, taking the semi-legend-ary Christ as type of human aspiration and perfection, and supposing, if you like, that Jesus may have been the highest and nucleat sample of man on highest and purest sample of man on * * *

(These lines of "greeting and ac-claiming"--hitherto unpublished in-scribed by the Hoosier poet on the fly-leaf of "Neighborly Poems," was then dispatched to O. Henry);

O Henry, Afrite-Chef of all delight! Of all delectables conglomerate That stay the starved brain and re-juvenate.



BOOKS

is well known, has no peer as an

Indian photographer.

"The Custle Builder" s the title of a new book by Nephi Anderson, whose former stories "Added Upon," "Marcus King, Mormon," and "Romance of a King, Mormon," and Missionary," as well as various contri-butions to the various local maga-zines, have brought his writing into zines, have brought his writing into prominent notice. It is a most delight-ful story, dealing with the lives and loves of two young Norwegian people. Harald and Thora, and written with the central theme of their conversion to the faith which finally brings them from the fatherkand to the far west to join their destinies to those of the peo-ple who settled the valleys of the Great ple who settled the valleys of the Great

Salt lake The story is delightfully told; but its chief charm, perhaps, is contained in the descriptions of scenes in Norway, the pictures being introduced simply and naturally, but vividly also, and with the fine touch of style which and with the fine four of style when distinguishes the author's work dis-tinctly from the commonplace. The story, too, is well told, developing con-sistently from circumstance to circum-stance and with some good effects in character delineation. Mr. Anderson's works have won a deserved popularity character delineation. Mr. Anderson's works have won a deserved popularity and "The Castle Builder" will no doubt follow in the lead. The volume is pub-lished by the Deseret News company and is in excellent paper, print, and neat binding, and makes a most at-tractive appearance. On sale at Des-eret News book store.



enced writer, but was inclined against the theory because it could think of no living American writer who is capa-ble of such vigor and beauty of diction. Other reviewers subsequently showed surprise at the evident ability of a hitherto untried author, and only re-cently the "Brooklyn Dally Eagle ex-pressed skepticism about the book's authorship until the publishers assured the reviewer that Miss Glapell is a real person and is the author of the book. She was born in flavenport. Iowa, was educated at Des Moines and



The August Century will be the Mid-summer Holiday Fletion Number, with the third and last of the anonymously published "Thirteen at Table" stories, by one of these three authors, Mar-garet Deland, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and Owen Wister; other short tales by Katharine Mctcalf Roof, Cleveland Katharine Mctcalf Roof, Cleveland Moffett, David Gray, Caspar Day, and L. Frank Tooker; and the first of Al-bert Hickman's "The A Flat Major Polonaise," the extraordinary story of a musician of exuberant temperament and his experiences in a Nova Scotia camp Mr. Hickman's rich humor has camp Mr. Hickman's rich humor has already been shown in his shorter stories in The Century, "Overproof," "Oriented," etc.

Ainslee's for August has some un-usually big features, chief among which is the beginning of a new serial which is the beginning of a new serial by George Barr McCutcheon. The title of the story is "Truxton iKng," and it is announced as a Graustark story. Everybody, of course, knows all about Mr. McCutcheon's month story. Everybody, of course, knows an about Mr. McCutcheon's previous Graustark stories, "Graustark" and "Beverly of Gruastark," which sold over a million copies. "Truxton King" is better than either of its predeces-sors, and Ainslee's is fortunate in se-curing its serial rights.

curing its serial rights. The complete novel is an immensely entertaining story by Horace Annesley Vachell. It is called "The Paladin," and will be found by Ainslee's readers to be worth what they pay for the magazine several times over. Mr. Vachell will be remembered for an ex-conduct, fine serial "Her Son" which ceedingly fine serial, "Her Son," which appeared a year or two ago in Ainslee's.

Among the contributors of short stories, Joseph C. Lincoln and Mary Heaton Vorse are perhaps most con-spicuous on account of their constant appearance in this magazine? Mr. Lin-coln's story, "The Pinks and the Jon-quils," is in his familiar vein and ex-ceptionally good even for him; Mrs. Vorse's is a "Jimmy" story. Clara E. Laughlin contributes another in the Beth Tully series, which she calls "The Point of View." A story which has some "timeliness" is by Kenneth Brown, and is called "The Great Boo Match;" it gives an account of golf from a new standpoint. Among the other contributors of Among the contributors of short

Among the other contributors of short stories are Steel Williams, Roy



Bears the Char H. Fletchers

THE PROMISED LAND.

Prize Drama of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

One of the most important of recent contributions to American dramatic literature is Mr. Davis' "The Promised Land." It deals stongly with an important and vital question of today in a calm scholarly manner. "The Promised Land" was awarded first place by the Harvard Dramatic club, and

produced by it at Brattle hall, Cam-bridge, Tuesday, December 15, 1908. In conception, execution and diction, it places Mr. Dayls in a foremost position among the younger American dramatists. The technique is flawless; the dialogue contains all the grandeur of great men talking of great things the book abounds in impressive, mem-orable lines. And all the tragedy of the Jewish persecution is poured into

the Jewish persecution is poured into the pages by one who understands and systathizes. The opening of the play holds a slight discussion concerning the na-tionality of Raymond Hartwell, the principal character. It is claimed he is a Jew. Frederike, a gentile who loves Hartwell, overhears the conver-sation. Later, Hartwell appears and statien. Later, Hartwell appears and Frederike learns from his own lips that he is a Jew. Gregov, Hartwell's brother-in-law who lives in Kamenez, Russia, with the latter's mother, enters

Hartwell-You have just come from Russia?

Gregov—Yes, just from Russia, Hartwell—Was mother well—and sister, and the children? You do not speak. Tell me, is everything well? Gregov—Everything well in Russia, and for a Jew!

and for a Jew! Hartwell-Quick, tell me-mother-Annie-the children? Gregov-Don't scream so. I cannot endure screams. (A tense pause.)' In Bardichev the police incited the peas-ants to fall upon the Jews. Three hundred were killed, but nobody car-ed. In Zhitomir the rioters hurled ed. In Zhitomir the rioters hurled babies from the housetops, and ravish-ed the women. In Gomol, Nicolai, Orgolski, who was my friend, went to the Governor for help, They met him with a volley of bullets. His wife sat beside the body and screamed, till she became an idiot and fell a-laugh-ing. In Kameran-

she became an idiot and fell a-laugh-ing. In Kamenza-Hartwell-Your home. O God! Gregov-I rode to St. Petersburg to see the Czar. Yes, he was most deeply concerned for his Jewish subjects; the matter would have his attention;-and when I reached home-Hartwell-Yes, yes-

Hartwell-Yes, yes-Gregov-The moujiks were at their work. The air was full of feathers; the houses were burning; the guiters were running with blood. One brute attempted to violate a woman. She shot herself. His fellow said to him. "Don't mind: she is still warm." I killed them both. And when I reach-ed my house (Pause.) It was too late.

Elchanan, Ussishkof and Orlinski Elchanan, Ussishkof and Orlinski have accompanied Gregov, and urge Hartwell, who has become world-famous through the publication of "Welt Epos." to be Jewish leader. Gregov-You have made your voice heard in the courts of Europe in the past, make it heard now as the Moses of a new exodus into the Promised Land.

Elchanan-They call to you from

you, I could bring our two races to understand each other. They—they came to me, man after man: Elchanan, the great rabbi, whose word they ven-erate as law, and the others, and they said: this one, "Christians murdered my brother at Kisheneff:" another, "They burned my house and outraged my sister at Elizabethsgrad-

Trederike—Oh, God! Hartwell—A third, "before my eyes they killed my mother at Bialstock;" a fourth. "they stabled my babics and shot my wife at Ekaterinoslav." Frederike—Oh, God! Oh, God! Hartwell-And then they pointed to me and they said: "You, who would

lead us, you to marry into that race that has led your people to slaugh-ter!" I told them that you were com-

ing to us: I pleaded; I begged; I im-plored. They had but one answer: "Either her or your people." Fredericke-No, no, no, it was all a mistake. They didn't know that I was to be one of them, to work with them, to give up my life with theirs for the cause. Come, come, dear, I shall win them over. I will think of nothing but their welfare. Oh, I will do everything that ever woman did before, and I will work, and work, and work.

The Jewish bankers refuse to loan the money for the purchase of Palestine, and the conference scene is the climax

Hartwell, exhausted and sick from overwork, is defeated in his plan to buy Ganuda, and when he receives word of the act of the Jewish congress, he rises from his chair with a last sudden ac-

Hartwell—The congress still lives: Oh, you fools, you fools! It was to have been the hope and glory of Israel, and what is it now? A shred, a tatter, a shell, a nothing. Palestine gone, Ganuda gone, nothing left, and you tell me the congress still lives. Will those words strike the upraised arm of the persecutor? Will they batter down the Ghetto walls? Will they bring clear skies and fresh fields to our nation? Will those empty words set up the ban-ner of David over a new Jerusalem? The congress still lives! No, no, the congress is dead. (Falls into the arms of Xon Schlegel and Gregov. He loses consciousness for a moment: then looks consciousness for a moment: then looks up and speaks laboriously to Gregov): Must-have-new plan-begin-small-colonies in-Palestine. Don't give-up. Thou-shalt-see-Promised Land-but not enter it (He points with his left hand toward the mountains, his eyes becoming larger.) Do-you see it-? becoming larger.) Do-you see it -?? There it is! there it is! Rieckchen, are

you there? Frederike (sobbing)—Here, here Ray-mond. They will not drive me away

Hartwell-I-love-you-I love you Thank God, I can-still-say it. There to races now-but only you-and-I. (His head falls on his breast. The doctor touches his pulse, composes his hands in his lap, and turns away. Gre-gov bursts into hoarse dry sob. Von Schlegel comes forward silently and puts his hand on Gregov's shoulder.)

Elchanan (turns toward the east and Elenanan (turns toward the east and begins to recite the Kaidish, the an-clent Hebrew prayer for the dead)-Yisgadal, v'yiskadash, sh'may rabbo, (Magnified and sanctified be his great name.)

The delegates (facing the cast)-B'olmo di-v'ro chiroosay. (In the world which He hath created according to His will.)

(Curtain.)

"The woman clamors for free love, though she would be its most unhappy victim, an Ariadne in Naxos, left behind at the sailing season by Theseus intent on fresh adventures. Her part-ner drugs himself with pleasure, and keeps the key of death in his pocket. Horrible as are the devil's tracts com-mending license at the spring of life, I am yet more appalled when I read dainty, eloquent sermons, which glory in self-murder.

"That immense upgrowth of per-nicious books will bear fruit in char-acter; it has done so already. What is the use of our reasoning on 'righteous-ness, temperance, and the judgment to come' in half-empty churches when the myriad volumes which deride self-control, scoff at the God-like in man, deny the judgment, and by most po-tent illustration declare that death

ends all?" Dr Barry concludes by calling on the home secretary to inxestigate the the nonie secretary to intestigate the situation he describes and to act on the information which he can collect without any trouble. Calling on the home secretary in this country is equivalent to calling on the police commissioner or district attorney in Amatica America.

C. A. PEARSON ILL.

Much sympathy is felt in London for C. Arthur Pearson, proprietor of the "Dally Express," the "Standard," the "Evening Standard" and a string of provincial papers, as well as a number of weakly and monthly maga-zines, for his inability to take part in" the Imperial Press conference, which has just ended, and the festivities connected with it. There is no keener imperialist in England than Mr. Pearconnected with it. There is no keener imperialist in England than Mr. Pear-son and no man has worked harder on the preliminaries which have made the conference the great success it has been. He expected to take a lead-ing part when the editors of the em-pire arrived in London, but just be-fore their arrival Mr. Pearson had to undergo a series of operations on his eyes, and although they have been wholly successful, the surgeons have forbidden their patient to expose him-self to any excitement or his eyes to any strain for some time to come. The garden party which had been arranggarden party which had been arrang-ed for the editors at Mr. Pearson's

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