## DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY AUGUST 15 1908



## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

### HEAVENLY TREASURE.

Though the purchase were but small "What I spent I had; What I kept I lost; What I gave I have.' -Old Epitaph.

Every coin of earthly treasure We have lavished upon earth. or our simple worldly pleasure, May be reckoned something worth: For the spending was not losing Though the purchase were but small; It has perished with the using; We have had it-that is all!

## BOOKS

One thing that stands out in The One thing that stands out in The Land of the Living, the new July novel on the Harper list, is the case with which its author—a woman, Maude Radford Warren—is able to fil politi-clan into a cleancut phrase. Mrs. War-ren's novel insists that sensational re-form is a kind of first cousin to knav-ment arrogence and drives the point ren's novel insists that sensational re-form is a kind of first cousin to knav-ery and arrogance, and drives the point home with sure Irish aim. "The trou-ble with reformers is," says the shrewd old boss of the ward, "they won't take any new light. There ain't any new light. They've got it all." "I dis-tust a man." the old fellow says again, "who pats himself on the back because he's honest. He ought to take it as a matter of course." It is safe to say that everybody will like this nov-el-it is just the sort that people are waiting to find. An honest romance of young love and a dash of local politics -ward politics—with a difference, and it is the Trish wit and the Irish senti-ment of it that makes the difference. The romance is born in a gray old cas-tle in Ireland, but the story begins and ends in Chicago, where a plucky little the in Ireland, but the story begins and ends in Chicago, where a plucky little waif if picked up from the streets and adopted by John Callahan, the big, good-natured boss of the ward. They have each other, the man and the boy: but as Hugh grows to manhood he sees the wrong of his benefactor's methods and goes over to one of Cal-lahan's political pupils who has turned reformer.

The old man is cut and broken, but The old man is cut and broken, but he loves his boy and sticks to him. He is shrewd, too, and bides his time. So then the two make a journey to the old country and there the youth sees the lady of his dreams. When they meet again he is a young lawyer in Chicago, and she has been forced by poverty to leave her ruined castle and come to earn her living in America. More than ever she is the lady of his dreams. But somehow her heart turns to the other man—the reformer. There to the other man—the reformer. There is another woman in love with the hero ~a brusque, true-hearted, spiendid-spirited working girl—and she bakes a plucky fight to win the man she loves. Indeed, it is hard to tell whether the here woman wins

loves. Indeed, it is hard to tell whether the best woman wins. These two women and these three men are a group of surprisingly real people. The story is all fresh and vigorous, made up of humor and good-humor together. And the way is ends is surprising. is surprising.

## MAGAZINES.

Americans who have been caught th the sparkle of Max Pemberion's with "Sir Richard Escombe new romance, "Sir Richard Escombe," which the Harpers published a few weeks ago, are probably not aware that so many of its incidents are historical. The famous old Medmen-ham abbey, described there, is actually in existence, and, furthermore, it has been rented from its present Eng-lish owner, and is now occupied by a New York man as a country estate. Over one of the entrances to the ab-bey the visitor may still see the in-scription, "Fay ce que vondras".—the moto of the Hell Fire club whose mad motio of the Hell Fire club whose mad doings Mr. Pemberton lays bare to romance. The little village of Med-menham lies in the cup of a hill not far from Great Marlow. Its name is said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon "mold," a meadow, and "ham," a homestead or dwelling. Saxon "moid," a meadow, and "ham," a homestead or dwelling. E.dward Everett Hale, Jr., has writ-ten a literary criticism, interesting chiefly as an example of strict church

All the gold we leave behind us When we turn to dust again, Though our avarice may blind us. We have gathered quite in vain; Since we neither can direct it. By the winds of fortune tossed. Nor in other words expect it, What we hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation, Seed of pity wisely sown-What we give in self-negation, We may safely call our own; For the treasure freely given Is the treasure that we heard, Since the angels keep in Heaven, What is lent unto the Lord! J. G. Saxe

# play, "The Servant in the House." Dr Hale reviews it as a book, the form in which it has been placed by the

in which it has been placed by the Harpers, and while maintaining that it is "a very fine thing, with a noble aim and excellent dramatic irony," takes exception to Mr. Kennedy's idea of the way Christ would act in a modern English vicarage. "And I cannot see why, in arranging the play," says Dr. Hale, "it was necessary to have all that about a brother, who to have all that about a brother who had wronged a brother, a worldly wo-man using religion for her own pur-poses, a church built over a charnelposes, a church built over a charnel-house, and a Socialist drain-cleaner who should arouse the vicar to a hec-tic self-sacrifice." One wonders what Dr. Hale would have the play made of, since his objections practically cover the plot. Yet the spirit of the appreciation is so sincere that many people will no cloubt he won by it to people will no doubt be won by it to judge the book for themselves. The review appears in the Dial.

. . .

Since the death of W. L. Alden, the Since the death of W. L. Alden, the author in whom children and grown folk seemed equally to delight, his books have been again sought by many of the old readers. It is their demand, not less than the call of the present day children, which explains the new editions of Mr. Alden's stories. On the Harpers press recently there have been reprinted "The Cruise of the Canee Club," "Moral Piratos," and the famous "Adventure of Jimmy Brown." 

Valdez, Alaska, where gold was this week announced in the financial world to have jumped to \$20 the pan, is a settlement about which Rex Beach, the young author of two Harper best sellers. "The Barrier" and "The Spoil-ers," tells a good story. Mr. Beach was in camp there on one of his Alas-kan tribs a few years ago, and his story was in camp there on one of his Alas-kan trips a few years ago, and his story concerns a man named Amy, distin-guished as the last man in camp to go to bed. "At least," says Mr. Beach. "everybody thinks he's the last, al-though nobody is sure, because nobody ever saw him go-not for long at a time, anyway. It was a long while before they discovered how Amy man-aged it. Twe got a little thing to 'tend to up at the hotel. I'll be back in a minute,' and what he used to say, until people found out that the 'little thing' he 'tended to was a nap, whence he people found out that the 'little tilnig' he 'tended to was a nap, whence he woke up fresh as a youngster. The day they began to suspect they urged a ten-derfoot into the sleeper's room for the purpose of removing Amy's garments while he slept, and the crowd waited below to catch them from the window. Sure enough they dropped, when sud-denly a cry went up: 'Why, those don't look like Amy's clothes!' They weren't. And ever since that time, whatever may have happened to the tenderfoot, Amy has slept in peace."

W. G. HAMPTON AS HE LOOKED IN THE PHILIPPINES. W. G. Hampton, familiarly known as "Will," has not changed greatly ten years which have elapsed since the above portrait was taken When the call for volunteers was made in 1898, Mr. Hampton was one

of the Utah boys who left his employment and shipped for the Philippines. He went from the offices of the Con-solidated Wagon & Machine company in this city; after filling an horoable term of service in the islands. which he served a good part of the time in the Hospital corps, he returned home and resumed his old position, being later promoted to the Ogden office of the same company, where he is now located.

Raphael Georges Levy, the noted Pari- | most implacable opponents of woman suffrage. She argues against it with all the logic of a man and all the arnestnes of a woman. The foremost voman in British literary life, a ressian banker and writer on finance.

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Raphael Georges Levy, the noted Parisian banker and writer on finance. "By the end of the week, teaching myself." writes Jack London in Harper's Weekly, of his mastry of the science of navigation, "I was able to do divers things. For instance, I shot the North Star, at night of course; noted its altitude, corrected for index error, din, etc, and found our latitude. And, this latitude agreed with the latitude of the previous noon corrected by dead reck-oning up to that moment. Proud? Well, I was even prouder with my next miracle. I was going to turn in at mine o'clock. I worked out the problem, self-instructed, and learned what star of the first magnitude would be passing the meridian around half past eight. This star proved to be Alpha Crucis I hooked it up on the star map. It was me of the stars of the Southern Cross. What' thought I, have we been salling with the Southern Cross In the sky of nights and never known it? Dolts that we are! Gudgeons and moles! I couldn't believe it. I went over the problem again, and verified it. Charmian had the wheel from eight fill ten that evening. I told her to keep her eyes open and look due south for the Southern Cross. And when the stars came out, there shone the Southern Cross low on the horizon. Proud? No medicine-man nor high priest was ever prouder. Furthermore, with the prayer-wheel I shot Alpha Crucis, and from fits al:tude worked out our latitude. And still furthermore I shot the North Star, too, and it agreed what had been told me by the Southern Cross. Proud? Why, the language of the stars was mine, and I istened and heard them telling me my way over the deep.

ny way over the deep. Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of the

Inspired Books Written

**Billiousness!** Bowels Off!

Out of Soris, Bad Breath, Sick Head-ache All Eastly Relieved.

ache All Easily Relieved.
"Billiousness" is simply another name in nine cases out of ten for disordered stomach and lazy liver and bowels. When the skin and whites of the cyes are thuged with yellow: when there is pain in the back and right side; dizsiness; spots appearing before the cyes until momentarily bilindness occurs; severe headaches and bad breath, depend upon it your sluggish liver and bowels are the cause. Empty the bowels and "keep them empty." It's the poison that the blood distributes through the body makes you out of sorts and out of health.
A digestive laxative that rights the stomach, clears the bowels in an easy, natural manner, and makes them regular again will do more to relieve the billious man or woman than all the pills and you are ready and willing for your appetite and "restful" sleep comes back, and you are ready and willing for your daily toils again. C. E. Cook, Greeneville, Ill., says he never found anything to bring him out of a billious attack. Rike this famous laxative and slipe study to an stack. But the stoma of a callow and stack we and you are ready and willing for your daily toils again. C. E. Cook, Greeneville, Ill., says he never found anything to bring him out of a billious attack. Rike this famous laxative and digestive tonic.

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1.00, Pepsin Syrup Co., 330 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, II., will send a free sample to any one who has never used it and will give it a fair trial.

"To a Nun Confessed," attracted a good deal of attention. Now sile has written a second which she calls "Servitude." In order to obtain the material for this book the authoross spent several months in Algiers, re-siding in an antique Moorish villa on the Mustapha hill. She draws some striking pictures of life among the Al-gerian slaves, and the poor. She has announced that she proposes to pay prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 respectively for the best three criticisms of the book, long or short, and whether fa-vorable or not, that are sent in to her. She says the editor of a well known unagazine will make the decisions. ODE WRITERS BY THOUSANDS. ODE WRITERS BY THOUSANDS.

With reference to the giving of prizes, it might be mentioned that the offer of a \$125-prize for the best ode on the recent Pan-Anglican congress heid in London has brought out no less than 800 odc-writers; each of them con-tributed about 2,000 words, setting forth some phase of the "odelst", oniniow tributed about 2,000 words, setting forth some phase of the "odelsts" opinion of the great church gathering. The prize was awarded by the Rev. J. Bar-ing Gould, author of many novels, the prize winner being the Rev. T. R. Py-per. That not less than 1,600,000 words could be written on a church con-gress shows that there is still some poetry—of a sort—left in this prosaic age. woman in British literary life, a res-pected student of economic questions, and a sympathizer with the laboring classes, Mrs. Ward is a force in the opposition that the suffragists cannot match. With the cooperation of Lord Rothchild and the Marchioness of Tweedsale as president, she has or-ganized the National Woman's Anti-Suffrage constitution and in induction Suffrage association, and is winning many influential women to its cause. On the other hand, the suffrage move-ment, Mrs. Ward insists, is losing ground and doomed to defeat. agé.

MRS, WARD HAS DOUBTS.

MRS, WARD HAS DOUBTS. Mrs. Humphry Ward says she does not approve of the policy which ad-vocates agitating "till something hap-pens," nor does she approve of wo-men chaining themselves to the ruli-ings of a prime minister's house, ring-ing bells, or going to jail. She takes the view that men are the proper ones to manage the affairs of the country. Mrs. Ward cannot be accused of not the view that men are the proper ones to manage the affairs of the country. Mrs. Ward cannot be accused of not being—through her books—a staunch upholder of women's rights in other walks of life; and many are aston-ished at her opposition to the present agitation. Naturally, the suffrageties themselves are denouncing her for not upholding the principles which several of her books seem to advocate with reference to the standing of women in the political world. Mrs. Ward maintains that it is a mistake for wo-men to imagine that they are sure to obtain political power if they keep up the agitation sufficiently long. She points out that the women suffragette movement in America has completely broken down despite the most stren-uous tactics of the women vote-seek-ers. Abbott-On the Training of Parents. Benson-The Schoolmaster. Clow-Practical Up-to-date Plumbing. Hall-Inward Light. Hurll-Portraits and Portrait Paint-Stephens-French Novelists of Today. Yeats-Unicorn From the Stars. ers.

H. G. WELLS' DISCLOSURES. H. G. Wells recently attended a sup-per at the Guild of St. Mathew's-a sort of church socialistic organization —and told some amusing stories of his early life. His attitude towards religion surprised a good many of his audience. "With the utmost consistency," he said, "for five and twenty years I hated the Church of England Brought up a son of the church, l began at a comparatively early age to develop a very considerable scepticism develop a very considerable scepticizm about its formulas. I became a teach-er in an endowed school; and was m-formed that if I wished to retain the post, I must be confirmed. The re-sult was that I committed the first humilating act of my life. I ate doubt and was confirmed—and lost my per-sonal honor. The church thus pre-sented itself to me for long as a great and was confirmed-and lost my per-sonal honor. The church thus pre-sented itself to me for long as a great stupid thing, which was stifling my conscience and intelligence." Mr. Wells also astonished many of his so-cialistic friends by approving. after a fashion, the status quo. "There is a necessity," he said, "for organizing liberty. You can't get free and con-venient travel in the absence of high roads. You must also employ intelli-gent people to keep those roads free, both as surveyors and as police. Merc-ly generous impulse to get rid of pri-vate property and an emotional re-solve to do things collectively instead of individually may only get you into a muddle." And now the parsons and the socialists are criticizing Wells socialists are criticizing Wells and the for all they are worth. CHARLES OGDENS.





LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 15 books will be added

to the public library Monday morning,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Kovalesky-Russian Political Institu-

FRENCH.

FICTION.

France-Anneau d'Amethyste. France-Mannequin d'Osier, France-Orme du Mail, France-Sur la Pierre, Blanche,

Lea-Vermilion Pencil.

Openheim-Avenger.

Aug. 17, 1908;



Dr. Louis Honore Frechette, the hon-ored poet of French Canada whose death was recently announced, was re-

lated to William Dean Howells, a sis-ter of Mr. Howells being Annie Howells Frechette, Mrs. Frechette is not, howver, as has been somewhere stated, the ever, as has been somewhere stated, the wife of the dead poet, but of his broth-er, Leonard Achille Frechette, transla-tor of the Canada house of commons. Dr. Frechett's distinguished work in poetry and letters was crowned by the French academy and by the London Imperial Institute, and he had received several marks of royal honor Amoor several marks of royal honor. Am the translations which he made French is included Mr. Howells' Chance Acquaintance." Am . . .

opinion, on Charles Rann Kennedy's try. The translation was made by

Our London Literary Lefter. Special Correspondence. ONDON, Aug. 6 .- A rather curi-

ous phase of literary development recently is the number of books dealing with occult sub-

jects. Several libraries are being formed containing nothing but books on spiritualism, occultism, and kindred

on sofitualism, occultism, and kindred topics. Of these books, quite a num-ber deal with famous authors; and there is quite a school of "Inspiration-al" writers coming to the fore; that is, writers who claim to be inspired by famous men of the past. The finishing of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood" is one of these "Inspired" works, the writer stating that the disembodied spirit of Charlese Dickens "dictated" the work. From a purely literary standpoint, the spirit of Dickens did not do as well by the "Mystery" as did Wilkie Collins, whose "Myster of Edwin Drood" was not inspired. With a number of these "Inspired" writers. Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Ben Jon-son, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others are great favorites, and works from their disembodied spirits obtained by various means are being published. It is a rather curious thing that psychical development scems to interfere considerably with literary style, for the works alleged to be die-tated by the great departed do not com-pare with the immutal moducions

style, for the works alleged to be dic-tated by the great departed do not com-pare with the immortal productions produced while in the flesh. Possibly, they could not dictate so well as they could write. Bosides, they can have no opportunity of correcting their proofs. It does not seem wholly fair to the great spirit to be rushed off into print with a dictated first draft. In one of these inspired works, written by John Lobb, entitled "Talks with the Dead," there are some interesting self-revelations made by many notable In one of these hepliced works, written by John Lobb, entitled "Talks with the Dead," there are some interesting self-revelations made by many notable authors. For instance, Shakespeare tells us: "I was the eldest of 10. That is a moor question. I say I was the eldest of 10. Biographers say of seven only. John Shakespeare, my father, told me, and he knew best of all." It is pleasing to be able to record that this moot point is finally settled; even though Shakespeare repeats himself in settling it. It is also interesting to note that John Shakespeare was one of those wise fathers who knew how many sons he had. In this work the sphrit of Gladstone says that he regrets not being able to come back into Eng-lish political life once more; while Bea-consheld says: "The policy of the pres-ent English povernment towards Ire-land is a question that now doeply in-terests the inhabitants of the spiritual spheres."

spheres

VERITABLE LIBRARIES. The number of books turned out on these subjects is really astonishing. At the two principal libraries of this liter-ature in London-manuely that of the Psychical Research society and the London Spiritualist Alliance there are upwards of 5,000 volumes. Perhaps these are among the most curlous col-lections of literature on any one sub-ject, and certainly form a remarkable collection. sollection

By Spirits of Great Authors water-in the west end of London-is a library wholly devoted to literature for the blind. It contains many thou-sand volumes, dealing with every ima-ginable topic. There are also more than a thousand volumes of embossed music. Most of the books in this library are in type invented by Louis Braille: while the rest are in what are known as "moon" type. In addition to the blind who use the library daily, there are a large number of subscribers to whom "blind" books are sent by mall. One of the advantages of the blind library is that it can be conducted in a cellar, light not being an essential. At pres-ent, the library consists mostly of stan-dard authors only. The books are necent, the library consists mostly of stan-dard authors only. The books are nec-essarily very large, as all the type has to be touched; not seen. Quite a num-ber of the books—especially those add-ed this year—are printed on thin sheets of aluminum, this being found the best material for such books. The charac-ters are much clearer than those stamped on the brown paper ordinarily used. As there are 40,000 blind people in Great Britain, the circulation de-partment of this library is rather ex-tensive. In order to meet the demand for "blind" literature of a more "newsy" character, the Daily Mail recently character, the Daily Mail recently started a 'Blind Weekly,' which is doing very well. It is printed or large thick sheets, with raised letters, and is the only paper of its kind in the world.

LEAVES BEATEN TRACK.

"Irene Osgood" is the nom-de-plume of a Virginia lady who has lived for some years in England, where she has been known as one of the most ardent riders to hounds. She has lately given up sport and taken to writing rather sensational novels, and her first book

## A Hard Case.

Imagine a man so low with kidney disease that he had to sit up night and day. He even had to sleep sitting up, being unable to lay in his bed or start on his feet. Yet such was the final condition of W. R. Marquis, the well known business man of Bartow, Fla. He went to a skilitarium in Mem-phis, where he was attended by three physicians. They gave up the case and advised that he go home. On his return he heard of and sent for the new emollient treatment.

emollient treatment. week the heart and dropsy nd, and the fourth month the new et for The faurth

began to mend, and the fourth month he was walking all over the town with out cane of this reference utches, and he permits

what kidney disease is matter what kinney distance is r kidney trouble, nephri-a disease—it is inflamma-cidneys, and as the old-iney medicines are kidney can see why they failed they have in yours, nal compound is the first al compound is the first called-wheth tis or Bilgh tion of the time futile k excitants, y in his case Fulton's R

al emollient thus reduc-sournation, and kidney curable for the first rious supposed incurable successful ing Renal disease is time. Even forms yield Tims yield. Literature

ure mailed free. John J. Fui-Oakland, Cal. LITERATURE FOR BLIND. Speaking of remarkable libraries, re-minds me that in Queen's Road, Bays-

## WHAT A NEW JERSEY EDITOR SAYS.

M. T. Lynch, Editor of the Philips-burg, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Hon-ey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it." For sais by F. J. Hill Drpg Co., "The Never Substitutors."

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\* RUTH EVELYN THOMAS. The photo of Ruth Evelyn Thomas, from which the above reproduction was made, was taken about a year ago. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Thomas, and was born Oct. 26, 1991. In the early part of

this year, she was stricken with scarlet fever, and though she recovered from that disease, complications set in that slowly sapped her vitality. Each day her sorrowing parents saw her grow weaker and weaker, and knew that the end of ter mortal life was near. She died Aug. 8 and was buried from the family residence, 218 F street two days later. Her death was a severe blow to the father and mother, and relatives and friends shared deeply in their sorrow, as the deceased had been more thas usually bright and winsome.