



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

## THE WIND-ROCKED BIRD.

The branch beneath him sways.  
But undisturbed he sings.  
All conscious of his wings.  
—Frederic Rowland Marvin.

## WORLD'S GREATEST DOCTOR.

There is a great physician who long ago began  
To clear away the troubles that come to pester man:  
The true he is old-fashioned, but many a grievous ill  
That puzzles other doctors would yield to this one's skill:  
He makes no heavy charges, and he always near  
To serve him if you want him: his full name is Good Cheer.  
  
His practice should be world wide and daily it should grow;  
He serves in summer weather and when the wild winds blow;  
His night bell is in order, he answers every call,  
He gives no bitter doses and tortures not at all.  
And they have few diseases and stand in little fear  
Who always are serenely attended by Good Cheer.  
  
He does not deem the wealthy more worthy of his care  
Than are the poor who seek him. Where walls and floors are bare  
He ministers as freely as where the rich abide,  
And all he asks in payment are hope and honest pride.  
The hope and pride that follow where duty's call is clear—  
Tis time to aid in spreading the practice of Good Cheer.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## NOTES.

At Sotheby's, Messrs. Pearson paid \$100 for an important series of 24 long letters from Mrs. Siddons, to her old friend, Mrs. Norton. The letters were written by the most famous actress of the 18th century, and were the only ones of her kind that have been preserved. They were written to Mrs. Norton, who was a friend of the actress, and were the only ones of her kind that have been preserved. They were written to Mrs. Norton, who was a friend of the actress, and were the only ones of her kind that have been preserved.

September will witness the conclusion of another round in the legal fight between life and the theatrical trust. It is expected that the New York courts will hand down a decision affirming the rights of life's critics. Mr. Metcalfe, to whom the public place of the theatre is a matter of great importance, is at present finding recreation in his own country, among surroundings almost as picturesque as those of the theatre.

Recently the Holms announced the sixth large edition of "The Princess Passes." We are now informed that the seventh printing has begun. The "Princess Passes" is a collection of the most beautiful of the list of this time.

Miss Myrtle Reed, the author of "Lavender and Old Lace" and seven other successful books, is singularly reticent about her literary accomplishments. She was recently asked what she considered her best work, and she replied that it was some music she wrote with her pen. When her inquirer persisted and said that he meant her literary works, Miss Reed told him that her masterpiece was a letter to the Chicago Tribune about dog licenses, signed "Freddie Brown Public."

To the Cambridge Geographical Series (Macmillan) is added a volume of California, Mesoamerican, Persia and Central Asia from the Moslem Conquest to the Time of Timur. The volume is almost entirely composed from eastern sources, and attempts to gather within a convenient compass the information scattered through the works of the medieval Arab, Armenian and Turkish geographers.

Mr. Thomas C. Platt, the senior senator from New York, remarks that he has had many days and months and years, "some of them fruitful, some barren, but none of them without work." Being in a philosophical mood, he now realizes that he has been "too much better or too different from what it is." He adds that he does not mean that his life "was not worth while," but that "the political game as I played it was not worth while, and that if I could do it all over again I would play different politics."

It would almost seem that the estimable senator took his text for this interesting dissertation from "The Plum Tree," a book which he has been recently reading. Says the great political figure in the central figure in Mr. Phillips' story:

"I suddenly had a clear understanding of my absorption in this wretched game. I had been playing year in and year out with hardly a glance up from the table. That wretched game with its counterfeits, stakes, and the more a man wins the poorer he is."

Lloyd Osbourne, Kinsman and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson and author of those delightful tales of the road and the car, "The Motorists," called on the publisher of a leading magazine the other day. He had written this earlier several times for a check but had not had written in vain. "I am sorry," explained the publisher, "but Colonel So-and-so, who always signs our checks, is confined at home with the gout."

"But my dear man," expostulated the author-collector, "does he sign them with his feet?"

Eliza Warris Mumford's new humoristic book for 1905 is to be a very novel "Joke Book Note Book," to be published by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. Since the first appearance of the famous Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom, Mrs. Mumford has prepared an annual volume of her clever nonsense work. The Limerick Up to Date book of her was a distinct success, and the publishers announce that they have just filled an order for an edition of the book for the Australian market. The order includes as well editions of Bachelor Blunders and Widows Grave and Otherwise.

The Cynic's Calendar, which, apart from its own merits has been distinguished by the flood of imitations that have appeared, is again on the press for 1906, under the title of the "Complete Cynic's Calendar." It is to include all of the material, text and illustrations, of both the first and second series. The advance sale has added another 25,000 copies to the credit of this successful nonsense volume.

Mme. Zola proposes to publish her husband's correspondence, and is collecting from his acquaintances all scattered epistles of interest.

Ida M. Tarbell's two papers on Mr. Rockefeller are being reprinted in book form.

## DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

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form from McClure's Magazine, for immediate publication under the title of "John D. Rockefeller, a Character Sketch."

The most notable review article as yet called forth by the attention in Sweden and Norway is that contributed to the Monthly Review by E. John Soderstrom, and entitled "Scandinavia in the Scopes of the Future." It may be found in The Living Age for August 5.

The present head of the publishing house established by John Murray, the Scotchman, in 1794, is contemplating it is said, the publication of a book of his own. The title is announced as "The Camellias of a Publisher," or, "Some Authors Disposed."

Among the books which James Pott will bring out this fall is a volume by a new writer, Emma B. Mink, who has spent her entire life in the heart of the Tennessee mountains, and who wisely has sought her inspiration from the things she knows best.

Mrs. Isabel Strong, whose book, "The Girl From Home," is full of record as to the picturesque surroundings among which she lived when in Italy, with her stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson, is at present finding recreation in her own country, among surroundings almost as picturesque as those of the theatre.

Cyrus Townsend Brady is completing the manuscript of the "True Andrew Jackson." He has been more than two years engaged in collecting material for this book, and the publisher anticipates the issue of a volume which in fund of anecdote shall not be surpassed by any other volume of the series of "True Biographies." Dr. Brady is working at

## OSCAR WILDE'S DEBT.

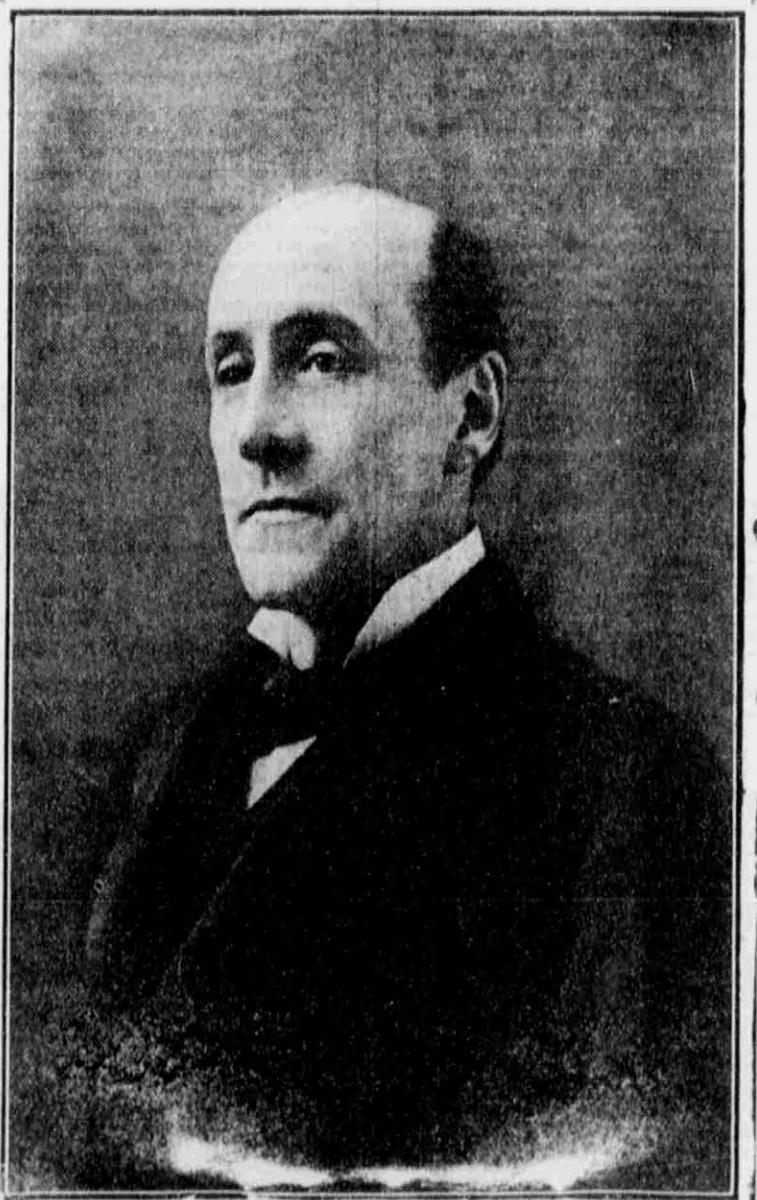
Our London Literary Letter.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—So many stories have been published to the effect that Oscar Wilde is still alive that his friend Robert Ross, who edited "De Profundis," has been moved to write the following conclusive and convincing letter to Clement Shorter:

"Since the absurd report of Mr. Wilde being still alive appeared in the papers I have received 378 letters from different sources asking me if the report were true. Perhaps you will make known to those interested in the subject the following facts:

At the time of his death Mr. Wilde owed a considerable sum of money to Paris trades people, who out of regard for a fallen and distinguished man (contrary to all French instincts) had given him considerable credit. When nursing him during his last illness he asked me, as one of his most intimate friends, that in the event of his death I should endeavor to settle that debt who had been kind to him were paid. Instead of raising difficulties as they might easily have done, the creditors directly he was dead, accepted without any demur my personal promise that they would be paid in course of time. For a foreigner to do this in Paris when he is registered at the hotel under an assumed name is one of the most expensive luxuries in the world, and Wilde's body was very early taken to the morgue. His illness had been a great expense to his friends, and there was really no money to buy a suitable plot of ground for his grave."

The fund for the assistance of Miss Bret Harte has begun well, and it is hoped by George Meredith, Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, and the others supporting the appeal, that it will meet with kindly attention in the United States also. Any subscription sent to the London office of this paper will be acknowledged by Dr. L. C. Alexander, the honorary secretary of the fund. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, has just sent in 25 guineas with a personal letter that was highly appreciated.



ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

It was only this month that the original of this latest photograph of Anthony Hope Hawkins reached this country. A new story, "Miss Gladwin's Chance," by this versatile and clever English barrister and writer, appears in the September Century. Anthony Hope—he is better known by his pen-name than by his full name—was born Feb. 9, 1863, and is a graduate, with honor, from Oxford.

## BOOKS.

A lot of skepticism has been expressed, both in print and otherwise, as to whether Helen Wojleska, whose name appears as the author of that remarkable little book, "A Woman's Confession," was a real person. One critic even went so far as to reproach the supposedly anonymous author for trading on a pseudonym purposely made to resemble that of the loved and respected actress, Helena Modjeska. Life Publishing Company, whose imprint "A Woman's Confession" bears, vouches for the fact that Helen Wojleska is not only the name of a living person, but that it belongs of right to the author, who is a very charming woman, living in one of New York's immediate suburbs. Further than this the publishers do not go, leaving it to the author and her readers to settle just how much additional light shall be thrown on the authorship of this remarkable revelation of a woman's inmost thoughts.

"If" A Guide to Bad Manners.—Sketches and humorous verse by Jas. Montgomery Flagg, author of "Tom Foolery." Pp. 112. Life Publishing Company, New York.

Humor is like sweets, in that both very quickly cloy the palate. No one should ever sit down with a professedly humorous book to read it through. There never was a truer saying than "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." If the scene is placed on the "little" that is why it is a success and why it is sustained efforts to be funny are in fact the most tragic and deadly of all things literary. But a humorous book is a blessing in this work-a-day world if it is of the kind that can be dipped into anywhere and any time, and a smile or a laugh extracted to change the current of one's thoughts and divert one, if only for a brief space, from the care or the worry of our busy lives. Mr. James Montgomery Flagg's "If" Guide to Bad Manners may seem at first glance a trivial accomplishment, but it is admirably adapted to serve as a carekiller, and therefore has a laudable use. Left about the house to be picked up and dipped into at random, it will provoke a hundred times more laughs than it costs cents. Through all the fun of the verse and pictures, there is an underlying strain of good sense, which, properly assimilated, may cure some of the bad manners the book professes to teach. This verified preface to James Montgomery Flagg's latest book gives an idea of its humorous sketches and verse, which might not be gleaned from its curious title, "If" A Guide to Bad Manners.

## PREFACE.

The art of Misbehavior is a thing that's being lost. That's why this Guide is printed. Regardless, too, of Other Things, All Truth we try to Smother. For what is Gospel Truth to one is Hot Air to another. The rise of Occasions every day When it is up to you, Well, somewhere in this work you'll find Just what you shouldn't do!

## •Saturday Sermons•

WRITTEN FOR THE DESERET NEWS BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

**B**RUTALITY tends to defeat itself. Prize fighters die young, gourmands get the gout, hate hurts worse the man who nurses it, and all selfishness robs the mind of its divine insight, and cheats the soul that would know. Mind alone is eternal! He watching over Israel slumbers not, or sleeps. My faith is great, out of the transient darkness of the present the shadows will see away and the day will yet dawn.

I rather like the world, the flesh, is pleasing; and the devil does not trouble me.

I know not what others may say but as for me, my whole self, the great big black things that loomed against the horizon threatening to come and devour me simply loomed and nothing more. The things that really made me miss my train were soft, silky, pleasant, pretty things of which I was not the least afraid.

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing; too much is absolutely fatal.

Creeds never can be changed, they simply become obsolete and are forgotten, they turn to dust and are thrown away on the four winds of heaven.

After marriage men no longer win their wives, they own them.

I think I'll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin as a people is neither intemperance or uncharity, but plain dishonesty. We are not frank and honest with ourselves, nor with each other. The disposition to chafe and adulterate, and get the start of our fellows is the universal habit of commerce and society.

Married life is favorable to leniency but not to poetry. As a rule only single men or those unhappily married make love and write poetry.

Love dies, of course. All things die, or become something else, and often they become something else by dying. Behind the eternal paradox.

Foolish indeed is the prophet that would advocate a course of sin as a fit preparation for a higher life, and yet foolish and false is the man, who does not know that without sin there can be no progression.

Up to this date I have managed to drown the rising voice of conscience by the specious plea that a double standard of truth is justifiable in the present condition of society. In morals I have been a bimetalist.

Nothing is so pleasant as to air our own worldly wisdom in epigrammatic nuggets. To sit quiet and listen to another do it—well that's another matter.



ated. Madame Albani has spontaneously offered to give her services for a benefit performance, and it is suggested that the London should take part in organizing the benefit. Dr. Alexander tells me that the idea now is to establish Miss Bret Harte as the head of a typewriting bureau, and he would like to have it suggested that three or four of the principal American typewriting companies could not get better advertisement than by contributing a machine each to the cause. Bret Harte's last years in London were marked by much illness and he left practically nothing for his family, who have since been dogged by the sort of hard luck for which only luck is responsible. A son, on whom the family depended, became almost totally blind recently, and Miss Bret Harte, who was making some progress in theatrical and concert work, also broke down in health.

Although the fact has not been mentioned hitherto, it can be added here that Edith Phillips' new novel, on which he has already begun work although it will not be completed for nearly a year, is to be called "The Whirlwind." Like "The Secret Woman" and "Children of the Moon," it is to be a dark mood story. Mr. Phillips said to the writer recently: "I want to make Dartmouth hereafter my life work, covering it with my novels almost as soon as I have finished with lighter work, and do not intend to write anything hereafter except in the vein of 'The Secret Woman.'" Mr. Phillips said he had received a good many offers to go over and lecture in the United States, but had never found time to consider them.

That all matter is electricity and electricity, matter, and that life itself may be a kind of motion, are two of the theories of that brilliant young Cambridge scientist, Butler Burke, whose discoveries have recently interested the whole civilized world. Mr. Burke's "Radiation" thought to be the connecting link between the animate and the inanimate, and possibly known to most readers of newspapers of both hemispheres. The announcement, therefore, that he has nearly finished a book describing the nature and scope of his discovery will doubtless be of general interest. Mr. Burke tells me his work will be entitled "Life as a Mode of Motion." I am informed that it will contain much new material on such subjects as "Spontaneous Generation," "Modes of Producing Primitive Life" and others intimately connected with the author's life work and the results he has so far achieved.

It was while experimenting at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, to determine the effect of radium on sterilized bouillon that Mr. Burke recently found he could secure the apparently spontaneous generation of growth resembling bacteria, but which, however, were neither bacteria nor crystals. They were termed "Radiobacteria." These bodies have since been examined by many eminent men of science, to whom they appear to be in a critical state, between the vegetable and mineral kingdom, or as an editorial in one London journal puts it, "The link—philosophically—between living and so-called dead matter."

Mr. Burke matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1884. He subsequently obtained first class honors in mathematics and experimental science; a mathematical scholarship; a gold medal in experimental science; and a medal in mathematics. He has

of the Newnes company, and was made a director in the company. Another news item is that the magazine world is that Charles Morley, a nephew of John Morley, and for several years assistant editor of the Pall Mall magazine, has now succeeded to the editorship of this periodical, of which William Waldorf Astor is sole owner.

## Economy in Railroad Travel.

THE ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM appreciated the growing demand for the PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING CAR which combines comfort and economy, has just established two new lines of daily tourist cars Colorado Springs to Chicago, via Omaha, and Colorado Springs to St. Louis via Kansas City, connecting with daily tourist cars from Salt Lake City and Ogden. We also run through daily standard Sleeping cars to Chicago, leaving Salt Lake every evening.

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