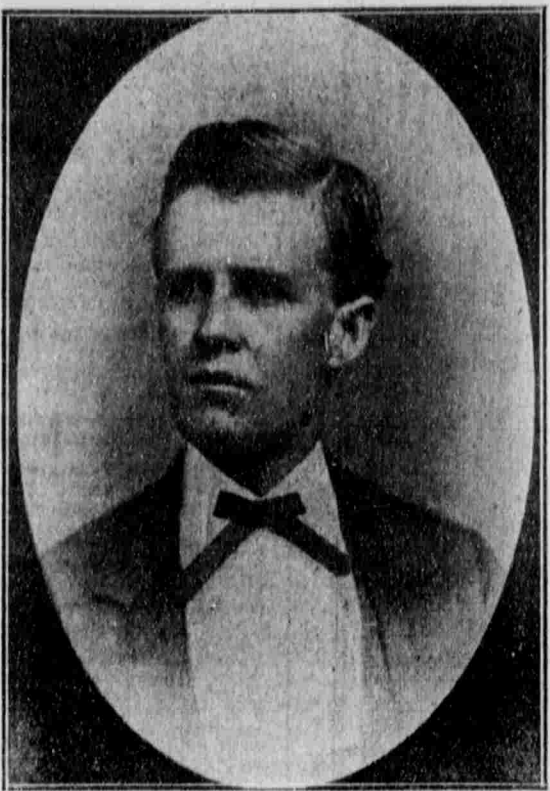


LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



RICHARD J. TAYLOR AS A YOUNGSTER.

Friends of the well known Ogden investment broker and insurance man, will have no difficulty in recognizing in this picture, the Dick Taylor of thirty years ago in Salt Lake. He was one of the "gay set" of those days, but later settled down in Ogden, married there, and for years had charge of the Tithing office in that place. He has for some time been in business for himself. His father was President John Taylor.

around the top of the mint leaves, and the visitor is suffered to say no more; the colonel rises, takes off his hat and gravely welcomes him to his house.

"Poems of Christina Rossetti" and "London Lyrics" by Frederick Locker Lampson, are two new issues in the Golden Treasury Series. Admiration of the poetess's verse have often remarked on its unevenness; and for this volume her brother, Mr. William M. Rossetti, has selected only the best. Mr. Austin Dobson has supplied an introduction and notes for the famous book by Mr. Locker Lampson.

The event of the week is the issue of the American edition of the "Complete Edition of the Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne," by Messrs. Harper & Bros., in six octavo volumes. Swinburne dedicates this edition to his "best and dearest friend," Theodore Watts-Dunton, in a "Dedictory Epistle," from which a few passages may be quoted:

"It is now 38 years," begins Swinburne, "since my first volume of miscellaneous verse, lyrical and dramatic and elegiac and generally heterogeneous, had as quaint a reception and as singular a fortune as I have ever heard of. I do not think you will differ from my opinion that what is best in it cannot be divided from what is not so good by any other line of division than that which marks off mature from immature execution—in other words, complete from incomplete conception. For its author the most amusing and satisfying result of life in the book was the deep diversion of collating and comparing the variously inaccurate verdicts of the scornful or scornful censurers who insisted on regarding all the studies of passion or sensation attempted or achieved in it as either confessions of positive fact or excursions of absolute fancy. There are photographs of life in the book and there are sketches from imagination. Some which keen-sighted criticism has dismissed with a smile as 'fanciful' or 'imaginary' are real and actual as they well could be; others which have been taken for obvious transcripts from memory were utterly fantastic or dramatic."

Approaching his dramatic work, Swinburne declares: "If the fortunes of my lyrical work were amusingly eccentric and accidental, the varieties of opinion which have selected the appearance of my plays have been, or have seemed to my humility, even more diverting and curious. I have been told by reviewers that my note and position as a dramatist are worth all my lyric and otherwise undramatic achievements or attempts; and I have been told on equal authority that I am a dramatist in my note and position as a dramatist. I may be in any other field, as a dramatist, I am demonstrably nothing. My first, if not my strongest, ambition was to do something worth doing, and not utterly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher and Webster the pupil of Shakespeare, in the line of work which these three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for ambitious Englishmen. And my first book bore evidence of that ambition in every line. I should be the last to deny that it also bore evidence of the fact that its writer had no notion of dramatic or theatrical construction than the authors of 'Tamburlaine the Great,' 'King Henry VI' and 'Sir Thomas Wyatt.'"

"Charles Lamb, as I need remind you, wrote for audacity," continues the poet: "nor need you be assured that when I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull or the Black Friars. And what ever may be the dramatic or other defects of 'Marino Faliero' or 'Lochner,' they do certainly bear the same relation to previous plays or attempts at plays on the same subjects as 'King Henry V' to 'The Famous Victories'—if not as 'King Lear' a poem beyond comparison with all other works of mine except possibly 'Prometheus' and 'Othello' to the primitive and infantile scrawl or drivel of 'King Lear' and 'His Three Daughters.' The fifth act of 'Marino Faliero,' hopelessly impossible as it is from the point of view of modern stage craft, could hardly have been found too untheatrical, too utterly glib over to look without action, by the audiences which endured and applauded the magnificent monotony of Chapman's eloquence."

Gertrude Atherton, whose "Rulers of Kings" shows such an intimate knowledge of European politics, is a loyal Californian. Yet a great part of her life has been passed abroad. Her first stories were of California, and it was through these that she was invited to contribute fiction to such sober and exciting English publications as the Times, the Spectator, and the Saturday Review. It was something of the same spirit as prompted the writing of them that impelled Mrs. Atherton to reply to Henry James, when he asked her if she was not an American like himself. "No; I am a Californian."

In every community there is a newly rich man on whom they fasten the story that he went to the book-store and ordered seven yards of books to fill his shelves. It remained, however, for an ingenious idiot with plenty of time on his hands to discover that all the copies of "In the Bishop's Carriage" which have been sold were placed side by side on a shelf, the shelf would have to be a mile and a quarter long.

A child in Germany was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for reflecting on the Kaiser. The Bobbs-Merrill company, publish-

ers of "The Girl and the Kaiser," are wondering where they would find it Emperor William got hold of them.

It is a curious coincidence in titles and nicknames that just at the time when the new columns of the papers are full of "the million dollar baby" of Senator William A. Clark, the review columns are full of "The Millionaire Baby," the new detective story by Anna Katherine Green.

"I arrived home at 11 p. m., writes a staid business man of the mid-west, "found the fire rather low and while waiting for it to get going, I picked up the book you gave me 'The Sea Wolf' thinking I would read a few pages. I laid it down at 6 a. m. the next morning."

BOOKS.

"Careers for Coming Men," is a splendid volume for boys and young men, whom the problem confronts of earning a livelihood and position among the world's great horde of workers. The various opportunities, professions and arts open before the choice of aspirants are discussed, and in a way to furnish interesting subjects of thought to its readers. The book is published by the Seaford Pub. Co., of Akron, Ohio, and cannot but appeal to a large number.

A new publication by the McClure-Phillips Co. is "Far From the Madding Girls" by Guy Wetmore Carryl, a book of delightful nonsense, written in the author's characteristic style and containing enough funny things to keep its readers smiling long after its last page is finished. It is the story of a "well-to-do" young bachelor, who swears himself to celibacy, and in order to free himself from even a temptation to marry, builds himself a home in the country, supposedly far from contact with the distracting sex, and there sets up his bachelor life. The advent of the inevitable "eternal feminine" is the hinge of the plot, and furnishes the author with the substance of his plot, incident and amusing dialogue. The end is that which was to

be expected, and to the satisfaction of the reader.

"In the Yukon," by William Seymour Edwards, is a charming narrative of a tour through the Canadian Northwest, the gulfs, and straits, and fjords of our North Pacific coast, the valley of the upper Yukon and its lakes, the golden Klondike and some parts of California and the middle west. The narrative is published as, originally penned, a series of letters, written primarily for the home circle, then published, some of them. Now they are put into book form in response to the asking of many of the friendly readers who would have them all set together in a single volume. Published by the Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati.

"The Country Home" is the title of a new book by E. P. Howell, which will be of interest to the dweller in crowded cities, who cherish dreams of green fields, orchards and forests, and the charms that belong to broader horizons and opportunities than exist in the crowded thoroughfares of great cities. It is a plea for the desertion of the cramped localities in the city and the seeking of a more beautiful life in the country. The book is published by the Phillips Co. are the publishers.

Mrs. Louie Coulson has published a small booklet of verse, containing a number of poems which she has written from time to time, as events and the impulse come to her. They deal with the simple things of home and heart, and doubtless will find response with many whose feet tread the common path of mingled joy and we.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

"The January Field and Stream," commencing a year of good things, to quote a catch line from the handsome cover, appeals strongly to those who are most interested in the world outside the window-pane. This magazine advocates the outdoor life, and that it is rapidly gaining adherents to its doctrines is evidenced by its ever increasing interest and apparent popularity. The article of chief interest in the January number is "Toward the North Star," the story of amateur voyagers on the ancient waterways of the Hudson's Bay company in the far north, by G. M. Richards. It is rich in information and in the romance of the far country it describes. "Two Great Sportsmen," by Uncle David, is one of the most unusual pieces of magazine literature that have appeared in years. Uncle David, whose ideas on everything, even to spelling, are original, passes judgment on John D. Rockefeller and Russell Sage. His opinions are brief, satirical, astonishingly frank and funny to a degree bordering on the ludicrous. There are engravings from the latest portraits of these most conspicuous men. "Winter Life of Wildfowl," by E. J. Sawyer; "The Traveler," by H. H. Dunn; "Game Without a Gun," by J. H. Miller; "Reindeer Hunting in Norway," by Anders Le Mordt; and "The Florida Alligator," by Fred R. Warren, are a few of the many highly interesting and instructive contributions which the January number of this refreshing and always handsomely illustrated magazine.

The 12 stories, nearly all of which illustrated, in the American Boy for January ought to make the boys' mouths water. These stories are of great variety, so that every sort of a boy could find something to his taste. "Up a Limb," a hunting story; "For the Mikado," a Japanese-Russian war story; "The Scorp of the Bald Eagle," a newspaper story; "The President's Cadet," a story of Gen. Grant; "Pablo Mariscal," a Spanish-American story; "The Wire Fence Telephone," a farm story; "My Four Years at West Point," a story of a young cadet; "The Race of Norway," a story; "The Race with

the Hindu critic says: "Mahabub Ali is quite an artificial conception, and which she does not know how to make a specimen of any of the Bengalis I have the pleasure to know. "Mr. Kipling's remarks about Indian life are not convincing," the writer of the article says. "For instance, he says, 'The old man was speaking truth, which is a thing a native seldom presents to a stranger.' The stranger is then to be pitied, for he does not know how to win the confidence of the Indian people. Again, his account of 'native soldiers saying the most outrageous things to the most respectable women in sight' is an unfounded slander on India. Rama Chandra Rao has much more to say in a similar vein, and it will be interesting to see if Mr. Kipling, who is now on his way to South Africa, will take any notice of the Hindu's criticism."

Mrs. Craigie is much distressed at the outcome of a pathetic little case in which she has recently been interested herself. A young actress named Kathleen Marvin, who is known to "John Oliver Hobbes," appeared in the Marylebone police court on a charge of being drunk with drunkenness. Mrs. Craigie visited the court several times and ultimately had a private talk with the magistrate as the result of which the girl was handed over to the care of her husband, but warned that if she were again charged with drunkenness she would be sent away. Mrs. Craigie's protegee did well for a while, but a few days ago she appeared in the dock at the Marylebone court again on the original charge. She wept bitterly, while pleading for mercy, and referring to her benefactress, said: "I know that I owe a great deal to that dear lady. The magistrate ordered a remand with a view to sending the girl to an infirmary home."

In spite of his distinguished position as an author, Dr. A. Conan Doyle has had to take a lot of batter, since he blossomed out as a Conservative candidate for parliament, from witty writers and speakers on the other side. The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" made a speech on the subject of tariff reform at the Oxtown hall, near his home, and was ferociously attacked by the Liberal members of the audience. He was, however, defended by a speaker on the other side, who was also a member of the audience. The speaker on the other side was a member of the audience, and was also a member of the audience. The speaker on the other side was a member of the audience, and was also a member of the audience.

Now, says a writer in a Liberal newspaper, "this illustrates the advantage which the tariff reform movement possesses in having writers of imaginative literature, not merely among its stalwarts, but among its platform speakers. To what ordinary mind would the complex and fascinating idea of a bogey's ghost have suggested itself? What Sir A. Conan Doyle would do to set up this conception. A tariff reform ghost story might easily be knocked together in a few days, under the title (say) of 'The Adventure of the Double Diablot Spook,' beginning with a chapter in which the ghost of the buried bogey appears to the surviving bogey and after frightening them horribly announces that he will die a natural death but was attacked from behind and buried alive by a mysterious enemy, to whose identity the departed bogey can furnish no clue."

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, "Die Amerikaner," which he wrote to explain Americans and American democratic spirit to his fellow countrymen, has been translated into English by Dr. Edwin B. Holt, of Harvard university, and is brought out by McClure, Phillips & Co. under the title of "The Americans." Dr. Munsterberg is professor of psychology at Harvard. He has given much of his time to an endeavor to bring about an understanding and close relationship between the American people and the Germans, and is said by some to be one of Emperor William's advisers on questions relating to the American people. He will be remembered for his very trenchant volume of a few years ago, "American Traits." "The Americans" is, in a way, a compliment to that book, and an optimistic summing up of us as individuals and as a nation, with explanation of all the influences that have molded and guided us. The book becomes in reality a condensed history of the United States touching upon all important people and events, and dealing in brief fashion with the structure of our government and our methods in society, education and business. Dr. Munsterberg is a trained observer and an unprejudiced foreigner, and his pitifully presented conclusions will appeal as the most interesting sort of reading to all Americans interested in the progress of their country.

Don't hesitate in obtaining a bottle of the Bitters when your appetite fails or your sleep is restless. These are warnings of stomach troubles that must be heeded. The Bitters will set the stomach right and cure Nausea, Indigestion, Dispepsia, Chills, Colds or Malarial fever.

TARTAR IS A TARTAR

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beyond the fact that he wears an eyeglass. The unrivalling of the mystery by a famous detective bogey might occupy the rest of the story."

Max Pemberton is at Brighton, where he does most of his writing, and is hard at work on a new story which has been secured for both this country and the United States by the Strand Magazine.

Venice is about to pay a graceful tribute to the memory of John Ruskin. Within a few days the city's municipal court will place a marble slab on the house which the famous writer occupied for so long, and which, American travelers will remember, overlooks the Canal of the Golden Bridge. The following inscription is to be inscribed on the stone: "John Ruskin lived here from 1871 to 1882. High priest of art in the walls of our St. Mark as in the monuments in Italy, he sought the heart of the artist and the heart of the Italian people. Every marble statue, every bronze figure, every painted canvas, each thing, indeed, told him that beauty is a religion if the genius of a man creates it and the people respectfully recognize it. This stone is erected by the Comune of Venice in gratitude."

English authors are perturbed and with reason over the result of the application made in court recently by T. W. H. Crossland, who writes "The Unspeakable Seal" for royalties due him from Grant Richards, the London publisher whose affairs are now in the hands of a receiver. Mr. Crossland declared that though the printers, the binders and the packers of his books were being paid, the writer of them was unable to get a penny, and that he was stigmatized as a rank injustice. The learned judge to whom the application was made told Mr. Crossland, however, that an author in this situation is an unsecured creditor, and that nothing could be done for him.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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New Putnam Horseshoe Nails. In view of the fact that there is room at the top, and a good demand for a high-class Horseshoe Nail, we wish to bring it to the attention of the trade that we are making but one grade of Horseshoe Nail (THE NEW PUTNAM), which is first-class in every respect, and superior to any that have ever been previously offered, and that we are, therefore, maintaining prices, and that our machines make no seconds inferior to the first, with which we flood the market and create unsatisfactory and unprofitable conditions; nor have we an overstock to dump to aid the demoralization. In this relation, it should be borne in mind that the difference in price between our nails, and that of the very cheapest now sold, amounts to only 1/100 per horse.

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Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

J. L. McCreery.

For many years the poem given below was accredited to Lord Lytton, the English writer. Investigation has proved, however, that the verses are the work of an American, J. L. McCreery, who now resides in Washington. Mr. McCreery is a native of Iowa and followed the profession of journalism for many years. "There Is No Death" was written in 1862 and has been widely reproduced and quoted.

There is no death! the stars go down To rise upon some other shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves Convert to life the viewless air; The rocks disorganize to food The humus moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread Shall change, beneath the summer showers, To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow tined flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait, through wintry hours, The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts That heaven hath kindly lent to earth, Are sent first to seek again The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy Are worthy of our love or care, Whose loss has left us desolate, Are safely garnered there.

Though life becomes a dreary waste We know its fairest, sweetest flowers Transplanted into paradise, Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody That we have missed and mourned so long, Now mingles with the angel choir In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve When beautiful, familiar forms That we have learned to love are torn From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart, With sabbie garb and silent tread, We lose their shadowy dust to rest, And say that they are "dead"—

They are not dead! they have but passed Beyond the mists that blind us here Into the new and larger life Of that serene sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay To put their shining raiment on; They have not wandered far away— They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenfranchised and glorified, They still are here and love us yet; The dear ones they have left behind They never can forget.

And sometimes when our hearts are sad, Amid temptations fierce and deep, Or when the wildly ringing waves Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow Their gentle touch, their breath of healing, Their arms enfold us, and our hearts Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear, immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life—there are no dead.

NOTES.

It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 copies of "Ben Hur" have been sold. The royalties from the book and from the play founded upon it, have made General Wallace a rich man. It is interesting to note that of the other novels published contemporaneously with "Ben Hur," those that have kept alive until now—with the exception of the works of Mark Twain and W. D. Howells—could be counted on the fingers of one hand. "Ben Hur" has survived by reason of its own intrinsic charm as a story, and the remarkable fitness of its workmanship, upon which the author expended patient and loving care.

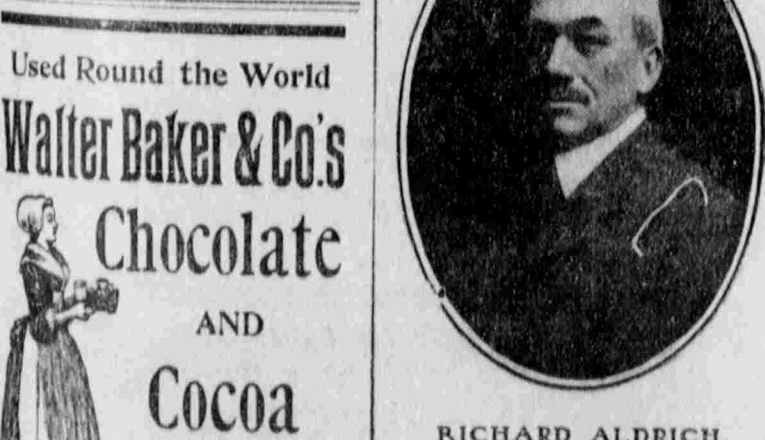
Rudyard Kipling has sailed for South Africa to remain four months at his place at Rose Bank, near Capetown. This is the home presented to the author by his friend and admirer, Cecil Rhodes.

The fact that Henry Harland, the author of "My Friend Prospero," is not in America, is an unfortunate incident connected with Henry James' visit here. Mr. James and Mr. Harland have always been most cordial friends. Both more or less expatriates, Mr. James an absentee for nearly 15 years, they had agreed to spend the time of James' visit here in seeing familiar sights together. But just as Mr. James was approaching American shores, Mr. Harland took leave, forced by illness to seek the less rigorous Italian climate, and so Mr. James is in America and Mr. Harland abroad, and the ocean separates them again. Mr. Harland, whose constitution has never been of the strongest, has had an unusually trying year, and during the fall was dangerously ill. He is very much improved, however, at present, and is engaged in putting the finishing touches on a new American novel to be published shortly by his American publishers, McClure-Phillips.

In his review of the year's books in the San Francisco Chronicle, Mr. Geo. Hamlin Pitch finds only six novels that will endure. Four of these, Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair," Mr. Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," Mr. Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," and Miss Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the Wind," are published by the Macmillan company.

Especially valuable to Nebraskaans are those who live within the limits of the Louisiana purchase, and indispensable in their public schools, is the history of the expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark from the Mississippi up to the Pacific, published under the designation of the Lewis & Clark Journals in 1814. A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York have published a popular edition of the journals in three handy volumes, together with an account of the Louisiana purchase and an identification of the route traveled by the explorers. The edition is

Used Round the World Walter Baker & Co's Chocolate AND Cocoa The leader for 124 Years Grand Prize World's Fair St. Louis Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Dorchester, Mass. 45 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA



RICHARD ALDRICH.

The above is a new and hitherto unpublished portrait of Richard Aldrich, musical critic of the New York Times since 1902, and an authority of note on matters musical. Mr. Aldrich is a graduate of Harvard, where he studied music under Professor J. K. Paine. Later he carried on his studies in Germany, beginning his work as a music and dramatic critic and editorial writer on the Providence Journal in 1886. He writes therefore with special understanding and sympathy of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra and Its Founder, Henry Lee Higginson," the article appearing in the February Century.