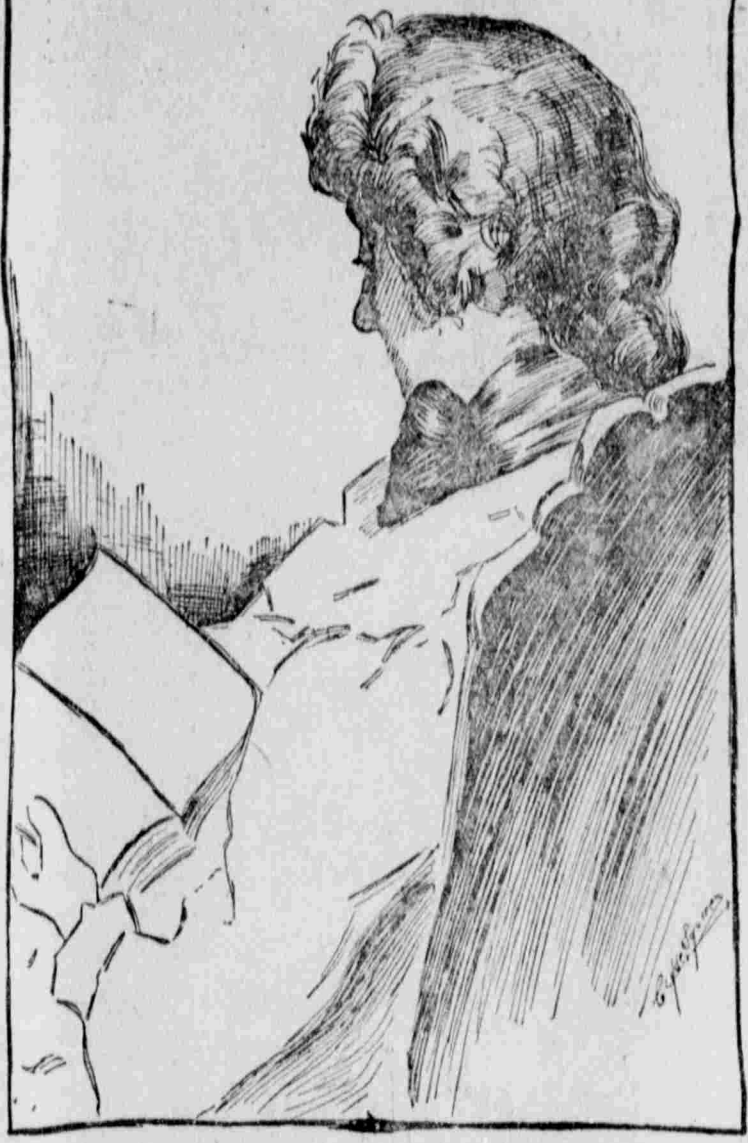


LITERATURE



THREE SONNETS BY POST WHEELER.

Let her but love me, Lord, and loving,
Near, ever nearer where my bare
heart lies.
Deeming at length that naught can
count save this—
The touch of loved lips, meeting in
loves May.

So shall my bitterness pass quite away,
And I, who have done many things
amiss,
Shall feel Thy loving kindness in her
kiss.
And, knowing heaven here, shall learn
to pray.

Let this but be for me! Lord, I will
hark
To her soft whispers, guide her slender
feet.
And her hands and fold her at the
last.

When, for our rest, life's little leagues
are passed,
And looking further, skies shall open
more sweet,
While the dead world sinks into dream-
ing dark.

"God's Child," we called her, knowing
not if He
Had shaped her frailty to require her
so.
(So delicate-sweet she seemed for
life's bluff duty.
Putting on grace like a pale, little tree);
And when she passed, through girlish
May, to be
Rarer, more womanly from noon to
noon.

"God's Child," we called her still. So
ripe her June
Looked level from her deep eyes to me.
God's Child! may she lie ever in His
light,
Folded and guarded by His loving
smile.
Only the while she loves this earth
of Thine.
Give me to hold and comfort as I might.
Let me look at her, God, this little
while!

Let her but dream Thy little child is
mine!
If Night should take you from me, lit-
tle one,
And the grave's ice should turn your
red to grey,
While I, unsummoned, lonely, still
must stay
Within the faded Summer and sad
autumn.

I would not long to die, but, just be-
gun,
I would live out my love. I would not
pray
For fruitfulness, but light each difficult
day
Remembering all the dear days that
were done.

If it were well, you would be near me
yet.
If ill—if I could never, never touch
Your soul with fire—love dies with
the breath.
Why—till my full fate's stars were sunk
and set,
I'd hug my little hope and, glorying
much,
Would cheat the dearest pang of
coming death.

Sunday Evening Post.

From the windows of the chapel
Softly sounds an organ's note,
Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming
Drifting shreds of music float,
And the quiet and the freight
And the sweetly solemn tones
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood
And its Sunday afternoons;

When we gathered in the parlor,
In the parlor still and grand
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas
Stood arrayed, a gloomy brand,
Where each queer old portrait watched
us
With a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot
In a dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ,
With the quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor
As the sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthems,
Sung the glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story
And the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper
And the evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled
In the drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus
And the echoes toll'd o'er
In the dear familiar voices,
Hushed or scattered evermore.

It is reported from London that many
English publishers, who have hitherto
established no branch houses in Amer-
ica, will speedily open them. It is even
attimated that some of the greater

nearly a score of years ago. When it is
remembered that a long and honorable
waiting list belongs to "The Athenaeum,"
one realizes the rarity of admis-
sion to its charmed and charming cir-
cle. Professor Matthews, "The Athenaeum,"
is very generally known, and
his most recent novel, "The Action
and the Word," was brought out by the
Harpers last fall. He was born in New
Orleans, and was graduated from Col-
umbia college, where he is now profes-
sor of literature.

Publishers complain of the scarcity of
good books for girls, and their readers
say that no successor to Louisa Alcott
has yet come to view. Books like "Lit-
tle Women" are as rare as "Tribes,"
yet such books sell away up in the
thousands; and with the large rewards
offered, it is indeed difficult to under-
stand why first-class stories for girls
are not forthcoming. A recent article
in a newspaper made the statement
that girls read "boys' books" rather
than the so-called "girls' books." The
reason for this may be found in the fact
that no natty-pammy sentiment is put
into books for boys, and it is a mis-
taken idea to suppose that girls require
this sort of reading. Such books as
"Young Lucerne" by Miss Willing,
and the works of Kirk Munroe, W. L.
Alden, Ellen Douglas Deland, and others
are in constant demand because they
are sensible, wholesome, and good.
Harpers' "Selected Juveniles" and "New
Young People Series" include these and
many other books which represent the
best to be had for young folk's litera-
ture.

The question as to whether a novel-
ist has depicted in his novel real people
whom he has known, or has merely
drawn from his general experience com-
posite photographs of a number of in-
dividuals, is always a question for dis-
cussion, particularly so when the au-
thor is himself well known. Reviewers
are having a good time guessing at the
characters in "Days Like These," the
Edward W. Townsend's new novel, just
published by the Harpers. For exam-
ple, a conspicuous New York daily
states: "Mr. Townsend has made a
very striking and daring use of his ex-
perience as a newspaper man, and of
the many universally known New York
people who appear in 'Days Like These,'
very few are likely to be pleased
over their portraits." He has
taken as his originals people whose
names and eccentricities are known
wherever an American newspaper is
read, and he has described them with
unflattering fidelity that leaves not a
vestige of doubt. If it is true, as
one may safely assume that Mr. Town-
send has no intention of applying for
a political office in New York, as sev-
eral of the characters in his novel are
politicians.

Henry Watterson, in writing for the
Louisville Courier-Journal a long re-
view of "A Sailor's Log," Rear-Admiral
Evans' autobiography, says:
"The Apollon built in 1842, and com-
ing in reaching out after this admirable
autobiography, and they made a verita-
ble contribution to the patriotic spirit
of the time in its publication. No Amer-
ican boy can read it without wishing
once to serve his country, if not to run
away to sea."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are about
to publish a new novel, entitled "The
Soul," by the well-known author
of "Espiritu Santo," Mrs. Henrietta
Skinner. Mrs. Skinner is the
daughter of the late Richard H. Dana,
Jr., who wrote "Two Years Before the
Mast." She resides in Detroit, where
some of the scenes of her new novel
are laid. The character of the story
is not altogether historical—in fact, the
only actually historic sketch in the
book is that of "Laodice." The main
theme of the narrative is the de-
velopment of the hero's character, who
is tried as by fire, through a series of
momentous circumstances. It is said
that the book will find of especial
interest to the people of Detroit, who,
on July 24th, will celebrate the bi-
centenary of the founding of their city
by La Mothe-Cadillac.

According to the returns received by
the New York State Library, in re-
sponse to letters of inquiry addressed to
libraries throughout the country, the
titles, with the votes received, ap-
pear as the best six books of the
year 1900, in a preferred list of fifty:
"Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest
Seton-Thompson (The Century Co.),
121 votes.
"To Have and to Hold," by Mary
Johnston (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.),
120 votes.
"An American Anthology," by E.
C. Stearns (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.),
125 votes.
"Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maur-
ice Thompson (Bowen-Merrill Co.),
121 votes.
"Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward
(Harper & Brothers), 105 votes.

In Mr. Will N. Harben's novel "Wes-
terfelt," which the Harpers will issue
this month, as the sixth of their Amer-
ican novel series, the author has in-
troduced a rather original feature in
the second chapter—the scene of the
sudden drowning of the girl whom the
reader is led to believe is the heroine
of the story. The interest begins with
the first line and continues to the last
—which cannot be said of every book.
Westerfelt, the hero, is also a new
type, and a fascinating one for wo-
men, it is said. He is brave, daring,
and handsome, but he doesn't under-
stand the other sex. "You think, then,
Luce," said Westerfelt, "that a good
woman—a real good woman—could love
twice—in a short space of time?"
(See whirling! What a splendid scene
and kin love a hundred times before you
can say Jack Robinson with yore
mouth open.")

Mrs. Vornich, the author of "The
Gladty," comes of a family where
mathematics and music are the prin-
cipal accomplishments. She plays the
piano like a professional, and she has
a grip on mathematics that a profes-
sor of that branch of science might
envy. Her husband is a Pole, I believe,
and like most good Poles, a patriot. He
was at one time an exile in Siberia,
but now he is a dealer in rare books,
mostly those that belonged to the fif-
teenth century, and lives in London.

Ralph Waldo Trine, whose "Life
Books," published by Thomas Y. Crow-
ell & Co., are receiving commendation
as books which the world needs, was
born in Mount Morris, Ill., in 1866. He
worked his way through college, for
which he prepared with the wages of
day labor, wood chopping, etc. In and
about his native village, his "Every-
day's Creation" is an eloquent argu-
ment for justice and mercy to our dumb
fellow creatures. In "Character Build-
ing Through Power," the author shows
how by daily effort we may train our-
selves into right ways of thinking and
acting. Our characters are the results
of our thoughts. Thoughts are the re-
sults of our feelings. The "Great-
est Thing Ever Known" unfolds the se-
cret of our unexplained power, and
points out how we can realize the pur-
poses of our being.

Richard Le Gallienne has the follow-
ing to say of the future novel: "He
would be a wise and, I may add, a rich
publisher who could state what was
going to be the next craze in fiction. As

HER BOOK TO BE SUPPRESSED.



Because it attacks capital bitterly—
the reason ascribed for an alleged
tempt to suppress the sale of "The
Jarners," the sensational book of Mrs.
Gertrude Potter Danvers, which was
published last April. Mrs. Danvers is a
daughter of millionaire O. W. Potter.
Society is agitated of the socialistic tone
of the book and its author's evident fa-
miliarity with the seamy side of life.

cently published cannot fail to attract
attention. While "The Woman Who
Trusted" was running as a serial in the
Saturday Evening Post the au-
thor received many letters containing the
highest praise of the novel and a great
absorbing interest in the plot and char-
acters.

The average reader is interested in
the vivid, artistic portrayal of a strong
character struggling against over-
whelming odds, and Mr. Harben's hero
is a young man possessing a most sen-
sitive spirit and the highest ideals, who
proves a true metal by successfully
passing through a crucible of sorrows
and reverses that would have consumed
a weaker man. The story opens in the
South, shifts at once to Bohemian New
York, and terminates happily in Eu-
rope. There are few men in the United
States better qualified for such an un-
dertaking than Will R. Harben. For
years he fought the grim battle for lit-
erary recognition in New York, where
his associates were men and women
struggling like himself, but now known
the world over. For two years he was
one of the editors of the Youth's Com-
panion in Boston, where he learned
the inner workings of a great publica-
tion and came in touch with the hope-
ful and despair of literary aspiration in
all its phases, humorous, ironical,
tragic, leaving his post on the Com-
panion to gratify a hunger for new
fields. Mr. Harben drifted to London,
where for over a year he wrote and
studied in that vast room, glass-domed
hive of literary industry—the British
Museum, meeting almost every writer
and artist in England. (Published by
Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

"A Sailor's Log," by Robby D.
Evans—"Fighting Bob" is a book that
should reach the hands of every Amer-
ican interested in the history of the
naval forces connected with the last
40 years of the country's life. Becom-
ing his career with the opening of the
civil war, the author's life has been a
succession of momentous experiences
connected with nearly all the important
events of the country's history since
that time. In his capacity of a ma-
rine officer the hero of the autobio-
graphy has visited nearly every nook
and corner of the globe, and
nearly always as a member of a diplo-
matic mission, and the mere re-
counting of his adventures in the sim-
plest of phrases that make up the
records of his log book details ro-
mances enough to furnish material for
a dozen or so novels to the wildest
worker in realms of fiction. His ex-
perience in Behring Sea, protecting the
seal fisheries is full enough of ad-
venture to make the book well worth
reading, and even with that and other
portions of the volume omitted, his de-
scription of the blockade and fight at
Vicksburg is sufficient to interest the
youngest reader. The book is a high
among the important historical
works dealing with that eventful affair.
It was the Iowa, the battleship upon
Evans' command, which first discovered
the attempted escape of the rebel fleet
from the bay, and which fired the first
gun in the destruction of the fleet. His
ship also furnished one of the men who
went with Holston to board the Merri-
man, and the author's story is a most
thrilling that have ever been exploited.
From beginning to end the book teems
with adventures and when it is re-
membered that the book is the exact
record of a human life, and that the
hero is a man whose life has been spent
in the service of his country, it would
be a wonder, as well as a reflection
upon the intelligence and patriotism of
Americans if the book does not be-
come a central ornament in the librar-
ies of every American household.
(Published by D. Appleton & Co., Fifth
Ave., New York.)

"The Trophies of Heredia" is a little
volume of sonnets, and seems to have
stepped in from the classic past.
They are by Jose Maria da Heredia,
a Cuban poet, and another Cuban
poet by the same name. The younger,
the one with whom we are concerned,
is now 53 years old, and his recently
published collection shows the flame
of youth tempered by maturity.
His education was received at a
Roman Catholic college in France.
Later on, after a stay at the University
of Havana, he returned to Paris. Frank
Sewall, to whom we are indebted for
the divining translation of the poems,
says:
"Heredia took up a course of paleo-
graphic studies, the fruits of which
appear in the exquisite elaboration of
his later work. He became associated
with Leconte de Lisle and others of the
poet circle of the 'Parasians,' and in
this atmosphere were produced, at first
for private circulation, the remarkable
sonnets, 'Les Trophées,' which in 1893
won for the author his admission to
the academy and which have since suf-
ficed to place him among the most im-
portant of the French poets of any age.
The poems appeared here and there in
the Revue des Deux Mondes, but were
too slight in their supreme beauty to
appeal to those outside of a select cir-
cle, and therefore the poet has reman-
aged them and republished. 'Les
Trophées' have at last received the pub-
lic's recognition and have passed
through many editions."
Julius Lemire has covered the son-
nets briefly when he has said: "One
incapable much dreaming—all the
beauty of a myth, all the spirit of an
epoch, all that is picturesque in a civi-
lization." And Sewall calls attention
to the hot Spanish blood traceable in
Heredia's "fervent description on the
hot lands of the south, and his portray-
al of Cartagena." Given this arid, it
has been chiseled, polished in the school
of old-world art, and the result is found
in poems like this:
Like flight of falcans from their native
craze,
Content no more in their high solitude,
From Pelos or Moguer the captains gal-
loped.
Half drunk with dreams of deeds her-
oic and wild.

They went to seize the fabled metal
vulcus
Cipango ripens in her distant mines:
The trade winds bent their later yards
toward
The shores mysterious of the Western
World.
Each evening hoping for an epic morn,
The cheerless shore of the sea
Would charm their sleep with its mirage
of gold.
Or leaning o'er the carnival's white bow,
They saw ascending in an unknown sky
New stars from out the depths of
Oceen.
(Published by Small, Maynard & Co.,
Boston.)

Will N. Harben has been given high
praise and possesses rare ability as a
writer of short stories. His novel re-
cently published by Small, Maynard & Co.,
Boston.

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means disordered digestion, and if not
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Bitters will improve the appetite by
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OF ALL
TONICS.
HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH
BITTERS

story by David Gray. The unique cover
design, by Kenyon Cox, is reproduced
in miniature in another column.

Harper's Magazine for June is nota-
ble among other things for its color
illustrations, of which there are six.
One is a reproduction in colors of an
old painting of Howard Pyle, and the
other five are color reproductions of
water colors by W. T. Smalley, il-
lustrating a charming short story by
Thomas B. Aldrich, "A Sea Turn,"
Robert Parker's serial, "The Right of
Way," increases in interest and has
already shown evidences of its being
by far the strongest and best work of
this author. There is another instal-
ment of the novel by Marie D. Villiers,
and there are five short stories by

Thomas A. Janvier, Mary Appleth,
waite Bacon, W. W. Jacobs and Cyrus
Townsend Brady. These, with the
story by Aldrich, already mentioned,
and the two serials make the number
include a paper by Prof. Brander Mat-
thews on "The English Language: Its
Debt to King Alfred," one by Dr. John
Duncan Quackenbush on the "Reciprocal
Influence of Hypnotism," an account
by Lucia Purdy of her visit to "The
Hidden Republic of Andorra," an ac-
count by Pontney Bigelow of his ad-
ventures when "Wrecked on the
Shores of Japan," and "Republique of
Andorra," an account by Wheeler, re-
calling one of the famous love stories
of Oriental history.—Harper & Broth-
ers, New York.

Line of Life
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deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life
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physically and mentally. Nature in-
tended he should be. If you are Weak
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must be strengthened. Electricity is
the proper remedy for you. It arrests
Physical Decay. It Tones and Makes
Healthy every organ of the body. It is
Nature's Remedy—it is the Remedy the
Creator provided for all Nervous Al-
lments and Bodily Weaknesses and Im-
perfections. Electricity is the Nerve
and Vital Force of every human being,
and when you are Languid, Sick, Weak,
Nervous and Run Down there is a di-
minishing of Electricity in your system,
and before you can again become strong
and Full of Vitality, Electricity must
be supplied. My Electric Belt is to
supply this Lost Electricity, and it will
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States Government has given me the
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ward for my discovery. My books,
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Is entirely different and must not be confused with so-called electric belts.
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For this sale we offer 24 Dinner Sets at \$12.50, 15
Cups and Saucers at \$6.50, 50 6-inch Plates at 70c set,
\$1.15 7-inch Plates at 80c set, 50c Fruit or Ice Cream
Dishes at 30c set.
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You would enjoy Ice Cream or Sherbet. We offer a lot
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week. Every one warranted.
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