DESERT EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905.



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland? Is it where he by chance is born? Doth not the yearning spirit scorn In such scant borders to be spanned? O yes, his fatherland must be As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is-Where God is God and man is man? Doth he not claim a broader span For the soul's love of home than this? O yes, his fatherland must be As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves, Where'er a human spirit strives After a life more true and fair. There is the true man's birthplace grand; His is the world wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine, Where'er one man may help another-Thank God for such a birthplace, brother-That spot of earth is thine and mine. There is the true man's birthplace grand; His is a world wide fatherland! -James Russell Lowell.

NOTES

Many incidents from the authors' speciences contributed to the making d'My Friend the Chauff ur," the new motor novel by C. N. and A. M. Wil-amson just published by McClure-Phings. The authors actually did nake the motor trip from Monte Cara across the Alps and northern Italy a the east coast of the Adriatic and Dalmatia, a fact which, of course, acis senery they indulge in. The inci-tent of the dropping of a gold bag fato be Grand canal at Venice was also from real life. It was Mrs. Williamens bag, and contained a lucky ama-lat and purse. She nover expected to see her beiongipgs again, but a very and delightful young Vene-anartist did exactly as did Terry (My the Chauffeur), in the book: into the old palazzo and apagain in the moonlight in a but becoming batning costume, ed, and stayed so long that Mrs. and stayed so long that Airs, mean was quite frightened, but he hed at last with the bag in his As a reward, Mis. Williamson used him to a charming Ameri-mona, whom they thought might buy some of his pictures. The two fell in love at first sight, were married in a few weeks, and Mrs. Williamson gave the bride for a wedding present, set in a bracelet, the lucky amulet her hand-some husband had fished out of the canal.



The continued popularity of "The Fair God" by the late General Lew Wallace, has led his publishers to issue a new illustrated edition which will be ready about the middle of October. It is enriched with 12 most excellent full-page illustrations by Mr. Eric Pape, from drawings made after much study from drawings made after much study and travel over the very country which Cortes traversed. The book is already in its 150th thousand and this new edi-tion is listed at the popular price of \$1.50. . . .



Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REM-Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REM-EDV is not a disguised enemy of the human race i where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingre-diants and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Con-stipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the ac-tion of Dr. Kerned's FAVORUTE REM. tion of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REM-EDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards-excuses no crimesbreaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address : Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

nature of fiction to be found in print

anywhere. These two papers together make a volume of unusual literary interest.

"Tales of the Road" is just issued in book form, and makes an interesting volume. Because of the interest and inquiry aroused by the publication, in The Saturday Evening Post, of the earlier chapters of "Tales of the Road." Charles N. Crewdson, the author, re-ceived from a certain literary editor a note the substance of which was the ceived from a certain literary editor a note the substance of which was the question: "Who are you, anyhow?" Here is the answer which he received: As a small boy I ran wild among the paw paw patches and the dog-wood blossoms of Kentucky, my native state. Like every small boy, went fishing and fell in the creek. Was captain of the third nine. Atraveling man friend took me, at the age of 15, from picking worms off of tobacco plants, and car-ried me to the city-St. Louis-and got me a job as a stock boy. Worked for a wholesale house for \$20 a month-not \$5 a week! Paid \$4.50 a week for board and 60 cents for wash-ing. The rest I spent. From that day to this I've hoed my own row without

a week for board and 50 cents for wash-ing. The rest I spent. From that day to this I've hoed my own row without help. For three years I slaved and half starved on a stock boy's salary. One day the Old Man gave me a job on the road in a territory in which five men, in the five years, had fallen down, Per-

lustrated), by John Davis Anderson Mr. Anderson tells us in a decidedly unique manner how the deer is hunted and draws a picture that will be pleas-

haps the job was given me to kill me off. But I won out. At the end of the first year they wanter to fire me, but I sold my services again for a second year. For six years I traveled in the middle west for this firm and my sal-ary grew bigger each year. At the end of that time, which was the year of the world's fair at Chleago. I came to the city by the lake and saw the red roofs of Dr. Harper's university. A friend of mine, whom I shall ever hold close to my heart, advised me to go there, I went, but to do this I had to throw away a large business which then, at and draws a picture that will be pleas-ing to every sportsman. "In Search of the Foe: a Morning With Our Wayside Enemies." Grace E. Cross, M. D., of the North American Journal of Homeopathy, has been kind enough to write for us an article on the poisonous plants and insects of New England. It is surprising indeed how little we know of the harmless looking plant, vine or insect that we looking plant, vine or insect that we meet almost daily in our rambles. I went, but to do this I had to throw away a large business which then, at the age of 23 or 24, paid me a handsome salary. In order that I might go to the university, I cut down my salary to

"Hunting a Meal in Mexico" (Illus-trated). Mr. G. F. Paul writes in a delightful way of his experiences in Old Mexico and depicts life in our sister re-public in a manner that brings to us a closer knowledge of the life and doings of its neorle. of its people.

"My Big Schoolboy" (illustrated) Miss Mabel Hall, an animal trainer of

Author of the "Divine Fire" Is to Visit America.

COUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

salary. In order that I might go to the university, I cut down my salary to \$1,000 a year, enough to get me through school. The Old Man would not give me a contract longer than one year, be-cause he said "Books and business do not go together," and added that I would fall down. I did not. I gave up every inch of my old territory—one of the reasons being that I sold goods for the marked price to customers who placed confidence in me, and sold them at lower figures to others who did not follow that plan. I felt like a thief. In my new territory I succeeded in even greater measure than I ever did before, at the same time carrying on full work in th university. Two of my good friends asked me, in 1895, to take a trip with them to Europe. Fond of adventure, I joined my two friends, and in Europe I found my souls' awakening. The \$500 I spent in that four-months' trip was the best \$500 I ever invested. On bicycles we hiked it across Ger-many, down the Rhine country, through Switzerland, and into Italy. Severat ONDON, Oct. 11 .- Considering the success of that uncommonly fine many, down the Rhine country, through Switzerland, and into Italy. Several times since I have visited the old world—in 1899 going as far as Egypt and taking with me a young wife. As the years have passed a small boy and a baby sister have come to us. Abroad I saw so many things of in-terest that I began to write about them—and hefera I realized it I use novel, "The Divine Fire," in the United States, surprisingly little has found its way into print regarding its author, Miss May Sinclair. This matter, however, is likely to be remelled shortly, for Miss Sinclair is to sail therest that I began to write about them—and before I realized it I was contributing to a goodly number of metropolitan newspapers throughout the United States. For a while I held the notion that a business man was a little looked down upon. Therefore I secured a license to practice law, but on Oct. 14 for a short visit to America, where she will spend some time in New York as the guest of her American publisher, and then go to stay with her friend, Kate Douglas Wiggin, at the

friend, Kate Douglas Wiggin, at the latter's place in Maine. To Miss Sinclair—a bright-eyed, ner-vous little woman whose accumulated summers cannot total more than an agreeable agure—her approaching visit to the United States is fraught with a special interest, for while the novel which has made her name, found many readers and admirers in her own country, it has had by far its greatest vogue in the United States, where its qualifies were first recognized.

ly best work."

This authoress's story is the old one of success after years of plucky fight-ing. None of her former books----'Au-drey Craven," "Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson," and "Two Sides of a Question" ---though the last named was lavishly praised by some reviewers in this coun-try-brought her in enough to live on, Fire" changed the success of "The Divine Fire" changed the aspect of things she eked out her income by reviewing other people's books and translating. Now, however, Miss Sinclair says she is glad that success did not come at first.

st. 'If it had done so," she said, with "If it had done so," she said, with characteristic seriousness, "I do not think that, afterward, I should have been able to write without being influ-enced to some extent by questions of salability. But when book after book of mine failed, I said to myself, "Not good enough, but the next will be,' until now I feel sure that I can do whatever I set out to do, without being swayed by reflections as to what the public may think of the matter in hand."

Regarding her next book Miss Sin-Regarding her next book Miss Sin-clair will say little, except that she will start it shortly after her return to this country, which she exceets will be soon after Christmas. It may be fin-ished by the end of next summer. May-be, because—as no one who realized what an immense amount of pains had been lavished on "The Divine Fire" will need to be told—the authoress is an uncommonly conscientious writer, who

wide experience and knowledge, tells how the brought into subjection and trained the second largest elephant (in captivity) in the world. It is a very

captivity) in the world. It is a very interesting and instructive article and is profusely illustrated, "Following the Trail of the Scrpent" (illustrated). This is an article by Prof. Alien Samuel Williams, ophiolog-ist, who is an authority of high order on reptiles and who seeks to 'cradicate from the mind of the public the many ality prejudices, superstitions, and er-rors regarding stakes and other rep-tiles."

"The While-Breasted Nuthatch (ustrated). The lover of birds will re this sketch by Craig S. Thoms with relish. It gives an interesting view this little known bird and brings us ose touch with the whole bird fam

Poems, fiction, reviews, etc., make ur number that could hardly be excelle

> novel, but a matter of selecting from the many that are continually gesting themselves to her mind. " she said to me. scheme of no less than six books com pletely thought out, and the vague out lines of I should say 25 more are clamoring for attention." Ordinarily that would be rather an alarming state-ment, but in this authorese's case the survival of the fittest may be awaited with confidence.

With the exception of occasional visits to Ireland, all Miss Sinclair's rathe quiet life has been spent in Beatrice Harraden, and Mrs. Meredith, the daughter-in-lat great novelist, are among her friends. In the United State looking forward to meeting Mrs. Editi Wharton who wrote to her, as Miss Sinchar says, "most charmingly" abou "The Divine Fire."

"The Divine Fire," Unknown to most of his friends, Bider Haggard, whose secured to "She," will be published here before these lines are printed, has been suffering for the past few works from an illi made an operation necessary now on the high road to recovery. fortunately as much cannot be said of Henry Harland who has been in the poorest health for many months. He re-turned to his home in Wimbledon, near indon, a few days ago after a holiday on the continent, the results of which

were rather disappointing. However, judging from a letter which he wrote to an acquaintance the other day Mr. Harland's characteristic cheerfulness has suffered but little from his filmess. At Wimbledon ho takes a daily airing in that typical British spe-cles of perambulator which is known as a "hath-chair," and his description of his progress along the main thorough-fares is softee annusing "Beautiful fares is rather amusling. "Beautiful dresses we rend without computation," he says, "young men's spotless flance's we bespatter with stocky mud. As for

romance which

For Infants and Children.



Nothing succeeds

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little thing may cause a lot of it's by watching the smallest de-manufacture for course starting und wheat) that we are abla as the Faw: any user of Fawn flour what have attained in furnishing wad, cake and ple baker.

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intie looked down upon. Therefore I secured a license to practise law; but when I took a sharp look at young hav-yers I met I saw that many of them wore trousers with bottoms frayed, while traveling men always wore good cloths. So I have stuck to the road, spending my leisure months either in travel or writing. travel or writing. The "Tales of the Road" have been more or less an accident. To be sure, for 17 years I jotted down every good business story I heard and every strik-ing business experience. The spring-ing of these was accidental. One day, in conversation with an editor friend, I changed to rate some of my bud-

qualities were first recognized. "And I cannot say," said Miss Sin-clair, in talking to me yesterday, "how

6. 6. 8. News comes from abroad that C. N.

and A. M. Williamson, who have brought their motor novels to a climax in "My Friend the Chauffeur," spent last summer making a tour of the ca-tails of Holland in a motor-boat. The tsull of this holiday will probably be a Dow twist to their next work; and a new twist to their next work; and the public that has been enchanted by The Lightning Conductor" and "My Friend the Chauffeur" may anticipate a omance of a motor-boat.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report the Wlowing new printings: One hundred eventy-fifth thousand of "Rebecca" w Kate Douglas Wiggin, fourteenth "Jewel" by Clara Louise tenth edition of "England's Story" by Eva March Tappan, fourth edition of "Isidro" by Mary Au tin, and third edition of "Three Years with the Poets" by Bertha Hazard,

In.

There seems to be a pronounced By-ton revival in the literary world today. We have had at least three recent no-vels founded on his romantic career, beglaning w th that by Mrs. Humphry bave his "Confessions;" and ve a handy new edition of his works, complete in one volume, carefully edited by Mr. Paul E. More. This volume appears in the well known Cambridge Editions of British and American Desi Poets, published by Houghton, Miffilin & Co.

Miss Dorothy Violet Wilde, the little rer haif humorously dedicates his new volume, "Lonely O'Malley," is not quite so young as the wording of that dedica-tion would imply. In fact, little Miss Wilde, who is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Henry Slegel, is now old enough to operate her own motor car. Not long ago the and ago she and some of her tiny friends save an auto picnic party in a grove



When the mail-bags were opened one morning at Hartford postoffice, a num-ber of parcels tumbled out first. "A second later there was shaken up-

on the mail-table from out of the bags a wee, squirning, half-dead kitten. Then excitement reigned supreme for a while, for never before in all the history of the Hartford postoffice had a mailpouch dropped upon the sorting table such a missive as this." In her new volume, "Tommy Postoffice." Mrs. Jackson relates in a most entertaining man-ner what happened to this kitten after his The novel introduction to the reader ous pictures, and altogether it is just the book that young people will revel

Arthur Stringer, the author of "Lone-Arthur Stringer, the autono of "Lone-ly O'Malley," works at what is probably the most remarkable writing desk used by any literary man in America. This unusual desk is made entirely from the oak and pine of a wrecked schooner, washed ashore on the north coast of Lake Eric, where Mr. Stringer has his thete form and attempt home. A porfruit-farm and summer home. A porsmooth by time and water, was kept intact, and new serves for the top of the writing-table, while four of the old oak ribs have been neatly turned into substantial table-legs.

* * *

the new collection of poems by Mist Edna Dean Proctor, entitled "Songs of America." contains among other well known pieces the song of the maize, "Columbia's Emblem." This poem,

"Columbia's Emblem." This poem, which is here for the first time ob-tainable in back form, was such in all the nublic schools in the country on Columbus day Oct. 21, 1892 having been written especially for that occasion. It has since been widely reprinted in America, and several times set to mu-sic and sung both east and west. It has been could in Europe and used at harvest homes in Australia. Perhaps no American verses of late years have had en wide a circulation or been so had so wide a circulation or been so warmly indersed.



When Henry James was in this coun-try last spring, he delivered two im-portant addresses which are now pub-lished in fuil, under the tille of "The Question of our Speech" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The first of these rais-ed a storm of newspaper comment, for in it Mr. James offered some pungent and pertinent criticism of the press, the public schools, and other institu-tions which "help to keep our speech untidy and slovenly." He gave some very wholesome advice in regard to very wholesome advice in regard to American carelessness in pronunciation to

Very whonesome advice in regard to American carelessness in pronunclation and use of words, which is well worthy of a wider audience. The second, "The Lesson of Balzac." is a very searching discussion of the principles of the art of fiction. Mr. James takes the author of the "Comedie Humaine" as his subject, because he finds him the most significant artist of all the great writers who have made the novel the typical literary form of the present age. The reader will find this essay an introduction into the in-ner workshop of the novelist's art, and will bring away from it both a fresh perception of the farreaching expres-siveness of modern fiction and a new and lively interest in the books which Mr. James directly considers. It is at once one of the most readable essays that Mr. James has written, and one of

that Mr. James has written, and one of sivenes the most suggestive discussions of the somnia

COL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the venerable and eminent author, surprised many people recently by signing the manifesto of the Intercollegiate Socialist society. That the wealthy biographer of Longfellow and Whitier, historian, essayist, member of many learned societies and lifelong associate of the men of letters should openly advocate Socialism astonished all but those who knew him intimately. These are the colonel's own words: "The very word 'Socialist' has become difficult to deal with, from the fact that it has been used to express the party of progress, and the progressive body in a community is, by its nature, subdivided, and is never so closely organized and united as the conservative body. This is more visible in America than even in England.'

. . .

In these days when there are so many publications on the hunt for good fic-tion, it is a creditable achievement for any periodical to present for the de-lectation of the reading public a solid phalank of excellent, uniformly strong stories, full of snap and go and ginger --especially when that periodical con-tains 194 pages, as does the November Popular Magazine. There are two

Popular Magazine, There are two novclettes in this issue-Edward Mar-shall's "The Man Who Did Not Com-

mit Suicide," a story dealing with a crisis in Wall Street, and Richmond

Arundel's "The Law and the Lawless," the hero of which has a momentous struggle with the Steel Trust. The se-rials, five in number, are as follows: "The Mysterious Heathwole," by How-ard Fitzalan; "The Girl of the Third Army," by George Bronson-Howard; "A Campaign of Conquest," by How-

Army," by George Bronson-Howard; "A Campaign of Conquest," by W. Bert Foster; "The Private War," by Louis Joseph Vance, and "The Two-Handed Claymore," by Charles Carey. The first mentioned, which begins in this num-

ber, is perhaps a shade more engross-ing that the others, but they are all well worth reading. The short stories are quite too numerous to mention in detail. Some of them are: "The West-

ern Ocean Pirate," by Cutcliffe Hyne, whose name is a guarantee of the sto-ry's quality: "The Emancipation of Silm," one of B. M. Bower's inimitable

stories of ranch life; "The Leasing of the Open Eye," by W. S. FitzGerald; "The Voice of the Wire," by Lewis E. MacBrayne, and "The First Lord of the Laundry," by Caroline Locknart,-Street & Smith, New York.

Some features of "Outdoors" for No-

vember are "The Flight of the Air-ship Toledo" (illustrated. Wm. P. Mc-

Lean describes in his own inimitable manner how Knabenshue made his memorable flight over New York City, returning to the very spot from which he started. No more thrilling scene

was ever witnessed by Gothamites. "After Deer in the Adirondacks" (il-

Annal

In these days when there are so many

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Seldom, if ever, has there come to our ken a magazine freighted with a finer assortment of fiction than that in the November Ainslee's. The novelette is a very striking story, with a well-de-veloped plot in which a mystery fig-ures. The author is Geraidine Bonner, whose novel, "The Ploneer," is rated as one of the beat selling books of the year. Miss Marie Van Vorst's serial, "The Warreners," of which the second installment appears in this number, is a remarkable tale, in which the char-acter drawing is excellent. Robert E. MacAlarney's "In the Garage;" Jo-seph Blethen's "The Journalists:" Ele-anor A. Hallowell's "The Second Best:" Joseph C. Lincoln's "His Native Heath:" and Ada Woodruff Ander-son's "The Test of the Wilderness." form a quintet of short stories worthy of a permanent place in American lit-erature and there are several others Seldom, if ever, has there come to our , usually strong one from start to fin-

of a permanent place in American lit-erature, and there are several others almost as good. There are two notaerature, and there are several others almost as good. There are two nota-ble essays, by Ju'ien Gordon and Ladi, Breome, and another of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's delightful "Conversations with Egeria." An entertaining chat on the new dramatic senson, the usual de-partment "For Book Lovers." and a number of carefully selected poems complete the number, which is an un-



You want when your appetite is poor, tonewe coated, skin sallow, and sleep restless. Something else won't do in its place and for that reason we urge you to insist on having



with our Private Stamp over the neck of the bottle. You'll find it especially valuable for correcting the above all-ments, also in cases of Sick Headache, Sour Risings, Kidney Troubles, Cos-siveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or In-

uncommonly conscientious writer, finds no one less easy to please that When writing a book Miss Sinclair

commonly works eight hours a day but her output is comparatively small but her output is comparatively small; she gasped at the mere suggestion of a thousands words a day. "I may do 600," she said, "and I may do six!" Miss Sinclair remarked, however, that she had never been able to estimate her progress by numbers of words. "In that respect," she said. "figures have not the slighter to set

"In that respect," she said, "figures have not the slightest significance to me, and if it is absolutely necessary that my words be counted I have to turn the work of computation over to somebody else." On the other hand this authoress has a curious families of body of the source o

On the other hand this authoress has a curious faculty of being able to tell within a few pages, at any rate, how big a book the story she is at work upon will make. "I remember," she said, "In the case of "The Divine Fire" my publishers here got frikhtened at the length it was assuming and demand-ed to know how long it would be? I suggested that they had better allow ed to know how long it would be? I suggested that they had better allow for a thousand and ten typewritten pages, and though at the time I had only a general idea of what I was going to make of the story, the number of pages was within perhaps half a dozen of that which I had mentioned."

Miss Sinclair also is inclined to lay claim to a sort of prescience regarding ther matters in connection with her sork. "For instance," she said, "I felt work. sure, though I knew nothing whatsoever about American tastes, that my last book would make the strongest appeal to the United States. Contrary to what actually happened I expected it would be a long time before I found an Am-erican publisher, but sooner or later I felt sure of its success across the At-

tion of finding a plot for a prospective

