

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

CHARM: TO BE SAID IN THE SUN

I reach my arms up, to the sky,
And golden vine on vine
Or sunlight showered wild and high,
Around my brows I twine.

I breathe, I wind it everywhere,
The burning radiance
Of brightness that no eye may dare,
To be the strength of me.

Come, redness of the crystalline,
Come green, come lither blue
And violet—all alive within,
For I have need of you.

Come honey-hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run,

With pulse on pulse of fanfold
New largeness of the sun!
O steep the silence (ill it sing)
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light, a child of light.

PASSE-TEMPS.

We had wellnigh lost faith in roses,
In roses! Today we know—
As their earliest bloom unfolds.
Noon fragrant—how, long ago,
We had wellnigh lost faith in roses,
Because of a dream called Snow!

—Aldis Dunbar in Harper's Bazar.

RELIGION.

Send a ray of sunshine into every life.
Unto you God give power to still all strife;
Not a kind word spoken, not a deed of love,
Shall pass without approval of our God above.
He who all created, ever mercy shows,
In his wondrous goodness loveth friends and foes.
Now may you be like Him, lend the helping hand,
Ever scattering sunshine, free throughout our land.

—T. G. H. Minneapolis.

NOTES

Meissner, Harper & Brothers have received a cable demand for three new editions to Australia: "The Servant in the House," by Will N. Harben; "The Servant in the House," by Will N. Harben; and "King Spruce," by Holman Day. Another English edition has also been ordered of "The Servant in the House."

The attitude toward dramatic literature of those who are opposed to the stage is sometimes a question. Apparently there is no prejudice, even among the orthodox, when a Methodist journal, reviewing Charles Rann Kennedy's book, "The Servant in the House," says of it: "The Servant is drawn to suggest the Master as He might conduct himself with keen yet loving regard for the unworthy representatives in the modern church. The moral effect is unquestionably good; and if plays of this sort were exclusively given at the theatre where this sort of work was presented, no one could well object to the presence of the clergy." There is, nevertheless, an almost legal admission in this phrasing. The writer does not say, "If plays of this sort were given there could be no objection," but "if plays of this sort were exclusively given." There is, of course, no theatrical devotion exclusively to religion or spiritual plays. The Servant in the House, however, seems to have escaped prejudice on all sides. It is the book for which the house of Harpers has secured a time-honored custom not to publish plays.

In England they are using the name of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman to compare with English writers who are writing of the English country districts, which is quite a reversal of custom. "She has the quality of Miss Mary Wilkins at her best," said one critic recently in estimating an English author, Maude Golding, whose stories are about the Yorkshire country and the Yorkshire folk. Mrs. Freeman, even though the English critic does prefer to call her Miss Mary Wilkins, is well known on the other side. She recently enjoyed the distinction of having an English public already read her novel, "The Shoulders of Atlas," on the very day when the Harpers issued it from the press.

How unprofitable a thing may be the comparison of the great is illustrated by some anecdotes told by a writer in the current Harper's Weekly. There are people, he observes, who have known intimately Alcott and Emerson, and yet can remember no single saying of theirs which might not have been uttered by any chance acquaintance. A lifelong acquaintance of Isen could give no more interesting record than that the genius was extremely regular in his habits and drank a large tumbler of Scotch and soda at a given hour each afternoon. A so-called "writing-lady" chanced in Winchester to take an apartment kept by the former housekeeper of Miss Charlotte Yonge, and when she begged for news of her childhood's idol she got nothing more interesting than a lively description of the pattern of Miss Yonge's silver knives and forks. These worlds have spun along with sight of one another, indeed, had seen the outer surface, but knew no more of each other really than the earth knows of Mars. There are straight lines on the surface, and we think they may be channels constructed by highly developed intelligences, but we know nothing.

Mrs. A. M. Williamson, the well-known authoress, who with her husband C. N. Williamson has collaborated on so many successful works of fiction, recently paid a short visit to this country, partly to see some old friends, for Mrs. Williamson is an American by birth and a native of Kentucky, and partly to get some local color for a new book upon which she and her husband are engaged, and which her publisher, the McClure company, promises

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



JOSEPH H. HATCH TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Joseph H. Hatch, more familiarly known as "Joe," is one of the pillars of Wasatch county and well and popularly known throughout the state. He is a son of Hon. Abram Hatch who for so long presided over the Wasatch stake. The above picture was taken something like 20 years ago, and the intervening time has not greatly changed the genial magnate of Heber City.

will reach people who do not read at all, and whose activities prevent their keeping up with the great work which a monthly accumulating mass of literature piling library, book store and stand, and its success in dramatic rendition might make it the forerunner in a series of the same order. While its personnel permits no looming opportunity to the actor as mere art, yet each character is so delicately and clearly defined, that the portrayal of them must furnish delectable morsels of interpretation, dear to the professional heart. As for the bishop of Benares, still moving, soft-spoken, more often silent than heard, with the force of an intense power breathing in look and tone and gesture, subtle indeed must be the art which witnesses to his true portrayal. And as to theme—it is after all only the "human interest" story so dear to literary hearts, unmingled with the divine—which touches all alike—a story bound to live and react in human thought, perhaps beyond the author's dream. The public owe, indeed, a debt to Mr. Kennedy, for for nothing else than the proof that when upon the swirling flood of fiction made up of prevailing common themes, is thrown a spot of live and purposeful induction, a creditable many clutch and cling, perhaps only for a breathful moment, perhaps to be borne upon it to solid fields of wholesome effort.

Harpers, who publish the volume, are to be congratulated upon having secured this notable new laurel to their list of publications.

MAGAZINES.

"The Seventh Innings" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, and is a thrilling baseball story which will delight all lovers of the game. "The Peril of the Blast," is another interesting story of an adventure, and is by Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee, who relates a personal sea story entitled "In a Dangerous Squall," while the rest of the number is filled up with good material. Perry, Mason Co., publishers.

August is the month of heat, vacations—and magazines. The three fold each other in logical order, and magazine makers know this and they endeavor to give readers the cream of the literary diary. Take the August number of Gunter's Magazine, for instance. It is a perfect gem, and the reader has only to furnish the vacation—Gunter's will do the rest. Clinton Dangerfield has done nothing better than the novelette, "The Youth's Companion," and it is a simple and refreshing. The hero spends several months on a large farm—perhaps just as you are doing, but in a novel way. He assumes the identity of a friend—who had been taken from the place when a baby—and wishes he hadn't. Money, sweetheart and hope cast away, and a thrilling duel Frederick Fluke comes to the fore again with another of his bewitching tales of the early eighteenth century. A chance relation in a road house leads to mistaken identity at a fatal moment—but read it, if only for the witty dialogue and the poignant picture of a struggle.

These hot days one craves the real good funny story like a cool drink with a straw in it. The People's Magazine for August fills the bill completely; it is full of chuckles. First, and foremost is the yard by Will Gary Carey, "The Fanatical Fans of Fanti Isle," which is a story with a stick in it—that is, it has the real, unadulterated houses of romance, the array making a formidable terrace of structures which promise yet to reach into profound space. With an ever delightful uniformity of design, each has its own original features which lead the eye of readers to wait breathlessly for a possible, but never probable addition to the line; and forever new bricks of romance are built into some new edifice of alluring charm and interest.

Into "The Avenge" Mr. Oppenheim's last book, the author has put some of his best material, bastions of incident, loopholes of mystery, drawbridges and moats of impenetrable surprise and a veritable labyrinth of intrigue and counter intrigue that are the delight of his average reader, and it is, after all, the average reader, who makes up the extra editions. It is not fair to reveal its plot, but Mr. Oppenheim is once more to be congratulated for his ingenuity and watched for some new enterprise, that shall illustrate his unquenchable originality and zeal.—Little & Brown, Boston.

Charles Rann Kennedy's book, "The Servant in the House," which has been probably more talked about than any other publication in the past three years, serves two admirable purposes—to point out the comparative staleness and emptiness in the cup of modern ecclesiastical Christianity, and in contrast, the cold, clear, satisfying draught which it might offer in the pure water of a practical human brotherhood. The bishop of Benares is a personification of Christ's literal gospel; and when the clergyman strips off his priestly robes, and prepares to go with his brother into the thorn-invested way of human ministry. The story itself is one of the best expositions of brotherhood offered in modern literature. As a play it

A LAW AGAINST AMERICAN COLLECTORS

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 1.—This month there has been much excitement among literary collectors over the sale at Sotheby's rooms—the famous salerooms for literary treasures—of the valuable books and MSS., belonging to the American collector, H. C. Hoskier, of New Jersey. This collection of MSS., the result of 26 years' work—was one of the finest in existence. There were many fifteenth century printed books from the famous press of Aldus Manutius; and many almost priceless manuscripts in all languages; together with an extraordinary series of the Royal, National and Imperial French Almanacs in wonderful bindings. Unique among the Hoskier treasures were several contracts of marriage solemnized before the full courts of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, with the autograph signatures not only of all the royal families, but of such famous persons as Madame de Sevigne, the great French uncrowned lady of her time, the Count of Gramont, and others. There were also many fine "first editions."

AMERICANS ARE KEEN.

In one way, this is a remarkable sale, for it afforded English booklovers the opportunity of purchasing a number of treasures which many collectors say should never have left this country. A well known expert recently discussed with the writer the sale of English works of art and literature.

"Americans are keen," he said, "in snapping up our best literary treasures, and hundreds of priceless manuscripts are now in American galleries—both private and public—which we should have bought ourselves through a national fund. For my part, I think such a fund should be established and a law should be passed similar to the one in Italy with reference to art treasures—against allowing valuable first editions and MSS., to leave the country. This idea is being seriously considered. Many dealers in London hold open commissions from wealthy Americans to buy up all valuable manuscripts and books which may not only be of interest to Americans, but which may possess intrinsic literary value. That England should allow these to be bought in the open market, shows how little interest we take in our own poets, writers and artists."

URGED TO WAKE UP.

"The bringing back of the Hoskier collection to this country should stimulate our own people to get together and prevent future valuable literary heirlooms from leaving the country. Our universities, such as Oxford and Cambridge, should devote substantial funds to acquiring these treasures, and all such works should be bought by the nation, or our universities."

"Our best early printed books, illuminated manuscripts, and originals of famous works, seem to be going to America; and our own people only 'wake up' when too late. We hope that the return to London of the Hoskier collection will create a reaction among American collectors and induce them to sell in the English market. Of course, such things as have found their way to the public museums and galleries in American cities are lost to us forever. It is a rather humiliating experience for a man of letters to see his own countrymen in the United States to be shown art and literary

treasures that should be in our own public collections. Of course, to blame can be placed on our dealers whose object is to get as high a price as possible; but our learned societies with ample funds are much to blame."

TOLSTOI'S GRANDCHILDREN.

Two of Tolstois grandchildren, Count Leonid Tolstois, a black-eyed charming little boy of 2 and his sister, Sofia, aged perhaps 7, are at present staying in England. Their mother has lived in England for some time, and the children speak English and Russian equally well. It is an odd fact that none of Tolstois children seem to have any marked literary gift, although all of them have wayward tempers, and are manifesting themselves in a talent for music.

Cleely Hamilton, who has turned her successful play, "Diana of Dobson's," into a novel, has become a recognized name in the literary world, and what is known as the "Diana of Dobson's" by which the employees of most of the English dry goods stores are compelled to board on the shop premises. In one way, it is a decided success. She is also absorbed in the "votes for women" controversy at present agitating London. With it all, she has found time to write an account of her own life, which has been commissioned by Charles Prohm, and which, like "Diana," will probably be turned into a novel later on.

This "novelization" of dramas—to use a dreadful but inevitable word—seems likely to become a fashion. Several publishers here are now actively looking for the novel rights of new plays. The general impression is that a novel made from a play is much more likely to be effectively read than a straight, well built story than is a play made from a novel.

SEEKING CO-OPERATION.

It is rather singular to note that several of the big firms of publishers are adopting co-operative methods. If a large and costly book is to be produced among the English publishers, it is becoming quite customary for several firms to combine over it. They have their printing, binding, art work, and all the mechanical processes done as a joint undertaking; and the publishing revenue is "pooled" on behalf of the several firms backing the book. This is not exactly new, as it was customary in the early Victorian age, but it is rather surprising to see this form of co-operation cropping up again in our own day. It is a decided advantage. Instead of one publisher who may wish to bring out a work in very handsome style, finding it beyond his means to do so, he may get several other firms interested in the venture, and by thus combining, a fine book can be produced. It must be admitted, however, that it is not wholly to the best interests of the author, for where no division of profits enters into the transaction, the author is likely to be forgotten. Another thing bearing on the remuneration of authors is this: where a book is published in very handsome style by several firms, the original cost of production leaves only a narrow margin of profit for the author. These co-operative publishers usually at present confine to publishing books in a long series; and the method has not been applied very extensively to the works of one author, except in the case of one or two collections.

CHARLES OGDEN.

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In serious illness it is best to call the family doctor at once; it is also well for mothers to know of simple, reliable home remedies that can be used effectively in case of emergency. When children are taken suddenly and violently ill, or have an attack of fever, colds, croup, or any of the little ills, the first thing to do is to get the bowels to move freely. Often the illness is brought on by drowsy or stomach troubles, and the first question the doctor will ask is about the bowels and what the child has been eating.

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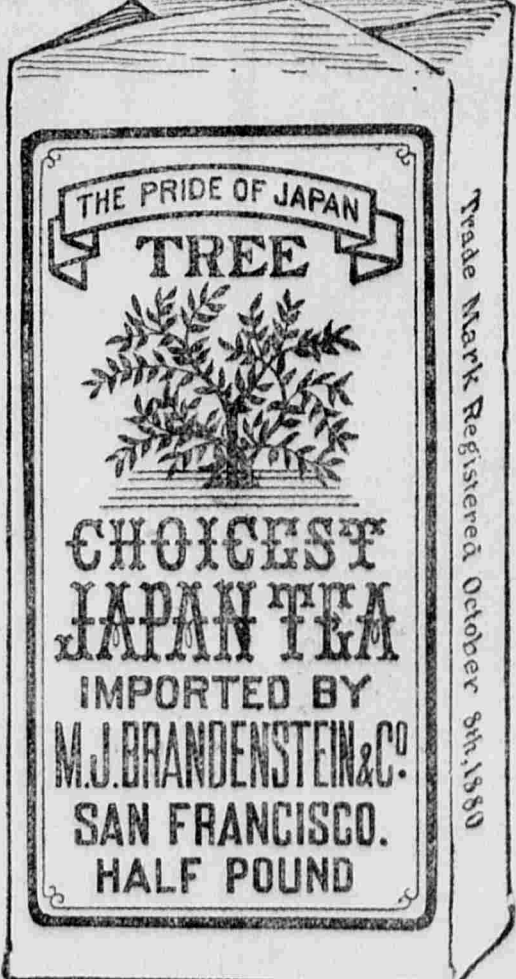
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NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 11 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, July 20, 1908:

- MISCELLANEOUS.
- American Institute Mining Engineers—Transactions, Vol. 38.
- Cave—Methods of Drawing.
- Chapman—American Drawing Book.
- Illinois—Bureau of Labor—Report, 1906.
- Lea—Hydraulics.
- Library of Congress—Dramatic Music Catalogue.
- Pennsylvania University—Leib Harrison Foundation.
- Speaker—Vol. 2.
- Stanley—London Street Arabs.
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- Vasari—On Technique.

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