



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

Phoebe Cary was born at the family home Sept. 4, 1824, and enjoyed better educational advantages than her sister. She began writing at 17, and at 18 produced the world-known poem, "Near Home." In 1844 she published a volume of "Poems and Parables." In 1853 "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love." During the residence of the Cary sisters in New York their home was the principal literary and artistic center of the city, and for fifteen years their Sunday evening readings were delightful features of literary life. Of the two, Alice published the greater number of volumes, but Phoebe won the higher fame, and it was upon her poems that the house hold management developed. Born out of wedlock, she was adopted by her father, and her father's name was Phoebe Cary. She died at her home, 1571, and was buried beside her sister in Greenwood cemetery.

NEARER HOME.

PHOEBE CARY.

On the shores of the river of death;
Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Let me feel as I shall when I stand
On the shores of the river of death;

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home than before,
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the earthly crown,
Nearer gaining the crown;

But lying dually between,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the death abyss;
Closer death to my life,
Crosses the awful chasm.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If I be I am nearer home,
Even than I think.

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel the death
That has been so long in pain,
On the rock of a living faith.

Feel as I would, were my feet
Even now slipping over the brink,
For it may be I am nearer home,
Nearer, now, than I think.

DOE THE NEXT THYNGE.

When things go wrong and I am sore perplexed
With the tumultuous duties of each day;
I mind me of a quaint old Saxon text,
The burden of this homely roundelay:
"I have an inspired thought, I have an inspired thought,
To do the next thinge, to do the next thinge."
To do the next thinge, to do the next thinge,
To do the next thinge, to do the next thinge.

—Chicago Record-Herald

NOTES.

The Metropolitan Magazine of New York is offering \$2,500 for four short stories and a poem, the total amount to be distributed as follows:
For the best original story of 7,000 words in length, \$500. For the best original story of 5,000 words, \$300. For the best original story of 3,000 words, \$150. For the best original poem not exceeding 28 lines, \$50.
No restrictions are placed upon contests, and good new stories are wanted and it does not matter who the authors are, so long as the work is original. The prize is a cash prize, and the winner is given to correspondence relating to this contest. Address: Prize Story, the Metropolitan Magazine Co., 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York.

The identity of Julie Le Breton, Lady Rose's daughter in Mrs. Ward's novel, has been a question of current gossip so long that it is not surprising that the book is still among the most read popular fiction. In a recent number of the London Academy a writer tells of meeting some friends by a curious chance in a summer house. People were talking about Julie Le Breton, and conjecturing as to her real origin. "We know who Julie was," remarked the friends confidently. "She was the offspring of the principal character in 'The Scarlet Web'." Mrs. Craigie's biographical study published in 1901; she was a daughter of Rosabel and John Luntell, and they proceeded to draw literary information from the Academy contributor. He called his article "A Novel Note in Biography," and pretended to prove by it that Mrs. Ward's heroine was evidence of the daughter of Mrs. Craigie's heroine.

Double-day, Page & Co.'s announcement for January includes Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," "The Life of Gen. Samuel Armstrong," the started the whole modern movement for manual training and started Booker T. Washington on his career, written by his daughter, Mrs. W. T. Peltier, volume three of the "Hartman Expedition" on the "glaciers of Alaska," by O. K. Gilbert, and "The Geology, Minerals and Fossils, Plants and Animals" by various writers, each with over 100 illustrations, many of highest grade color.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



E. L. DAVENPORT.

E. L. Davenport will be remembered among the stage faces that appeared frequently in the plays given in Salt Lake's early dramatic days.

the very thing, and sent it to her. She kept it six months and returned it, saying she could make nothing of it. "About this time," said Mr. Browning, "Story" (W. W.) "wanted a tale. I sent it to him. He kept it six months and returned it, saying 'I could not make anything of it.' 'If you have done me the honor to read 'The Ring and the Book,' you know the story."

We are familiar with the complaint that American criticism of books is usually mild and unimpassioned. It will therefore be a pleasure to many to discover so fearless and so vigorous a critic as Mr. Davenport. In his book, "Leaves from Old Albums" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) he pays his respects to D'Annunzio in these terms: "Instead of being a man of letters and a man of letters, he is a man of letters and a man of letters. In place of conscience he gives us violent egotism. We are human, we want human beings, and he sets up fantastic puppets; we ask for a man, and under diverse aliases he puts forth himself."

When Jose Noguchi lived in a little house on Quincy Miller's place in the heart of Oakland, he invited his friends to use a Walt Whitman phrase, in verse that appealed to the imagination because of its lack of form and its impressionist effects. The young Japanese, who had the simplicity and charm of a child, reflected in his verse the influence of many poets, but he was original in the truest sense of the word, for he so colored and so flavored his poetry that it was his own. Of late Walt Whitman appears to be the dominating influence, and in Noguchi's new book of verse, "From the East," many of his poems are written in the unrhymed, irregular measure that the author of "Leaves of Grass" made his own. This new volume has an introduction by Inazo Nitobe, who gives a short sketch of Noguchi's life, and commends the book to his countrymen. The little volume is very well printed and bears the imprint of Paganini & Co. of Tokyo. There is a fine portrait of the author with his Japanese signature, a title-page design of a river flowing down from Fujiyama and a cover design of Japanese boats beating up against the wind.

Noguchi, who is now making his home in New York, is full of impressionist pictures, as of old, of his genuine poetic ability there is no doubt, but he is full of idealism and spiritualism. Here, for instance, are "Lines" which have the hallmark of the author of "Leaves of Grass," but which appeal to one's imagination by the figures that each line conjures up:

ETERNAL ORGANIST OF THE SOULS OF THE LAND,
MIGHTY SINGER FOR MAN AND TRUTH,
In many of these poems, reminiscent of Whitman occur, but it is a Whitman idealized and spiritualized. Here, for instance, are "Lines" which have the hallmark of the author of "Leaves of Grass," but which appeal to one's imagination by the figures that each line conjures up:

LINES.
I love the saintly chant of the winds
touching their odorous fingers to
the harp of the angel Spring;
I love the undulating sound of thought
whirls of birds, and the soft, low
songs echoes on the rivulet afar;
I muse on the solemn mountain which
waits in sound content for the
time when the Lord call him;
I roam with the wings of high-raised
fantasy in the pure universe;
Oh, I chant of the garden of Adam and
Eve!

Probably the most finished poem in the volume, as well as one which shows the highest creative ability, is called "Apparition." It reveals great command over the resources of rhythm, and in dainty charm and mystery of allusion it would reflect credit on any English poet.

T'was morn;
I felt the whiteness of her brow
Over my face; I raised my eyes and saw
The breeze passing on dewy feet.

T'was noon;
Her slightly trembling lips of passion
I saw, I felt, but where she smiled,
Were only yellow flakes of sunlight.
T'was eve;
The velvet shadows of her hair enfolded
me;
I eagerly stretched my hand to grasp
her.

But touched the darkness of eve.
T'was night;
I heard her eloquent violet eyes
Whispering love, but from the heaven
glazed down the stars in gathering
tears.

This young Japanese poet cannot be measured by any of the rules that govern English or American writers of verse, for he looks at things from the oriental point of view, and he handles English with a dexterity and an originality that few poets possess.

WOMEN PRAISE IT.

There are thousands of women today praising the Celebrated Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When they were down and in need of a health restorer and regulator they were persuaded to try the Bitters with the result that they now enjoy perfect health. All Sickly women should try it at once. Besides curing all Female Complaints, it is also unequalled for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Insomnia and Constipation.

HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS.

has come up from nothing, and has inherited his fortune and his business from a deceased brother very much older than himself. Owen Thallon, a young college man who knows that he is the son of Levenson's brother, and hence the rightful owner of the property, comes to the town and applies for work in the mill. He is the hero of the love story, the heroine being Levenson's daughter. All three are young people of about the same age. All through the book the reader knows who Owen Thallon is; the characters do not. There is a great deal more in this powerful novel than merely the love story and the portrayal of character. Levenson is engaged in a combination with other capitalists looking to the formation of a trust, and all this matter is worked out with power and intense interest. The working out of the love story has been so well done that from its first issue its readers have praised it in the highest terms, and have found it absorbing and interesting to the last degree. This is a novel of such people as all of us know, and of the workaday world and its life and its ways; but it is never commonplace.

"Pouque's Indian," edited by J. Henry Senger, Ph. D., associate professor of German in the University of California. It is the story of a German knight who married a woman of the tribe, and the story of the most popular and touching of fairy tales, with its pathetic presentation of a woman to whom love has given a soul, and who seems herself happy in its possession, despite all the suffering that the divine gift entails. The story is simple, clear, and effective, and has been translated into most of the European languages. This edition it is presented with helpful annotations and complete vocabulary, and prefaced with an able and scholarly introduction, giving the life of the author and the sources of the tale. This is the latest edition to the series of "Modern German Readings," published by the American Book Company.

Stoltz's "Bunte Geschichten für Anfänger." The stories in this book for beginners are simple in their phrasing and well suited for children's reading. They consist of fables and anecdotes which are adapted for conversation exercises to follow the reading and translation. The matter is carefully graded. Care has been taken to avoid long compound words, as experience has shown that it is difficult for a beginner to read and pronounce them easily. In the complete vocabulary the English is always given with the imperfect and past participle and irregular verbs, while many infinitives are given with their full tenses at their respective places.—American Book Co.

BOOKS.

The "Beaten Path" by Richard L. Makin, is a story of life in a large manufacturing town of Pennsylvania. Its author is a young man who has been of what may be styled the business side of the story. He is a young man who

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The practice of printing signed reviews is becoming pretty common with the magazines and leads to curious anomalies. Thus, for instance, in the current Review there is a review of "The Beaten Path" by Mr. Robert Herrick's new novel, "The Common Lot," appear in this issue. The reviewer, Mr. J. J. S. Senger, writes: "The Beaten Path" is a story of life in a large manufacturing town of Pennsylvania. Its author is a young man who has been of what may be styled the business side of the story. He is a young man who

First place in the January Scribner's falls to Mr. F. S. Delenbaugh's article, "A New Valley of Wonders." The photographs are of the most interesting kind, and do not belie his fastidious title. Only in the lack of cascades and great trees does Mr. Delenbaugh's Utah paradise yield to the Yosemite. He naturally writes of it with a discoverer's enthusiasm. Capt. Murray begins a series of articles on "The War of 1812" with a consideration of its antecedents and causes. It is an ably composed chapter in the magazine's history, though one may dissent from Capt. Murray's belief that England could not, under wise leadership, have waived the tyrannical right of search and impressment. Of national peril, of course, the author is not ignorant, and the tradition of assumed legal right, a moral compulsion, a national duty, he does not ignore. Beyond this suggestive essay, Mr. M. H. Spielmann's appreciation of the painter Frank Brangwyn, with capital illustrations, is a masterpiece of analysis. "The Scientific Work of the Government," and the first of a novel of American life, "The Undercurrent," by Robert Knickerbocker, are other notes worthy

descriptions, didn't bother to correct them with the result that they never have been set right. Russell and W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, are great friends and the former is fond of telling a story of "inconspicuous ceremony" between them. It was while Russell was writing his story, "The Convict Ship," that he received, one day, a hurried note from the author of "Pinafore," asking him why he did not write a novel on the exact subject which he had in hand, and suggesting the outlines of a plot similar in almost every detail to that upon which the romance of the sea already had hit.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Jan. 12.—It is rather pathetic when you consider how comparatively many writers there are in this country whose names, on account of their former works, are household words the world over, but who now are buried away in some seaside or country town, living the lives of recluses, either on account of illness or of age. There was Herbert Spencer. There is George Meredith, Swinburne, William Watson, Thomas Hardy, and, though comparatively few realize it, Charles Reade.

Every now and then, though much less often than in former days, a book comes from the author of "The Wreck of the Titan" or "Overdue" who is the last to appear—and so the majority of readers suppose that the most fascinating writer of sea stories since Marryat still enjoys health and vigor. As a matter of fact, the severe rheumatism which attacked Clark Russell about 14 years ago, instead of being conquered, gradually has got the writer more and more firmly in its grip, and time he has been unable to put his foot to the ground or had one day free from intense pain. He lives in Bath with his wife and daughter, and you can see him on the street near the railway station, leaning on a cane, in an invalid's chair. It is necessary only to see him in this way, however, to realize that, in spite of his bodily ills, the famous story teller is still an optimist. As he goes about in his chair, he puffs away at a cigar, gives a cheerful nod to every acquaintance, and keeps up a running fire of bright talk with whatever member of his family happens to be his companion. Like Milton, Mr. Russell now dictates all that he writes to his daughters, and for a long time he has been working on a new story of the sea which will be finished within a few months.

Practically all Clark Russell's land-matters have been spent in this country, so it may not be generally remembered that he was born in New York. That was just under 60 years ago. He went to school, however, at Winchester and at Rugby, in France, where three of Charles Dickens' sons were his classmates. There he began his life as a midshipman in the British merchant service, which lasted eight years and enabled him to store up the supply of "material" upon which he has drawn ever since. His first book was "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," his greatest success, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Oddly enough, his author didn't expect that this story would go. He wrote it in a hurry, largely to please himself, and though he realized that there were a few technical errors in his

FATAL NO LONGER.

Dread Locomotor Ataxia Robbed of Its Terrors.

DOOM REVOKED IN EXTREME CASE.

The Very Doctors Amazed at the Astonishing Cure—Helpless And Hopeless, Miss Phoebe Ett Enos Recovers the Strength and Activity of Youth.

No legend of the widely famed valley of the Susquehanna surpasses in strangeness, and certainly none approaches in vital significance, the story of the long struggle in which Phoebe Ett Enos has conquered a frightful form of disease, the very name of which physicians shrink from telling to its victims because it has come to mean inevitable death. The story which Miss Enos told a reporter at her home at Oronota, N. Y., will be read with intense interest throughout the whole world.

"My trouble began six years ago with a numb feeling in my feet. They pricked and stung as if needles were

in them. I was in pretty bad shape when I first began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. How did I hear about them? Well, my nephew told me about a man he had met some where down south, who could walk only with crutches the first time my nephew saw him but was entirely well a year afterward, and gave all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then a neighbor showed me a newspaper account of a Schenectady county man who had been cured of locomotor ataxia by the same remedy. I sent for some of the very next morning. I stuck to it, too, for it was five weeks before I saw any benefit. Then I noticed less pain and I could walk without a cane, and had left of my former trouble only a little dragging of my right foot.

"When I was told that I saw my doctor. He was greatly surprised and exclaimed: 'You certainly are better. What has done it? If you had not got better you could not have raised hand or foot by this time.'"

"Well, I kept on taking the pills and improving. Now I am as well as any one, go about freely, do my own housework, even run up and down stairs, and sometimes think I am young again. All the credit for my recovery is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and surely no one can recommend them more highly than I can."

A remedy proved capable of curing the most dreadful form of nervous disease known, may be used with confidence for all minor disorders, such as sciatica, neuritis, nervous headaches, St. Vitus' dance and nervous debility. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists throughout the world.



MISS PHEBE ETT ENOS.

being stuck into them and the numbness spread until both limbs were affected. The pain was so intense that I could not get to sleep. The best doctor in Oronota attended me and I took his medicine faithfully but kept growing worse.

"One day I asked the doctor to tell me frankly whether he could cure me. He hesitated a while and then said, 'I might as well tell you one time as another. Miss Enos, that you will probably never be active again. Your trouble

Portsmouth was put up at auction, not long ago, it was bought up by the town corporation. Since then the place has been completely overhauled, electric light has been installed throughout, and the business of acquiring relics of Dickens has begun. The earliest gifts include an enlargement of the novelist's last home at Gadshill, Rochester, and a painting of Dickens, which the writer liked so well that he had it hung in the room at the Albion Tavern, where the historic dinner was held to celebrate the completion of "Nicholas Nickleby." There also will be placed in the house soon a collection of photographs, including representations of almost all the British scenes directly connected with Dickens' own life, and those mentioned in his books. These are presented by Mr. Snowden Ward, who is now on a lecturing tour in the United States.

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