

LITERATURE

Defeat should never mean despair. Fate leads us here and leads us there. Through checkered paths, through shade and sun. Our earthly pilgrimages run.

In climbing to the mountain's crown Full oft the road seems winding down.

In search of goals we find a wall; But God's large wisdom rules us all.

Fate's cruellest hindrance and delay Is but to guide a better way.

Who strives his noblest tow'rd an end And fails, may call defeat his friend.

And know behind his loss must be Some hidden good he cannot see.

In life's experience book I read This motto for each soul to heed

Emblazoned there in lines of light: The Unavoidable is right!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

OUR LIFE.

Our life is scarce the twinkling of a star In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim

With mortal clouds, it yet may beam For him.

And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.

I shall be patient, lest my sorrow bar His grace and blessing, and I fall supine;

In my own hands my want and weakness are.

My strength, O God, is thine. —Bayard Taylor.

NOTES.

A recent poem by Zitella Cooke in the New England Magazine, "The Man With the Plough," has attracted wide attention not only on account of its literary quality, but for its optimistic view of the mission of labor. There is a wide gulf between Miss Cooke's "Man With the Plough" and Mr. Markham's "Man With a Hoe." The first "walks with labor as his friend" and finds in his toil

"The larger dowry of content Dented to souls of sordid men."

The other is "A thing that grieves not and that never hopes. Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox."

Which of the two takes the truer and more logical view of the subject it will take reams of controversy to decide.

An English paper says Sir George Trevelyan is editing the diary of Lord Macaulay.

Although in his 73rd year Jules Verne is at work on a new book of travel.

J. M. Barrie has written a new story for Scribner's Magazine which will make its first appearance early in the year.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, whose work thus far has been confined to poetry, is at work on a novel.

The bibliography of Austin Dobson is being compiled by Mr. Francis Edwin Murray, of Derby, England, who will also be the publisher.

Lord Rosebery has written a study of Napoleon which has just been published by Harper & Brothers, a reading from which appears in this month's number of Current Literature.

Joel Chandler Harris, author and former newspaper editor, has been invited to deliver a lecture on journalism before the English department of the University of Chicago.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, is to be married soon to Dr. Charles Freeman, a physician of Metuchen, N. J., and their home will be in Metuchen.

Gibson's autobiography is to be issued by the Methuens, of London, uniform with their fine edition of the Decline and Fall, and will be edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the Johnsonian scholar.

According to the American Bookman and the English Academy, "The Reign of Law" is the best selling novel in both countries at the present time. It has already passed its first hundredth thousand.

A well illustrated and exhaustive work on travels and explorations in Antarctic Regions, by Karl Fricke, has just been issued by the Macmillan company. It contains sixty-one illustrations, many plates and maps.

The Oxford University Press, which is exhibiting in three different groups at the Paris Exhibition, has gained the unique distinction of being awarded three Grand Prix—one each for higher education, bookbinding and Oxford India paper.

Maurice Thompson's story of Ameri-

can life, Alice of Old Vincennes, is now selling at the rate of \$500 per day, and its sales are closely approaching 100,000, and from present indications will be one of the popular books of the season.

Miss Mary Johnston, whose second novel, To Have and To Hold, is in its two hundred and seventh thousand, has also completed a third, which, under the title of Audrey, will begin as a serial in the Atlantic in the June number.

Without doubt the highest compliment that has been paid an American historian is the translation into French of Henry C. Lea's History of the Inquisition, by M. Solomon Reinach, member of the Institute, and one of the most widely known and eminent of contemporary French scholars. Mr. Lea's work was published in this country by the Harpers, and has received general recognition as the best study of the period.

The biographical introduction to the French edition is contributed by Prof. Paul Fredericq, of Ghent, probably the greatest living authority on the subject in Europe.

General Lew. Wallace's remarkable story, Ben-Hur, which has probably passed through more editions than any other novel of its time, and has been translated into French, German and Turkish, may soon be published in Greek. General Wallace recently received a request from a Greek gentleman of Constantinople for his permission to make the translation, and his publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, are now in correspondence concerning the matter. The would-be translator's letter to General Wallace is not without interest. "Some time ago," he says, "a friend of mine gave me a German book, advising me to read it with attention. I never read novels, so I intended to give it back without having opened it. But then one day being unemployed, I took it carefully and began to read it, and it impressed me so much that I read it again and again, and did not fail to translate parts of it to my father and brothers. I looked for a Greek translation of it, but there is none. From that time the idea has possessed me to translate Ben-Hur into Greek, and for this it is my duty to ask your excellency's permission. I am sure all Greeks will enjoy it as I enjoyed it."

In his Literary Friends and Acquaintances, which the Harpers have just published, Mr. Howells tells a little anecdote of Emerson in his last years which is as interesting as it is pathetic.

The great thinker had come from his home to be present at the funeral of Longfellow.

He was but a wreck of what he had been, and his memory had altogether failed him.

He stood for some time beside the bier looking down into the dead poet's face struggling to recall him.

When the last ceremonies were over he said simply to the friend who accompanied him, "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forgot his name."

An interesting criticism of Miss Lillian Bell's new novel, The Expatiates, comes from Le Courrier de la Presse of Paris.

In the book Miss Bell attacks the French social system as a whole and the French gentleman in particular.

The critic of the Courrier, while admitting Miss Bell's talent and the charm of her story, rises in wrath to protest against the pictures of French life.

In commenting on Miss Bell's brilliantly sarcastic description of the burning of the Bazar in Paris, the Courrier ventures to call up the scenes of the Hoboken fire, where so many lives were lost at the burning of the Hamburg-American piers. Here the Courrier repeats the story that various captains of tugs on the river refused to pick up drowning men unless they agreed to pay a certain amount for their rescue.

The Courrier, however, makes no denial of the truth of Miss Bell's statements as to the conduct of certain French gentlemen at the burning of the Bazar, but contents itself with a vigorous tirade on the state of affairs which, after all, probably never existed.

BOOKS.

A book to delight all college students, alumni, and all who are in any way interested in college life, is "Songs of All the Colleges" recently published by Hinds & Noble. The book is different from any collection previously published, in that it contains so many of the real college songs, songs that are actually sung by college students and glee clubs, many of which have never appeared in a collection before. An especially interesting feature is the number of songs characteristic of different colleges, in the East, West and South. Some of the songs are new, while there are also a number of the old favorites which have become so familiar in and out of college. But the great virtue of the book is that it contains so many of the songs really sung by the students to-day. It is gotten up in handsome style and has music as well as words, written generally in four parts, with accompaniment.

Prof. Jastrow, president of the American Psychological association, offers a volume of essays which reflect both the professional and the popular interest in the study of the operations and manifestations of the human mind. Much of this interest is directed toward a group of problems that suggest unusual and abnormal or even totally novel forms of mental processes, different from those of our everyday experience.

While this book is not wholly devoted to this field of inquiry, it is a prominent purpose of these essays to oppose current misconceptions of the evidence and arguments for supernatural forms of mental activity; to present these phenomena in their true relations to a scientific psychology, to portray the extravagant notions which have grown up on the basis of ignorance, mystic and exaggerated conceptions of the nature of mental action; to emphasize the necessity of a sound and searching logic in the interpretation of the data of this irregular domain; to analyze the various sources of error to which observation and record are liable in the presence of such indelible material; to point out the nature of the mental processes which distort the evidence and invalidate the reliability of observer and record, and to contribute toward a rational and intelligible interpretation of the phenomena which in such various ways have been regarded as evidence of the transcendental or the supernatural.

The Youth's Companion opens this week with a clever story by James B. Connolly entitled "A Vagrant of the Docks" and other tales of exceptional interest. "The Contrariness of Mary," "Two Sacks of Potatoes," "A True Story of the Revolution," "Uncle Caius's Opinion," and "The Skee-Runner and the Bear," make up the fiction of the number which is a notably interesting one throughout.

The Metaphysical Magazine Mind for December contains for its leading number an article which will be of interest to a large class of readers entitled "The Law of Luck." In which the author argues the probability of mental states of the individual governing the events seemingly transpiring through mere chance, such as in card-playing and other so-called ventures of hazard. Other interesting articles are, "The Tendency to Good," "Our Thought World," "The Metaphysics of Character," and "Wordless Thoughts and

To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of



Mrs. Carrie Belleville.

weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family."

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. Carrie Belleville, Ludington, Mich.

Thoughtless Words." The usual interesting departments make up the number.

The December number of the Young Woman's Journal comes to hand with a distinct Christmas flavor permeating its pages. The opening article is a charming idyll "Immortal Melodies," by Christine Young, and Prof. Wilestone contributes a beautiful poem entitled "A Violet in the Snow," both being suggestions of the great natal day soon to be celebrated. Among the notable contributions is an article by Prof. James E. Talmage entitled "Blessed Be Work," and an account of the National Household association with illustrations written by Mrs. Susan Y. Gates. A most interesting article is that entitled "Folk Song of America," read by Mrs. Henry Farmori Eames at the recent meeting of the Nebraska State Federation of clubs in Lincoln. Other good material is contained in the exceptionally creditable issue.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Most Puzzling and Best Hated of English Statesmen.

(Julian Ralph in the London Mail.)

At every liberal and radical meeting the cries from the crowd have been for the speakers to discuss the enormities committed by the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain.

At every Unionist meeting which I have attended the mention of Mr. Chamberlain's name has been the signal for yells and salvos of delight. The marrow of the contest at the polls is that the country is to vote confidence in Mr. Chamberlain or the reverse.

Sir William Harcourt calls him "the pretender," and other liberals have said that in Lord Salisbury's statement of the national situation there is no vital paragraph except the one which mentions the work of the colonial minister. His portrait is to be seen wherever pictures of men are for sale or on show, and even in Birmingham, the largest, most constant crowd is that which gathers all day long before a quarter-life-size photograph of Mr. Chamberlain and his family.

Whether men like or detest him—and he is the most admired and best hated man in Great Britain—there is no getting away from him for any man who ponders or discusses the immediate affairs of the realm. He has always been growing, and at the pace of sweet corn in August, when the daisies say "you can hear it grow at night," but the South African troubles have pushed him up like a mango sprout in the hands of an Indian juggler. There is no getting away from him, and from

this plight no one is excepted—apparently not even himself.

"I might die tomorrow," he said the other night at Burton-on-Trent, "and still there would remain this great empire of our forefathers. It is not my character or my personality or my views which matter anything in this struggle."

And now turn away from England and observe the figure he cuts abroad—in the eyes of foreigners, whose judgment is often the true guide or nearest approach to the verdict of our own country. It is distorted by hatred, but the size of the figure remains.

Abroad Mr. Chamberlain stands as the representative of Britain, as well as of the most hideous spirit and work which foreign fancy, filled with hatred, can conceive. He is a man of mixed fable and fact. He is always foremost in the editorials and printed gibes and slurs. His pictures in cartoons and on postcards would paper the walls of the largest hall abroad. They depict him with a tall, horse and a single hoof, as the man behind every scene in recent English history from the Jameson raid and the Pashoda affair down to the sackings and burnings of the sacred and accursed homes of those Boers who have been adopted by continental Europe as an instrument with which to conjure the lively devil known as Anglophobia. There is no more chance to get away from his all-pervasiveness there than there is in England.

He came to Burton-on-Trent in a special train on Friday night, and, stepping out of a carriage of plate glass, lighted like a lamp, stood before us on the platform.

He wore an overcoat with heavy bands of Persian lamb's fur such as an actor might be expected to sport—a brilliant new silk hat and trousers. His smooth shaven face was waxen white and like a carving in marble; so much so that when he smiled it was as if a man had wrinkled a little about the mouth.

He merely flashed through the crowd and was gone.

An hour later he was addressing a meeting in Flass' branding shed, where 1,000 persons had a chance to study him for quite sixty minutes.

I knew the type well—that of the most extraordinary product of this century. It has been thought a New York type, produced where nature is magnificent and varied with prairies that give place to enormous actions, mountains which stop all but the mightiest wills, rivers and cascades which the ignorant savages worshipped, but the new masters among men have passed over upon giant steppings of steel, have even humbled and harnessed them to transform their force into motive and lighting power.

That is the Chamberlain type, called in the New World by such names as Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Thomas A. Scott, James Hill, Sir William C. Van Horn and Cecil Rhodes. Nearly all who are of this type work indoors at desks dotted all over with electric buttons, sunken in the many hands and heads which their vast affairs require to carry out the mere suggestive flashes of their single minds.

As Mr. Chamberlain rose and began speaking it was for a moment as if I were in some other place, looking at another man, and I expected him to say: "Gentlemen, I have had the Rocky Mountains searched, and have found a pass where the worst gradient is only one in a hundred, and we shall haul trains with a single light engine as against the four 100-ton engines now used by our competitors. I have arranged to put our own steamers of full Atlantic tonnage upon the great lakes and to pay for them out of their own savings at the rate of two a year. We shall lay out, for our Pacific terminus, a port which must rival Liverpool in the course of twenty years, and which, at an expenditure of \$5,000,000, should return us its cost annually after the first few years for the next two decades."

Cool to coldness, so pallid that women whispered that he was ill, straight as an arrow, without a single gray hair, slender as a professional runner, dressed as only can be dressed, a man of routine whose pulse is Hollandish, who lets others do the work, the walking and the worrying; he might be thought to have walked out of a cold storage room.

The shed was like a Turkish bath, and its heat worked upon his surface ice in time, after which his smile was more easily executed and his cheek trembled now and then where the light string of his eyelashes touched it. For he wore the inevitable glass, and with a sense of effect as perfect as if he had been Japanese terra cotta colored orchid to balance it.

Note that the audience was noisy—that it had been said there was a plot to break up the meeting.

The master—the brain in man's attire—exhibited no more impatience or annoyance than found expression in the slow raising of one hand with a gesture half of insistence, half of warning.

The disturbance grew, and there came from him the note of one who will not brook interruption. It was uttered as deliberately and slowly, with the same coolness as all else that he said. "If there are any persons who wish to disturb this meeting make a circle round them and we can tell who they are."

A statue could not have shown more self-control or less sign of feeling.

The noise grew, and Mr. Chamberlain said, as if some remark was expressed, though it did not matter, "Surely you in Burton can manage your meetings," and sat down.

Then rose the wonderful Lady Burton, head of 500 of the most practical lady election workers in the kingdom, and reservoir of the energy of the local Unionist campaign. She was not cool, but righteously indignant.

"If you did not come to hear Mr. Chamberlain, what did you come for? So many people are disappointed. I beg of you to be quiet." It was she who begged—not Mr. Chamberlain; one could not imagine him doing it. "It would be generous to be quiet," was the most he would say.

After that the man of all-conquering personality began an hour's speech, well worth hearing and studying as all expression of the force and subtlety, the

command, the finesse and the resources by which he keeps rising and gaining in power. It was as fine as fencing, as fencing done with a hand and wrist of steel. There was intensity in his speech, but no heat or feeling, and no word spoken louder than if he had been addressing a company in a London drawing room. There were witty touches here and there, and rounding dramatic sentences, but they seemed to have been prepared—not spontaneous, but rather thought out with pen in hand. Perception bender his brow, but his small, sharp eyes borrowed no heat, and his face was graven to the end. He had a wizard's power of brain, and sounded note after note until he hit the one that quieted and caught his hearers.

And then, would you believe it, as soon as he hinted at stopping, the spell-bound people cried, "Go on! Go on!"

And at the end they insisted upon singing what a jolly good fellow he was.



Slashing at shadows.

—those misguided women who won't use Pearlina because "it must hurt the clothes." If Pearlina hurt either hands or clothes, don't you suppose that the women who use it would be saying so?

The very ease of its washing keeps many from using Pearlina. They've been brought up to believe that easy washing is dangerous. So it is, often. That is a risk you run with new and untried things. But Pearlina, the first and original washing-compound, is as well-known as soap, and known and proved to be equally harmless.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina



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REMOVAL SALE OF PIANOS!

We are going to move to 53 Main Street, January 1st, and do not intend to move a single instrument from the old store, 205 State.

Seventy-five Big Piano Bargains.

75 Elegant new pianos must be sacrificed; 75 pianos must be sold in 30 days regardless of prices; 75 piano buyers who have the money waiting for a snap shot to buy a high-grade piano at less than actual factory cost to the average dealer, can find in this immense stock of superb pianos just what they have been waiting for, at prices never before offered in Utah, and a chance to make a selection from 75 as beautiful pianos in the very latest designs and in as fine fancy wood cases as were ever exhibited in any salesroom East or West. This is not a fake ad., but an absolute sale. Nothing reserved. Every piano in our large stock will be slaughtered and must be sold.

First come, first choice. Sale begins Monday, Nov. 26th, 9 a. m. Store will be open evenings until 9 o'clock every night while sale lasts. Special arrangements can be made for time payments if necessary.

Parties residing out of the city wishing to take advantage of this sale, will be furnished catalogues and prices on application, and will receive the same treatment as though they were in the store to make their own selection.

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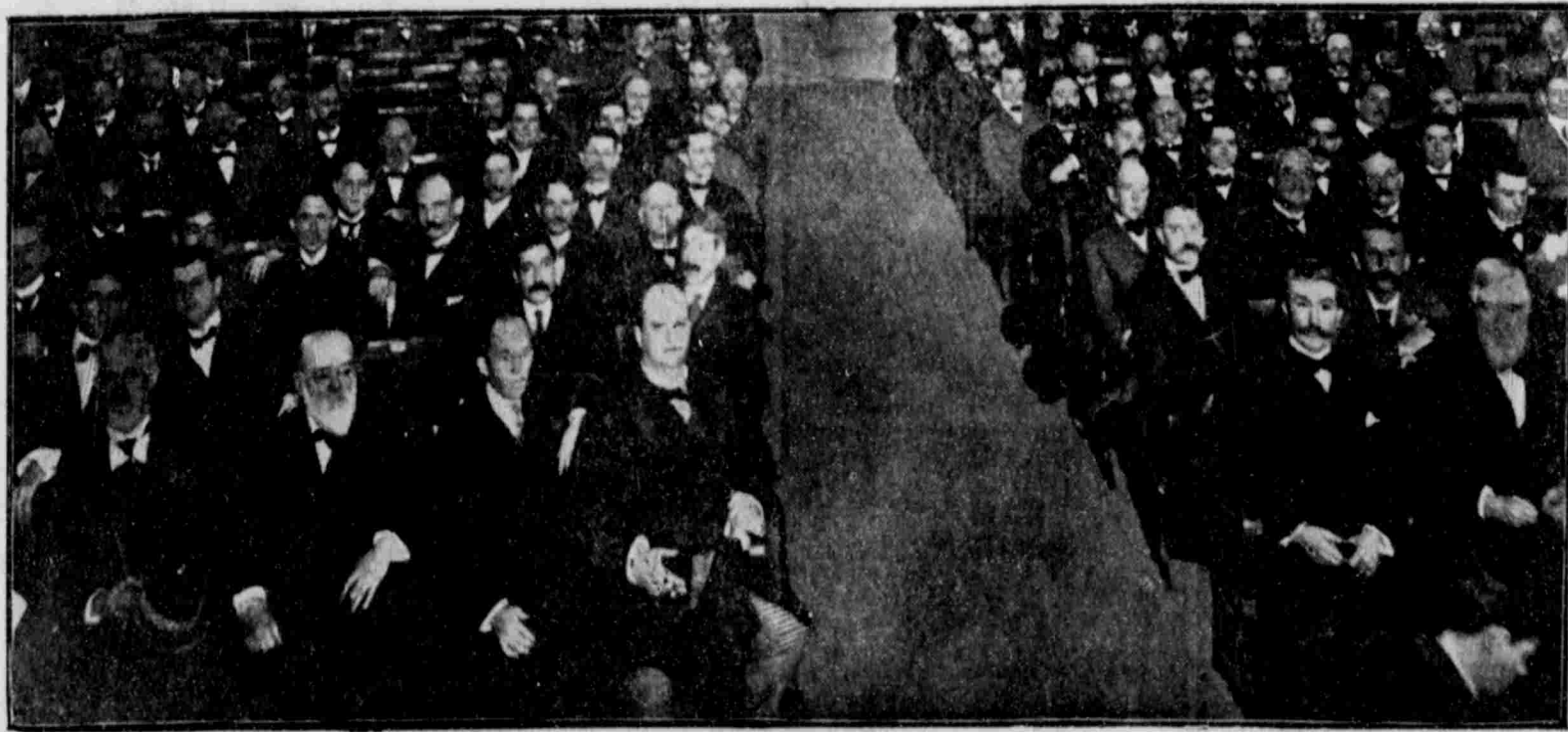
TEUTONIA, of New Orleans, and

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ADVERTISERS Should Use the Semi-Weekly News

If they desire to reach the people of the Western States and Territories in their homes.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ADVERTISERS.



Here is a most interesting snapshot taken by Arthur Leslie, of the recent important meeting of all big newspaper men in the country. It is the first time so many representative publishers and editors ever gathered together. The occasion was the first annual meeting of the new Associated Press reorganized under the New York laws. Among the many distinguished moulders of public opinion were: Melville E. Stone, manager Associated Press; J. Randolph Youatt, auditor Associated Press; Frank B. Noyes, Washington Star; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago Evening News; W. C. Reick, New York Herald; Ambrose Butler, Buffalo News; Charles W. Knapp, St. Louis Republic; Harrison Gray Otis, Los Angeles Times; Thomas M. Patterson, Rocky Mountain News; Clark Howell, Atlanta Constitution; William L. McLean, Philadelphia Bulletin; James Elverson, Philadelphia Inquirer; J. B. Townsend, Philadelphia Press; John W. Bailey, Philadelphia Record; Barclay H. Warburton, Philadelphia Telegraph; Charles F. Kindred, Philadelphia Times; Theodore W. Nevins, Pittsburgh Leader; Charles A. Rook, Pittsburgh Dispatch; Albert J. Barr, Pittsburgh Post; Fred E. Whiting, Boston Herald; Stephen O'Meara, Boston Journal; E. A. Grozier, Boston Post; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., Boston Globe; H. M. Kohlhaas, Times-Herald; D. C. Seltz, New York World; Whitelaw Reid, N. Y. Tribune; Adolph S. Ochs, N. Y. Times; H. L. Einstein, N. Y. Press; W. H. Matthews, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle; E. Q. Ishbelly, Cincinnati Commercial Tribune; Eugene H. Perdue, Cleveland Leader; C. E. Kennedy, Cleveland Plaindealer; E. J. Deeming, Columbus Dispatch; E. Prentiss Bailey, Utica Observer; John D. Jackson, New Haven Register; Victor Rosewater, Omaha Bee; W. E. Gardner, Syracuse Post-Standard; A. P. Langtry, Springfield Union; Negley D. Cochran, Toledo Bee; George W. Hinman, Chicago Inter-Ocean; Frank P. MacLennan, Tokyo State Journal; John H. Farrell, Albany Times Union; Norman E. Mack, Buffalo Times; C. H. Grasty, Baltimore News; Col. Cunningham, Baltimore Herald; Gen. Felix Agnus, Baltimore American; Samuel Bowles, Springfield State Journal; George D. Perkins, Sioux City Journal; R. P. Murdoch, Wichita Eagle; Frank L. Dingley, Lewiston Star; Lewis H. Miner, Springfield State Journal; Theodore E. Quimby, Detroit Free Press; James E. Scripps, Detroit News; William E. Haskell, Minneapolis Journal; Austin P. Cristy, Worcester Telegram; Conde Hamlin, St. Paul Pioneer Press; J. H. Durston, Anaconda Standard; Walter H. Seely, Newark News; Times; George Thompson, St. Paul Dispatch; Conde Hamlin, St. Paul Pioneer Press; J. H. Durston, Anaconda Standard; Walter H. Seely, Newark News; Mason C. Hutchinson, Albany Journal; Rufus H. Jackson, Hartford Times; M. H. De Young, San Francisco Chronicle.