### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902.



THE PASSING OF SUMMER. Woods russet red-

Full-fruited orchard, and the golden that rounds the edges of the short'ning days.

sher grows the sultry air at And sharper gleam the starry spears of And freshe

light In the blue vault overhead-The year has passed its noon, and Summer's sped.

Green glades are crossed with fairy gossamers, dew-drenched

And in the hedgerows berried jewels Deep purpling sloes, and scarlet of the

while the great beeches flame to sud-

den fire At the first touch of frost-An added glow for every glory lost.

No songsters fill The air with music; in gay companies Feathered explorers hurry toward the

sens: The falling leaves in elfin dances fly, And fragrant pine-cones drop in hol-

lows dry: But yet on moor and hill The heather wears its royal vesture still

Autumn is here-A sur-browned reaper-strong of arm The ripened corn in sheaves about his and deet. The last flower Summer left is on his "ge still, O patient Earth," he cries, Seep through dark days and drear gring shall whisper in thy dreaming ear!"

-christian Burke in Blackwood's Magazine. THE COMING AND THE

GOING.

I hard a mother croon to her child song as I wandered by, a song that would sing the stars to in the cradle of the sky.

isw an old man close his eyes

is restful sleep-God send When I come to my journey's end.

And I thought of the years that lay of the darkness and the doubt; But God is good-there is peace at the

When a soul goes in or out. -Jean Mohr, in Nov. Era.

NOTES.

In Harper's for October Bret Harte's has noem, found after his death, is whited for the first time. It was written at the time of the death of Queen Victoria. The poem is reprint-

When your men bowed heads together And the globe swung out from glad-To eclipse .

Thomas Nelson Page has written of 'A Captured Santa Claus.' mediaeval fortresses remained at his birthplace long after the revolution obliterated these tokens of the past elsewhere. He played in the disman-tied parks of Francis I, the hunting lodges of Henri III, and in these fan-matic hunting h Stanley Weyman is about to bring out a volume of short stories. He calls

it "In King's Byways." F. T. Bullen's novel, "The Whale-man's Wife," is filled with New England characters and episodes for the whale fishery provide the requisite

thrills. X X X "Men in the Making" is to be the title of H. G. Wells' next book. The veln of "Anticipations" will be evident in the new work. It will be published

as a serial before it comes out in book form It is possible that the diary kept by Edward Williams, the friend of Shel ley, who was drowned with him, may have some interesting references to the poet. That diary, at any rate, is soon to be published.

Walter Savage Lander has prepared for his forthcoming book nearly 200 illustrations taken from sketches and photographs. He intends to name the book "Across Coveted Lands; or. A Journey From Flushing to Calcutta Overland.

It is reported that there are evi-dences of a change in literary taste in France. Zola is much less read than he was ten years ago: Victor Hugo and the elder Dunias have come into a new popularity, and there seems to be a demand for more serious literature.

The Century has recently come into possession of an interesting collection of unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott, written to a very interesting character in the early part of the last century, Mrs. Hughes, the grandmoth-er of the author of "Tom Brown."

A. M. Robertson bringe out in next pocket form Cardinal N-sman's wise words on what constitutes a gentleman, with a short introduction, in which the writer pleads for an infusion. of the old idea of gentlemanliness into the strenuous life of the day.

Soon after Christmas John Lane will issue in this country the English reas-lation of Zola's new nov 1. "Truth." The theme of the story is derived from the Dreyfus case though the hero is not a soldier, but a Hebrew school-master. The story is largely concern, ed with the school life of France. . . .

Augusting Birrell is writing a book on Sydney Smith. There is no one bet-ter qualified to deal with the witty pro. jector and first editor of the Edinburgh Review. In one sense the profes-sion of letters has taken a long step since Smith proposed to "cultivate lit-erature on a little oatmeal,"-but hardly in all senses.

In the Era Magazine William S. Walsh gives a very readable series or reasons why we have no Marie Corellis.

Among others, these: I suppose that the word "highfalutin" might be applicable to the style and the method of Miss Marle Corelli. As "highfalutin" is American slang, one might imagine that it denotes a distinctively American trait. In point of fact, as we are now using It, notes a distinctively non-American trait. We are indeed highfalutin in the aggregate. We are not so in our individ-ual capacity. We have a caste sufficient consciousness of the importance of ourselves as a people. Not yet have we shaken off the habit of spread-eagleism or fulsome compliment to our national bird. But-

that if he continues to grow outside as giving an outline of the session-folhe grew within, he promises to attain a very handsome bulk." He adds anlowed by a "Note of Welcome" from Ralph Waldo Trine, author of "In Tune with the Infinite," and a "Word of Congratulation" from the Rev. R. other giquant detail, not expressible in the English tongue, but to the end of his days a delight to the bon geant (the good glant), as Dumas was known Heber Newton, president of the Inter-national Metaphysical League. Re-ports of the following lectures are giv-en: "Practical Idealism." Charles. all his rollicking life. The boy was seven years old when he lost his cheery en: "Practical Idealism," Charles, Erodie Patterson; "Symbol-Psychology and the Myths of Nations," Rev. Adolph Roeder; "Poetry and its Reia-tion to Life," Edwin Markham; "The Rights of Children," Bolton Hall; "Literature for Children," Florence P, Berger, "The Survise of Schelung Conparent. He was so outraged when told that he should never seen his father again, that he seized a gun and, being questioned by his mother, informed her that he was going to heaven, "What for?" "I am going to kill the bon dieu who killed papa." As child and youth he lived at Villers Cotterets among the question of the second Perry; "The Sunrise of Spiritual Con-sciousness." Warren A. Rodman; "Fun-Mason: 'Browning's Message to the World,'' W. J. Colville: 'An Hour with 'The New Thought in the Salvation Army,'' Lucy G. McGee. These are the quaint surroundings that he made such constant use of in after years in the mise en scene of his stirring ro-mances. Ruined castles, cloisters, and preceded by eight special contributions 

# EMILE ZOLA IN LITERATURE.

York City.

. . .

#### He Was an Earnest, Profound and Conscientious Writer.

#### dr.mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

idea, which he carried to excess. His apology for sin and his explanation of They failed to recogniz

lodic regularity. They were models of scientific fiction. They presided a ry of terrible, common, cunning foolish, greedy, vala portraits—it was as if the people swarming along the street had been arrested by the wand sardonic wizard, and the entralls of their souls exposed to view. There can be little doubt that in a way Zola' Intentions were good. They were, in fact, the aspirations of the scientist. The final volume of the Rougon-Mar-quart series was published in 1893. It is possible that Zola had been irrltated by certain elements in human be ings, which he was unable to analyze and for which he could concoct no syn-thesis. Man had at least one source of happiness, faith, which seemed not to have its cause in the senses. M. Zola entered upon a consideration of this question. Perhaps from the outset he question. Perhaps from the outset he determined to prove it wanting, be-cause it did not fall in with his idea of heredity. He wrote a trilogy of ro-mances to demonstrate the fallure of Christianity.\* These books were called "Lourdar" "Bane" and "Baris" That "Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris," They were incomparable studies of the cities the names of which they bear. The moral of them is that peace is found not in faith, but in trade-that is, work. A second trilogy of books arose out of this culminating idea. These are "Fecundite," a terrible arraignment of the barren French woman; "Travail," a marvelous celebration of socialism, and "La Verite," which enjoins brotherly love and kindness.

of the Societie des Gens de Lettres. Politically he was a radical Republican, and from the first he was a gov-ernmental as well as a literary revolu-



19

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trust is the basis of the story. The

tastic haunts seems to have stored his mind with that immense procession of

semi-historical realities, which give charm to his astonished mass of in-

ention. He quit this life of romantic dreaming to make his way in the cap-ital, in his eightieth year, with but \$11 in his purse. He obtained a very in-consequent employment in the estab-

lishment of the Duke 'Orleans, who, as the largest landed proprietor at Villers

ron of the youth.

This is the latest photograph of Evelyn P. Baldwin, the famous explorer who has been recalled from his quest of the north pole in which he was sent by

the "Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition com-Dany 

hero, Roger Drake, tells his

Cotterets, naturally figured as the pat-Ella W. Peattie in Chicago Tribune- ; Zola then became the victim of an Had Emile Zola died previous to the martyrdom of Dreyfus, he would have day. Up to that time he had been misunderstood by Frenchmen, who disliked him for artistic and other reasons, as well as by foreigners, who suspected him of motives of which he was inacapable. His heroism at the time of the Dreyfus trial aroused France to the consciousness that he was a formidable figure, and awakened the rest of the world to an appreciation of his profound earnestness, the depths and in-

of a French mother and an Italian father. The elder Zola was a Venetian, son of a Greek woman, a man of grandlose ideas and an engineer by profession He constructed the canal at Aix (Bouches du Rhone) that bears his name Emile passed much of his boyhood at Aix, returning to Parls in 1858. His father died when he was 7, and his mother made extraordinary efforts to give him an education, though he was His not a promising pupil, as his instruc-tors at the Lycee Saint Louis testi-

Before he had reached the age of 20 he was out in the world trying to make a living for himself. He was first a laborer on the docks, then a salesman for Hanchette & Co. He lived a wretched life in one of the lowest of hotels, among hard living students and unhappy women, but he did not at any time partake of their license. From the first he appeared to regard life with the eyes of a scientist. It was an instinct with him to observe. When his miser-able hotel was invaded by the police and its vociferous inmates hustled out upon the pavement, he was interested to observe the drama. The actions of the gendarme, the manners of the women, the futile expostulations of the men, the oaths, the pathos, the deflance -everything claimed his impersonal

attention. Meantime he wrote poems, then later prose, and there was never a day so abject that his ambition did not appear before him with distinctness. There was never a time when he did not in-tend and expect to be famous. His His egotism, or his genius, dominated him utterly. He wrote during the period utterly. of his clerkship for Hanchette & Co. number of short stories, which in 1864 were collected under the title of "Contes a Ninon." He tried contributing to certain newspapers and periodcals, and fared so well that he felt justified in resigning his position with the booksellers. He was of the opinion that he could write books better than he could seel them. The need for money, however, caused him to write "The Mysteries of Marseilles," for which his friends apologize and his enemies quot-ed against him. It was a story of viotence and the persecution of the inno-cent by the guilty, and it revolted many of the judicious. It was perhaps the occasion of the unrelenting prejulice with which M. Taine regarded him, ie harp There followed "Therese Raquin," a work which revealed Zola in his true colors. The story was as fateful, as hideous, as fundamentally true as an old Greek drama. It offended an age which politely passed over the revolting crimes. The remorse in the book had an epic quality, and was no more to be forgotten than the sacrifice of Iphigenia or the fate of Sisera. It was the story of a guilty wife and her lover who permitted the drowning of the husband, and who then regarded each other with alternating hours of frenzied love and of suspicion, till they beheld murder in each other's eyes, and each destroyed the other while an av-aricious aunt who desired their fortune-a bagatelle-beheld their departing agonies. aversion with which the critical world regarded this tale gave M. Zola a certain celebrity. It was as if a fire breathing dragon, who could not be slain, had arrived in the land. He was disgusting but invulnerable. Taine spoke out his disgust to the academicians with such vehemence that in all the brilliant years that followed the Forty could not become reconciled Zola, and thus one of the most prolific, original and amazing literary creators of France had passed away without recognition by the body of Immortals.

martyrdom of Dreyfus, he would have virtue was hereditary. A strange un been much less lamented than he is to- dervaluation of the ethical nature of man, an incapacity to understand the power of the will, and an absolute un-consciousness of the element of spirituality in the life of man caused Zo to regard his theory almost in the light of a universal solvent. He entered upon the writing of a series of books, the series being called "Les Rougon-Marquart." It has been termed his Comedie Humane. The probabilities are that eventually this will be considered overpraise; for the books were psychologically and philasophically, indivine principle of regeneration of the ce of goodness over evil. For more than 20 years these vol-

Zola was an officer of the Legion of Honor and was at one time president

The James K. Hackett edition of "The Crisis" is to be presented in a new decorative cover and on larger paper with bordered pages, together with some 18 full-page reproductions of the best scenes from the stage, and the portraits of the principal actors and actresses. The frontispiece will contain the latest portrait of Mr. Hackett. It will make an excellent souvenir of the play and is an attractive form in which to keep the story itself, or it may well be used as a holiday gift book. Henry Kitchell Webster's new novel will be called Roger Drake; Captain of Industry. The formation of a copper mining

tegrity of his character, and his high and distinctive ideas in regard to life and his relation to them.

Zola was born in Paris, April 2, 1840,

When your drums from the equator To the pole Curfied round it an unending Funeral roll.

When your capitals from Norway To the Cape Through their streets and from their

Trailed their crape.

the sun awoke to gladness As of old, At the stars their midnight beauty Still unrolled,

for the glory born of Goodness Never dies.

s flag is In the skies.

That there has really been very little date in the Latin quarter of Paris disported themselves therein a by Edward Marshall's ne 18 new avel, "Lizette," just issued by Lewis, Stibner & Co. of New York. Mr. ushall, who is well known as the war ndent who was almost fatally ounded in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, has had much opportunhy shile acting as the European corrependent of various New York newswinted his pictures of student life with had strokes and a fine appreciation e humor .

. . . Rehard Whiteing, the author of "No. The Yellow Van," a story of rural ligiand, which is to appear first in the ntury Magazine. The central figure said to be an American woman who aries a great English landlord, and be plot tells of her experiences in a Emage land, the scenes belonging in te main to country life. The author subsets the wonderful life in the tantry houses and the feudal system tess and pride with the dullis and squalor of village life.

lack London has already achieved a mutation as a station as a writer of striking statistics, and in his latest book latest book be calls the "Children of the he has chosen subjects which he fresh as they are entertaining. The Children of the Frost are the fellers in the far north, Eskimos and Assans, primitive folk all of them wh primitive passions. The stories trongly conceived, virile and real. Interio stories of these regions have ben told from the point of view of the white man, the intruder, and these stoderive great interest from the fact the they are all told from the point of view of the Alaskan, Indian, or the Laquimaux. amaux. The volume will be il-rated by eight full-page drawings by R. Martine Reay, and will be pub-liesd this month by the Macmillian

Company, Morris has just finished Miss Clara Morris has just finished a story, "Little Man Friday," which will appear in St. Nicholas during the coming year. Mr. Borchgrevinck, the Antarctic explorer, has written an aron snow-shoeing in Norway for the same magazine. alligator hunting in Florida e on Frank R. Stockton will soon appear in St. Nicholas. ...

buinburne's only effort in prose ficthe has lately been unearthed in Eng-land. It was printed in the modern Tater of 1877, was called "A Year's Letter," and purported to be by "Mrs. Hence Manners." It is said to be a story of unnistakable merit, with a strong human interest, but one which is too long for a short story and too too long for a short story and too ort for a full-grown novel. The heine is an English woman whose dis-yally to her husband ends in his sudden death in a boat accident.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for

Children" by James Whitcomb Riley. onth "The Book of Joyous

Our country 'tis of thee, Of thee we sing.

We as units, do not indulge in paeans self-laudation, express or implied. We are egotists, but not egotists, The national sense of humor would be against this. The national sense of equality would be against it. We are loath to assert or to admit personal superiority. We are as suspicious of the aristocracy of the intelliect, as we are of any other aristocracy, save the

material, tangible and obvious aristocracy of wealth. Our mood is to laugh good naturedly, but with withering ef. fect, alike at pretences and at preten-sions. Hence we have slight reverence for the prophet or the sibyl, especially when prophet or sibyl is of our own Miss Corelli is essentially a country. Miss Corelli is essentially a sibyl. As a foreigner she has a certain vogue here. As a native she would have ridiculed out of existence. Indeed, she could never have been born or nurtured on American soil and in the American atmosphere.

Furthermore, she and her sort are a natural product of British mauvaise honte or shyness. In this country we open up our hearts in conversation with

frankness that is impossible to a riton. We get on our feet and give Rriton. We get on our feet and give free play to our emotions in oratorical The Briton, as a rule, is eloquence. The Briton, as a too self-conscious for oratory. He is frank only with his intimates. Yet the very reticence of his emotions in public is favorable to literary expression in his closet." . . .

Emerson Hough, who, by his striking characterization of John Law in "The Mississippi Bubble." has made that picturesque entleman alive for all time, was surprised out of his usual calm by the appearance at his office door of a dignified and impressive stranger who announced hingself as John Law. As soon as Mr. Hough realized that the vision before him was corporeal and not the cheating fancy of his brain, he set out the easy chair and bade the

welcome guest tell him the story of his life. John H. Law lives in Chicago and is the resident manager of a big insurance company. He had read "The Massissin-pi Bubble" and had called to pay his respects to the man who had given the world an honest pleture of his great ancestor. Mr. Hough learned that the family on coming to this country set-tied first in Georgia, that one of its members was a brigadler-general in the Confederate army, and that after the war the Laws moved to Cincinnail, where one of the brothers still lives in a country place which he calls Lauris-ton after the ancestral home in Scot-

land The author and the descedant re-velled in the family history for hours, and when they parted to meet at din-

and when they narted to meet at din-ner the next night Hough said he felt as though he had shaken hands with the hero of his romance and had lock. ed into the face of the man who for one historic moment had seen all Europe at his feet.

A volume of jovially amusing anecdotes was evoked from the innumera-ble addresses and sketches contributed

ble addresses and sketches contributed by statesmen, scholars and literateurs, to the Alexandre Dumas centenary, celebrated at his birthplace. Villers Cotterets. The word of his father, the mulatto General Dumas, to his com-rade in arms, General, afterward Mar-shal Bruna, gave, the keynote to the shal Brune, gave the keynote to the future novelist's entire career. "My wife," he writes, "was delivered yes "My

terday of an enormous boy, which weighs nine livres and measures 18 weighs nine livres and measures is I. It opens with an intervy McLean, inches in length. You see from this, ticle by Editor John Emery McLean,

which carries him through his struggles and adventures in a western mining town. The plot moves between New York social life and the scene of the story's action at the mines. The two partners in the story are rivals for the same girl, a business complication of far reaching consequence to the development of the plot. Mr. Webster is a joint author with Mr. Merwin in Calumet "K" and "The Short Line War," both of which were very successful novels, also based on the romance which accompanies most great busi-ness deals. The rivalry in love leads to rivalry in business in this case, and the story sweeps the reader along from start to finish without a break. story of peculiar interest in relation to the present public discussion trusts, apart from its appeal to readers who are looking for a good story. BOOKS.

"A Sea Turn and Other Matters" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich heads the list of fiction published this autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. In this new collection of short stories, comprising practically all that Mr. Aldrich has written since the publication of the collected edition of his work several years ago, the author's fancy sweeps over many lands. The scenes lie as far apart as Budapest and Virginia. One is laid in London, one in Marblehead, one in New Hampshire, and one in New York. There is also a very wide emo-tional range, although the characteristic mood of the stories is cheerful, as is typical of Mr. Aldrich's writings. In "The White Feather" the tragic note that marked "Mercedes" is sounded that marked "Mercedes" is sounded again, and there is a sombre touch in "An Untold Story." In general, how-ever, the atmosphere is as sunny as they of a perfect summer day. The

that of a perfect summer day. The book has a fresh and effective setting both in page and cover. To follow President Roosevelt's speeches on trusts one needs just such a handy book as the Macmilian coma handy book as the Machillan com-pany have recently published, called Plain Facts About Trusts, and the Tariff: With Chapters on Railroad Problem and Municipal Monopolies, by George L. Bolen. This work discusses briefly every phase and principle, and probably contains more information as to trusts than does any other yet published. The same may be said of it in regard to the tariff, and also to the ratiroad problem. Besides presenting new ideas it summarizes practically all that has been written on these three important subjects. The chapter on municipal monopolies is similarly comprehensive. Though the style is sim-ple and concise, the inquiry everywhere is searching. Foot-notes are packed with current facts, and blacktype headings to paragraphs bring out the discussion in clearest form. Both sides of controverted quescions are presented, and one or the other side taken, as reasons seem to preponder atten, as reasons seen to preponder-ate. The wise course is sought, wheth-er it be a middle one, or radical or conservative. Following the leading economists, the author is ready to ex-amine fairly any doctrine taught, and to resort to departures in government ac-tion where clearly required by the public welfare, but in doing so would attach full weight to all considerations un-favorable to change. A feature of the book is its up-to-date view. Recent consolidation, and probable legislation in the near future, are fully treated. The closing chapter is a long one on the tariff question as it stands today. For intelligent participation in American politics the information contained

in this book must be deemed indispensable. MAGAZINES. The October number of Mind, with which the eleventh volume begins, is a unique issue. It is wholly devoted to the proceedings of "Upland Farms," the new summer school of the New Thought at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y. It opens with an introductory ar-



liked above all things to talk of him-self. He had that absorption which is one of the symptoms of the malady of genius. He had been prosperous, and his house at Medan contains extraordinary curios. "You pass up the stair-case," writes a visitors, "with its cathedral carvings in colored wood, which even Abiens can hardly rival, into the salon, with the great bust of the mas-ter as a young man on the mantleplece; you place your hat upon an Elizabethan throne and lean you stick upon a Druid-M. Zola's studio was as spacious as the atelier of a battle painter. His personal habits were simple. He loved common clothes, hard work and retire-The rugged firmness of his character. his capacity for heroism, his massed power and impetus had never been properly appraised till the Dreyfus matbeen ter solicited his advocacy. He was ac-cused of not being a Frenchman in spirit; he was said to be the instrument of political intriguers. The world in general, however, believed him to be inspired by a larger form of patriotism than the majority of his countrymen was unable to understand-a patriotism which enabled him to stand in a tragle minority against the passion and madness of the hour, that his country might not be disgraced by an infamous act. He suffered extle, but was per mitted to return to his Paris-the efts which he had comprehended yet not comprehended. He had not, indeed, discovered the soul of man. In the clinic over which he presided with the Mary Mary Ray dignity of a great surgeon he domon-strated with masterful astuteness the function of skin, tissue, muscles, nerves,





CURE SICK HEADACHE.