

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

A LETTER HOME.

Like to come and see you, daddy, and
perhaps I will some day.
Like to come back east and visit, but I
shouldn't care to stay.
Glad you're doing well, and happy, glad
you like the city best.
But for me, I always hunger for the
freedom of the west.
There's a wholeness about it that
I couldn't quite explain.
Once you breathe its air you love it,
and you long for it again.
There's a time you can't discover
in the splendor of the plain.
It's just home to you forever, and I
can't just tell you why.
It's so big, and broad, and boundless,
and its heaven is its people always
rings so clear and true.
All its billows across quiver like the
shudder of the sea.
And its waves roll rich and golden
upon the shore for me.
Why, your farm, and all the others that
we used to think so fine.
Wouldn't lump them altogether, make
a corner lot in heaven.
And the old farm, ever pasture, with
its gate of fence rails barred,
Why, it wouldn't make a grass plot in
our district schoolhouse yard.

NOTES.

Many readers will probably recall the
legend of "The Passion Flower." "The
Vine and the Oak," by Dalores Watts,
which was published in the Deseret
News two years ago. It is now being
published in folder style for Easter
cards. The paper is heavy, antique
buff with old English type, illuminated
with gold and blue. It will be on
sale in Salt Lake at the Deseret News
book store in a short time, and will
sell as an Easter souvenir at 25 cents.
New York literary critics have
praised the story "An Idyllic Prize
Poem," and in its attractive form it will
make a beautiful Easter token.

It was inevitable that "Buchanan's
Wife," the successful novel by Justus
Miles Forman, published by the Harpers
a few months ago, should be dramatized,
for it possesses the dramatic
quality in high degree. There have been
a number of adaptations for the dramatic
privileges, and Miss Alberta Gal-
latin, at present starring in "Dorothy
Vernon," has been fortunate in securing
them, and will appear in its first
presentation in April.

Justus Miles Forman, author of "Buchanan's
Wife," lives through far more
adventurous situations than he
writes about. He spends six months of
each year in getting into unusual places
in all corners of the world—and therefore,
New Yorker though he is, it seems
only natural that he was in San Francisco
at the time of the great earthquake.

He escaped from his hotel without injury,
but lost all of his baggage and
clothes, excepting such things as he
could hastily put on. The first night
he proved that earthquakes make
strange bedfellows, for he slept under
the edge of a Chinaman's blanket, and
was "profoundly thankful" for its
warmth. He paid for the privilege with
what he terms a "horse-hoof sandwich,"
which the Chinaman eagerly ate.

Next morning, fiercely hungry, Forman
and a companion broke open a
box of oranges and devoured them,
although they knew that by so doing
they were liable at any moment to be
come rifle-targets. Later he "refused"
to the northward and thus got away.

Many an amusing incident of army
life is given in Low Wallace's recently
published "Autobiography." For ex-
ample, he writes thus of a tented "Par-
ade," which was lost and won at the
battle of Shiloh:

"Within our lines there was a drink-
ing-tent, on which was written 'Par-
ade.' It was taken by the Confederates
in the first day's fight, and the victors
wrote beneath its name 'Lost.' By
Beauregard's order all camp furniture
was left intact, as he expected to possess
the whole field in the morrow's
struggle. The Union army recovered
their ground by the second day's bat-
tle; the pleasure-tent was retaken, and
to the two names was added the word
'Regained.'"

Hamlin Garland, loyal Westerner that
he is, finds the charms of New York, as
compared with the charms of Chicago,
not to be sufficient to induce perma-
nent residence. Mr. Garland has been
hesitating between the two cities, and
for a time was on the point of deciding
for the east, but the call of the west
was too strong. He has just purchased
a house at 447 Greenwood avenue,
Chicago, and will make his home there.
He also has a farm in Oklahoma, be-
sides a country house at Madison, in
his native state of Wisconsin.

The publication of a new subscription
edition, by the Harpers, of the com-
plete works of George Eliot, is one
of the many indications of the reawaken-
ing of interest in that remarkable novel-
ist.

An English author of a volume of
reminiences has just set forth an in-
teresting theory in explanation of her
choice of a pseudonym. He says that
some time in the forties a young cav-
alry officer named George Donithorne
Eliot was drowned in a Himalayan lake,
and he not only points out the
"George Eliot" of this but calls atten-
tion to the fact that "Donithorne" is

Not a foot has touched its valleys, but
is loquacious return.
Not an eye has seen the sunset on its
western heavens burn.
But looks back in hungry yearning with
the memory grown dim
And the glow of its mountains
breathes the cadence of a hymn
That is sweet and full of promise, as the
Boulevard we knew.
When we used to sit together in the
green old-fashioned pew,
And at eventide the glory of the sun
and sky, and sod,
Bids me have my head in homage and
in gratitude to God.
Yes, I love you, daddy; love you with
a heart that's true as steel,
But there's something in old Utah,
makes you live, and breathe, and
feel.
Makes you bigger, broader, better,
makes you know the worth of toll,
Makes you free, as are her mountains,
and as noble as her soil.
Makes you kindly, and a man is, makes
you manly as a king.
And there's something in the grandeur
of her season's sweep and swing,
That casts off the fretting fetters of
your east, and makes you blest
With the vigor of the mountains, with
the freedom of the west.
Provo, Feb. 15.

the name of the principal male character
of "Adam Bede." Whereupon he
adds the romantic suggestion that
George Eliot was a "flame" or "ideal" of youthful Marian
Evans, who immortalized his name
when she began to write. Such a sup-
position is certainly interesting, but
one wonders whether, after all, the
name of the soldier was precisely that,
and if the drowning was really in the
forties, and one reflects, too, that a
woman who wished to idealize a be-
loved ideal would have idealized him
as George Eliot pictured the character
of Donithorne! And, too, it was some
years after the beginning of her devo-
tion to Lewis that she assumed the
pseudonym, and this would seem to
show that she was not thinking of
an early love.

Her own explanation of how she came
to adopt her pseudonym was eminently
matter-of-fact. "It was merely because
George was the first name of Mr.
Leaves, and Eliot was a good, mouth-
filling, easily pronounced word," she
said.

Mrs. Deland, author of "The Awakening
of Helena Richie," and the Old
Chester stories, not only loves to de-
scribe old-fashioned gardens in her fic-
tion, but has them in fact. In her
home, a lovely summer home, in Maine,
she has a remarkably beautiful garden,
and cultivates rare and beautiful plants
as her special joy, and in her Boston house
she is careful to keep flowers blooming
throughout the winter.

Lillian Whiting, whose new book, "The
Land of Enchantment," offers the most
picturesque and the most sym-
pathetic and comprehensive interpretation
of the great Southwest, from Pike's
Peak to the Pacific that has yet ap-
peared, including, as it does, the data
of agriculture, of the great scientific
progress in engineering and reclama-
tion, the scenic glories, and the primal
life of these regions—has gone to Italy
where, after some visits to Naples and
Capri, and excursions to Ischia, Sorrento
and Pompeii, she will pass the winter
in Rome, engaged on a new book, Miss
Whiting's study of the life and poetry
of Mrs. Browning, and her other Ital-
ian book, "The Florence of Land." She
has touched into life and light phases
of the vanished past in the "Flower
City," and in the latter work the years
of Landor's life in Florence (1821-84)
are wrought into a drama of the rich
and significant social life of that period.

A magazine reader not long ago in-
quired if the Arthur Stringer, author
of "Wire Tappers," whose new novel
"Phantom Wire" is now in press,
is in any way related to the man of the
same name who wrote poetry. It so
happens they are one and the same per-
son. In fact, Mr. Stringer had pub-
lished three volumes of verse before
he thought of turning to novel-writing.
He also has two more books of verse
under way, but as he does this for
pleasure, and not profit, no date can be
set for their appearance. One is a
translation into English blank verse of
Ferdinando Fontana's "La Leggenda
d'Edipo," which embraces the entire
Odyssean cycle, and the other is a drama
dealing with the life of Sappho. This
latter work the author hopes to com-
plete during a projected visit to the
Island of Lesbos, this winter.

A good story is told in regard to H. G.
Wells, whose pungent and advanced criti-
cisms of present-day conditions, in
his most recent book, "The Future in
America," and elsewhere, have mis-
takenly caused some people to consider
him an extreme Socialist.

The story is that on his late visit to
the United States he was one of the
guests at a Boston club one evening,
and found that he was to sign the reg-
ister immediately beneath the signature
of Jack London, who, it is said, had
signed with a flourish, "Yours for the
Revolution."

Whereupon Mr. Wells wrote, in his
fine, small handwriting, "There ain't
going to be no revolution," and care-
fully signed his name to the sentiment.

This week the Harpers are publishing
"Christian Science," by Mark Twain;
"The American Scene," by Henry
James; "Good Hunting," in Pursuit of
Big Game in the West," by Theodore
Roosevelt; and a new edition of "Ten
Tears for Boys," by W. J. Henderson.

BOOKS.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, whose novel,
"The Kissman," appears this week, is
a story-teller with a large circle of
readers in England, where nearly a do-
zen of her books have been published.
In this country her fame rests largely
on that amusing story, "The Thousand
Eugenias," which was published only a
few years ago. Her new book has been
described as a comic version of "The
Masquerade." It tells the story of an
impudent young cockney who imper-
sonates for a time his rich and clever
Australian cousin, and abounds in
amusing situations.

A great many readers will remember
a little book that was published a few
years ago with the title "Happiness."
It was translated from the German of
Professor Carl Hilty, and recommended
to American readers by Prof. E. G.
Penhoby of Harvard. The book showed
Prof. Hilty as one of the broadest,
sincerest and most inspiring of modern
ethical and religious teachers. A new
book, called "The Steps of Life," de-
scribed as "Further Essays on Happi-
ness," has just been published with an
introduction by Prof. Penhoby, the
translation having been made in this
case by the Rev. Melvin Bradford.
"The Steps of Life" deals in simple,
plain fashion with such elementary
facts as Sin and sorrow, the Divine
Comforter, the Viewers of the world,
Human Nature, the Elements of True

C. R. SAVAGE.

The Well Known Salt Lake Photographer as He Appeared in New York
Forty-one Years Ago.

and the Bases of Hope in the Life Be-
culture, the Supremacy of Goodness,
yond.

David Belasco, the versatile manager
playwright, has collaborated with
Charles A. Byrne in compiling an un-
usual series of Fairy Tales. These
have been published in New York
under the imprint of The Bazar Tays-
lor Co. under the unassuming title of
"A Book of Fairy Tales." As might be
expected, the book has the well-known
Belasco touch, and is copiously illus-
trated by George Bleekman.

It is a unique situation that lies at
the base of the new novel by Mary E.
Wilkins Freeman, "By the Light of the
Soul," which was published by the
Harpers in January.

Maria Edgeman, the heroine, is charm-
ing, high-strung, impulsive, exception-
ally pretty, and of the finest fibre.

Through the mistaken impression of
a young minister that he is saving
her from disgrace, he precipitately marries
her to Wollaston Lee, both she and her
fortuitous husband being so youthful,
so inexperienced, so agitated by a sud-
den predicament, that they scarcely
realize what is taking place, and yield
to the minister's foolish impulsiveness.

Bitterly humiliated, Maria's one
thought is to keep the entire matter se-
cret. Lee acquiesces, and remains
silent. The marriage remains un-
happy.

That a great part of the action of
Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman's new
story in New Jersey, instead of in the
familiar New England region with
which her fame is principally connect-
ed, and that this New Jersey setting
gives her the opportunity for some ex-
ceptionally fine delineation of village
life in that state, has delighted her host
of readers.

"I write of New Jersey," she said, a
few days ago, in conversation with a
friend, "because I have been subjected
to some criticism for writing only New
England stories, and because it is mani-
festly as absurd that one should write
always in the same place, as that one
should always wear the same costume or
eat the same food."

"I find New Jersey to be an unusual
and interesting field, and have now
lived there for some years. It is a field
which has not been worked, in a liter-
ary sense, to any extent. It is a curious
state, partaking of the nature of both
the north and the south, and having an
oddly independent character of its
own."

This has been a year of quaint and
striking literature for children. "Puck
of Pook's Hill" has established a new
model for fairy tales. "The Book of
Bees" created a furor which does not
abate; and "Lady Hollyhock and Her
Friends: A Book of Nature Dolls," with
its quaint illustrations and careful in-
structions for making dolls from fruit
vegetables and common household ma-
terials, has been received with great
enthusiasm in country, town and city.

A new "old" in American fiction is
opened in "The Sowing of Alderson
Cree," by Miss Margaret Prescott Mon-
tague, who will be remembered by her
charming idyllic novel, "The Poet, Miss
Kate and I." In this later work Miss
Montague tells a few stories different
from her predecessors in similar fields
in that the scene is laid in the West
Virginia mountains and the feud, begun
under a misapprehension, ends in a
dramatic situation totally unexpected.
The book will be published in the early
spring by The Baker & Taylor Co.

MAGAZINES.

Beginning with the January num-
ber the famous English Quarterly,
"Mind," is to be published by Macmil-
lan & Co., Ltd., London, and the Mac-
millan company, New York. Prof. G.
E. Stout, who has been the editor for
more than 15 years, retains that po-
sition, and Prof. E. B. Titchener, of
Cornell university, remains the Amer-
ican editorial representative. The ad-
visory committee includes Dr. Edward
Caird, Prof. Ward and Prof. Pringle-
Patison.

The stories in the Popular Maga-
zine have a dash and vigor about
them that is refreshing. In the March
issue the west is well represented. The
long novelette by William MacLeod
Raine, which opens the magazine, has
for its hero a college-bred outcast,
a Villon of the desert, who makes a
picturesque figure. Then there is a
splendid short story by George Ran-
dolph Chester called "The Failure of
Blue Pete," in which a detective's hu-
manity is arrayed against his duty.
"The Infernal Feminine" is an amus-
ing cowboy yarn by B. M. Bower. The
life of the lonely sheepman of the west
is depicted in Arthur Patterson's story,
"A Son of the Plains." These are all
western tales, vigorous, well told.

WHY SO POPULAR

Do you know why the Bitters is so
popular among sickly people all over
the world? Then let us quote the gist
of the thousands of voluntary tes-
timonials sent us: "Your Bitters Cured
me after all else had failed." This
ought to convince you that

HOSTETTERS' STOMACH BITTERS

is a superior medicine and the one you
need to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion,
Constipation, Female Ills, Headache,
Cold, or Malaria. Try a bottle.



mystery story. Edith Macvane has
stories, with a French setting, and
characters, entitled "Rosenmond." A
strong and dramatic love-story of in-
terest is Frances Willing
Wharton's "Food for the Bear."
Johnson Morton adds to the humorous
element of the number with his irre-
sistibly funny story, "The Dial," and
Mary B. Mullett has an original love-
tale in "Love Among the Platforms."
A special feature of this march
number is an article by the celebrated
pianist, Josef Lhevinne, called "Musical
and Personal Reflections," which,
as the title indicates, is in a sense bio-
graphical.

Because of a series of articles in re-
gard to marvelous and fascinating geo-
graphical discoveries, Harper's Maga-
zine 1907 will stand unique among
periodicals.

It will not only maintain its distinc-
tion in the consistently high character
of its fiction and its general literature,
but it will tell, exclusively, of astonish-
ing achievements which have made or
are making permanent history.

Peary has approached the north
Pole more nearly than it has ever be-
fore been reached, and he will tell of
his voyage exclusively for Harper's
Magazine.

Ronald Amundsen, the first man
in the history of the world to take a
ship through the northwest passage,
will tell, exclusively, for Harper's
Magazine, just how he did it and of
the experience he met.

Dr. Frederick Cook has at length
succeeded in reaching the summit of
the highest peak in North America—

Mount McKinley—and he will tell of
his achievement for Harper's Maga-
zine.

Einar Mikkelsen, the Danish explor-
er, has started on a remarkable ex-
pedition in search of an unknown
archipelago or perhaps even an undis-
covered continent, and he will tell of
his discoveries, exclusively, for Har-
per's magazine.

Henry W. Nevinnson has gone among
a strange people, who are always in
revolt, and he will tell of these and
of their doings, for Harper's Magazine.

Never before has a magazine offered
such a varied and remarkable series
along such lines; and all this is in
addition to the great serial story, "The
Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker, and
many other striking and distinctive
features.

This week's issue of the Youth's
Companion is a Washington's birthday
one, and from cover to cover the con-
tents are both valuable and artistic.
The first page has a handsome picture
design of the great national hero on
horseback, and many other portraits
are contained in the various pages of
the book, notably in the children's de-
partment, where a picture is shown of
Longfellow in Washington's home tell-
ing his children of the historic value of
his residence. The opening article is a
Washington story of the American
History series, for some time past a
feature of the Companion, and other pa-
triotic tales are found in its pages.

The special article deals with "The
Home of Washington" and Longfel-
low, and the entire number is a no-
table one. Perry, Mason Co., Publish-
ers, Boston, Mass.

Historic Massacre Order To Be Sold at Auction.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Feb. 12.—Auction marts
are often the lumber rooms of
history, but seldom do they
bring under the hammer a grim-
mer memento than that which will
be sold by Puttick & Simpson to-
day, at 4 o'clock, at 15, Mark Lane.

It is the original warrant for that deed
of imperishable infamy, the Massacre of
Glencoe. It is inscribed on a folio
sheet of paper in the somewhat elab-
orate, but clearly style of the late
seventeenth century. The hand that
penned the order to "put all to the
sword under seventy," recorded the
bloody massacre as free from tremors
as though merely transcribing an in-
voice. The ink has been dry upon it
for more than two centuries, and is
somewhat faded, but is still clearly
legible. It reads:

You are hereby ordered to fall upon
the rebels, the McDonalds of Glenco,
and put all to the sword under sev-
enty. You are to have a special care
that the old fox and his sons do
upon no account escape your hands.
You are to secure all the avenues, that
no man escape. This you are to put
in execution at five of the clock pre-
cisely; and by that time, or verie
shortly after it, I'll strive to be at
you with a stronger party; if I do not
come to you at five you are not to
tarry for me, but to fall on. This is
by the King's special command, for
the good and safety of the country,
that these miscreants be cut off root
and branch. See that this be put in
execution without feud or favour,
else you may expect to be dealt with
as one not true to King nor Govern-
ment, nor a man fit to carry commis-
sion in the King's service. Expecting
you will not fail in the fulfilling here-
of, as you love yourself, I subscribe
these with my hand at Ballochmills, Feb.
12, 1692. RO. DUNCANNON.
For their Majesties service.

To Capt.
Robert Campbell
of Glenlyon.

It would be hard to imagine a foot-

note to history more interesting than
this sinister document which gave the
signal for "a murder grim and great,"
and gave it with a certain routine air
as though massacre were as customary
as filing accounts.

The story of the foul deed has fig-
ured in many a Highland romance.
It has for its background that wild,
bleak, mountain-hemmed valley in Ar-
gyllshire, the scene of glens, and
which Dickens wrote, "they will live
in my dreams for years." The vic-
tims were the clan of the Macdonalds.
Their arch-enemy was Dalrymple,
the master of Stair. He had been a
favorite of King James, but had trans-
ferred his allegiance to William of
Orange. A man of fascinating man-
ners, irresistible eloquence, humane
and good-natured in his private life,
he is one of the psychological puzzles
of history.

Indemnity had been offered to all the
clans that had taken up arms in be-
half of the Stuart dynasty on condi-
tion that the oath of allegiance was
taken by the chiefs in the presence of
a civil judge before New Year's day,
1692. Much to the disappointment of
Dalrymple, who believed in blood-let-
ting as a remedy for national diseases,
all of them submitted in due time, ex-
cept Mac-lan, the chief of the Macdon-
ald clan. Desiring to win fame as the
last to yield, he delayed making sub-
mission until New Year's eve. Then
he reported himself at Fort William for
the purpose. There was nobody there
to take his oath. Not until Jan. 6,
1692, owing to unforeseen circumstan-
ces, was recorded by a magistrate who
transmitted a certificate to the council
of Edinburgh, explaining the matter.

The only regret that the Master of
Stair ever expressed was that the ar-
rangements he had planned had not
been entirely successful. He bragged
the few that escaped.

It is a queer fact that this sensational
historic document comes from distant
New Zealand, having fallen into the
hand of a resident there to whom it
was bequeathed by a collector of such
relics in England.

CHARLES OGDEN

Over Twenty Million Dollars

Paid San Francisco claimants by the following companies represent-
ed in our office.

Hartford Fire of Hartford
North British & Mercantile of London
London Assurance of London
Phenix of Brooklyn
Hamburg-Bremen of Germany
Teutonia of New Orleans
Agricultural of Watertown, and
Seattle Fire & Marine of Washington.

Still on Jan. 1st, 1907, they had assets of over

One Hundred Thirty-Five Million Dollars

LEFT

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accident insurance, and issue contract, judicial and fidelity bonds.

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There are oodles of thoughtful men who surprise
the family with an occasional box of chocolates.

THE BUSY CORNER.

Naturally where a steady flow of people are
passing in and out of a busy place where confec-
tions are sold, many boxes of chocolates are
bought in a day. Most of the calls are for
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The Kind Your Grand-
mother Always Used.

Pennsylvania Saponifier is the original and old re-
liable concentrated Lye for family soap making and
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equal. The genuine has Pennsylvania Salt Mfg.
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Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

Baker's Cocoa

is a perfect food as
wholesome as it is
delicious—highly
nourishing, easily di-
gested, fitted to re-
pair wasted strength,
preserve health, and pro-
long life.

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get the genuine,
bearing our trade-
mark on every can.

**47 HIGHEST AWARDS IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA**

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