



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

DIXIE FOREVER.

At the state confederate reunion in Missouri a motion to re-write "Dixie" almost caused a riot, and was unanimously voted down.

What! change the words of "Dixie," The good old song we sang When silver bugles rang? The lines that find an echo In every southern heart, The strains that melt our very souls Until the tears-drop start?

You might as well make over, In something strange and new, The prayer we learned at mother's knee When fell the evening dew. The moth to dust and powder Has turned the coat of gray, But "Dixie" lives on every lip, The southern "Marseilles."

"Away down south in Dixie!" Calls up a vision bright Of moonlight white and swanlike flows, And cotton-woods by night; And rows of tall palmettos Against the starlit sky; And oh! to live in Dixie-land, In Dixie-land to die!

Beneath the starry ensign That high above our heads In splendor to the breeze Flutters and spreads; The banner from whose folds The south no more shall sever,

I take my stand in Dixie-land, For "Dixie" was a foreword— Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

THE FIDGETS.

I've got 'th' fidgets; when I go 't bed (I sleep wif Billy) I git scratch my head An' squirm around an' ist 'th' covers mixed Till Billy says, "Aw 'gooness covers, Git fixed!" An' nen I try 't tell 'im how it was, An' he says "I'll git up an' tie yer paws."

Long in 'th' night I wake 'most froze An' hear Bill sayin' things beneath his breath, 'Cause somehow all 'th' covers on 'th' floor An' Bill says he won't sleep wif me no more—

Dogged if he will; nen when he swears That way I fretten 't I'll tell our ma next day, An' I shouldn't tell 'em when I say I won't.

He grins 'is teef an' says "You better don't!" If there's a fidget doctor anywhere I'm goin' 't see 'im—'t my ma don't care. —S. F. Gillilan.

NOTES.

Among all the novelists who have written of pirate ships and their blood-thirsty commanders, it remains for a young American novelist, Miss Mary Johnston, to be singled out by the London Sphere, in its latest issue, as the author of a double-page picture. "Among recent novelists," says the Sphere, "Miss Mary Johnston has drawn some very vivid pictures of life on a pirate vessel," and forthwith reproduces an extract from "To Have and to Hold," which, by the way, was published in England under the title "By God's Command." It seems a literary wonder that a young American woman can draw such vivid sea-pictures as Miss Johnston has done, and is now again in the "Sir Mortimer" in Harper's Magazine, with what would almost certainly be described as masculine vigor.

The many friends of Editor B. O. Flower, of "The American," have made an emphatic bid, sailed for Europe on the 19th to spend the winter in Italy. Miss Manning will stop for a week in London, en route for Rome. It is her intention to devote the winter to work on her next novel, the scenes of which will be placed in New York.

A social party of well-known New Yorkers, with no knowledge of professional book-reviewing, sailing recently on a steamer-bound for the West Indies, competed for a prize, to pass the time by writing to-nights to each other. Mrs. Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," these are the miniature critiques:

"He is to the daughter of Lady Rose! Every inch a woman, her own every nerve. Never her best friend, Julie was a crooked woman bent on ruin, carrying out the axiom, 'It is not the start, but the finish that counts.' The moral tone is unwholesome. It holds your attention. Julie is delightful. Jacob is a fool. Peace to their souls!"

"Poor, unconventional Julie—having breadth to contend with, she didn't contend much. Her own best friend she married Jacob."

"An unsatisfactory book, portraying a woman of false ideas, and other characters unattractively intense."

"A well-written tale of a fascinating woman, who, lacking conventional standards, honestly followed her heart's promptings."

"Story of unusual interest. One re-echoes against the heroine's power, but cannot fail to acknowledge the force of her charm."

"A clever portrayal of an intense collection of interesting and emotional characters. Striking good features in the dialogue, unimpaired by plot."

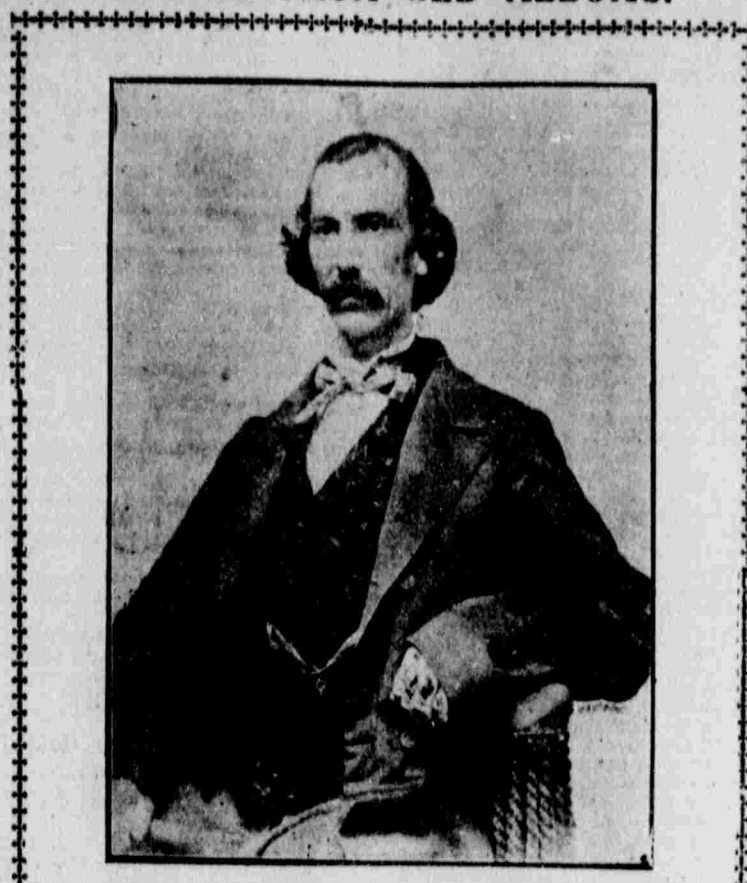
"An interesting book. Characters well drawn. Climax satisfactory. The character finally overcoming the tendency to evil in Julie."

"Rather interesting in places, but on the whole unattractive and unreal."

The seventh criticism won the prize.

Two years ago the name of Onoto Watanna was entirely unknown, except in a coterie in Chicago; today it is known everywhere, and her new volume, "The Heart of Hyacinth," is one of the most popular books of the season. In 1901 the manuscript of "A Japanese Nightingale" was going the rounds of the publishers. About the time of the theatrical manager paid the author a paltry sum—\$10 or \$15—for the dramatic rights of "A Japanese Nightingale," upon her showing a scenario to the dramatization she proposed to make of it; a year later she brought back the rights for a large sum, but, subsequently disposed of the dramatic rights of the present magnificent production now appearing in New York, Marie Tempest, who will produce the play later in London. For some time she had been kind to Onoto Watanna, but not yet 25, but her success has been well earned. She is the daughter of a Japanese mother and an English father, was born in Nagasaki, Japan, and came to this country by way of less than herself in Chicago, where she became engaged in journalism. Meanwhile, in her spare time, she had been writing short stories and sketches of Japanese life with an exquisite, subtle sense of artistry, and so young a writer, and can be said to be an original mind enriched by the accidental strain in her blood.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MR. GEORGE TEASDALE.

From a Photograph Taken About Twenty-five Years Ago.

using New York as a target for his clever shafts. The author lives up to his convictions, and spends most of his time in the quiet cathedral city of Winchester, where he has his own bachelor establishment and runs things as he likes. His favorite room is no room at all, but half of his little garden, with a roof over it, and the carpet of grass. Here are books and tables and comfortable chairs, and even electric lights, so that he can live almost every hour in the outdoor air he loves. "These are the best conditions for work that I know," Mr. Benson said to a friend recently visiting him. "They beat anything that London can give."

For the first time in the history of any publishing house Harper & Brothers will have three plays running at the same time in New York, all of which are dramatizations of books published by the New York and London firms. The first is "The Life of George Teasdale," a novel by General Lew. Wallace; "A Japanese Nightingale," also dramatized by William Young from Onoto Watanna's love-story; and "Lady Rose's Daughter," dramatized by "George Fleming" (Constance Fletcher) from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel of the same name. The coincidence will be made more remarkable by the return of Mr. Sotherton to New York in "The Proud Prince" within a few weeks, at which time there will be four "Harper plays" running simultaneously in New York. This condition has never occurred before, and probably never will again.

Adrian Hoffman Joline, author of "The Meditations of an Autograph Collector," has written another volume of delightful chat about books—of authors, collectors, fine bindings, odd and curious editions of sundry works, and many anecdotes—which the Harpers are publishing uniform with the "Meditations of a Book-lover." Mr. Joline is a partner in the New York and London firms. The book is a reprint of the edition of Butler, Notman, Joline & Mynderse. Mr. Butler, now dead, was the famous author of "Nothing to Wear." Mr. Joline is a member of the University, Century, Grollier, Princeton, and other clubs, and of the American Bar association, State Bar association, and New York City Bar association. He belongs also to the New York, Virginia, and New Jersey Historical societies.

Meredith Nicholson's novel, "The Main Chance," is a distinctly western book, having been published in Indianapolis, the author's home, and the action of the story taking place in Omaha. Naturally the first demand for the book came from the west, and the country and its circulation was wide before it became known to eastern readers. It has made its way surely and steadily in the east, however, and for some time figures as one of the best sellers in the bookshops there. In October it ranked as one of the most popular books of the month, and in the November Bookman it was again reported as one of the six best-selling books. It is worthy of note that it is the only first novel by a new author that is reported in this list.

Within the last few weeks Mr. Nicholson has had three offers from New York dramatists who want to put the book on the stage. It is understood that he is considering these propositions with a good deal of deliberation, his own view being that his story is not well adapted to stage presentation. Mr. Nicholson is engaged upon another novel of the character of which, however, he declines to give any information.

BOOKS.

Among the choice literature for youth on sale at the Deseret Book Store is that rare volume of humor and sound sense "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which has created a future among both young and old since its publication. It speaks something of the success of a book when its edition runs into the hundred thousand within a year, with the demand still growing, and this is the record made by the "Letters." A sample of its terse, homespun humor is well represented in the following: "Does a college education pay? Does it pay to take a student that's been running loose on the range and tilting on cactus and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of corn tuff and sole leather, and feed him corn till he's just a hunk of porthouse steak and oleo?"

"You bet it pays. Anything that trains a boy to think quick, pays; anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays."

I dwell a little on the matter of speculation, and it's a safe thing to know something about a neighbor's dogs before you try to pat them. Sure Things, Straight Tips, and Dead Cliches will come running out to meet you, wagging their tails and looking as innocent as if they hadn't just killed a lamb, but they'll bite."

It is in this vein that the series of letters is written, and its keen wit and quaint practical phraseology has furnished entertaining reading to scores of the grown-ups as well as the youths. The book makes a most desirable holiday gift and will be in the possession of every household.

In her new book "The Life Radiant," Miss Lillian Whiting aims to portray a practical ideal of daily living that shall embody the sweetness and exaltation and faith that lend enchantment to life. It is, in a measure, a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," leading in still diviner harmonies.

Miss Whiting has studied the expression of the mysterious new element, Radium, as given by Sir Wm. Crookes,

and she draws from his discoveries an analogy on the spiritual side of life that, as this marvelous element gives off perpetual rays of light and heat without diminishing its store, so in life one may radiate sympathy and joy, and energy from an infinite source, if the human spirit is in constant receptivity to the Divine Spirit.

"The Life Radiant" is characterized by the same essential qualities and methods of speculative thought that have marked "The World Beautiful."

We cannot remember when Marion Harland was not issuing cook books, but all the literature of the larger there is nothing comparable to her "Complete Cook Book," just issued by the Bobbs-Merrill company.

It is difficult to review a cook book, but the difference between Marion Harland's recipes and those of other culinary writers is that most of them are original and they make you wish to try them. One would think that there was nothing new under the sun in kitchen recipes, but this book proves that the reverse is true. It contains an amazing number of novelties in the way of recipes, and the author's vegetable to which she has given a new name. Merely turning over the pages will drive away dyspepsia, and one long for a kitchen run by a Marion Harland instead of the usual slattern.

The volume, which contains nearly 800 pages, and the table of contents cover every branch of the culinary art, besides many interesting chapters on correlated subjects. Handy household hints, suggestions for pickling and preserving, dainties for afternoon teas, luncheons and tiffin, home made candies, and a host of other things, all the various things and emergencies which meet the housewife, and all are here explained and made plain. There is the elaborate menu of the formal dinner and the plain meal for plain people. There is something for the purse of any household, and all told in plain language by one who knows of what she is talking. There are many illustrations. Price \$2.00 postpaid.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour has edited, designed and prepared for publication a limited edition of "Four Old Christmas Carols." These beautiful songs of the middle ages are reprinted from early manuscripts, now exceedingly rare and difficult of access. The carols strike modern ear with a quaint charm and novelty. They are here presented with appropriate distinction by the use throughout of the old missal which meets the eye with a quaint hand lettering of the text.

The book is printed in gold, red, blue and black, and contains a photographic reproduction of "The Nativity." The binding is in smooth cloth, blind stamped in imitation of the old work, with the title in gold.

The books are enclosed in boxes. The covers are beautifully finished with extra illumination, and handsomely bound in full leather richly stamped with gold. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Character: A Moral Textbook, for the use of preachers and Sunday school teachers, parents and teachers in training youth in the principles of conduct. Also for the use of young people themselves in acquiring a comprehensive basis for true living. This really remarkable new book is an essay, not the elaborated opinion of the author, by a systematic grouping of the accumulated teachings of all

When he wrote "A Bayard from Bengal," P. Anand made a hit. But of the queer "Babu" dialect perpetrated by Bengalese natives who have grasped with the English tongue, and some people may have thought that the author had made a mistake. Mr. Anand's diction unnaturally grotesque. One doubts if he could have done so, however, after reading the following example of Bengalese-English which was committed by a native "journalist" in India not long ago: "A man named Jajhon Bawa, by caste, a Coolie, was prayed on by a tiger at 3 p. m. on the second current. No sooner was the prey caught, he uttered 'Hai Hai,' which effected every mind and soul and all who were round about. All work-

er suffered for five years with inflammation which caused a great deal of trouble. At last times the doctor could not attend to my daily duties," writes Mrs. Julia C. Bell of Baltimore, Md. "I have been miserably ill and I did not know which way to turn for relief. Had tried doctors but found they did not help me. My druggist advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, giving it in glowing terms. I decided to give it a trial and use of the first bottle I felt so much improved I decided to take another and after that a third bottle I have good reason to be pleased for I am a to-day a well woman, work is easy and the world looks bright. I have perfect health, thanks to your medicine."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

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times, assembled from many sources in many lands, and formulating these precepts which experience has rightly designated as the wisdom of the ages. A mirror wherein one may compare his own character with what the wisdom of the world declares is a perfect man. A complete standard of morals for both the young and the old. Over 400 pages, with complete index to page and paragraph of every characteristic trait, precept, exhortation, and text. Says Dr. Marden, editor of "Success": "You have certainly covered about the whole field of ethics and morals." Unique and Noble Pub., 31-33 West 15th Street, New York City.

Around the Caribbean and Across Panama, by Francis C. Nicholas, Ph. D. Dr. Nicholas has spent many years examining lands and mines around the Isthmus of Panama, and here given an account of his many adventures and some of his travels read like the most

exciting boys' adventures, but with the advantage that they are absolutely true. He has also visited many of the Indian tribes where few white men have gone before him, and his descriptions of the natives and their habits and customs will come as a surprise to most readers. Not the least interesting part of the book is a detailed account of the work being done on the Panama canal. The book is fully illustrated with original maps of the region visited, and with photographs of scenes and people and Indian relics obtained by the author. Size 6x8 1/2, unique cover design. Price \$2.00. H. M. Caldwell Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

A pretty piece of verse, "The Old Brown Shawl," by Bell Dolores Watts, that just now is published in an artistic booklet, with illustrations by Prince Andrew Snell. The latter are exceedingly well done and reflect credit on the artist. Published by Deseret News.

Chapter IV from "The Ark of 1803," the serial now running in the Youth's Companion, is an extremely interesting living story, and a number of short stories, poems and other articles that help to make the number entertaining.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's poems in the magazines are so rare, so brief, so few and far between.

So like the lightning that doth cease to be, Ere one can say, "It lightens."

That a whole book of them, albeit but a little one, fills the possessor with a wild surmise of dainty delights and discoveries now close at hand. For all there is in this volume of "Singing Leaves" is characterized by the personality of the poet remains as remote as shy and elusive as ever. Happily the author does not seem yet to have grown up, at least to the point of possession by the passion which, either in its joys, triumphs or its despair, monopolizes so large a part of all the poetry ever written, and a monotonous, invariable, dead of life, in the poetry of young women. Nor does the poet seem to have arrived at the desire to press any particular set of convictions in sociology, or philosophy, or religion upon the reader. If there be any preaching or purpose whatever, it is to celebrate, in a bright, pantheistic way, as any pretty pagan priestess of Apollo might have done, the sweet spirit and beauty of growing things the kinship of all creatures, the love for us of the sky, of the stars, the sunshine and the night, and the life among them. One thing, however, is mature, as fully and beautifully developed as the goddess herself.

THE ANOINTED.

I was a little gleaner Of all the days would yield, When I was young and full of fire, At work within the field.

The stars they gathered round me, Holding their torches high, They cried, "Behold the chosen!" And it was none but I.

They hailed me royal, kindred, And made me understand, With gifts of light and darkness They gave into my hand.

And here the wonder holds me, Though voices all are gone, Here in the brimming silence, With this to think upon.

The kiss upon my forehead Forever mine is mine; The sweetness fills my heart up, The tears make all things shine.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

London, Dec. 16.—Down on the African "gold coast" there is a native who must be somewhat disappointed not having received, by this time, an autograph letter from John Bunyan. This black man really is a Pilgrim for the first time, not long ago, and straightway wrote a postcard to his author to say how much he had been interested by Pilgrim's adventures and to ask Bunyan if he would not send him some more of his books. The negro was given his copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" by a missionary. The work, which was printed in Kaffir, was published by the Religious Tract society of London, and the native evidently imagined that its author was closely identified with the organization, for he addressed his postcard, "John Bunyan, the Religious Tract society." Evidently, too, the ebony student of literature was determined that his missive should not fail to reach its destination through lack of definiteness, for he used all three of the Tract Society's London addresses, 56 Paternoster Row, 65 St. Paul's Churchyard, and, as he put it, "164 Piccadilly." The postcard was received by the society recently, and the native was sent such of Bunyan's works as the tract people publish in Kaffir; but the black must think it rather ungracious if Bunyan not to have replied personally.

Anthony Hope delighted everyone at his recent marriage with his playful quip to his bride, "You're not going on your honeymoon alone, are you, dear?" and similarly one of the incidents of Mr. Zangwill's nuptials the other day was the little joke which the author "off" against his new condition. To the reception which followed the wedding about 500 guests had been invited, and with all these it was the novelist's pleasure to shake hands. Standing thus with his bride, Mr. Zangwill "pump-handled" away with a vigor that surprised everyone acquainted with his customary languidness, and at last, tired, "Not a bit," was the reply, "though I do feel somewhat like the president of the United States. And as a matter of fact," Mr. Zangwill added, "I am in a united state."

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