

LITERATURE

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!
Thou wilt not cover in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou bearing sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumbers with the just,
Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou fire upon thee roll
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Thou crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou dost not ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for weal and woe
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beautiful limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, life and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
Thou stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

NOTES.

A London dispatch dated last Saturday says:

George Meredith will, on February 12, attain his eightieth year, and it is interesting to learn that the Society of Authors is organizing a deputation to wait upon him and celebrate the occasion as it deserves to be celebrated. True, it would have been better still if the literary world had rendered its homage to Mr. Meredith not now, but 40 years ago. Then he had already written "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Sandra," "Belton," and "Modern Love"—in truth a sufficient bulk of achievement to secure his fame. But at that time he was known only to a small group of admirers, and the great general public hardly realized his existence till "Diana of the Crossways" appeared in 1885.

Jack London's book, "The Road," in which he describes his experiences as a tramp, has been adopted for text-book use by a professor of sociology in one of the universities. Mr. London has denied that he turned "hobo" in order to gather sociological material, but there is no doubt that the material is there.

I had passed a score of summers when I first met Ralph Waldo Emerson, says Julia Ward Howe. We were fellow passengers on board the steamboat bound for New York, and detained overtime by a snowstorm. A mutual friend had made us acquainted just before starting on our way. I had not desired the introduction, Mr. Emerson's reputation being that of a "putter forth of strange doctrines," much in opposition to the old theology which had presided over my religious training. Chance had brought us together, and I with the zeal of youth, expressed my disapproval of the new doctrines.

"Do you not see, sir," I made bold to say, "that in these theories no account is made of the devil, who goes about, seeking to destroy human souls?"

"Surely," said Mr. Emerson, "the angel must be stronger than the demon."

There appears to be a very present demand for the works of Louisa M. Alcott in England, where eight volumes of the new illustrated edition of the "Little Women" series were recently published. The edition has been received with hearty praise by the



Here is a new, and hitherto unpublished portrait of Helen Keller, whose recently written essays on "Sensibility" and poem, "A Chant of Darkness," are the most important and remarkable work the blind girl has yet undertaken. The first of these essays appears in the February Century.

literary journals, and G. K. Chesterton, in an appreciation of Miss Alcott's work does not hesitate to place her by the side of Jane Austen, "because her talent, though doubtless inferior, was of exactly the same kind." He points out that the two writers are alike inasmuch as there is the same silent and unexplained assumption of the feminine point of view. He adds: "One thing is very certain, that the books are good, very good, from both a masculine and feminine standpoint."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., report that there has been such a demand for Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new story, "The Old Probability," during the holiday season that the book has been kept on the presses almost constantly since the day of its publication. It is now in its sixth impression, making a total of over 34,000 copies. This house also announces third printings of "Human Bullets," by Lieut. Tadavoshi Sagurai, and "Sin and Society," by Prof. Edward A. Ross; and a second printing of "Mother Goose in Silhouettes," by Katharine G. Buffum.

May Robinson, having made a great success in the stage version of Ann Warner's "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," that versatile author is said to be making arrangements for putting her original character, "Susan Clegg," before the footlights. Ann Warner's third Susan Clegg book, "Susan Clegg and a Man in the House," with its capital illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens, is pronounced by critics "the best of all the Susan Clegg Stories."

The London Express prints a story of the discovery near Glastonbury Abbey of a glass vessel of beautiful workmanship and apparently of great antiquity, which one, at least, of the discoverers believes is the holy grail of the Arthurian legend.

The holy grail is the cup from which Christ is reputed to have drunk at the last supper, and according to ancient British tradition it was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea after the crucifixion. The vessel is of bluish green glass, cunningly inlaid with silver leaf. A number of eminent persons, including some peers with ecclesiastical interests, Ambassador Reid, Prof. William Crookes and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, have examined it.

It is now in the possession of Prof. Crookes, who has undertaken to solve its history. Some books last for a season while others are destined to become inspirations for years. Of the latter class is that of Mr. Walter's "The Wood Carver," which is now in its nineteenth printing. It is a simple story of a young Vermont man accidentally crippled for life to whom the art of wood carving was taught by a friend, and after the inevitable season of rage and rebellion the joy of his work carries him triumphantly over the destiny that laid him low. The power of resurrection this man shows in taking up the burden of life under such difficulties is truly an inspiration.

The publication of a volume "on the Deacons of Anne, Laura," led a press clipping bureau in New York, which declares that its literary department is absolutely perfect, to address a communication to "F. Petrarch, in care of William Rosenmann, publisher, London," in which Petrarch is asked to send \$5 if he wants to know "how much publicity his work is securing." Petrarch has been dead 534 years. This is doubtless the same agency that addressed T. B. Macaulay, in care of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, upon the publication of a new edition of "The History of England," soliciting an order for clippings of reviews of his "new work."

The Macmillan company announces a new edition of Mr. W. S. Harwood's "New Creations in Plant Life," the authoritative account of the work of Luther Burbank. Since the book was published, about two years ago, Mr. Burbank has brought to success some of his most interesting experiments, and Mr. Harwood has, therefore, added a new chapter, bringing the book down to the present date. With its clear and untechnical exposition of the subject of plant breeding, and its many admirable illustrations, it will still be all odds the best account to be had of Burbank's work.

For early spring publication Hough-

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE LATE JOSHUA K. WHITNEY FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

This picture of Mr. Whitney, who was a well known Utah pioneer, uncle to Elshoop O. F. Whitney, was taken on his return from a mission to England in the early sixties. Elder Whitney spent a great deal of his early life among the Indians, and was well acquainted with the language of several tribes. He lived for years in the old Whitney homestead on the corner of Main and North Temple, where he often received visits from wandering members of various Indian tribes.

ton, Mifflin & Co., announce "Priest and Pagan," a new novel by Herbert M. Hopkins, editor of "The Mayor of Warwick." "The Torch" and "The Fighting Bishop." Its scene is laid in the Bronx and thereabouts. The same will publish in February a new book by Rev. Washington Gladden, entitled, "The Church and Modern Life."

The title of the new story by George Barr McCutcheon, to be published this spring by Messrs. Dodd Mead & Co., is "The Husbands of Edith," a story in McCutcheon's best style, which is to say that it is infinitely clever and entertaining.

Augusta, Ga., Tuesday.—James Ryder Randall, of this city, famous as a war poet died this afternoon after an illness of a week. While going to church in inclement weather several days ago he contracted a cold, which developed into congestion of the lungs, and yesterday he was found in his room unconscious. He never rallied.

Mr. Randall was born in Baltimore in 1848. The most celebrated product of his versatile pen was "Maryland, My Maryland," of which Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "My only regret is that I could not do for Massachusetts what Randall did for Maryland." For 26 years he was editorial writer of the Augusta Chronicle, serving his connection with that paper in 1888, when he became connected with the Baltimore Press. He was graduated from Georgetown and received the degree of LL. D. from Notre Dame university. Mr. Randall wrote the poem on which his fame rests while a professor in a small college at Point Coupee, La. As he told the story, the report of the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts regiment in the streets of Baltimore so excited him that he sat up all night expressing his resentment in verse. The next day it was sent to the Orleans Daily Picayune for publication. Subsequently Miss Constant Carey, who afterward became Mrs. Burton Harrison, adapted it to an old German tune, and it became a popular song throughout the south and, later, throughout the north.

The following rather startling piece of news is from the New York Times and is copied verbatim: San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 9.—Friends of Jack London, the author, are beginning to feel alarmed over his failure to arrive at the Marquesas Islands, which he was expected to reach early in December. London left Hilo, Hawaii Oct. 7 last in his little boat, the Snark, for the Marquesas, and seven months have elapsed. It is supposed that the Snark, which is equipped with a gasoline engine is drifting about as the result of injury to her machinery. Mrs. London, two friends and a small crew are on the vessel.

The steamer Mariposa is due here Jan. 26, from La H. Tahiti, and it is hoped that she will bring news of the party.

Jack London sailed from San Francisco on May 4, 1907, on one of the most adventurous voyages ever undertaken by an author. For many a year before he started he was planning this trip and building his own boat. The Snark is a staunch little craft, 57 feet over all, fast beam, and seven feet draft and is ketch-rigged, like the English fishing boats used in the North Sea. She is equipped with a 75 horsepower engine and carries a 14 foot power boat as well as a double-ended whaleboat for landing the surf. She is well provisioned, and it is possible that London might have encountered a heavy gale and been blown hundreds of miles out of course, so that he would not be heard from for some time, without any more serious consequences than a temporary derangement of his plans. One of his friends has pointed out, however, that while he is undoubtedly a good sailor—at 18 he was known as "King of the Oyster Pirates" in San Francisco bay—he had never studied navigation in a technical sense until a few weeks before he started on his cruise.

And the novelty of London's idea was that he was to be his own navigator and sailing master, and was to carry practically no crew. "This boat is to be sailed by one friend and myself," he wrote in a letter before he started. "There will be no sailors. My wife accompanies me. Of course I will take a cook along and a cabin boy; but these will be Asiatics and will have no part in the sailing." Elsewhere he wrote of his itinerary: "Hawaii is the first port of call, and from there we shall wander through the South Seas, Samoa, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and up through the Philippines to Japan. Then Korea and China and down to India, Red Sea, Mediterranean, Black Sea and Baltic, and on across the Atlantic to New York and then around the Horn to San Francisco."

London's friends are confident that no man is better able to take care of himself in a pinch than he. Although he is but 32 years old—he was born Jan. 12, 1876—he has passed more adventure into his life than most men go through in twice that number of years. As a boy he learned sailing in San Francisco bay and along the coast as a time-out-his-experiences he has described vividly in his latest book, "The Road," a little later he "hit the trail" for the Klondike, and there found his first real inspiration to write. One of his Klondike experiences have come directly or indirectly his greatest books, "The Call of the Wild," "White Fang," and "Before Adam."

Of his purpose in undertaking his latest adventure London himself wrote as follows: "The more difficult the feat, the greater the satisfaction at its accomplishment. That is why I am building the Snark. I am so mad. The trip around the world means big mo-

ments of living. Bear with me a moment and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called man—a bit of vitalized matter, 165 pounds of meat, blood, nerves, sinew, bones and brain, all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail.

"Fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am. About me are the great natural forces—colossal energies, Titans—destruction, un sentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me; they do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful and unmoral. They are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tides and tidal waves, underflows and water-sprouts, great whirls and suctions and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest craft that float, crushing humans to pulp or locking them off into the sea and to death—and these immense monsters do not know that tiny, sensitive creature, all nerves and weaknesses, whom men call Jack London, and who thinks he is all right and quite a superior being. And in the maze and chaos of the conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them!"

BOOKS.

Rev. Dr. Buxton of the Central Christian church has published a pamphlet of poems in varying meters, and of varying themes romantic, sentimental, humorous, prosaic, religious and philosophical. The poems are largely illustrated with half tones. The author is evidently of a poetical nature, and loves to allow his thoughts to flow in rhyme and measured rhythm. The title of the pamphlet is "Just for Those That Love Me."

"Selections from Irving's Sketchbook," edited by Martin W. Sampson, A.M., formerly professor of English, Indiana university, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—The Gateway Series of English Texts, of which this forms a part, is under the general editorship of Prof. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton. In the present volume are included 15 of the best papers from Irving's well known work. They are preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the author, and an attractive introduction which deals with his style, and with the subject-matter of the essays here presented. Notes at the end of the book explain all allusions to the understanding of which the student will require assistance. The portrait of Irving appearing as a frontispiece is reproduced from a hitherto unpublished pencil drawing now in the Dresden Print Room.

"Robbin's Plane and Solid Geometry," by Edward Rutledge Robbins, A.B., senior mathematical master, the William Penn Charter School, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—This book is the outgrowth of the classroom, and is clear, consistent, teachable, and sound. The work is suggestively and comprehensively outlined. The preliminary matter is brief and simple, and the theory is employed in the demonstration of other theorems as promptly as is practicable and desirable. The successive truths in a demonstration are stated, and the pupil is asked the reasons, thus leading him to think for himself. The original exercises are numerous and independent; and the demonstrations are brief without sacrifice of logical rigor. The book is written essentially for the pupil, and will stimulate his mental activity and arouse his enthusiasm in the study.

"Empire's Spanish Prose Composition," by G. W. Emms, W.D., assistant professor of Romance languages, University of Cincinnati, American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.—The aim of this book is to offer an interesting material systematically arranged for translation, composition and conversation in Spanish. It is intended for students who already know something about the essential principles of the Spanish language. The first part contains a connected Spanish text extending through 15 lessons and dealing with a journey from this country to Madrid and other Spanish cities. The lessons of this part of the book are so arranged that besides offering material for conversation and exercises in translation, they afford an opportunity for systematic review of all the essentials of Spanish grammar. The exercises in Spanish portions increase in difficulty, and are intended to lead up to independent translation from English into Spanish and to original composition in Spanish. They have been taken from varied sources and include short stories, anecdotes, and extracts from a history of Spanish literature. The vocabularies have been made very exhaustive.

MAGAZINES.

An interesting article appears in the January Delicater about Mrs. Annie Besant the famous theosophist leader.

Mrs. Annie Besant is one of the most prominent women in the intellectual world today. "I was of the stuff from which fanatics are made," wrote she in her autobiography. Certainly she has had a remarkable religious career, and now, at 60 years of age, she has been elected world president of the Theosophical society. The society has

its headquarters in Adyar, where she lives.

Theosophy was born in New York, but has spread all over Europe. Madame Blavatsky took as her pupil Annie Besant, the high-strung Englishwoman who had passed through a period of deep religious devotion and one of declared atheism, and prepared her to take a great part in the spread of the mystic ideal which had come from India. Mrs. Besant says that in theosophy she has found the peace she has sought all her life. She declares: "I know by personal experiment that my soul exists, and that my soul and not my body is myself, that it can leave the body at will—life and so on through the doctrine of theosophy. She does not mind ridicule, she says. "Folly, fanaticism" scoffs the Englishman of the nineteenth century. "Be it so," she says, "I have seen and I can wait."

"The Wheat Farm Farthest North" is the title of the opening story in this week's number of the Youth's Companion, and there are other interesting short stories and special articles on scientific subjects such as "Some Simple Experiments in Physics" and "Civil Service Tests," while the Current Topics and other departments are filled with the usual good things—Perry Mason, Publishers, Boston.

THE DEVIL DOWNED.

A Chicago exchange in an editorial on "Courage" related the following story. In this street of life, walking in the shadow, hungry old Satan was out hunting with his dogs, the little bits of human weakness. A man came walking through Life's street. Satan said to the little devil, with a bitter face, "Go, get him for me."

Quickly the imp crossed the street, silently and lightly hopped to the man's shoulder. Close in his ear he whispered, "You are discouraged."

"You are discouraged," The man replied this time, "I do not think I am." "You are discouraged," the imp said again, "I tell you, you are discouraged." The man dropped his head and replied, "Well, I suppose I am."

The imp hopped back to Satan and said proudly, "I've got him, he is discouraged." Another imp passed. Again old Satan said, "Get him for me."

The proud little demon of discouragement repeated his tactics. The first time that he said "You are discouraged," the man replied emphatically, "No." The second time the man replied, "I tell you I am not discouraged." The third time he said, "I am not discouraged, you lie."

The imp of discouragement returned to his master crestfallen. "I couldn't get him. Three times I told him he was discouraged. The third time he called me a liar, and that discouraged me."

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 30 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 27, 1908:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bailey—Cyclopedia of Horticulture, 4 vols. (reference).
Caldogun—Cavours.
Campbell—Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England, 12 vols.
Herdford—Robert Browning.
Risey—Building Mechanics' Ready Reference.
Sakurai—Human Bullets.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Deland—Friendship of Anne.
Hawthorne—Snow Image.
MacLeod—Book of Ballad Stories.
Pye—Theodora.
Raymond—Hervene of Roseland.
Taggart—Six Girls and the Tea-room.
Reed—Napoleon's Young Neighbors.
Wade—Ten Indian Hunters.
Wade—Betty Wales, Seniors.
Wells—Dorance Dolings.

Poland's Most Versatile Genius Dies at the Age of Thirty-Eight

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Jan. 10.—Death has just laid its hand upon a remarkable man who competent critics have declared to be the most versatile genius Poland has produced in a century. He died at the age of 38, before his work was half done. Poet, painter, dramatist and sculptor, Stanislas Wyspian-ski painted a masterpiece at 25, wrote another at 26 and gave more literature to the world in the last decade of his life than the author of "Que Vadis" in a life-time.

His life-story is as strange as his talents were great and varied. Born in the old-world town of Cracow, where Poland's history is written on every stone and Italian architects have laid their mark on every home, he grew up amongst traditions and things beautiful. The son of a sculptor he began to work with his chisel as well as his hands and the thoughts of the foreign yoke under which his people groaned weighed heavily upon him. This melancholy is common to Polish and Russian youth. They drown it or try to drown it in dissipation. Wyspian-ski did likewise and toiled like the proverbial negro as well.

His health began to fail him. Then in Cracow began a movement amongst the Bohemians to get away from the hysterical women of their class. Artists, poets and sculptors married peasant women—healthy, nervous, ignorant. The new race which sprang from these unions they believe are destined to liberate Poland. Wyspian-ski was sufficiently attracted by the movement to have his peasant wife, and her coarse ideas and shrewish tongue grated against his delicate nature; but before he was 25 she bore him a son. Other children followed and finally he married her.

A fatal disease, his enemies say the result of dissipation, now made its appearance. The doctors said he could not live long, especially as his lungs were also attacked. He said he had much to do before he died and began to write his first masterpiece, a play called "The Warsaw Woman." He was very poor and painted pictures, glass windows, Madonnas, pastels, altars and restored medieval work as few people nowadays know how, for a mere pittance. But in 1901 his three-act drama, "The Wedding," placed him high in public esteem and caused him to be acknowledged as the greatest writer of Poland during the past century. Batsy of language, Dantean strength, immense dramatic effect, a portrayal of the events of every-day life, blended with an exhibition of the supernatural are worked into a play which only a master hand could have from melodrama, and in saving it produced an effect that keeps its audience spell-bound and breathless. Many

other pieces followed this "Wedding" including "Deliverance," "Boleslas the Bold," "Casimir the Great," "Lelewel," "The Rock," and several plays and poems built after the same pattern. Many times he was at the point of death and many times his strong spirit, which said he must work, triumphed over the prostrated diseased body. His great grief, some months before his death, was that he lost the power over his fingers of his right hand and could no longer paint. But he made the doctor fix a pencil to his bandaged and wrote. The proofs of his last drama, "Judges," were corrected in this way for publication in book form, a couple of weeks before his death. There is little doubt that had he lived, his work, which improved steadily every year, would have won for him world-wide recognition. He was a fervent Roman Catholic, and, though suffering agonies of conscience to the last moment, died with that calmness that only great souls can show when crossing the gulf.

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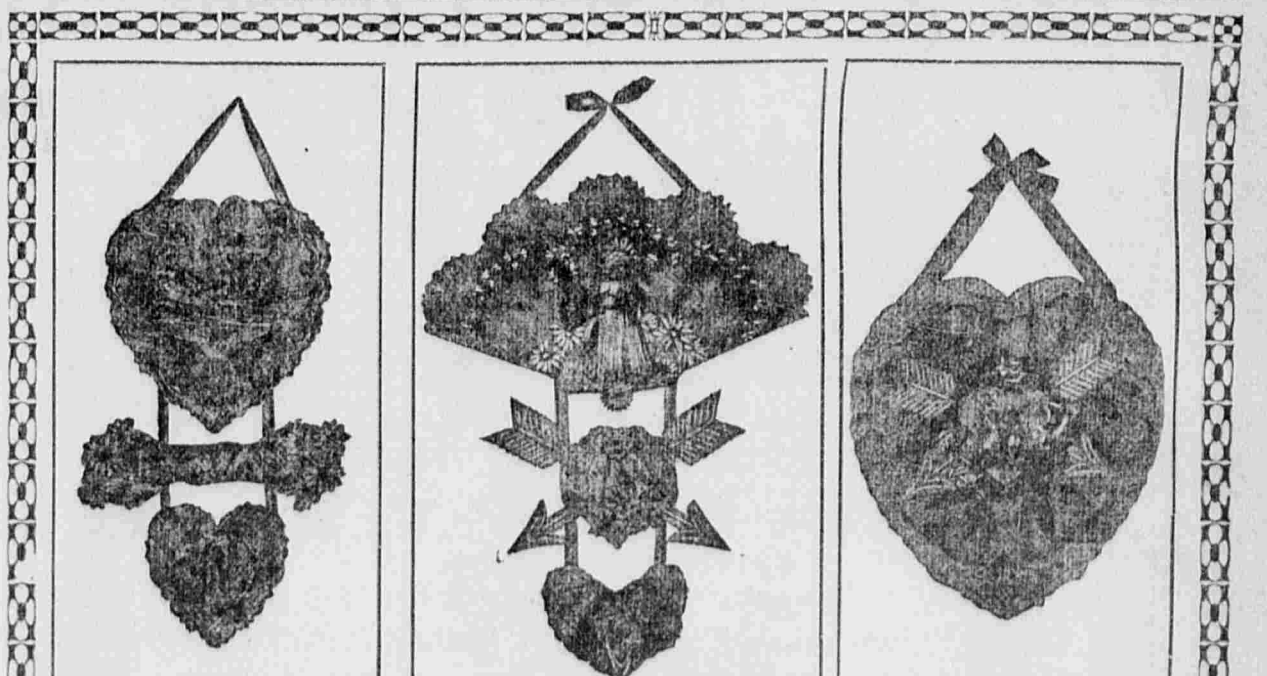
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