

LITERATURE



IN AUGUST.

When the grove is stifled to the
core,
And the parched grass is summer-
told,
I think of vehement March and how
she filled
The roadsides with a murmurous
rustle
Of rushing streams from an exhaust-
less store.
This breathless air, to tropic slumber
lulled,
Beats those early passionate winds
that thrilled
The spirit, blending with the water's
rustle.
As in rich and dusty-leaved age,
The soul goes back to dream on swell-
ing tides
Of hope, desire and dream in child-
hood's clime,
I turn backward to the spring-lit
pages,
That bar with freshening heart the
dug-voiced floods,
That to the winds give their melo-
dious rime.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE WEIRD OF THE MORROW

Will be sorry tomorrow, sorry
For the harsh words said today,
Will wish you had waited a little,
Till the ill mood passed away.
Will grieve for the friend you
wounded,
Will grieve till your heart is
sore
Of the strife and sin that entered in
When anger set wide the door.
Will be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That an old face quivered and broke,
And a blow had struck it,
In the hasty words you spoke.
Will be low in your mind tomorrow,
That a little child with dread
Took the place of your eye went hur-
rying by,
That downcast, drooping head.

Will be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That you hid in a mask of silence
And the hypocrite's hateful art,
A silence sometimes shameful,
And from the mean degree,
You crept away at the end of the
day,
To look where the mean things be.
Will be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That you gave yourself for the right?
To not summon your manhood,
A noble and brave today,
To make peace to be had for Galahad,
To be close on his perilous way.

Will be sorry tomorrow, sorry
That you were so content,
To be so glib to atone for,
A selfish sin to repent for,
The word, the look, the action,
The help of God may wear
The light of heaven, forever given
In the bush of the answered prayer.

—Aloysius Coll.

NOTES.
Frank Putnam has left Chicago to
accept the associate editorship of the
National Magazine in Boston. This
will be a faithful apprenticeship of
the man of more than common
sympathy and feeling, and all the
more so because he has done up to this time has
been to the credit of that better,
more spiritual and immortal side of the
human heritage which is to be hand-
led by the ages.
Through the trade, a newspaper man
and a poet by his call-
ings, Putnam is a man of the voices
of the country that have never stood
alone. Through his earliest verses
and not for him. He is a man's
man, not the dollar's man. What the
"fashionable poet" is
sold to his own lines:
The murmur of approval, high and
clear,
The winds of favor waft you
on your spirit know its old heroic
days.
The sudden inspiration in your lyre
That fashion scatters roses at
your feet?

Are you happy, say, or sorry, since the
morning,
When, by Want and wily Patronage
beset,
You began, with silken sophistries
adorned,
Creed's aggressions, the repayment
of your debt?
Was the offer fit for seizing or for
scorning?
Can they teach a living conscience
to forget?

You are silent—is their scorn allied to
pity?
Do they give you leave from labor
now and then,
To invent a glided song or Bacchic
ditty.
In the practice of a prostitute pen?
Thou enuch of the prosperous and
pretty.

When Cuba stood weeping before the
bar of justice, Mr. Putnam's was the
strongest voice raised in behalf of lib-
erty—for he could not force what
crimes were to be committed in that
sacred name. When the country forgot
its past and its ideals, he wrote scath-
ing lyrics on "Murder in the Philippi-
nes" and a "Ballad of Civilization,"
and of the Belligerent Congressmen,"
all of which ought to be in the school
readers for declamation. One of his
sentences, in describing the change of
feeling regarding the natives after the
Spanish "serpent" began to pour its
poison into American ears, bids fair
to add itself to the world's significant
phrases, for he terms them as "Mar-
tians turned to monkeys in a night."

Emile Zola is hard at work this sum-
mer on his new work, called "Verite,"
dealing with life among French school-
masters and tutors with distressing re-
sults. M. Zola annihilates the prevail-
ing modern education methods, and
from the tendencies of co-operative edu-
cation, hints of which were given in
"Travel," he constructs an imaginary
picture of a community employing so-
ciological methods, which he thinks more
to the purpose. When he has finished
this work he will set out to treat of
the Dreyfus case in the form of fiction,
under the title of "Justice." These
two volumes conclude the series of the
Four Evangelists, which was begun
with "Recondite" and continued by
"Travel."

No less than three separate transla-
tions of Maxim Gorky's novel, "Forma
Gordeyev," or "Thomas Gordieff," will
appear in the early fall from New York
houses. One will be by Miss Haggood,
whose name has long been identified
with Russian translations; another will
be by Mme. Marinovitch, while the third
is being made by a young Russian stu-
dent in this city. "Gordieff" has been
happily chosen as the first long novel
in English, although a volume of his
shorter stories would possibly reveal
more of the author. "Gordieff" is a
study in atavism, the father of the
hero being a material-minded mystic,
while his mother is given to mysticism.
In Forma are combined a natural curi-



When a man is drowning his rescue
is a question of timely help. It is the
same thing in disease. Many a time the
doctor says of a man whose condition is
hopeless, "If you'd begin in time you
might have been cured."
This is especially true when the dis-
ease affects the lungs. Delay is danger-
ous. The timely use of Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery will result in
a quick cure of deep-seated coughs,
bronchitis, and weak lungs. Even when
hemorrhages have been frequent and
profuse "Golden Medical Discovery"
has been used time and again with the
result of a perfect and permanent cure.
Mr. McCauley, of Leeburg, Armstrong
Co., Pa., had eighty-one hemorrhages,
and after other medical aid had failed
he was completely cured by the use of
"Golden Medical Discovery."
Accept no substitute for "Golden Med-
ical Discovery." There is no other med-
icine just as good for "weak" lungs.

"I was in poor health when I commenced
taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Riner
Lawyer, of Volga, Jefferson Co., Ind. "I had
stomach, kidney, heart, and lung troubles.
Was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough
and a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he
didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced
your medicine again and took three or four
bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of Dr.
Pierce's Kidney, and that straightened me up.
I feel like a different person. I gladly recom-
mend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know
it cured me."
Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical
Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on re-
ceipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay ex-
pense of mailing only. Address Dr. R.
V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

osity and a feverish imagination, which
force him in the end into a direful
catastrophe.

Only one well known author an-
nounces a new book for the dog days.
This is Prevost, who is about to pub-
lish "Le Domino Jaunt." Armand
Charpentier has caused uproarious
amusement among men of letters by
upsetting in a literary experiment the
superstition attached to number thir-
teen. His latest book, "Les Treize
Jours d'Annette," is made up of thir-
teen chapters, set up by thirteen com-
positors, sewed by thirteen stitchers,
was put on sale June 13th and has
passed through thirteen editions.

But the most successful book of all
is "Le Waterloo" by Henri Houssaye.
It is now in its thirty-seventh edition.
Victor Hugo is very much in the
minds and mouths of people these
latter days. The Victor Hugo Museum,
which Paul Maurice has succeed-
ed in establishing is being besieged by
foreigners. Maurice said:
"Victor Hugo ranks among the first
of our writers. No other writer repre-
sents the nineteenth century as well
as he. No writer equals him in liter-
ary form. His poetry is admired in
every land. His description of the
battle of Waterloo is committed to
memory by every lover of graphic
writing. As his literary executor I am
glad we have the Victor Hugo Museum
at last."

Andrew H. Green, the "father" of
Greater New York, says of Ullmann's
"Landmark History of New York": "It
is the most accurate book of its kind
that I have seen, and, while couched in
a form designed particularly to interest
the young people, it performs a valu-
able service in fixing the identity of
many historical sites and landmarks
of our great city that might otherwise
have been lost."

For six months "Alice of Old Vin-
cennes" has held first place in the
Bookman's list of the six best-selling
books.

Within three weeks of its publication
the Macmillan company announced the
130th thousand of Winston Churchill's
new novel, "The Crisis." Richard Car-
vel is nearly in its 40th thousand.

Three new books recently published
by McClure, Phillips & Co., namely,
"The American Salad Book," by Max-
imilian de Loup; "The Darlings," by
Elmore Elliott Peake; and "The Chil-
dren of the Nation," by Pauline
Bigelow, are being brought out in Eng-
land.

Mr. William Dean Howells's new
work of fiction, "A Patient of Patient
Lovers," has met with instant success.
The first large edition, issued on the
23rd inst., was exhausted on the day
of publication, and the second is now
in press. Apart from the intrinsic
literary merit of the work, there are
two interesting facts to be noted in
connection with the publication of this
volume. It is the first piece of fic-
tion to be published by this house since
the new system organized by the
American Publishers' association went
into force on the 1st inst. This en-
ables the publishers to issue the book
at a greatly reduced price. The other
fact is that, for the first time, the
book is published in a binding of
time, an expensive, in binding, has
been materialized by which the pur-
chaser secures a clever imitation of a
beautiful half-cloth-bound book. The
book is a marvel at the price, and it is
not unlikely that, for the first time,
a new fashion in the binding of the or-
dinary novel.

"Easter Court House," with which
the American Continent began its
Series began last January, still con-
tinues to enjoy a brisk sale, and is now
going into its fifth edition. One reason
for its popularity, no doubt, is that it
is brimful of humor and breadth of
spirit of out-of-doors. A curious fact
about the writing of this novel is that
the character who was intended to
play the villain when the story began
rounded on the authors and turned
out to be the hero of the tale. Per-
haps collaboration had something to do
with this, as the story was the result
of the combined efforts of Mr. H. B.
Roone and Mr. Kenneth Brown.
Though true to the life of today,
Virginia, Mr. Brown declares that
none of their characters are real people
except the sheriff's "Chuck" who was
"the best horse that ever breathed."
I rode him eighty miles in one day,"
Mr. Brown says. "He was sixteen
years old."

No more pious character than
Richard Croker is known in Amer-
ican life. His career of "personality"
are vividly portrayed by Henry
Lewis in the biography, "The Life of
Lewis," published by the New York
Publishing Company. It only
follows the man from the beginning of
his life through the vicissitudes of
which have attended him as a politi-
cian, but gives a close study of the
sensational events of his private life,
including the story of the murder of
which he was accused. Besides this his
personal and political associates are
vividly described and a thorough in-
sight is given into the organization and
methods of Tammany Hall.

Mr. Lewis has an original and power-
ful style of telling the story. He will be
remembered as the author of "Wolfville"
and "Sandburrs," two books which
have had a large sale, and more lately
as the editor of "The Vedette." The
illustrated weekly on which Mr. Oliver
Belmont rode into Congress in the last
campaign. Mr. Lewis has had the ad-
vantage of close personal association
with Mr. Croker and the other leaders
of Tammany and writes as one having
authority.

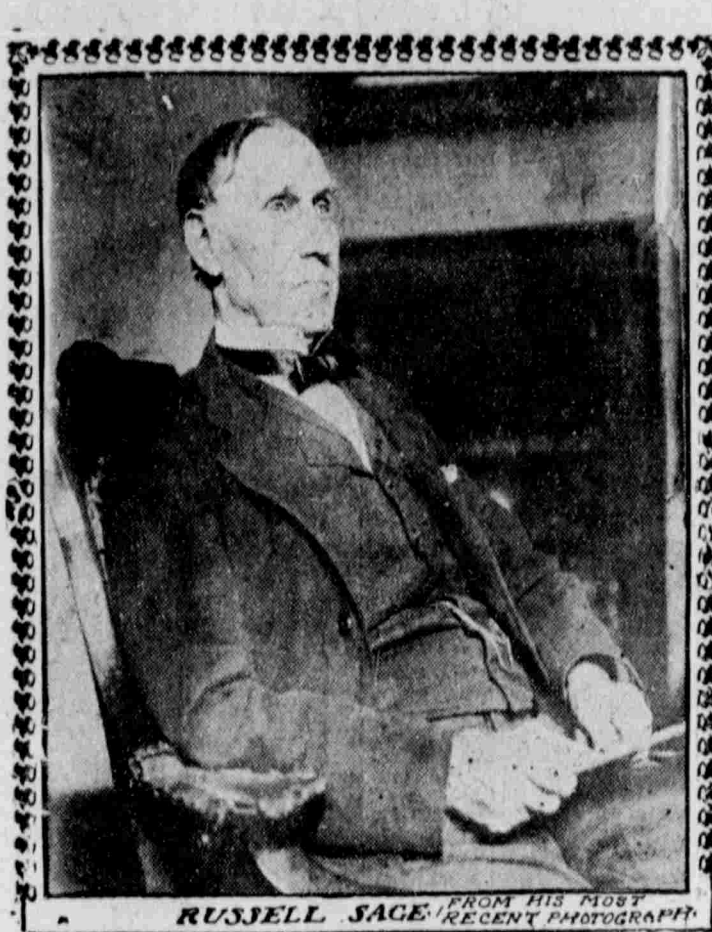
The coming municipal campaign in
New York will be the fight of Richard
Croker's life, and Mr. Lewis' book will
enable its reader to follow the contest
with full understanding.

"The Road to Ridgely's," by Frank
Burlingame Harris is a novel which
the promising young author did not
live to see in print. He was reared and
educated in Omaha, went early into
journalism, in which he achieved suc-
cess, and died of consumption in his
twenty-fourth year, leaving the manu-
script of the novel under the name of
"The Road to Ridgely's." The story is
a well defined story of western farm
life, in which are involved some ele-
ments of mystery, and its incessant ac-
tivities command throughout the keen-
est interest of the reader. It is weak-
ened by incongruities, and here and
there marred by scenes too intense, but
these defects are, in a measure, ob-
scured by the general strength of the
story, emphasized by unusually vivid
character portrayals and pictures of
country life remarkable for their in-
tegrity. The scenes of the story are
located in and around Beverly Corners,
in the interior of Iowa, and its most
prominent character is a gentlemanly
and educated, but mysterious, tramp,
who assists Farmer Ridgely through
his harvesting without compensation,
and then pays off an overdue mortgage
on his farm and marries his grand-
daughter, who is about to sacrifice her-
self in marriage to a wealthy scoundrel
to save the place.—Small, Maynard &
Co.

BEATRICE ST. GEORGE.
Verse Writer, Believes She Was
Once a Leopardess.

"I was a leopardess before I was a
woman."
This singular announcement was
calmly made by a young and attractive
woman who paced the floor of her own
handsomely furnished parlor as if it
might indeed be a cage, but no hint
of color reddened her cheeks, and
there was no excitement in her manner
or in her lithe, sinuous step. She was
Mrs. Beatrice St. George, a disciple of
Buddha, who having reached, through
physical suffering, the border of the

RUSSELL SAGE A HERO.



RUSSELL SAGE, FROM HIS MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

Russell Sage, the well known financier and millionaire, is to be made a
hero—in a book. A prominent author who is acquainted with Uncle Rus-
sell destined him for the principal character for his next novel. Here is
the latest photograph of Russell Sage who is eighty-five years old, hale
and active.

unseen world, is anxious to pass out
and on to the Nirvana of the faithful.

"Yes," continued Mrs. St. George, "in
one of my many previous lives I was
a leopardess. I love to go to the park
and watch the leopards and tigers,
great, splendid, tawny pets. I think
they know I was one of them in my
reincarnation. Why—"
Suddenly she stopped speaking, and
appeared to be listening.

"I am not permitted to say anything
more on that subject. How do I know?
I am instantly deprived of the power
of expression as much so as if a hand
was laid upon my lips. Indeed, that
has just been done by one of the
Brothers of Light."

"You mean some organization?"
"Yes. They are the earth-freedom
have passed on to the Mahatmas, those
who suffered cruelly here and are
now teaching and guiding. Jesus was
a Brother of Light."
"Are you a Mahatma?" I inquired.
"No. I am only a chela or student.
But I have progressed far enough to
live a dual existence. Like Peter Is-
herson, I dream true; like him, I fret
because all my life is not spent in the
astral body. Do you know what is on
the other side of death, if we dream
true? Perfect peace and contentment
with progress. I know, because much
of my time is passed there. I am
ready to give this form I now wear to
the cremationists while I seek a higher
plane."

She opened a box that looked as if
it might contain some dainty confec-
tion from dressmaker or milliner. It
was a Hindu burial robe of yellow crape
cloth, in which she will be cremated.
A typical sash and bow of yellow rib-
bon decorated the waist and one side.

"You have no prejudice against crea-
tion?"
"No, since one of the tenets of our
faith is that the body is indestructible.
If burned, its ashes and gases rise to
their destination and enter into some
new combination. If buried they es-
cape through growth and bloom to their
planet. The principle of life cannot
be destroyed. There will be transmu-
tation and change, but not destruction."

Publishers are awaiting several vol-
umes of poems and essays which will
not be given to the world until Mrs.
St. George has passed on to that high-
er plane toward which her feet are
steadfastly turned. But she has had
her poems published in the newspapers
and magazines of every state in the
Union. She receives no compensation
for these much-quoted verses, for her
husband does not wish his wife's tal-
ents to be exploited commercially. Mr.
St. George is of Spanish-Mexican lin-
age, and is a near relative of Presi-
dent Diaz. He is wealthy, and except
in this particular case places no re-
strictions on his wife's literary or pro-
gressive pursuits.

The poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Mil-
ler, is a great admirer of Mrs. St.
George's verse and she is the one wo-
man in literature whose portrait adorns
his cabin. His favorite among her
many subjects is the one here appended.
She considers all her work inspirational,
and this one particularly so, in view of
her former reincarnation as a leopard-
ess:

CAPTIVES.
Pacing, pacing with tireless feet in your
narrow prison cage,
Breaking your heart for your native
sands in the throes of your fettered
rage.
While the gnawing, hungry, homesick
path in your bosom never dies;
Oh, desert-born set up as a show for
the curious human eyes.

Captive queen of a tawny race with
the woe in your savage heart,
I feel your hopeless, passionate woe in
my other breast stir and start.
Dreaming still of the burning plains?
Nay, break from the fruitless dream,
And shake the bars of your iron cell
with one wild, desert scream!

You are a tigress, lithe and slim, and
I am the woman mold,
And both by the treacherous hand of
fate to the prison of time are sold.
I could lay my head on your tawny
side, and you would listen and
know.

FIGPRUNE Cereal

Children who drink FIGPRUNE thrive and grow strong.

The perfect food drink for growing children is FIGPRUNE.

It is made from carefully selected California figs, prunes and sound, well ripened grain.

Looks like coffee. Tastes like coffee. But—there is not a grain of coffee in it.

Boil from 5 to 10 minutes only.

ALL GROCERS SELL FIGPRUNE CEREAL.

Though the woman-body were fair
above; 'twas the tigress heart be-
low.

Sisters we are by the selfsame tie of
a captive's life mischance,
And vainly breaking our homesick
hearts on the bars of circumstance,
Knowing well it were better far from
the hands of man to fly
Out to the trackless desert sands, of
hunger and thirst to die.

Better, aye, and a thousand fold, poor
queen, for you, for me,
Tameless, wild and unconquered still
to die if we must—but free.
And I answer the prayer of your hope-
less eyes agaze from their prison
fast:

"Patience, sister, the bars must fall
from each captive soul at last."
Mrs. St. George has given attractive
titles to her volumes of unpublished
poems. These are "Star Dust and Moon
Drift," "Love Songs of the Sea" and
"The Poet's Quest." She has made
it a practice to write one poem daily
ever since she was a child. Before
she had become a student of the Hindu
philosophy, the beauty of her poetry
was sometimes marred by a spirit of
unrest, but it possesses a lovely intensity.
Here is one that reminds one of Ros-
setti:

UNANSWERED.
Leaning to listen low at the core of the
world's heart beating,
The great dumb heart of the world,
with its inarticulate cry:
"God, God, God," through the silence
vainly repeating,
To shiver back through the dark form
a blank, unanswering sky.

"Every throb a prayer for help, but
never a word or token."
That One had leaned from his heaven
to listen across the bars,
"God, God, God," and the infinite sil-
ence unbroken;
The woe of the world heart beats, up
the path of the trembling stars.

Age after age the same, to the lumen-
ous heaven preaching,
Ever that woeful prayer for help
through the silence hurled.
Voiceless, filling all space with its
changeless mute beseeching,
"God, God, God, what help for the heart
of the world?"

There is no uncanny or morbid intima-
tion in Mrs. St. George's appearance
to indicate the nearness of the other
world, naught but a luminous pallor,
the result of great physical suffering.
While seated in the easy chair, she de-
clares that she feels the weight of a cross,
and after being absent from the body
is wearied from attending the functions of
two worlds. The news she brings
from the other life, messages from
friends whom she would like to have seen
there and conversed with, are too
wonderful for comprehension and her
strange cult is theosophy and not spiri-
tualism. Her feet seek the remote
corners of Nirvana and she quotes
from "The Light of Asia":
If any teach Nirvana is to cease
Say unto such they lie.

MAGAZINES.
The feature of the August number of
Everybody's Magazine is Emilio Agu-
inaldo's story of his capture by Funston.
The Filipino leader narrates the cir-
cumstances which led to his taking, in
a manner of great clearness and sim-
plicity. It is a most interesting as well
as an important contribution to the
history of one of the bravest deeds of
warfare. Oscar K. Davis, the Sun's
war correspondent, follows with a
sketch of Aguinaldo from rather an
unusual point of view. There are sev-
eral delightful nature articles. L. W.
Brownell tells of the "Birth of a But-
terfly," which is finely illustrated; I.
W. Blake writes of "A Mocking Bird";
pictures "Days With a Mocking Bird";
Maximilian Foster contributes "Trag-
edy—a fine mouse story. In "Pho-
tography as a Fine Art," C. H. Ciffin
writes of the work of C. H. White. A
rarely interesting contribution is "Pic-
tures That Show Motion," being the
evolution of the biograph, by Roy Mc-
Ardle. J. M. Bacon tells of "Steering
Balloons by Upper Air Currents."

No more charming story has ap-
peared in the Youth's Companion for
many years past than that which
graces the first page of this week's is-
sue of that excellent publication. It is
entitled "A Humble Knight" and by
sides being exceptionally well told, is
a veritable gem in motive and moral.
The scenes are squalid and common-
place, and the characters such as one
might meet in every day life; but the
touch of self-denial and sacrifice on
the hero's part, amid the temptations
of his homely surroundings and starved
life, lifts the story into the realm of
ideal and the hero into a veritable
"knight." The rest of the issue is filled
with interesting material.

Went to Visit His Sister.
A. J. Cottingham went to Washing-
ton county, Ark., to see his sister and
while there was taken with flux (dy-
sentry) and was very bad off. He de-
cided to try Chamberlain's Colic, Chol-
era and Diarrhoea Remedy and was so
much pleased with the prompt cure
which it effected, that he wrote the
manufacturers a letter in praise of
their medicine. Mr. Cottingham re-
sides at Lockland, Ark.

BISHOPS.
Blanks for the use of block teachers,
in procuring yearly statistical reports, can
be procured at this office, 25 cents per

If it could
talk, how the Washboard would urge you to use
PEARLINE! "Go easy," it would say: "let
up on that rubbing. You're wearing out the
clothes, yourself, and even me. Get something
that washes your clothes, instead of wearing
and tearing them. Soak the things in PEARL-
INE and water. Follow the directions on
package, and you won't need me much." 654

Pearline Saves

DESIGNERS
HALF-TONE & ZINC ETCHERS
DeBOUZEK
ENGRAVING CO.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
TELEPHONE 664. 25 W. TEMPLE ST.

OUTING EXCURSION
To All Points North
... VIA ...
OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD
SATURDAY, AUG. 24th.
Rates, Train Service, Etc.
SEE PAGE 8.

LAGOON
TRAINS
LEAVE SALT LAKE: 7, 9, 11 a. m., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 p. m.
LEAVE LAGOON: 7:50, 10 a. m., 12 noon, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p. m.
Extra Trains Sundays and Holidays.

"KEEP MONEY AT HOME"
By Insuring with the
HOME FIRE OF UTAH
HEBER J. GRANT & CO.,
General Agents.

ADVERTISERS Should Use the Semi-Weekly News
If they desire to reach the people of the Western States and Territories in their homes.
CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ADVERTISERS