

# LITERATURE

## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

### APRIL.

### THE OPTIMIST.

Is it raining, little flower?  
Be glad of rain:  
Too much sun would wither thee,  
'Twill shine again.  
The clouds are very dark, 'tis true,  
But close behind them shines the blue,  
God watches—and thou shalt have sun  
When clouds their perfect work have done.

—Selected.

A crowd of Troubles passed him by  
As he with courage waited;  
He said: Where do you Troubles fly  
When you are thus belated?  
"We go," they said, "to those who  
mope;  
Who look on life dejected,  
Who weakly say 'Good bye to hope,  
We go where we're expected.'"  
Francis J. Allison.

### NOTES

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has accepted the office of president of the English Society of Women Journalists for 1907-8.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has lost by robbery from her New York house 14,000 worth of silverware in six months.

Charles Felton Pidgin has become literary editor of the Mayhew Publishing company, of Boston.

"George Sand and Her Lovers," by Francis Gribble, is the first complete biography of George Sand in any language.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Shirley Brooks, of Poughkeepsie," by George Somes Layard, and "The Wire-Tappers," by George Somes Layard, the most brilliant and useful all-around man who ever wrote for Poughkeepsie.

That very popular writer of the under world, Arthur Stringer, whose books, "Phantom Wives" and "The Wire-Tappers," have achieved considerable success, will publish a new adventure and mystery story early in April through the McClure company. It is not a "wire-tapper" novel, the publishers announce. The title of the new book will be "The Under Groove."

New light will, it is hoped, be thrown upon George Eliot's literary methods in a series of articles that C. S. Olcott will contribute to the Outlook. He will strive to answer the question, "How far did she draw her characters from the surroundings of real life?" Says Mr. Olcott: "George Eliot had a marvelous memory, and apparently could not help describing the scenes that were dear to her childhood and the people whom she had known. She has denied that there were portraits in 'Adam Bede,' and stated that there would be none in her subsequent books. But the consensus of opinion is that she was far more realistic than she was willing to admit, and that she painted these portraits quite unconsciously. However, this may be, it is certain that they add to the charm of her work instead of detracting from it."

Poe's own definition of poetry, put forth in his preface to the 1831 edition of his poems, is quoted in a critical introduction to the new edition edited by Steadman and Professor Woodberry. He wrote:

"A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting possible images with definite poetry, with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music; the idea without the music is prose, from its very definiteness." In other words:

None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israel.

The firm of McClure, Phillips & Company has become the McClure company. S. S. McClure continues to be president, and the company's policy will not be changed. The magazine interests will continue to be in the control of the S. S. McClure company.

The Christian Scientists are to erect a new \$200,000 building in Boston, near the Mother church, in the Back Bay, for a publishing house for all Christian Science literature.

The petition to the English premier praying for the abolition of the office of censor of plays bears 70 signatures, including the names of practically all the prominent authors and dramatists, James M. Barrie, W. S. Gilbert, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, Henry James, H. A. Jones, Maarten Maartens, George Meredith, Arthur W. Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Alfred Sutro, and Algernon Charles Swinburne are among the signers.

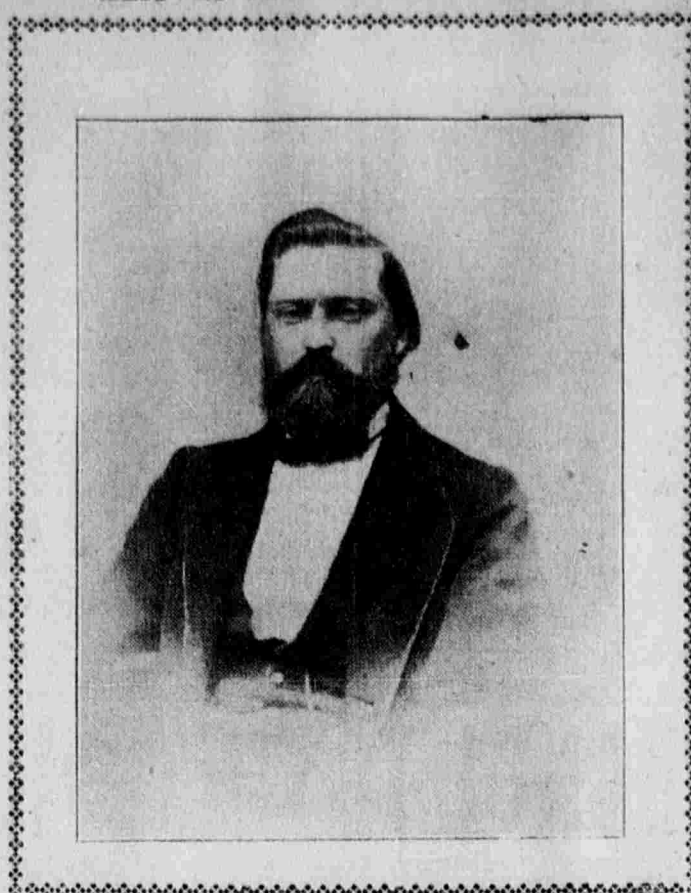
A newspaper paragraph has been published to the effect that Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are making a novel out of their play, "The Man from Home," which has been enjoying a phenomenal run in Chicago. It is stated that the most exceptional terms have been made with the authors by the publishers, and also that the story will appear in the Saturday Evening Post before coming out in book form.

Fisher Unwin, the London publisher.

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## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



PATRIARCH JOHN SMITH.

Few persons who are acquainted with Patriarch John Smith will fail to recognize the above reproduction of a photograph of that genial individual. Though it was taken 45 years ago, the resemblance to the prototype as he looks today—so far as the features are concerned—is most striking, albeit the once dark hair and beard are now snowy white.

Mr. Smith was laboring as a missionary in Denmark when he sat for the photo, and he always refers to it as "My Danish picture." It was in 1832, and he had then just passed his thirtieth year. Laboring with him in Copenhagen at the time were Elders

of everyday life voices perhaps many a tragedy transpiring in lives whose record is never blazoned but whose motive is one instinct with the deepest springs of life. Harpers are the publishers and the book is on sale at the Deseret News Book Store.

A new story of American heroes is Juan Ponce de Leon, by Frederick A. Ober, author of "Columbus," "De Soto," "Cortez," "Magellan," etc., illustrated. Ponce de Leon's quest for the fountain of youth is one of the most romantic episodes in the early history of America. In this volume it is shown that this was only one of the many daring exploits this hardy soldier and adventurer undertook. His life was spent among the islands of the new world in continual fighting and exploring, and the story of his career is absorbing at every turn. Here are vivid pictures of old-world Spain and America, and big deeds of lusty heroes. Every boy and girl should read this true and wonderful story. Published by Harper Bros., New York.

Hypnotic Theapeutics is by John D. Quakenbush, and the volume is the result of 7,000 personal experiences of the author with hypnotic treatment of the physically and morally diseased, and is permeated with the conviction that hypnotism is the greatest regenerative force of the age. It presents an unparalleled record of the most amazing psychopathic cases, ranging from the mere pain of abnormal baseness to the depravities resulting from physical excess, and the wildest mental delusions, both the tragic and absurd. A series of interesting arguments suggests that this very century may demonstrate immortality itself by supermental communication, banish disease, and bestow painless death. The treatise is true to science, and nevertheless written for "the man in the street." Dr. Quakenbush is well known in the world of medical hypnosis, and his views carry authority. As a record of humanity, the book will amaze and impress all sorts of readers.—Harper Bros., New York.

### MAGAZINES

Ray Stannard Baker, whose work is always vitally fresh and interesting, has written for the April Century of "Destiny and the Western Railroad," taking for what might be called his text the remark—not altogether in jest—of a western railroad general agent:

## London's "Circusses" Disappoint Famous American Humorist.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 18.—Jacques Futrelle, the popular American short story writer, whose inimitable creation, "The Dock," has amused readers of the Saturday Evening Post by his quaint humor and expressive slang, has come to London to see the real article. He "blew" in on me, as he expressed it, a couple of days ago, a breezy, irresponsible American, to tell me some of his "impressions" of the land of John Bull. He is as big as Jim Jeffries and as jolly as Santa Claus, so I gave him the largest chair in the office and hearkened to him.

I confidently expected him to knock the underlings from our English comedians' complacency and leave him not a leg to stand upon. Most American visitors do, especially those who limit their stay to a few days or weeks. But Futrelle, although he has been only a few days in town, has seen a whole lot that he likes about the English metropolis. At the same time it would be impossible for a visitor with the abnormal appreciation of humor possessed by this American visitor, to miss the many good laughs to be had at the expense of the English customs, many of which have come out of the mists covered past.



At this particular season you'll find the Bitters very helpful in cases of Spring Fever, General Weakness, Grippe, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and other Stomach ills. Try it and see.

Jesse N. Smith and William W. Cluff. Mr. Smith had been wearing a very long beard, which reached to the upper button on his vest. Mr. Cluff said: "John, let me trim your whiskers a bit," and permission being granted, he kept clipping until the chin was reached.

Patriarch Smith has been a resident of Salt Lake valley since 1848. On the sixteenth anniversary of his birth, he came down "Big mountain" and next day drove his oxen into the "city." He was born in Kirtland, Sept. 22, 1832, and was the eldest son of Patriarch Hyrum Smith and his wife Jerusha. Borden Smith, his mother died when John was five years old, and his father was martyred in 1844.

"The west is purely a railroad enterprise. We started it in our publicity department." The truth actually underlying this fantastic claim, and yet the fact that, great as is the power and prominence of the railroad in the west, it is itself only the instrument by which a mighty nation is making progress, enter into Mr. Baker's discussion.

With every year personal reminiscences of Lincoln grow in value, and the recollections from the pen of Gen. O. O. Howard, announced as one of the features of the April Century, come from one who "served and loved" these many years Abraham Lincoln. In these reminiscences General Howard recalls the incident which suggested the perfecting and commencing of his work for the establishment of schools among the people of the Cumberland mountains, its latest and finest expression Lincoln's Memorial university, intended to prove not alone an educational help but also a worthy monument to the man whose name it bears.

Walter J. Willenborg, a student in the junior class of his scientific school, is using, with surprising results, a wireless telegraphic system planned and designed by himself. While in general principle it resembles other systems, in detail it differs from them; and is the result of his own research, study, and invention. His system works perfectly, and connects his home with several private stations of his own in various cities. The story of this "Young Expert in Wireless Telegraphy" has been interestingly told for readers of the April St. Nicholas by Charles Barnard.

A series of sketches of "Historic Boyhoods" by Rupert Sargent Holland will begin in the April St. Nicholas, the first paper telling of Michael Angelo, "the boy of the Medici Gardens." Later papers will help young readers to pleasant acquaintance with the youthful days of Dickens, Scott, Garibaldi, Peter the Great, and other great men. The thrilling story of the wreck of the Saginaw on Ocean Island and the rescue of the crew at the joy time of four lives, is told for readers of the April St. Nicholas by William O. Stevens, who acknowledged his indebtedness for the facts to Rear Admiral J. K. Cogswell, U. S. N., who was at the time an ensign on the Saginaw and one of those who volunteered for the relief expedition. The relief boat now hangs in the cupola of the buildings of the Naval Academy.

The circulation of St. Nicholas, the publishers report, has nearly doubled in the last fourteen months.

and have neither rhyme nor reason to commend them.

THE LONDON "CIRCUS."

In the first place, he likes the architecture of London, which he says, "beats anything in the states by a mile." At the same time, he is disappointed in the "circuses." "Even since I was old enough to read Baudouin's 'The Circus,' I have been looking forward with joy time to see the London 'circuses.' I read that the intersections of many of the important streets of the city were, I recalled, and I imagined they provided a sort of open air exhibition of prancing horses and daring trapeze acts for the edification and amusement of the people. When I arrived in London, I hurried as fast as I could to Piccadilly circus, but found nothing that approached Barnum & Bailey's peerless, inimitable, unapproachable and great show on earth, except a solitary brass figure of a boy doing a balancing act on one toe over a fountain in the middle of the street.

FUNNY OLD LONDON.

"I expected to see many funny things in London. I have seen many funny things, but not just the kind I expected. I discovered, soon after my arrival, that you could do almost anything you wanted to here except laugh to your heart's content. One must have the humor in London or he will get into trouble. A couple of days after I reached the city I was walking along the Strand with a friend from Atlanta. We strolled an auction store and dropped in to see if we could pick up a diamond or two for a plucked nickel or less. As soon as we got inside the door we saw that the chances were we could not do so. The auctioneer, for the auctioneer was making a solid gold, 18 carat, Hall marked, ring set with three genuine rubies, and some one in the rear bid the equivalent of \$1 in a trembling voice that betrayed a 'I hope mother don't know I'm squandering my money this way' feeling in the heart. As soon as we entered, the auctioneer said under the 'here's a couple of suckers' eyes to his assistant:

Whereupon the latter approached us and submitted the ring for inspection. I didn't laugh. It was too obviously silly to laugh at. How the 'barker' on his perch ever expected anybody to 'fall' for that '18 carat, Hall marked, genuine ruby' tale, I cannot imagine. The auctioneer finally asked me if I would make a bid. I shook my head, sadly. Whereupon he turned his attention to the natives. He repeated his 'con' story and some one bid 12 cents more than a dollar. He repeated it again and after a long wait some one bid \$1.25. Evidently fearing that the last bidder would regret it and make his escape the auctioneer announced the ring sold so quick that he almost chopped the last word of the bidder in two.

LAUGHED IN WRONG PLACE.

"Well, now, it struck me so funny that real ruby rings should be going for a dollar and a quarter, and that the auctioneer could accept such a bid with a straight face, that I burst out laughing. I'm afraid I was not very restrained in my laugh. It was just a good loud ha! ha! The rest of the crowd looked at me reprovingly, while the auctioneer turned purple with rage. 'He! he! he!' he exclaimed, imitating my laugh as best he could. 'Get out of here, you blooming Yankees.' 'My friend turned red and wanted to fight. I am a philosopher and wanted to laugh even more heartily than I had before. I took my companion by the arm and led him outside.'

EARLY TO BED.

Futrelle is stopping at the Hotel Cecil where they file the raw edges of the English customs for their American guests. Yet the management cannot 'monkey' with the law, and are compelled to close their restaurant at 12:30 every night. This custom appeared rather funny and at the same time inconvenient to Futrelle coming from the United States, where the fun hardly starts until after midnight at which hour the sight-seers and the visitors begin to go home from the 'naughty' restaurants and the 'regulars' get a chance at the tables.

"LIGHTS OUT."

"I went to the theater a couple of evenings ago," said Futrelle, in telling me of his experiences. "After the show we went to dinner. You never saw such a wild scramble in your life. It was the greatest race against time, with the longest kind of odds, and one that I have never witnessed. I had everything from soup to nuts, but the courses came so quickly that I thought I was eating nut soup. At 12:30 the head waiter, with a look around a yellow 'last call' and a minute later the lights went out. They wanted to put us out, too, but I declared that I was paying for the meal in front of me and I was going to finish it. And I did, while the waiter held a sputtering candle."

From the subject of 'hurry or you'll get arrested' dinners, Futrelle switched to music halls.

"LOUD" SONGS.

"The 'alls, as they call them here," he said, "are very amusing, but as Joe Weber would say, 'They are not in the presence of Indian Territory' and are not exactly 'polite.' Even New York wouldn't stand for some of the songs. On the other hand, some of the actors here are at the candy. I saw Seymour Hicks in 'The Gay Gordons.' He's a wonder. I don't know just how to describe him because we have no one like him in the United States. He's Eddie Foy. Joseph Wheelock and Willie Toller rolled into one and played 'straight.'"

Futrelle is going to remain a little longer in London. Then he goes to 'Gay Paree' for a stay. About May 1 he returns to England to take ship for New York.

The popular writer entered the profession through the newspaper office. He started on a paper in Atlanta, Ga., then came to New York where he was for many years on the Herald. Despite the fact that he was sure that his talents lay in writing, he was never given a chance to do any original work. Instead he was given desk work on the "American." While there he wrote a short story which sold to the first publisher to whom he submitted it. Other successes followed and after two months he retired permanently from newspaper work.

CHARLES OGDENS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 28 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, April 6, 1908:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Acton—Cambridge Modern History, vol. 3.  
Beloe—Hills and the Sea.  
Bouguer—Wood.  
Bruce—Robert E. Lee.  
Buchanan—Real Australia.  
Butler—Judith P. Benjamin.  
Chester—Manual of determinate bacteriology.  
Dickinson—Big Game Shooting on the Equator.  
Dix—Jefferson Davis.  
Goove—Henrik Ibsen.  
New York Society of Self Culture—Correct Social Usage, 2 vols.  
Shaw—Outlook for the Average Man.  
Thwaites, Ed.—Wisconsin Historical Collection, vol. 5.  
Union College—Practical Lectures, vol. 1.

FICTION.

Castle—Flower of the Orange.  
Isham—Lady of the Mount.  
London—Iron Heel.  
Morris—The Outpost.  
Robbins—Come and Find Me.  
Sinclair—The Metropolis.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Drysdale—Fast Mail.  
Fraser—Champions of the Fleet.  
Piercer—Three Little Millers.  
Robertson—Baby's Day Book.  
Raymond—Daughter of the West.  
Waggoner—Nan Nobody.  
Wheldon—Little Brother to the Birds.

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## FAMILY CARES.

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When there is added to the many cares inseparable from the rearing of children that affliction of weakness of the kidneys and auxiliary organs, the mother's lot is far from a happy one. This condition can be quickly changed and absolutely cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. When this is known the mother's burden will be lighter and her home happier.

Mrs. J. S. Benson, living at 445 West Eighth South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in my family for years. Many members have used them and the results were remarkable. When one of my children was troubled with a weakness of the kidneys, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at F. J. Hill's drug store and they gave the best result. I can heartily recommend them to anyone suffering from kidney trouble. In my own case Doan's Kidney Pills are reliable and I am glad to give them my endorsement." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBirn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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