

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE LATE DAVID O. CALDER.

As He Looked While in the Railroad Business Forty Years Ago. The above is a picture of D. O. Calder taken some 40 years ago. Mr. Calder was the first general freight and passenger agent of the old Utah Central, but did not remain in railroad life, as music had charms that proved superior, and he founded the music house that was afterward one of the best known in the west. After Mr. Calder's death, the firm became the D. O. Calder's Sons company, which subsequently merged into the Clayton Music company.

just been issued of "Jane Field" and of "Jerome."

BOOKS.

"The Spinners Book of Fiction" is to be a representative collection of the work of California writers in the short story field. Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Jack London, Charles Warron Stoddard, J. A. Morrow and a number of other Western writers of general reputation have contributed. The book has been compiled by the Spinners club, and is to be published by Paul Elder and company for the benefit of the Ina Coolbrith fund. The volume will be illustrated with several color plates, among others a frontispiece by Miss Winthrop and a miniature for the cover by Miss Lillie V. O'Ryan, who it will be recalled did the Junior Meredith miniature. Several years ago the Spinners club compiled "Prosit," one of the most successful books of toasts on the market. It has just been republished by Paul Elder and company after being out of print as a result of the San Francisco disaster.

"Bird Notes Afield," by Charles Keeler will soon be published by Paul Elder and company as a companion volume to "The Garden Book of California." It was announced for last fall, but the preparation of a careful index and a field check list delayed its manufacture. It is to be illustrated with a collection of the remarkable Finley snap shots of birds in their wild haunts.

The atrocities of Leopold's runs in the Congo are used for the first time in fiction by Mr. Herbert Stang in his new story, "Fighting on the Congo." Upon Mr. Stang seems to have fallen the mantle of the beloved G. A. Henty. Mr. Stang's productivity is equal to that of his predecessor; he turns out regularly three books a year.

Promising Literary Career Started By Publication of a Letter.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence. LONDON, March 18.—In leading English magazines of late there have appeared some remarkably interesting and well told tales of Indian life. They are signed "Alec Holmes." They reveal much of that wide knowledge of the empire of the east and insight into its mysteries which characterized the stories that first made Kipling famous. Hence the identity of the author has aroused much curiosity. This I am now able to satisfy.

Alec Holmes is only a pen name. Behind the scenes of literary life, the writer is Mrs. Amy Scott, the wife of Col. Arthur Scott, the assistant adjutant general of artillery in India. Col. Scott is one of the heroes of the Boer war. His wife was born in India and has practically lived there all her life. She is an inveterate walker and is unable to walk for some years except with crutches.

Mrs. Scott is the heroine of the dinner table bon-mots in which Lord Kitchener had a part. The story has been widely told and attributed to various people including Americans. Lord Kitchener and Mrs. Scott were seated next each other at a dinner party. During dessert, K. of K. or K. of Chaos, as he has latterly been nicknamed, was asked to pass the almonds. As he handed the dish he told Mrs. Scott that the peculiar giving almonds to a woman was "Kissiness" and payable with a kiss. Mrs. Scott agreed that it was a just debt, but said that her marriage her husband made a special agreement that he would settle all liabilities incurred by her. Therefore, to pass the almonds to the table, she referred Lord Kitchener.

Like a good many Anglo-Indians, Mrs. Scott is a splendid letter-writer, especially in foreign climes, especially in India, the mails are of first importance. And it was through one of her letters to a friend in England that Mrs. Scott entered the literary world.

Her father, a crusty old general, soon after a particularly brilliant piece of work, came home to England on leave. He did not expect to find his wife at home, but he had not been home for seven years and being the hero of the moment in India, looked forward to a warm and general welcome in London. He pictured himself walking along placidly, saluted cordially by old comrades in arms. He could almost see himself entering his club and the rush of men with outstretched hands and congratulations. At the war office he confidently expected words of praise and a summons to the palace.

When he arrived in was foggy and in London there was a wet, dismal drizzle. At the station, at the hotel, he saw no friendly faces. At the war office he was less not expected to find his wife, and when his name was taken in and then he was asked to state his business. He went to his club. Out of a hundred men in the smoking room, one looking up who said: "Hallo, old chap. Been out of town, haven't you? I haven't seen across you lately. Beside weather for these few days, but I buried myself again in his newspaper.

The old general took the first train to the Riviera. He was about as dejected as a man can be. But in the south he found sunshine and made pleasant acquaintances. He was soon back in India. His daughter worried the tale out of him. She wrote to a friend about the vivid sentences, out of an understanding heart. That friend had a weather-eye on the pages of literature. She secured permission to publish the letter and it appeared in the "Times" with some names omitted, of course. Every page in India copied it. Women in India today keep the clipping, and when they want a good cry, dig it up and read it. And so the new "feminine Kipling," as her friends have dubbed her, achieved her literary birth. As Alec Holmes she was deluged

with offers from the Indian publications for matter. Of late, as I have said, her tales have been appearing in England and now will be going further afield to the United States. Mrs. Scott is wintering in Egypt, but in the spring is coming to London, for the first time in 10 years, to interview her publishers.

Two generations of Charles Dickens's family taking opposite sides in a forecast battle was the novel spectacle witnessed last week at the Kent Assizes where five men were tried for "conspiring to steal" large quantities of lead. Henry F. Dickens, K. C., a son of the great novelist, appeared as leading counsel for the prosecution and Henry's son, H. C. Dickens, conducted the defense of one of the accused men. The monotony of the proceedings were relieved by some lively arguments between father and son. It was a situation which would have peculiarly appealed to the wit and fancy of the famous author. It is singular that one of his sons should have achieved distinction and prosperity in that profession which Dickens himself delighted in poking fun at. His eldest son and namesake essayed to follow in his father's footsteps, but literature brought him few shekels and when he died he left a large family in straitened circumstances. The world has not changed much since Dickens exposed so many of its shams.

At a sale to be held in London there will be offered a volume of Malherbe's works which was given to the enslaver of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, by a Miss Cornelia Knight. What gives it value is the fact that it contains the inscription written on one of the blank pages by Lady Hamilton: "Given to me by Miss Knight, whom I thought good and sincere, we succeeded in liberating her father and her mother, Lady Knight, and brought them off from Naples to Sicily. We gave shelter to Miss K. for near two years. We brought her first of expense to England. What has she done in return? Ingratitude. God forgive her, for although she is clever and learned, she is dirty, ill-bred, ungrateful, badly-mannered, false and deceiving. But my heart takes a nobler vengeance. O, forgive her!"

One can imagine that the frail but beautiful Emma found no little solace for vengeance forsworn in penning those denunciatory lines.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS. The following 45 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 23, 1907.

- MISCELLANEOUS. Benson—House of Quiet. Bullock—Selected Readings in Public Finance. Chadwick—William Ellery Channing. Crows—Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street. Copper Manual, 1904. Crothers—Understanding Heart. Gervinus—Gervinus's Story of His Life. Harrison—Memories and Thoughts. Haynes—Election of Senators. Keating—Maternity, Infancy and Childhood. Macfaddean—Dynamo Electric Machinery. Martin—Christ Among the Cattle. F. G.—How to Buy Life Insurance. Palmrose—Famous of Great Britain. Scribner, Ed.—Carroll's Poets. Vol. 1. Smith—Printing and Writing Materials. Whitney Poem. Winterburn—Children's Health.

HOEYING—Mistress Nancy Molesworth. Kingsley—Trafalgar. Maestri—Woman's Victory. O'Connell—Widow Repay. Russell—Jack's Courtship. Russell—Last Entry.

Russell—Tale of the Ten. S. G. Lewis—The Klumpen. CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Brown—Brothers and Sisters. Corbett—Margery Merwin's Giftbook. Hawthorne—Grandfather's Chair. Knox—Boy Travelers, 2 vol. Munsterberg—Baby's Favorites. Young—Chump, Pucky and Scout. When You Buy Vogel's Seeds you buy the very best, but be sure they are Vogel's.

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LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

On Washington's birthday the Chicago Evening Post published the following verses, which had been read that day in the Auditorium by the author, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. The poem was dedicated to Miss Jane Adams's book, "Newer Ideals of Peace." In the cities no longer the blare of trumpets, that summon to battle, From splendid towers the banners flash not forth in the breeze; No longer the ringing of war-bells, and the clattering sound of horsemen. The clangor of sword and shield, nor the cries of the feudal fighters, Hurrying into the streets to strike with bullet and steel, Clamouring, hooting down, assailing high walls and windows, Rushing madly, furious, to the killing of fellow men, Yet still a clangor of bells and a loud, shrill whistling and shouting. But the sharp, quick sounds that stirle proclaim not anger but mercy. For now like winds and thunders rush by the glittering engines, And the wagons with ladders and axes laden with well-trained men Eager to quench the flame, and scale the dangerous battlements; Eager to risk their lives in the hissing blaze and the smoke. That blinds, and that grips the throat like the throttling hand of murder. On come the engines and wagons, and the chief in his hooting chariot. And a boy, who hears them approaching, rushes out to the crossing of ways, And swinging his arms, and shouting clears a path for the shrieking engine, That rushes like winds and thunders down a vale of death and destruction; And every man at his post, on the flying winds of the storm, Mad for the saving of lives, of men and of women and children— To swing in dizzying chasms, to creep to the edge of death, To save the children of strangers, forgetting their own in their madness. And then if a comrade fall, how wild a man to the rescue, Descending into the pit, poisoned, choked, unconscious— Revived—they struggle back against their officers vainly commanding, Mad, mad, mad, for the saving of human life! And now, in the days of peace no squadron charging by, But harp, down the street, a sharp retreating stroke and clamor, A rhythmic beating of hoofs, a galloping louder, closer, And again a youth leaps quickly to the crossing of crowded ways, And he swings his arms and shouts, and clears through the human currents A path for the clattering ambulance, hurrying, hurrying, hurrying, To a place where a child has fallen—is wounded night unto death. That the child may be tenderly lifted and skillfully nursed and tended. Engine and well-equipped ambulance screaming, ringing, impatient, Filling the frightened streets with echoes of old-time wars, Not as of old to maim, to harry and scatter destruction, Not to take life, but to save it, not to kill but to rescue the perishing.

NOTES.

Although "Sampson Rock of Wall Street" was published only a few days ago, a second edition has already been found necessary to meet the demand. It is a novel of Wall Street by the only writer who really knows the field.

It was while tramping through the Virginia mountains near Lexington that Meredith Nicholson began writing "The Rock of Wall Street." He began by lodging for a night in a mountain cabin, and the first half dozen pages of the novel were written on some scraps of wrapping paper lying on a shelf of cuttings of fresh paper. He began every chapter of a book on an old scrap—preferably the back of an envelope that has brought a cheering letter, and once suspiciously started continues on large sheets in a small hand that slants upward into the northeast corner of the paper. After his first draft has been translated into typewriting he revises it little by little, and the original, and after this process has been repeated three or four times he waits for a Balzacian shot at the proof.

The publication of a new novel by E. Temple Thurston will be an event of interest from two different standpoints. It will be of interest, first, because Mr. Thurston—Ernest Temple Thurston is his name in full—is a writer of real strength and a masterly literary ability; he is both a novelist and a dramatist. He is an Englishman, and has already attracted great attention on his own side of the Atlantic by what he has written. He has also attracted the attention of the most distinguished American critics, and it is prophesied that his new novel, which the Harpers are to publish about the middle of March, will win him fame and popularity, and make his position in America an assured one. The other reason why the announcement of his forthcoming novel is of interest is that he is the husband of Katharine Cook Thurston, one of the most remarkable and successful novelists of recent years. "The Masquerader," and also of "The Gambler" and other stories. She and Mr. Thurston were married in 1904, and their home is a charming one in Kensington, London.

Robert Hichens, author of "The Call of the Blood," receives great numbers of letters from those who have read this great success. He has become quite accustomed to this inevitable consequence of successful authorship, but one letter which he recently received was quite out of the usual line. It was from a woman in Cuba, and read: "Dear Sir: A friend and myself have made a bet about you. He thinks that you are not a Catholic, and I think you are. Please let me know about this at once, so that the bet may be decided. P. S.—If I am wrong, don't bother about letting me know."

We have been accustomed of late years to find authors winning prominent public positions. Congressmen, senators, members of parliament, ambassadors, members of the American cabinet, and of the British ministry, have in recent years been chosen from the ranks of novelists, and so have even Queen Victoria and President Roosevelt.

It is not nowadays common, however, to find authors accepting what are deemed the more humble positions of public trust, in spite of the examples set in the past by such men as Robert Burns, who was a gauger, and Sir Walter Scott, who was a sheriff, too—or, at least, he was more pleased by being familiarly known by all the people of the countryside as "the Sheriff" than by being pointed out as poet and novelist. In the same way, Thomas Hardy is more pleased by being known as Justice of the peace for Dorset than as the author of "Tess." And now H. G. Wells, author of "The Future in America" and many other books, falls into line by becoming Justice of the Peace for Folkestone.

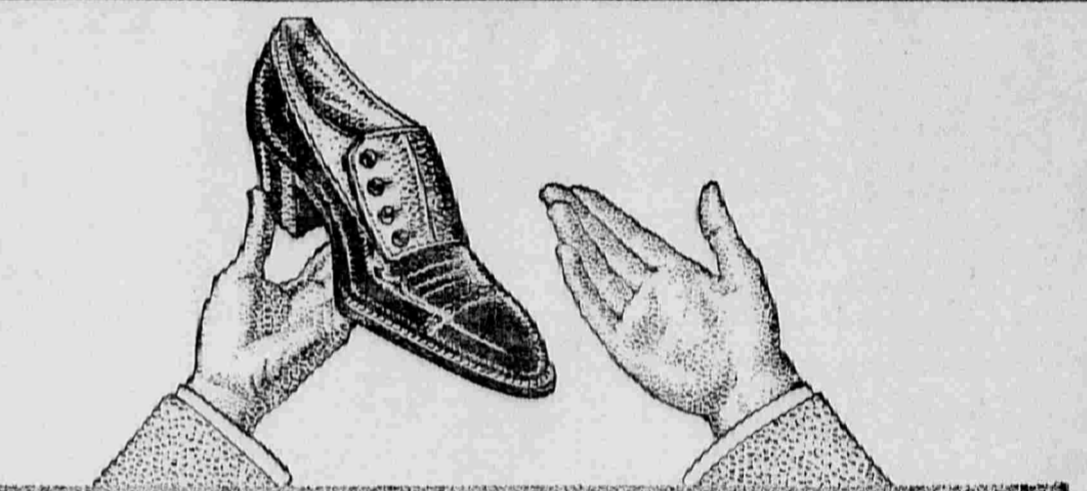
Mr. Meredith Nicholson's story, "The House of a Thousand Gables," which delighted and delighted the world of fiction in this country, seems to have repeated its success in the other quarters of the globe. Messrs. Gay and Bird, those cheerful English publishers, have brought out several editions for Great Britain and the colonies. A Swedish edition has been arranged for, and a French translation is contemplated.

Some critics have found fault with William Schuyler, author of "Under Pontius Pilate," on the ground that he has assumed the identity of Mary Magdalene with the "woman who was a sinner," and with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus. As one of them writes: "In the Bible there is certainly no such identification." This is true, says the author, but the "identification" is one of the oldest traditions of the Christian church, and forms the basis of the beautiful legend of St. Mary Mag-



ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Elizabeth Robins, actress and author, is best known, perhaps, for her novel "The Magnet North," but she has written, besides, "Fatal Gift of Beauty," "George Mandeville's Husband," "New Moon," "The Open Question," and "A Dark Lantern." Her new novel, "Come and Find Me," also a story of the great north and its compelling power, begins serial publication in the April Century.



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