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 Addams's book, "Newer Ideals of Peace."

In the cities no longer the blare of trumpets, that summon to battle, From splendid towers the baners 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, Clamoring, battering down; assaulting high walls and windows, Rushing maddened, 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 startle 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 shricking engine, That rushes like winds and thunders down a vale of death and destruction; And every man at his pose, 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 e ach man to the rescue, Descending into the pit, poisoned, choked, unconscious Revived-they struggle back'gainst 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 hark, down the street, a sharp reiterant 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 Port of Missing Men." He found lodg-Port of Missing Men." He found 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 the cabin kitchen, by the light of a single candle. Lake many other writers, Mr. Nicholson hag his private superstitions, one of these being a fear of formal cuts of fresh paper. He begins every chapter of a book on an odd 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 upauspiciously started continues on argu-sheets in a small hand that slants up-ward into the northeast corner of the paper. After his first draft has been translated into typewriting he revises until little is left of the original, and after this process has been repeated three or four times he waits for a Bal-recian shot at the proof. zacian 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 cull-is a writer of real his name in full—is a writer of reat 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 discerning 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 Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of one of the most remarkable and successful novels of recent years, "The Masquerader," and also of "The Gambler" and other stories. She and Mr. Thurston were married in 1961, and their home is a charming one in Kensington, London. his name in full—is a writer of rea strength and a masterly literary ability

Robert Hickens, author of "The Call of the Blood," receives great numbers of letters from those who have read this

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 lige. 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 figured in the publishers' lists, 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 Rooert Burns, who was a gauger, and Sir Walter Scott, who was a sheriff, Scott was proud of being a sheriff, too!—or, at least, he was more pleased by being familiarly known by all the people of the countryside as "the Snirra" 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 "Tress." 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 Folkestole.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson's story, "The House of a Thousand Candles." which lighted and delighted the world of fiction in this country, seems to have repeated fits success in the other quarters of the globe. Messrs. Gay and Bird, those cheerful English publishers, hase brought out several editions for Grest 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 sliner," 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-

dalus, whose relics form one of the most venerated religious treasures of southern France, and whose touching story has inspired some of the most exquisite productions of Christian art in painting, poetry, and music From the earliest times to the present day. The first mention of the tradition is found in the works of Clement of Alexandria, who was born 150 A. D., more than 200 years before the date of the first MS. of the gospel that has come down to us. This tradition was questioned by Origen, who flourished in the third century. He states the identification as commonly accepted belief, and adds: "But I think they were three different persons." St. Chrysostom also doubted the tradition; but St. Gregory the Great upheld it. The majority of the ecclesiastical writers agreed with St. Greg the tradition; but St. Gregory the Great upheld it. The majority of the ecclesiastical writers agreed with St. Greg and the tradition was finally accepted by the church, and settled down in the middle ages into the form in which Mr. Snyder found it in the "Legenda Aurea," which was translated into English and published by Wynkyn de Worde Caxton's successor, in the lifteenth century. He considered that in the absence of any definite statement in the gospel text, he was at liberty to use a tradition older than any text, espelcally as it was a beautiful example of the miraculous power of the Master. For what miracle could be greater than the transformation of the son, of a degraded and outcast woman into a perfect example of purity and holiness! and that, through the uplifting of this redeemed soul, others should be raised from the mire of carnal pleasure into the beauty of holiness. The tradition concerning Salome, the daughter of Herodias, although not as old as that of Mary Magdalen, is of treat that the as old as that of Mary Magdalen, is of great antiquity. The statement that the execution of John the Baptist was the result of a plot formed by Salome, her mother, and Herod, is also found in the Golden Legend, where the story is told at great length. This tradition has been made the basis of Suderman's great play, "Johannes," now being rlayed in this country by Marlowe and Sothern, of Massenett's sacred opera, "Herodiade," and of Richard Strauss' opera, "Salome," in Oscar Wilde's poem, and by William Schuyler in his "Under Pontius Pliate." In the three works first named, especially is Strauss' opera, the tradition has been altered to suit the author's dramatic purposes, but Mr. Schuyler has clung closely to the ancient traditions wherever the gospel text has failed him.

The pronounced success which has

The pronounced success which has come to "By the Light of the Soul," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, published by the Harpers in January, has aroused renewed interest in earlier of the author has aroused much curiosity. This I am now able to satisfy.

Also Holmes is only a pen name, Behind the scenes of literary life, the writer is Mrs. Amy Scott, the wife of

the daughter of Herodias, and as all as that of Mary Magdalen, is of smeat antiquity. The statement that the

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 Clay-

just been issued of "Jane Field" and | The place which fiction occupies i

BOOKS.

"The Spinners Book of Fiction" is to be a representative collection of the work of California writers in the short be a representative collection of the work of California writers in the short story field. Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Jack London, Charles Warren 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, a group of literary people of San Francisco, 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 Winthrow and a miniature for the cover by Miss Lillie V. O'Ryan, who it will be recalled did the Janice 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 Callfornia." 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 fletion by Mr. Herbert Stang in his newsboys' story, "Fighting on the Congo," Upon Mr. Strang 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.

the making of modern magazines is particularly well exemplified in the unusually mitractive issue of The Home Magazine for March. It is not the number of stories, but the individual strength, which counts, and The Home ber of stories, but the individual strength, which counts, and The Home Magazine gives an abundance of really good fiction, and a variety as well. Humor dominates the story of Timmy Ryan and Nervy Johns, and yet there is in it an undernote of sympathy that makes the hearts go out to these "mission kids." It is delightfully told by Elizabeth Flint Wade, and is a story of the Easter season as the name "And They took Palms" implies. "The Soul of a Philosopher," by Martha D. Taylor, a tale of tender hearts, a thin purse and an easter bonnet, is a seasonable piece of fiction which the young and newly wed will appreciate a trifle more heartily than their elders. Eleanor Rinn contributes an interesting story of the Dakota plains, "Callahan, A Victim of the Law." The illustrations for these stories are by Worth Brehem, E. Bert Smith and Hanson Booth.

"Diplomas in Petticoats," the subject

"Diplomas in Petticoats," the subject of an article by Catherine Frances Cavof an article by Catherine Frances Cavanagh, deals interestingly with the Influence which women—climbers on the social ladder in Washington—have had on men who directed, and still direct, the affairs of the nation. It gives an insight into social and political intrigues of the capital that in their fullest sgnificance have been history making. Albert C. Stevens concludes his valuable series on the problems of fraternal organizations—insolvency. "Some Good Decorative Shrubs," by Eben E. Rexford: "The Garden Possibilities of a City Lot." by Ida D. Bennett: "A Dainty Room in Rose and Gray," by Arthur Gleed, and "Building with Concrete," by Adolph Reinick, are handsomely illustrated articles.

The departments directed to the

Promising Literary Career Started By Publication of a Letter.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence

ONDON, 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 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 sat-

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Elizabeth Robins, actress and author, is best known, perhaps, for her novel "The Magnetic 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.

Col. Arthur Scott, the assistant adjutant general of artillery in India. Col. Scott is one of the hercoes of the Boer war. His wife was born in India and has practically lived there all her life. She is an invalid, and was unable to walk for some years except with crutches.

walk for some years except with crutches.

Mrs. Scoti is the heroine of the dinner table bon-mot in which Lord Kitchener had a part. The story has been widely told and attributed to various p ple 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 in the vernacular giving almonds to a woman was "Kissmess" and payable with a kiss. Mrs. Scott agreed that it was a just debt, but said that on her marriage her husband made a special agreement that he would settle all liabilities incurred by her. Therefore, to Col. Scoti, sitting across the table, she referred Lord Kitchener.

Like a good many Anglo-Indians,

referred Lord Kitchener.

Like a good many Anglo-Indians,
Mrs. Scott is a splendid letter-writer.

To the Britisher in foreign climes, especially in India, the mails are of the
first importance. And it was through
one of her letters to a friend in England
that Mrs. Scott entered the literary
world.

that Mrs. Scott entered the literary world.

Her father, a crusty old general, soon after a particular brilliant piece of work, came home to England on leave. He did not expect any triumphal processions, but he had not been home for soven 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 Piccadilly, 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 kept waiting in an ante-room whil 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 looked up who said: "Hullo, old chap. Been out of town, haven't you? I haven't run across you lately. Beastly weather for liver," and then burled himself again in his newspaper.

The old general took the first train to the Rivitera. 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 wormed

south he found sunshine and made pleasant acquaintances. He was soon back in Inda. His daughter wormed the tale out of him. She wrote to a friend about it, in 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. It appeared in the Times with some names omitted, of course.

of course.

Every paper in India copied ii. Women in India today keep the clipping, and when they want a good cry, dig it up and read is.

And so the new "feminine Kipling," as her friends have dubbed her, schieved her literary birth.

As Alec Holmes she was deluged

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

Two generations of Charles Dickens's amily taking opposite sides in a forensic 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 at leading counsel for the prosecution and Henry's son, H. C. Dickens, conducted the defense of one of the necused 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 facile 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 rather's footsteps, but literature brought him few shekels and when he died he left a large family in situaltened circumstances. They are all now grown up, but none of them has ever "struck it rich." One of the girls is a dressmaker, another conducts a type-writing business and a third is a toacher in a kindergarten school. At the Dickens celebrations the prosperous son ensic battle was the novel spectacle witnessed last week at the Kent Assizos er in a kindergarten school. A Dickens celebrations the prosperou and his offspring always figure spicuously, but the poorer branch of the family is igored. The world has not changed much since Dickens ex-posed so many of its shams.

At a sale to be held in London there will be offered a volume of Molisce's works which was given to the enslavor of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, by a Miss Cornella Knight. What gives it value is the fact that it contains this inscription written on one of the blank pages by Lady Hamilton.

by Lady Hamilton:

"Given to me by Miss Knight, whom I thought good and sincere; we succoured, cherished, and protected her and her mother, Lady Knight, and brought them off from Naples to Sieliy. We gave shelter to Miss K. for near two years. We brought her free of expense to England. What has she done in "turn? Ingratitude, God forgive her, for although she is clever and learned, she is dirty, ill-bred, ungrateful, bad-mannered, false and deceiving. But my heart takes a nobler vengeance. O, forgive her:

"EMMA HAMILTON,"
One can imagine that the frail but y Lady Hamilton

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

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, Jan. 25, 1907:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Benson-House of Quiet. Bullock-Selected Readings in Public

Inance.
Chadwick-William Ellery Channing.
Clews-Twenty-e.gat Years in Wall
street.
Copper Manual, 1908.
Crothers-Understanding Heart.
Geronimo-Geronimo's Story of His Life.
Harrison-Memories and Thoughts.
Haynes-Election of Senators.
Keating-Maternity, Infancy and Childlood. Macfadden-Dynamo Electric Machin-

Marrin—Christ Among the Cattle.
F. Q.—How to Buy Life Insurance.
Patmore—Poems of Coventry Patmore
Saintsbury, Ed.—Caroline Foets, vol. 1.
Smith—Printing and Writing Materials.
Whiney Poems.
Winterburn—Children's Health. FICTION.

Hocking-Mistress Nancy Molesworth. Kingsley-Truthful Jane. Masstens-Woman's Victory. Orezy-I Will Repay. Russell-Jack's Courtship. Russell-Last Entry.

tusseli-Tale of the Ten, idewick-The Kinsman. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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Is-Good, but not prompt. C-Slow, too slow,

E-Require cash.

D-Doubtful.

F-One or more judgments against. G-Filed petition in bankruptcy, and included bills for ordinary necessities, H-Have one or more accounts

against for collection. V-Voluntary bankrupt

X-Involuntary bankrupt.

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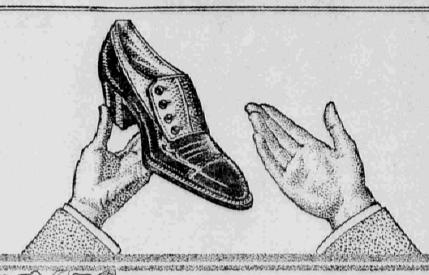
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