

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

UNTO THE DAY.

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work.
And therein stay,

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will give thee strength to bear
Its joy or sorrow.

A BALLAD OF BERNARD SHAW.

Do you know the ecstasial Shaw?
His morals embarrass,
His sophistries harass,
His cryptical popycock fills us with awe,
With a smothered guffaw,
He flicks on the raw,
Sarcastical, drastical, epastical Shaw.

He's a man of sporadic, radical views;
His wit is sardonic,
His style is ironic,
Upon his sub-subtleties, rapidly we muse,
Till our minds we confuse,
And we roundly abuse,
His curious, furious, spurious views.

He writes euphemistical, mystical plays,
In manner pugnasious,
On subjects audacious;
A whole melodrama is crammed in a phrase,
Yet so great is the craze,
That we rabidly praise,
His quarrelsome, moralsome, laurelsome plays.

His great pyrotechnical, technical works
Abound in mad mockery,
Pungent peacockery,
Marital moods that would shock even Turks—
Yet clergy and clerks
Quote the quips and the quirks
Of his wonderful, blunderful, thunderful works.

—Carolyn Wells in the Bookman.

NOTES.

The advance sales of Mr. Owen Wister's new novel, "Lady Baltimore," are so large that The Macmillan Company has put the book to press for a first edition of a hundred thousand copies.

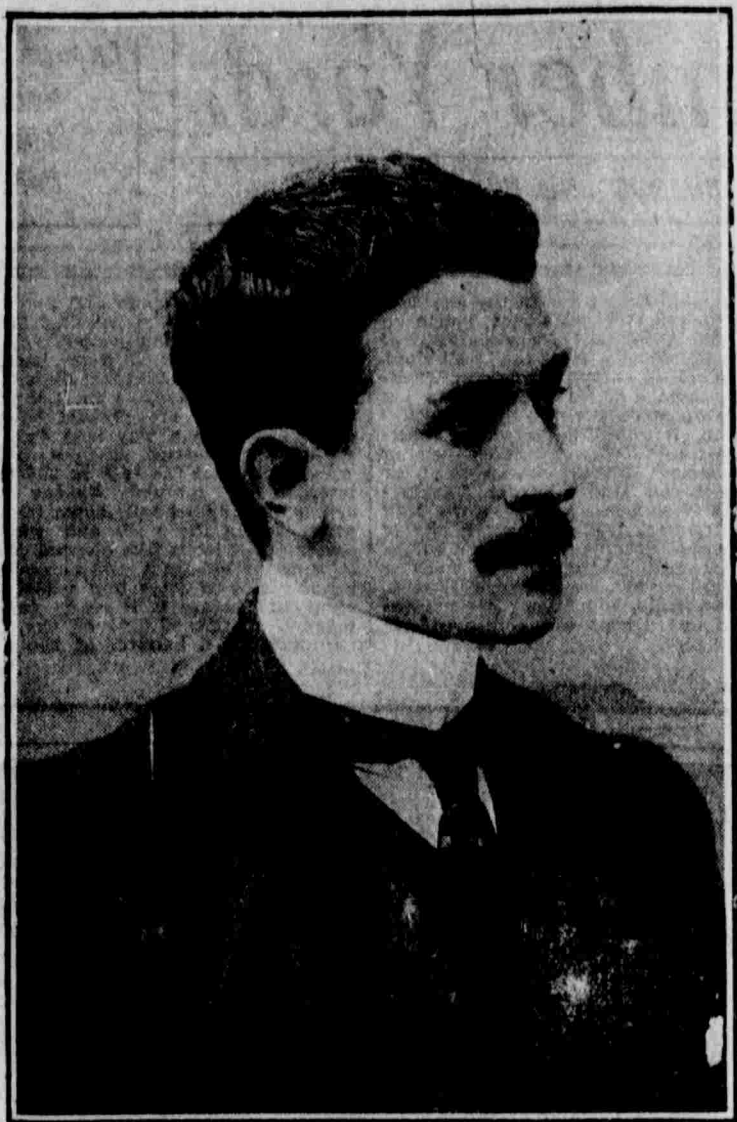
"The Title-Mart," Mr. Winston Churchill's play, which has already scored a considerable success on the stage, is just issued by The Macmillan Company in an attractive volume, similar in size to those in which Mr. Clyde Phillips' plays are appearing. The first edition of it says: "This play is an entirely new departure for Mr. Churchill, and in it he has shown a power of dialogue, a cutting wit, an ability for vivid character drawing which makes 'The Title-Mart' resemble the plays of George Bernard Shaw rather than anything hitherto done in America. The work of this type of play will find 'The Title-Mart' working while, with enough of force and rollicking humor."

Mr. Harold McGrath, author of "The Man on the Box," "Heart and Hand," and other very popular romances, has just sailed for Europe in search of the measure-rod of fiction. He is accompanied by Mrs. McGrath. Their romantic elopement about a year ago will be recalled.

While poets and bookellers are lamenting that these are the days for poetry, we have the cheerful declaration of one publisher (Forbes) that poetry is selling better than ever, but he is fortunate in having on his list such writers as: Ben Q. Nixon, Waterman, Fred Emerson Brooks, S. E. Kiser, and Edmund Vance Cooke. Certainly Ben Q. Nixon is the poet who has had the best of it, for he has not only sold his "Verne" going into the twelfth large edition.

The death of Henry Harland will arouse interest in his books, especially in the last one he published, "My Friend Prospero." Autograph collectors will be glad to know that an autograph edition of this book, on paper and in special binding, was brought out at the time of the publication of the regular edition. This edition of Mr. Harland signed by him, was limited to 500 copies, of which only a few are still unobtainable. Those who are writing biographies of the late Henry Harland will probably state that his common error and trademark is the common error and trademark of the late Henry Harland himself: that it is inaccurate. Mr. Harland was born, as who's who states in 1841, but the question of the place is complicated by the fact that Mr. Harland himself disagrees with the rec-

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PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Over five years' residence in South Africa—as correspondent during the war, as explorer, as prospector and as miner in the border states—prepared Percival Gibbon for writing the striking and original tales of the Veldt which appear in the book "Vrouw Grobelaar and Her Leading Cases."

Mr. Gibbon's weird and mysterious stories, filled with the bigotry of the Boer and the superstition of the Kaffir, combine to give a vivid picture of farm life among the Koppies. Fat, garrulous, old Vrouw Grobelaar driving home her advice to her brood with "pat" tales, terrifying or humorous, is a continual delight.

Mr. Gibbon is a Welshman, the son of a Nonconformist clergyman, whose life of continual adventure began with his running away to sea when a mere youth. He has recently been correspondent for the London Daily Mail at St. Petersburg.

BOOKS.

Francis Lynde has done excellent work in the line almost peculiarly his own—the fiction into whose web is woven the mechanisms of some industrial graft which plays an important part in the fortunes of his chief characters. In "The Quickenings," Mr. Lynde has again used this motive but with a new environment of scene, condition and character whose conception and detail have the essentials of an almost great book. "Tom Jeff" is a fine creation—and so genuinely human and natural that one's interest follows him with an absorption belonging appropriately to an active being, and his development from a sensitive, hereditarily spiritualized child into the independent thinker and hard-headed business man is described with the fine touch of naturalism that belongs to all of the author's work. An interesting side light is given by the publishers on this chief creation. They say: "The Quickenings," Francis Lynde's new novel, is so close and intimate a revelation of a man's life that some have suspected it to be autobiographical. The author, in reply to letters from interested readers, has recently acknowledged this to be true, at least in part. "The peculiar spiritual tangles in 'The Quickenings' are my own," he writes, "though I am far from believing that they are unusual. As a matter of necessity, the author translates more or less of his own thoughts and feelings—his personality—into one or more of his characters, and while I do not do this with conscious emphasis in the drawing of Tom-Jeff, the completed story shows me that I had done it to a greater degree with him than with any former fictional character of mine."

Perhaps this is the reason why Tom-Jeff, lovable southern boy that he is, seems veritable flesh and blood.

The book is bound to inevitable success, as have been all his previous ones. Bobbs-Merrill are the publishers.

No American story ever received more prompt praise than "The Clammer" (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) when it appeared in the Atlantic for August, 1905. That story was only the first of three. Its personages are Adam, a witty reclusive who loves to dig his own claims, Eve, who comes to startle and waylay the clammer's solitude. Goodwin the Rich, the other rich man, old Good's wife, and one other most important figure who appears in the final story of the series. The completed book, now offered to the reader, has the sort of charm which has made "True and I" the delight of two generations. Its delicate, half-whimsical style, the air of fine breeding, the subtle blending of light comedy with deep feeling, will give the book a unique place among twentieth century romances.

A book which will attract widespread attention is "Boyville," by John Gunkel, president of the National Newsboys' association. It is the true story of the founding of that society, which has done so much for the moral and financial benefit of the newsboys, and a copy of the book is sent to every newsboy. The incidents of the attendance of a battalion of newsboys at the inauguration ceremonies of Roosevelt, and the newsboys' day at the St. Louis fair all show to what importance the association has attained, and the contents of the book altogether are most interesting. It is published by the Franklin company of Toledo, O.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

If it were possible to ascertain the circulation of the more important magazines—the actual circulation, we mean—that claimed by too enthusiastic circulation managers—it is safe to say that the leaders would find themselves crowded pretty closely by "The Atlantic Monthly," a splendid showing for a publication that does not make a specialty of illustrations. In the April issue, just out, there is a remarkable assortment of stories, essays and poems, most of which are contributed by authors of established reputation. "Capricious Caroline," the novelette, is by E. Maria Albusani, author of "Susanah and One Other." It is a delightful story. Anna A. Rogers' "Grim-Visaged War," a tale of the Philippines during the early days of the American occupation, is another strong feature. Other interesting short stories are Churchill Williams' "In the Limousine"; P. S. Carlson's "The Lady and the Handkerchief"; Joseph C. Lincoln's "The Reincarnation of Captain Strabo"; Lucia Chamberlain's "Frankie Proposes"; Grace MacAvoy Cooke's "Lady Lament"; Jane Maurice's "Two White Blackbirds"; and May Harris' "The Truth." Anne Rittenhouse's novella, "The Gravel," is by the "Household" effectively disproves the idea entertained in some quarters that we are becoming a nation of flat-dwellers.

"The Easily Divorced" is the title selected by Mary Manners for her "Society as a Merry-go-Round" essay this month, while Channing Pollock discourses on theatrical matters generally, and incidentally tells why he feels justified in leaving the American playwright to Peter Pan. There is also some excellent poetry by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Charlotte Becker, Margaret Houston, and others. The cover design is by Stanley Alanson.

A rigid press censorship often prevents us nowadays from getting news from the front in time of war or other great events, as promptly as in the old days when Archibald Forbes and other famous war correspondents went their spurs; but in one respect the newspapers and periodicals of today have made a great advance. That is in having actual scenes reproduced by means of photography, instead of having them drawn from imagination by artists in their offices. As may be easily imagined, the men who go out to the various hot quarters of the earth to take these photographs lead a decidedly strenuous life and meet with many perilous adventures. Louis Joseph Vance, who is responsible for "The Gravel," is a number of other stories that have been very kindly received by the reading public, has embodied the experiences of one of these "staff photographers" in a series of stories to be published in The Popular Magazine. The generic title of the series is "Faraday Bobbs, Free-Lance," and in the April issue, just out, the ventureman Bobbs gets mixed up in the Khat Potemkin revolt in Russia. In this number there will also be found the second installment of E. Phillips Oppenheim's serial, "The Malefactor." This is one of the best stories published for many a day, and it will be a big sensation as did "Trilby." There are a fascinating novelette called "A Mesmeric Mystery," by J. E. Morton; three other serials by well-known authors, and a long list of short stories, crisp, snappy, and full of ginger. Some of the more interesting of these are "The Other Man," by Martin G. Plavin; "In Sheep's Clothing," by A. M. Chisholm; and "The Hoodoo," by B. M. Bower.

In the April Deliberator, an American lady who lived for many years in a city of Morocco, who is just now in the World's eye, writes of the conditions there, "where the only visible semblance of law and order is vested in grim rows of human heads stuck on spikes above the various gates." The difficulty of obtaining a house and the kind of a house was fitted up in a Moorish palace, whose owner was despatched for no other reason on earth except the possession of money, is interestingly told. It will be curious to note how the house was fitted up in a decent style and how servants were secured. The Christian population was

not large—probably fifteen or twenty families—and they eagerly recommended Arab servants of both sexes, from cook to valet, stevedore, and from nurse to fighting man. Dealing with these swarthy savages, with their violent passions and unreasonable ways of religion and life, was most uncanny. The conditions in this city amazed even the author, who might be supposed to grow accustomed to them. Think of going to a ball or dinner party all in one's dimtest frock and frills and being obliged to mount a growling, howling, roaring camel at the door! A swarthy, disagreeable, hulking brute who suddenly shoots one sky-high, as it seems, and goes gyrating down the wide and narrow street in the dazzling moonlight. As to the conditions of a pouring wet, soaking night, when perhaps one descends to the humble donkey with a slave to hold a big umbrella over the rider, and one plunges through mud ten inches deep. And yet the author would not exchange the far-away savage city of domes and minarets and the life of the East for the bustle of civilization. She would

crave for the Picture City, girl by the Atlantic sea; with its blinding white houses, flat roofed and palm topped, its glaring, narrow streets, and faint strange smells, and she would long for her quaint old Arab palace with its queer balconies and vast rooms, and bare-footed Arab servants to do the bidding of the Christian women.

The Latest Style.

The Count de Impecune was in despair. The haughty American heiress would have none of him. "French Counts," she informed him cuttingly, "are no longer the smart thing in husbands. They are not wearing them this year."

In the midst of his despair the Count de Impecune conceived a brilliant idea. Disguising himself as Gaston Prunier, he hired out to the proud beauty's father as a chauffeur. Within a fortnight the fair Hildegard eloped with him, first settling on him the income of \$1,000,000. A reconciliation with the family is expected.—Puck.

Grocer's Literary Treasure Bought by a Rich American.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 21.—Here is the rather pathetic little story of how a rare Dickens book that once was the pride of a small London "greengrocer's" heart recently became the property of a rich American bibliophile. The story comes from W. T. Spencer, the London bookseller and Dickens specialist, who owns the largest and most perfect collection of this author's works in the world, and was told me the other day in the course of a talk on book collecting generally.

Remembering that nowadays there are six men who collect Dickens for one who collects Scott, and perhaps four to the one who collects Thackeray, this London speaker, Mr. "Boo" declared that of the many Dickens enthusiasts who have dealt with him by far the "keenest" have been those least able to afford such luxuries, and he insisted that the greengrocer already referred to as a case in point.

For several years, it seems, this humble tradesman, who dealt in such things as Pinocchio, was one of Mr. Spencer's best customers, and the dealer says he sold him the only perfect copy of "The Strange Gentleman" that he has ever seen. It cost the little seller of vegetables exactly \$250, and he paid for it in monthly installments of \$25 each. "Their dealings had a funny side, too," for it seems that the greengrocer's wife, an excellent, no doubt, in other respects, did not sympathize with her husband's love for rare "Dickenses," and he had to employ all sorts of stratagems in order to smuggle his cherished volumes on to his shelves without detection by her. Occasionally, in fact, declared Spencer, some of the costly Dickens first editions would be tied on to the greengrocer's back under his coat, and thus conveyed by him to his modest library.

At other times, if his parcel of books was too big for discretion in this way, a man from Spencer's would carry it down to the street in which the greengrocer had his shop and when the coast was clear, the bibliophile shopkeeper would make a signal to that effect. He always insisted, however, that the books dealer's messenger should have a seal of ginger-beer, so that if his wife suddenly looked in it would seem as if an ordinary customer was being served.

The greengrocer's client finally fell on evil days, however, added Spencer, "for having endorsed an old friend's bill for about \$2,000 he was suddenly obliged to furnish the money, and in order to do this he had to sell his beloved collection, including 'The Strange Gentleman.' This valuable copy was eventually sold for \$250, and quite recently it was acquired by an American millionaire, whose name I am not at liberty to mention for \$1,500, and it is now on the other side of the Atlantic.

Among many other Dickens treasures, W. T. Spencer's priceless collection includes the famous first edition of "Pickwick Papers," which was in 20 parts. The more warpage of part one is alone worth \$200.

Meanwhile, the 54th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens has led one of his admirers to search the London directory for names borne by his characters. The results disprove the popular notion that Dickens's exercises in nomenclature were too wild to be true to life. One Oliver Twist was discovered and two members of the Sikes family, but the creation of the disreputable "Bill" is doubtless responsible for the fact that a much larger number have changed the spelling of their patronymic to Sykes. One Pickwick was found and six Wellers. Other Pickwickian characters are represented by one Winkle, nine Trotters, one Bardell, 37 Sawyers—none of whom, by the way, are doctors—and one Wardle. Paul Dombey appears as a tailor and Dombey & Son carry on the same business. There are 11 Chicks, and six Tanleys, four Ruggles, four Guppies and 27 Mrs. Harris, but diligent search failed to discover one Mrs. Gamp. But the rank of the dressmakers discloses a Mantlin in real life.

Queer sounding as are most of the Dickensian names it can be said as Quaker that the great novelist invented them. It was at Sherborne, according to an old resident, that he first ran across the name of Guppy. He was out walking with Macready of histrionic renown when he noticed the patronymic inscribed on a brass door plate. It caught his fancy at once and he noted it down in his notebook. Not long afterward appeared the story that made the name a familiar one to the English-speaking world.

If Mrs. de Horne Valsey had published her recent amusing little book, "How Like the King" in Germany, she might have been held guilty of "lese majeste." She makes Edward VII of England spend a week or so at a small suburban residence to find out how sturdy-looking, loyal middle class" lives. Some people have supposed that the incident might really have happened, but that it is entirely untrue. However, that it is entirely untrue, too, is a fact which does not seem to have prevented him from under-taking it. There can be no doubt, however, that the incident is a very good one, and it is a pity that it is not a much better post at Hamburg is of

The transference of Baron von Hoyking of the German diplomatic service from the legation at Belgrade to a much better post at Hamburg is of

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done most to deserve them, but to some third person who simply happens along. Now, however, that her husband has resolved the much coveted post of Prussian minister at Hamburg, she will probably conclude that merit does occasionally meet with its due reward in this topsy turvy world and may, in consequence, treat us to something of a much more cheerful character than her last work. Optimism pays even in literature.

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