

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

EVEN SONG.

Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led, Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content, But now the hours of dew and dream are fled, Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed Thy warning in the skies, We have not heard Thy voice nor known Thy fold, But now the world is darkening to our eyes, Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet stream turns bitter with our tears, Now dies the star we followed in the west, Now are we sad and ill at ease with years, Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light, Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam, Our day is past and swiftly falls Thy night, Lord, lead us home.

—Marjorie Pickthall, in Metropolitan Magazine.

SONG.

Above the edge of dark appear the lanes of the sun; Along the mountain ridges clear his rosy heralds run; The vapors down the valley go Like broken armies, dark and low. Look up, my heart, from every hill In folds of rose and daffodil The sunrise banners flow.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boddy owls of night! O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light! For new, and new, and ever-new The golden bird within the blue; And every morning seems to say: "There's something happy on the way, "And God sends love to you!"

—Henry Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine.

NOTES

Who hears now or who recalls now the name of the author of that splendid poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead"? Probably not one in a thousand ever heard of Theodore O'Hara, and yet the poem he wrote is perhaps the finest of its kind in the English language. O'Hara was the son of an Irish refugee, who fled to America after taking part in the Fitzgerald uprising in 1798. He was born in Danville, Ky., in 1820, and after graduating from St. Joseph's college, entered the law office of John C. Breckinridge. He served later in the Civil war and also in the Mexican war. It was from his experiences in the Mexican war that O'Hara took his inspiration for his poem, Kentucky erected a monument in memory of her sons who had fallen in battle, and it was at the dedication of this monument that O'Hara read his poem. Here is a magnificent verse from this masterpiece of elegant composition:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldiers' last tattoo; No more our flags shall meet That brave and fallen foe, On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards the mournful road To the bivouac of the dead."

Real personages in fiction are quite different. Among the latest of distinguished Americans to appear in a book is Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Boston. Not in a major role, however. It is reserved for her second novel, "The Bivouac of the Dead," as she is popularly known. In "I and My True Love" by H. A. Mitchell Keays, which Small, Maynard & Co. have just published, appears a personage, "Mrs. Planter," of "Moorway Court," who has immediately been recognized as a slightly disguised characterization of "Mrs. Gardner" of "Pen-day Court." Other characters in the book are also easily recognized by the present generation of Bostonians. This is Mrs. Keays' first New England story, her previous books, such as "The Road to Damascus" and "He that Eat-eth Bread with Me," dealing with life in the middle west.

A rather curious phase of literary development, writes a London correspondent to the Columbia State, "is the number of books dealing with occult subjects. Several libraries are being formed containing nothing but books on spiritualism, occultism, and kindred subjects." The writer goes on to state that at the two principal libraries of this literature in London, those of the Psychological Research society and the London Spiritualist Alliance, there are now upwards of 5,000 volumes. A very considerable demand from Great Britain for recent works by Dr. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and of other American writers on psychic subjects, has been noted during the past year or two.

A new English edition has been required for "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" by Hereward Carrington, published in this country by Small, Maynard & Co.

Harold MacGrath says that he owes his start in romancing to a physical defect. He was a newspaper reporter and deaf, and he heard only half of what was said to him and had to make

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. LYDIA D. ALDER AT SIXTEEN.

This interesting picture shows a well known Salt Lake lady as she looked during the war times in St. Louis. She was then Miss Lydia Dunford, daughter of the pioneer merchant, George Dunford, who was in business in St. Louis at that time. Miss Dunford heard many echoes of the Civil war strife, as some bloody battles were fought not very far from St. Louis and she with many other of the girls of that city, took part in sewing at the hospitals for the wounded soldiers. She narrates many interesting incidents of those days, and tells how Jenny Lind gave a concert in aid of the wounded soldiers which realized an enormous sum.

is evidenced by the publication in London this fall of Camille Flammarion's "Mysterious Psychic Forces" and Prof. James H. Hyslop's "Psychical Research and the Resurrection," both from the list of the American house of Small, Maynard & Co., their English publisher is T. Fisher Unwin.

"The Witching Hour," Augustus Thomas' novel based upon his vast successful play, is to be ready sooner than was anticipated. Mr. Thomas has been busy despatching final proofs to the Harpers, who expect to publish the book on the first of October. As this is positively Mr. Thomas' first appearance as an author, some useful hints should be coming from him before he should be on the repetitive case, enjoyment, and profit of writing a play and writing a novel.

BOOKS

An amazing novel is "The Man Who Ended War," by Hollis Godfrey. This story deals with a man who, single-handed, destroyed a dread purpose, destroyed battalions, and established a new and mysterious invention. It is furthermore a swinging tale of how two strong American young men and one charming American girl were caught in the strange web which moved mighty nations to resort to peace. The scenes change from Washington to New York, to London, to Wolkstone on the English channel, and to the Rines beyond Singapore and back again to America, while the reader's interest in the remarkable tale deepens with each succeeding chapter.

"The Long Arm of Maniester," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. As a creator of ingenious and thrilling plots, Mr. Oppenheim undoubtedly stands first among the fiction writers of the day, and in his latest story he displays his remarkable gift of invention and narration which has placed him "at the head of entertaining writers." "The Long Arm of Maniester" is unlike any of Mr. Oppenheim's other popular stories. The hero, Maniester, a powerfully drawn character, is the victim of a cruel plot of a band of conspirators. Undaunted by the great odds against him, he proceeds to revenge himself. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to map out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. One by one the brave and resourceful Maniester seeks out his enemies and single-handedly administers to them the punishment they deserve. His quest takes him to many parts of the world and the ingenuity of his device and boldness of execution of his astounding adventures keep the reader enthralled to the very end. Superbly illustrated by Frank Schnapp, handsomely bound in cloth, price \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, on sale at Deseret News Book store.

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch is the title of the new novel by Henry Wallace Phillips, author of "Red Saunders" and "Plain Mary Smith." Illustrated in nine pictures in color by F. Graham Coates. It is a straight appeal to the sympathies through the faith of childhood, the supreme, universal appeal. A brave story, full of action and honest sentiment, compact of style, emotions and elemental virtues—courage, kindness, the never-say-die friendships of men close to nature, and love of the open reaches and the steep places. A remarkable book, for people do not forget the stories which fill their eyes and mellow their lives. That is the Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch.

The author, whose robust humor is no less because his tenderness is greater than ever, invites you to know the heart of a man, the heart of a boy, and the heart of a girl. The man is homey and plain and big-hearted, the kind of man who belongs to his name, Jim. And the boy, too, wears the same name with just as good a right. The man is out West, you're not formally introduced to him; that, somehow,



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, is the most picturesque as well as spectacular figure in New York. Mr. Hammerstein has made and lost millions in building and operating various theaters in and around New York, but for some time now he has been smiling on him and his star is in the ascendency. He is, perhaps, the most versatile man in this country, among other things having made and won a large wager by writing the book and score of a light opera and all within twenty-four hours.

amid these plains and mountains seems unnecessary. The boy Jim is adopted by the man Jim after he has run away from the cruel people who call themselves his parents, but who obviously are not, and who have beaten and starved him in the slums of New York. The partnership and the mutual devotion of the two Jims—that is the story, plus the woman in the case, of course. She is Big Jim's sweetheart, back in the east, and his love of her is the underlying motive of all that occurs.

Well, it just weaves its spell around your heart, until you're laughing one minute and crying the next, or more likely doing both at the same time. And when Little Jim rescues Big Jim from the sunken shaft, you want to get up and yell your delight, and you actually do it when the girl decides she will hit Jim after all.

So The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch is one of those rare stories that have the happy effect of making people believe in the goodness of the world, of lifting one's estimate of human nature, of unconsciously melting barriers and of leaving a sweet taste in the mouth. It is, therefore, particularly appropriate as a gift in the holiday season, and the extremely attractive appearance of the volume increases and heightens this appropriate effect. It is long since we have seen in any book better illustrations than Mr. Phillips' charming pictures for Mr. Phillips' charming story.—Bobb's Merrill company, On sale Deseret News Book store.

"Cupid's Almanac," the latest work of the always-amusing Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay, seems likely to be the holiday gift of the year. It is a delightful book, a few thousand years ago, it is needed; the world has needed it for a long time. Adam, even, might have been a better gardener had this book been available. Who can say? Perhaps he would not have had to give up the old farm and move away, had he had this Almanac to guide him. And then there are Hera and Lander, Paris and Helen, Abelard and Heloise, Paolo and Francesca, and so many, many others—how different it might all have been had we only published this little book a few thousand years ago! We are filled with regret. The one consolation thought is that we are better fitted for our work now. We are wiser, we think wiser. The Almanac is dedicated "To Lovers and Lovers of Lovers," especially at Christmas. The illustrations include 12 full-page pictures in color by Mr. Herford and an equal number by Mr. Clay, besides numerous smaller sketches by each artist. On sale at Deseret News Book Store.

"Hawaiian Idylls of Love and Death" is the title of a new book by the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, F.R.G.S., M.R.S.A. (London), author of "The Paradise of the Pacific," "The Kingdom of Man," etc. It is not always that the dweller in foreign lands possesses the gift of gathering his most marvelous mysteries, and translating them into superb English. Such a combination is essential to a true rendering of the historical myths and idylls of any people; and it is not too much to say that the gifted author of "The Paradise of the Pacific" and other books, in this last series of prose tales is surpassed by no writer on similar themes, and equalled by few. Every line of the little book is a delight and an incitement to deeper delving in the poetic history of the simple savages. There are eleven idylls in all, and their poetic titles afford but a faint suspicion of the charm of the narratives so exquisitely told. Here is the list: "The Poison Goddess of Molokai, the Story of the Kitha-Pu, the Splintered Paddle, the Slandered Priest of Oahu, Keala, Pele Declares for Kamehameha, the City of Refuge, Sweet Lollhua, the Spouting Cave of Lanai, Lono's Last Martyr, Keava, a Story of Kuluwau.—Coehran Pub. Co., New York.

No. 1—HEROES OF HISTORY. Romulus, the "Wolf Boy," Who Founded an Empire

Written for the Deseret News. TWO babies—twin brothers—were thrown into the little Italian river Tiber one day nearly twenty-seven centuries ago. This was the way their great-uncle, Amulius, took of settling their future claims to the rulership of the walled town of Alba Longa. Amulius had overthrown the twins' grandfather, Numitor, from his position of chief, had murdered the latter's son and daughter, and now cleared away his last obstacle by putting the daughter's two babies into a basket and tossing them into the Tiber.

The basket was caught by the rapid current and swept out of sight downstream. But it did not sink. Borne up by its own lightness, it was at last caught among some tree trunks at the base of a hill. This hill was later called the Palatine, and was the site of the first city of Rome. The basket upset, rolling the twins out on the wet sand, a wolf came down to the water to drink. She saw the babies and (as has sometimes occurred in other countries) carried them unharmed to her cave, where she brought them up with her own cubes.

A herdsman named Faustulus found the children there and took them home with him. He called them Romulus and Remus, and brought them up as shepherds. They grew tall and strong above their fellows, and became leaders of the herdsmen. A fight broke out one day between their followers and the servants of their grandfather Numitor, the deposed chief of Alba Longa. Remus was captured, Romulus rescued his friends and rushed to his brother's rescue. In the battle that followed Amulius, their great-uncle who had thrown them into the Tiber, was killed. Numitor recognized his grandsons and would have taken them back with him to Alba Longa. But, finding they were of royal birth, they resolved to start a city of their own. So they chose a site, and in 753 B. C. set about building what is now known as Rome.

The ground was marked out, and Romulus with a brazen plough drawn by snow-white cattle drove a deep furrow or trench where the walls should later stand. He left unroughed spaces for the gates, and commanded that no one should enter or leave the city except through those gate spaces. To make sure this order should not be disobeyed he set a man to guard the trench. This man was the swiftest runner and most active athlete in all Italy. His name was Celer. From this our word "celerity" is derived. Remus, who had set his heart on another site than the one chosen for the city, made fun of all these precautions, and to show his contempt for the trench leaped over it. Celer, in fury, struck him dead with a spade, then escaped before he could be captured. Romulus was probably not sorry to get rid of a brother who must otherwise have shared his rule, for he merely said, "So perish all who pass over my walls!" and continued the building of his new city.

Here a great difficulty arose. It was easier to build a city than to fill it with citizens. Romulus had only a handful of followers. No outsiders cared to join the colony. So he issued a proclamation that all criminals, slaves, debtors and other unfortunates could find free refuge in Rome and would be safe there from their enemies and from justice. He made the offer under the auspices of the god Asylum. Hence our modern word "asylum." People flocked by the hundreds to this refuge city. But the problem of population was no nearer solution than before. For the populace were nearly all men. Scarcely a woman could be found in all Rome.

This defect did not discourage Romulus. He invited the Sabines—a race inhabiting the neighboring country—to a religious festival. In the midst of the festivities each of his followers seized one of the daughters of the Sabines and carried her away. The visitors were unarmed and could not rescue the girls. But they sent two expeditions in quick succession against Rome. Both of these Romulus beat back. Then the Sabines tried to win by cunning. The key to Rome's strength was a fortress rock on the Capitoline hill. They bribed Tarpeia, daughter of the citadel's commander, to open its gates to them. She consented to do this on condition that each Sabine would give her what he wore on his left arm—in other words, his gold bracelet. The Sabines kept their share of the bargain. For they not only threw her their bracelets, but also hurled at her head the heavy shields they wore on their left arms, battering her to death.

The Sabines thus entered the city. Romulus and his men defended themselves as best they could. While the battle was at its height the girls who had been stolen from the Sabines rushed between the lines of combatants and begged their would-be rescuers to spare the Romans, whom by this time the abducted women had grown to love. The plea for their new husbands was so earnest that it touched the Sabines' hearts. Peace was declared and henceforth the two nations dwelt as one, Romulus sharing the rulership with Tattius, the Sabine king. But soon Tattius died, leaving Romulus sole sovereign of the united people.

For 40 years he ruled—wisely, kindly and justly—and Rome grew steadily more and more powerful. But he was not content. One day while the people were assembled on the Field of Mars a violent thunderstorm burst above them. They scattered, running for shelter. In the confusion, Romulus vanished. His friends, whom he had doubtless instructed in the matter, declared he had been snatched up by heaven and had become a god. With such a seeming miracle to inspire them the Romans continued to follow their vanished king's precepts and considered themselves and their city especially favored by the gods. What really became of Romulus no one knows, except that he sacrificed his throne, his home and his future for the good of his people.

And, in consequence of this sacrifice, the nation he had formed became the greatest on earth.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

- The following 25 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Nov. 8, 1908. MISCELLANEOUS. De Garmo—Principles of Secondary Education, vol. 2. Hale—South Americans. Hunter—Socialists at Work. Hyslop—Psychical Research and the Restored. Kellogg—Insect Stories. Phillips & Carr—Faust. Lounsbury—Standard of Usage in English. Paris—Care of Automobiles. Reppner—Happy Half-century. Spargo—Common Sense of the Milk Question. FICTION. Doyle—Round the Fire Stories. Fox—Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Henderson—Lighted Lamp. Sinclair—Money changers. Warner—Original Gentleman. White—Riverman.

- CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Baylor—Little Prospector. Davidson—Wonder Book. Harrison—Flaming Sword. Harrison—Prince Silver Wings. Lang—Tales of Troy and Greece. Phipps—Dear Daughter Dorothy. Smith—Adventures of a Doll. Upton—Marie Antoinette's Youth. Wesselschoff—Rover. CONSUMPTION STATISTICS. prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by C. M. I. Drug Dept., 12 and 14 South Main St.

BRACING CAVALRY HORSES.

The average cavalryman is not a broncho buster and does not take kindly to breaking his mount to saddle. The government, to equip the cavalry regiments with requisite mounts, is compelled to draw largely from the unbroken horses of the western ranches, as such animals, when handled, have proved very capable mounts and can be purchased at figures much below the value of state-bred horses.

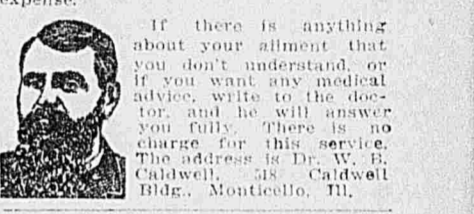
It has been necessary for the government to employ professional horse breakers to manner new consignments before the mounts are assigned to regular service. The breaking of these horses under the rough ranch methods often soured their dispositions and makes them unmanageable and difficult to manage. To meet conditions that are annually becoming more aggravated the government has decided to establish remount stations, where green mounts can be broken to saddle before being assigned to service. Old Fort Reno has been equipped as one of the remount stations, and it is expected that the management will be able to graduate more than 1,000 horses annually fit for cavalry mounts. As

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