

MY WEALTH.

My wealth is this: The wrench of soul When thou wert taken; the long control So hardly won; contentedly To walk alone, nor grudge Heav'n thee.

My wealth is this: One moment's space To dwell in memory on thy face. From all my thronged and hurried day

To clutch this memory fast alway.

My wealth is this: Ne'er may I see Thee here, but still unswervingly My spirit leaps to thine, so I, Exultant, time and space defy.

Though land and sea of leaf and sall Be void, and flaming suns grow pale; E'en though earth sink into the abyss, I'll be with thee! My wealth is this. -Elizabeth Graeme Barbour in Ainslee's.

NOTES

Jules Verne's anticipation of some of the achiements of modern science used to be cited as marvelous instances of the scientific imagination can ve. That latter-day Jules Verne, **Mr.** H. G. Wells, has it seems, gone a step further than his predecessor by actually showing the way to the scientists. An article in the current World's Work on Licut. Selfridge, who lost his life in the accident to the Wright aero-plane at Fort Myer, says that a few days before his death he spoke of get-ting valuable facts out of a story of war in the air written by a well known pavelist. The story reformed to is of novelist. 'The story referred to is, of course, Mr. Wells' new novel, "The War in the Air."

If Augustus Thomas, who wrote The Witching Hour, published now by the Harpers in the form of a novel, does not come into an author's fame as soon as another man might, he will have his distinction as a dramatist to blame for it. Mr. Thomas has written half a dozen of the most delightful plays of contemporary life. His views on the drama are cagerly quoted by asplring young playwrights, and it is note-worthy that in spite of the light, often gray tone of Mr. Thomas' work, the theater to him is a place of ideals. "An ideal" says Mr. Thomas "is a mental ldeal," says Mr. Thomas, "Is a mental picture which more or less governs our conduct. We ourselves outgrow our

that a serpentine invention, though' It's like arguing on behalf of your prisoner that he must have been an honest man or he wouldn't have stolen the money! No wonder juries get mixed up--and--and--all of us. I wish Col. Harvey would take to the law and use some of his diabolical arguments from Women, etc. Then somebody could an-swer back!" oner that he must have been an hones

Edward Peple's exquisite story, "The Mallet's Masterpiece," has been done into a gift book of a great deal of beau-ty which Moffat, Yard & Company will bring out at once. The illustrations are by C. M. Burd. The text is printed in two colors.

Crittenden Marriott, author of "Uncle Sam's Business," the new Harper book which tells about government enter-prises, besides being himself in the gov-ernment service, has a family history of government connections behind him. of government connections behind him. Mr. Marriott is descended from an aunt of Thomas Jefferson and from an un-cle of Zachary Taylor. He is equally proud of his relationship to "Light-horse Harry Lee" of the Continental army, a relative of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He is also a great-grandson of the well known Senator John J. Crit-tenden of Kenucky. tenden of Kenucky.

Katherine Jewell Everts, author of "The Speaking Voice," is a young Min-nesota woman who has her studio in Boston, and who, nevertheless, spends much of her time in New York. Miss Everts, who is best known for her gift of interpretative reading, chiefly dra-matic, was trained for the platform at the close of her school days, and has been upon the stage, notably in Miss Rehan's production of "The Taming of the Shrew," and in more modern dramas of Browning and Macterlinck. It was the experience gained in all three phases of her art—reading, teach-ing and eating—that lad Miss Everts to ing, and acting-that led Miss Everts to write "The Speaking Voice," which the write "The Speaking Voice," which the Harpers have just published Of rare Interest is this author's assertion that she learned more about beautiful tones than the most gifted human voice could convey to her through listening to the wind in the pines high up in the Colo-rado Rockies, 9,000 feet above the sea. "My Story," Hall Caine's new book which the critics are finding especially useful for its material on other men contains an incident relating to Wilkie Collins' "The Woman in White" which adds interest to a recent reprint by the Harpers of this famous story. Collins and Mr. Caine became acuainted while the former was living a hermit life in the former was living a hermit life in a large dingy house in Gloucester Square, and there it was that the for-mer related this incident. Shortly aft-er the publication of "The Woman in White," a lady came to him and sald: "The great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you do not really know a villain, Your Count Force is a very boor one, and when not really know a villam, 1 our count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that de-scription I trust that you will not dis-dain to come to me. I know a villain the man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband." The lady, adds Mr. Caine with candor, was the wife of Edward Bulwer Lytton. An important new contribution to the literature of psychical research is an-nounced by Small, Maynard & Co.-a discussion of "The Coming Science," by discussion of "The Coming Science," by Hereward Carrington, author of "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism." others. A distinguished member of the Ameri can Society for Psychical Research who read the book in the manuscript pro-nounced it "thte best, finest, sanest, and most telling book in defence of the subject yet penned."

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS



GROUP OF OLD TEMPLE BLOCK WORKERS.

This interesting group of old timers shows the force of men who worked on the temple walls in the summer and fall of 1876, and most of them were employed during the whole time, from that date to the date of completion of the structure. This picture is quite interesting from the fact that it was taken the day the first stone was hoisted upon the walls by steam power, and on that day(in thesummer of 1876.) President Brigham Young came down to supervise the operation and to put the first stone in place. The building was then onlyup to the basement.

The late H. C. Barrell who died only last week, was the engineer in charge, and he brought the picture to the News Office only a few days before his death. One of his remarks, which now has a sad significance, was that the old timers were rapidly passing away, and that he was atways pleased to see their faces in the Saturday News.

Back row reading from left to right:

George Killpack, joint washer; Henry Gaines, guyrope man; Theodore Forsall, derrick man; Robert Swain, stone setter; Charles Kropf, stone clamper; Evan Morgan, guy rope man; Charles Barrel, sand washer; John Hoffman, mortar man.

Front Row-J. J. Barrell, Derrick man; H. C. Barrell, engineer; Thomas Jones, boss stone setter; John Morgan, stone setter of fine rock; James Harrison, stone selector for the teams; Richard James, Sr., derrick man.

The boys are Fred Hill, water boy, and Richard James, Jr., mortar mill boy.

head over heels in love with her. The nead over heels in love with her. The ordinary reader of fiction will find this an absorbing story. But it should ap-peal also to the religious thinker, to the scientific inquirer and to the seeker after truth. Certainly, it is a contrast to many books of the day, and on this ground will arouse curiosity.—New ground will arouse curiosity .- New York; Harper & Brothers.

Miss Betty of New York is a charm-ing story, adapted for children oof 12 or 14, of the friendship and adventures of Betty and Chris. They encountered strange experiences in leaving New York for the country, and were res-cued by Betty's quick wit. Of the inci-dents of country life, Chris's loyal stand for his father's memory, and his plunge into the world abone, there is a series of pictures characterized by symseries of plctures characterized by sym-patry, vivacity, and humor. For the closing adventures and the outcome the reader must turn to the story. The the reader must turn to the story. The quaint and sunny character of Miss Betty, the peacemaker, and the lovable and manly figure of Chris represents examples which will enlist the inter-cest and sympathy of older readers, and fascinate the children.—New York; Harper & Brothers.

Under the Great Bear, is a new story by Kirk Monroo to add to his great books for boys. A young mechanical engineer goes off to Newfoundland and Labrador for an iron and copper com-pany. On the way an iceberg wrecks the ship, he drifts alone on a raft, and is plaked up by a schooner likewise is picked up by a schooner, likewise bound for Newfoundland, but for an-other port. On these shores the French

| gin with, that is very rarely encoun- | presents in its table of contents a most gin with, that is very parely encoun-tered elsewhere. Each one of the sto-ries contains a story in the true sense of the word, that is to say, there is always a point to be made upon which everything else, characters, incidents, style, depends.

The complete novel, "The Letter," by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, illustrates this; so does "The Art Agent" by Clara E. Laughlin, "Mimi of the Miracles," by Will Levington Comfort, "To the Res-cue" by Francis Willing Wharton, and "Flanders" by Quentin M. Drake. As one reads these stories he feels that the narrative is leading up to some climax which will satisfy and justify the interest that holds him. The statement that this number con-tains stories by Joseph C. Lincoln and

tains stories by Joseph C. Lincoln and Mary H. Vorse will be good news to thousands of magazine readers who never miss any of the work of these two authors. Mabel Nelson Thurston has a very striking and original short story, called "The Unforeseen," and E.

story, called "The Unforeseen," and E. Nesbit has one of her most delightful tales, entitled "The Little Chap," with a Christmas flavor. The Bridge articles, "Around the Bridge Table," continue to be one of the best features, as do also those on the musical season, "In Musicland."

remarkable collection of short stories Strong, live, clean, straight-from-the-shoulder fiction that appeals to the heart of the average American. The "real stuff" without too many frills and furbelows of style—which too often con-ceal a vacuum—is what the People's ceal a vacuum-is what the People's stands for prominently, and such the reader will find in every story of this number.

The opening page shows an exquisite tion of the painting by De Bel Bebe, done in most delicate seashell tints on fine nearmeled paper. This is one of the new series in which the People's presents to its readers the notable paintings of famous women upon the stage.

The long complete novel, "When Love's Abroad," is by Marjorie Benton Cooke, whose "Queen Titania," which appeared in a recent number, was so

cordially received by our readers. "When Love's Abroad" is a story of a wild rose of a girl called Budd, a kind of Lady Ragged Robin, who, like Topor Lady Ragged Robin, who, like rop-sy, "jes' growed." living around her dissipated father's racing stables, rid-ing, playing poker, swearing like a trooper, "a dirty, cussin' little snipe," as she describes herself. She is trans-planted to the home of a sweet, gentle old Queles lady "a theolady" as Budd The People's Magazine for December old Quaker lady, "a thee-lady," as Budd an ideal special number.

says, and there the blossoming begins Miss Cooke has the rare creative ulty of making her characters so real and human, so full of sparkle and laughter, that you do not care at all what they do, if only they will consent to stay in and "visit with you." You linger with chuckles and pure delight inger with chuckles and pure delight over each page, and at the close you wish you hadn't read it at all so you might begin right over. "Chester and the Honorable John."

"Chester and the Honorable John." by Jay Hardy, is a lively political tale, which deals with the love-affairs of a fair young copper-halred stenographer and her Irish employer, who is a Tam-many Hall spellbinder, "The Chattel Mortgage," by Calvin' Johnston, is a child-story with some of the beauty and fancifulness that one finds in Dick-ens' "Cricket on the Hearth." Quite dif-ferent is the "Snub Smith, Office-voy," varn, by W. S. Story. yarn, by W. S. Story. The Youth's Companion for

The Youth's Companion for this week is the Thanksgiving number, and comes with a beautiful cover design, a young girl in pretty pleture hat, and carrying a great bunch of red and white chrysanthemums. There are a number of delightful stories and poems, and with the usual good matter in the departments make up

you know a duchess when you do not. In both cases, you know on-ly the title. Let us tell the truth about our little bit of knowledge," he continued, "and of our immense tract of ignorance. Let us not pretend to have read what we have not noted, or to be profound students of what we have merely skimmed. I know it needs a great deal of courage to stand up in a cultivated audience and confess that we have never read through "Paradise Lost." Let us try to be sin-cere and unaffected on this subject. Let none pose as being more bookish or of a more 'literary turn' than he really is."

COMING TO FRONT AGAIN.

These are merely words of wisdom which many may take to heart. It these mere merely words of wisdom which many may take to heart. It might be said in passing that Anthony Hope's popularity seems to nave in-creased within the last year. There was a time quite recently when the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" was almost forgotten; but his many admin-ers will be glad to learn that he is again in the swim. Anthony Hope deserves success, and the story of how he won fame should encourage the lit-erary aspirant of these days when it is recalled that his first book—"A Man of Mark"—was a failure. He brought it out at his own expense, and nearly everyone predicted that he would never be heard of in the world of letters. It is said that today Anthony Hope is sure of an income of nearly \$16,000 a year; and the royalties from his books are increasing. tre increasing.

"BLACKSTICK PAPERS."

A daughter of Thackeray-Lady A daughter of Thackerny-Lady Ritchie-has recently brought out a book of personal reminiscences under the title of "Blackstick Papers." Lady Ritchie is the great novelist's eldest daughter, and has inherited much of her father's ability. She has been a writer all her life, and has produced fully a dozen good sload volumes range writer all her life, and has produced fully a dozen good-sized volumes, rang-ing through fiction, essays, biographics and reminiscences, to say nothing of her famous biographical edition of her father's works. Lady Ritchie is now well advanced in years—it is perhap; characteristic that "Who's Who" does not give the date of her birth, each her characteristic that "Who's Who" does not give the date of her birth—and has a son and a daughter. Her published photographs bear a marked resem-blance to her father; and critics say that her style is a close imitation of his work. It seems strange that living descendants of great writers like Dickens, Thackeray and others, should be bringing out books. Their names on the backs of novels certainly call up hosts of vivid recollections.

MRS. GASKELL'S POPULARITY.

Another lady novelist of the "salary days." whose work is receiving much attention just now is Mrs. Gaskell, au-thor of the widely read "Cranford." Several editions of this famous book have recently been published, and the author is achieving a fame which wus contained denian her life. Mrs. certainly denied during her life. Mrs. died in Manchester. There are two unmarried daughters-Miss Meta and immarried daughters—Miss Meta and Miss Julia—who live in Manchester at Plynouth Grove, the house in which "Cranford" was written. For many years—during their mother's life— Plymouth Grove was the scene of one of the most brilliant salons in Eng-land, where leading lights in all walks of artistic endeavor were wont to gath-er periodically, and enjoy the society of Mrs. Gaskell and her husband. DOUGS EDENCY DOBULA PUWY

POE'S FRENCH POPULARITY.

Edgar Allan Poe's European fame is greatly on the increase. In addi-tion to the English revival of his works being no less than six excellent editions on the market—France has recently paid him the tribute of re-publishing his poems and short stories. In France, Poe stands easily first as America's greatest writer. Long ago, Victor Hugo sair of him, Long ago, Victor Hugo sair of him, "Poe is the prince of American litera-ture." A recent critic in an English review, speaking of Poe's continental fame, said: "In many a little Ger-man, Austrian or Italian bookshop, he stands as the sole representative of the literature of his native land, Considering all this, it seems peculiar that Poe should have been denied a place in his own American "Hall of Fame." The writer evidently forgets the Biblical allusion to prophets in their own country. CROSLAND WIELDS HAMMER.

CROSLAND WIELDS HAMMER. The London "Academy" under the new editorship of T. W. H. Crosland, author of the "Unspeakable Sect" and other "riling" books, distinguishes

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picture which more or less governs our conduct. We ourselves outgrow our ideals, and never, of course, live up to them—we should be bankrupt if wo did. But ideal conduct, which is im-possible in life, is possible of presenta-tion in the theater, and that is the pur-pose of the playhouse—to present ideal heroism, ideal sacrifice, ideal mercy, ideal instice." Ideal justice."

The vogue of the revolutionary and colonial novel is a thing of the past. It began in 1895 with Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss' story entitled: "In Deil-ance of the King," which, as a change from the curate-and-cold-tea-style of literature then obtaining, met with instant success. Mr. Hotchkiss after-wards brought out four other works based on the Colonial epoch, and the based on the Colonial epoch, and the flood of novels dealing with the same period has but lately subsided, the most prominent authors who followed Mr. Hotchkiss being Dr. Weir Mitchell and Mr. Winston Churchill. "In Defiance of the King," however, has the distinc-tions of being the flort nursh, revolution of being the first purely revolutionary novel of any note that had made its appearance since 1875. In these lays of short-lived novels it is interest ing to know that the book is still selling. Mr. Hotchkiss is now publishing a new story, "A Prisoner of the Sea," through the John McBride Co.

"Among the very unique features of Peter Newell's "The Hole Book," " said a facetious person the other day, "ara bis own." The speaker was referring to the new autograph which Mr. Newill has devised, writing "Peter Newell" In such a way that the P and N form in outline in caricature of the artist's bead and profile. It is only thumb-size, but striking for all that, and immensely ingenious. If report holds true this new book of Mr. Newell's for which the Harpers had a demand betore printing, will be one of the most popular of the holiday books of fun.

Strange tricks the printer plays to Strange tricks the printer plays to imuse us. "The Servant in the House," says a western contemporary, "is a ady first and last." Upon considera-tion of the context we think it means "is a play," and are reassured. Cer-tainly "The Servant in the House" is no lady. But what a curious impres-tion the reader would have of Mr. Kennedy's symbolic play of the Christ-hurge if an unknowing eye were to agure, if an unknowing eye were to tall upon that line and read it liter-

"It seems to me a coincidence that the 'Duke's Motto' in Justin McCar-thy's latest novel of that name which the Harpers published a few months tso, and the avowed motto or passward of "The David" in this new sensational if 'The Devil' in this new sensational Hungarian drama should be the same,' Hungarian drama should be the same, remarked an obseravant reader. "The bhrase is short and clear, and lenves i great deal to the imagination. "Me Voici-I am here!" says the Duke; and Volci-I am here!' says the Duke; and I am here!' says the Devil. Just then the blow falls-and the difference he-rin; for I notice that the duke always hits straight between the eyes, a clean physical blow; the devil, none knows where."

Of a sudden the woman dropped the book. "That's what I call being fiend-isily elever!" she said, wrathfully, and then she read from the book: "Morethen she read from the book. Infe over, while it is undoubtedly true that most women lie about one thing or an-sther from the time they enter upon what is termed their social existence is not their comparative clumsiness in the practise of that art creditable rather than the reverse, affording, as it foces, a clear indication of their natural inclination toward truthfulness?" Isn't BOOKS

"An Immortal Soul," is a novel by W. H. Mallock, who wrote "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," and, along an entirely different line. "A Critical Exami-nation of Socialism," has been pub-lished by the Harpers. The central figure is a young English girl but just out of the schoolroom. e wholly adorable and fascing spectmen of just out of the schoolroom. e wholly adorable and fascinating spectmen of femininity. She is at once the co-quette and the devotee; the ingenious child and the sophisticated woman-wilful, capricious, and eternally lov-able, the epitome of her sex. There is a double suggestion here of double per-sonality-no one fully understands this extraordinary young woman-and it is even doubtful if she is acquainted with herself. But she is undeniably "differ-ent," and, accordingly, she dominates every situation that it pleases her to enter. A young Anglican clergyman

and English have an exciting rivalry in the lobster canning business, there are some risky smuggling enterprises, and a few rousing fights among the sailors. On board the Sea Bee young Cabot sails north, and spends some months marconed by an iceberg that jams the passage. Later he is captured by the Indians and rescued by a mys-terious creature, the "man-wolf," who is wrapped in wolf's fur and does not speak a word, but who turns out to be a noted scientist who is fortune has very strangely afflicted. After a winter among the Eskimos, where he gets lost "in a furious blizzard, the here pushes on to the mines, finds them packed with ore, and returns to New York to be made assistant manager

of the mining company. The story is adventurous, lively, and convincing-a real book for boys.-New York; Harper & Brothers. American boys and girls are all proud to remember the history of our country at sea—the famous packet ships and clipper ships, and other pas-

country at sea-the famous packet ships and elipper ships, and other pas-senger and merchant marines, that cruised before the day of steam,—and especially to recall the valor of our fighting fleets in all the American wars. All the varying fascinations of the sea and its sailors are felt in Adventures at Sea, a new book in the Harper's Young People series Here, for example, are some of the stories by name: "How Perry's Kite Saved a crew-The Tale of a Wreck on the Long Island Coast"; "A Cargo of Burning Coal-Alone on the Mer-cedes"; "How the Lighthouse Lamp was Lighted-The Tale of Nat Mar-ble of Mitchell's Lodge"; "How St. Regis Lost His Name and Found 11--Stranded off Puerto Rico"; and "The Wreck of the Maria Helena-A True Story of the Hawaiian Coast." The stories are compiled by Rear Admirai T. H. Stevens, F. H. Converse, John H. Stevens, F. H. Converse, John Coryell, Maria Louise Pool, and

Jolly tales are In the Open, of explots and youthful pranks in the free life out-of-doors. The stories tell of Indians fishing, hunting, camping, roaming the broad country under the open sky. They are not desperately adventurous tales, but breezy, exciting, and decidedly enjoyable events such as the young blood leaps to when one is anywhere from seven to 12. During is anywhere from seven to 12. During their reading, also, many useful points may be gained as to how things should be done out-of-doors. Such stories as these will appeal to all young peo-ple: "Muffled—Ambushed by Indians"; "The Owl Creek Bridge—How Put Saved the Sugar"; "A Wild Black-berry-picker—The Bear Who Stole the Pails"; "A Ripper, and How it Steered Itself;" "Through a Barn— How a New Station Was Made"; and "Setting the Brook at Work—What a How a New Station was Made"; and "Setting the Braok at Work-What a Water-wheel Did." The book is by William O. Stoddard in the Harper's Young People collection of Storles of Outdoor Life

MAGAZINES.

Outdoor Life.

Ainslee's for December has among other distinctions a most attractive covother distinctions a most attractive cov-er, designed by Howard Chandler Christy, the first plece of work of this kind done by him for a long time. The contents of this number shows no falling away from the high plane upon which the magazine seems to have permanently established itself.

every situation that it pleases her to enter. A young Anglican elergyman of ritualistic tendencies and practice tries to persuade himself that he is in-terested in her soul's health alone; an eminent scientist observes her in the light of a puzzling psychological problem, and, finally a brilliant man of af-fairs, old enough to be her father, falls There is a variety in the stories, to be-

By Prof. Fred W. Reynolds of the University of Utah, Written Upon Reading Mr. Lambourne's Inland Sea.

A LAMBOURNE APPRECIATION

solidest ground on which to A give out praise. What is done is a concrete fact; what promises to be done is but a hope of the mind, unmeasurable, not even certain of development into reality. Praise for promising effort is right and generous, but it defeats its own end if it keeps praise from men who present. not a promise of work, but the work itself, finished to the best of their power, and stamped with the experience and personality of mature life. The Deseret News and other Salt Lake papers printed several weeks ago

some descriptive extracts from a bool some descriptive extracts from a book then nearing completion by the Utah Artist and author, Mr. Alfred Lam-bourne. Mr. Lambourne's book, which he calls "Our Inland Sea, or the Story of a Homestead," is now finished and ready to be made into book form. From the impulse of imaginative creation through the long stages of painstaking composition, it has grown into an ex-isting fact, which the author a son of the state, now presents to the people of the state asking to be judged by it and praised for it if it is found worthy of praise.

For many reasons Mr. Lambourne's "Inland Sca" is worthy of a speedy printing and of a warm acceptance it is sure to have when once it is printed The smallest of these reasons, but still The smallest of these reasons, but still an important one, is Mr. Lambourne's own right to a hearing. Mr. Lam-bourne has spent his life in Utah, which, he says, is the epitome of the west. Of Utah and the west the most striking feature he thinks is the Great Sait Lake, the "Inland Sea" of the book. Mr. Lambourne writes: "As

book. Mr. Lambourne writes: "As there is nothing else, in the world that is like the west, so there is nothing else, even in the west, that is like the inland sea." The west—Utah— the Inland Sea.—this is Mr. Lambourne's His attitude is one of love, almost reverence. From years of the

CTUAL achievement is the, most intimate associations with these mountains and valleys and the great sea in their midst he has come to know them and their spirit as one knows a person. And though a life holding its based personal concurs and tars and share of personal sorrows and joys and marked always by a patriotic desire to make others feel the beauty and grandeur of these mountains and valleys and sea as he feels them, he has watched the west progress and de-velop. By experience and training, therefore, he is qualified to present our state as it is. This he has striven to do, but in the larger way; in the local characteristics of this west he has cal characteristics of this west he has sought for elements universally beau-tiful and true. His object in other words has been to make something that should last and remain unaffected by change. To his task he has given 16 years, and the observations and meditations of these years—In fact of his entire life—are here compressed int of theat character a book of some into 21 short chapters, a book of some 250 pages, which he purposes to print without illustrations, save the symbol-ic vignettes which heads each chapter. depending upon his words to suggest his pictures and his thoughts to the reader.

But Mr. Lambourne is not resting his claim to a hearing on past achieve-ments or on the care and sincerity of this effort. Better grounds are in the book itself, which without much ques-tion will be regarded as Mr. Lam-bourne's prose work. "Our Inland Sea," is largely descriptive, as the name suggests. But it is also and in name suggests. But it is also and in large part a personal narrative. It is a loosely chronological account in artistic literature, partly historical, partly imaginative experiences in homesteading and planting a vineyard on Gunnison island in great Salt Lake. But it is more than description and narration. It is in a quaint and year condensed way on entrance of the very condensed way, an epitome of the life of the human race. Through the experiences of the homesteader and the man who plants a vineyard the author, one is assured, wishes us to have glimpses of the struggle of the

race to make the earth a habitable place and to lift man above the brute. On the scene of the homestead he digs up the remains of some prehistoric man, and he plants vines over a bathad, and he plants vines over a bat-tlefield on which occurred slaughter and strife thousands of years before his spade touched the soil. About him and in his life of solitude on the is and in his fife of solution of the hardships which man through the ages has borne, and of the industrial and intel-lectual activities as well to which he has come in modern times. "From Life to Life," "Old and New Death,"

As a blackground of the personal history of the homesteader and of his significant thought is the sublimity and solemnity of the inland sea and of the mountains surrounding it. No one has painted so well as has Mr. Lambourne in the word of this book the wild storms of the vernal and autumnal equitox, the blazing days of July and August, the wonderous glow of color that comes with Sep-tember and October, and the drifting snows and driven hail of winter. Not holding to the Island of the homes-stead, the author describes his im-mediate surroundings of wild island rocks and briny waters, and induges in reminiscences of days and nights and solemnity of the inland sea and in reminiscences of days and nights in the majestic and primitive Wasatch mountains from the pine forests and crystal lakes and down the wild canyons of which come the roar streams that feed the inland sea. roaring

The city of Salt Lake and the state The city of sait Lake and the state are much concerned just now with the pleasant task of suggesting to the world outside something of the at-tractiveness and some of the possi-bilities of Utah. In this connection one wonders if Mr. Lambourn's book has not an advertising value which ought not to be overlooked. Most advertising matter is too obvious to command anything but a slighting glance. Men of letters or of artistic genius in some other direction give most permanent fame to a place. There is nothing commercial in Mr. Lam-bourne5s book, but there is much of the spirit of our lake and mountains in it, and this is something that will draw people to our state If rt is known and appreciated.

DRUBBING FOR SKIMMERS.

itself by attacking everything and everybody. It is following the in-struction of the Irishman at the political gathering, "It you see a head, hit it." In a single number, in head, hit it. In a single number, in less than four pages, Crosland says "mean things" about the United States, Max Beerbohm, Maud Allan, Christabel Pankhurst, Frank Harris, Victor Grayson, M. P., G. B. Shaw, the Poets' Club, G. K. Chesterton and shout scrap London rublications. This about seven London publications. This is a good start, considering that "The Academy" is described as a "semi-religious weeks." Hesketh Prichard, hunter, novelist,

and cricketer, is on his way back from another trip in Canada, where he is said to have shot some remarkably fine specimens of big game. markably fine specimens of big game, He is at work on big-game hunting in Labrador, Newtoundland, Patagonia and the Canadian West, for which Lady Helen Grahm, who did the pictures for Sir James Willcock's famous "Cabul to Kumassi," is malg-ing the illustrations. CHARLES OGDENS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 24 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Nov. 30, 1908;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Balley-Cyclopedia of American Agriculture, vol. 3. Clarke-Pioneer days of Oregon His-

ry, two vol. Holmes-Minnesota in Three Cen-

turies, four vol. International of Technology: Letter-

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On the other hand, many authors de-light in poring over their own books again and again. Hazlitt, in a famous again and again. Hazint, in a famous essay, compared the after joys of au-thorship with those of painting. "For a person to read his own works over with delight" he wrote, 'he ought first' to forget that he ever wrote them." is not much better than saying

Do Writers Like Their Own Books? IONDON LITERARY LETTER

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Nov. 11 .- "How do authors feel with reference to their own books?" is the ques-

tion asked recently at a gath ering of prominent writers in London. Various answers were forthcoming; and the discussion brought out some interesting facts bearing on the psychinteresting facts bearing on the psych-ology of authorship. The same sub-ject is further elaborated by a well known French writer, Plerre de Coule-vain, who has just published a series of articles dealing with it. Among other things (for Pierre is a woman) she says that Antole France-whose works both in England and France are

said:

"I have no modern books in my

drubbing to the snobbish literary critic, and condemned "Bookishness" of every kind. In an address at Liverpool, he drew the distinction between the truly learned book-lever and the mere skim-mer or skipper. He deprecated the mer or skipper. He deprecated the fact that there were many people who pretended to a knowledge of books when they were only acquainted in a

widely appreciated— thinks that au-thors do not like to read their own books. In a recent interview, France