

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling, the poet and novelist, was born at Bombay, India, Dec. 20, 1865. He was educated at the United Service College, Westward Ho, North Devon, England. For several years from 1882 to 1886, he filled the office of assistant editor in India of the Civil and Military Gazette, and Pioneer. He began his publications in 1888 with "Department Ditties," "Kim," which appeared in 1901, was his most recent publication of length.

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, calling to his fellow
That the day, the starry Eastern day is born,
Oh, the white dust on the highway! Oh the stench in the byway!
Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and starry—
As the cattle crawl along beneath the yoke,
And the bear One o'er the field-path who is past all hope or caring,
By the gate below the curling wreaths of smoke,
Fall on Rama, going slowly, as ye beat a brother lowly—
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye beat a brother lowly—
With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,
And today we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—
As at home the Christmas Day is breaking dawn,
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Oh, the toll that knows no breaking! Oh the Heimweh, ceaseless, aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it,
Youth was good—we hoped to hold it,
And today we know the fullness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together—
As the sun is sinking slowly over home,
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a lifelong tether
That drags us back however so far the road we roam,
Tard her service, poor her payment—she is ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind,
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls begin their chorus—
As the coaches from the temple seran and pray,
With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,
Let us honor, O my brother, Christmas Day!
Call a truce, O my brother, to our labor—share with friends and neighbors,
For if "fant and forced the laughter," and if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

DON'T WAIT.

If you've any thing good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
Would perfume the mountain side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
And the pretty bud expired.

If you've any aim to give to the poor,
Don't wait till you hear the cry
Of woe distress in this wilderness,
Lest the one who needs most
O, harken to poverty's sad lament!
Be swift her word to ally,
Don't spurn God's poor from the favored door,
As you hope for mercy day.

Don't wait for another to bear the burden
Of sorrow's irksome load,
Let your hand extend to a stricken friend
As he totters down life's road,
And if you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest.
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

Exchange.

NOTES.

J. Storer Clouston's humorous love story, "Our Lady's Inn," published by Harper & Brothers, is issued in London by the Messrs. Blackwood. Mr. Clouston is a young Englishman, among them "The Adventures of M. d'Harcot," published in America last year. According to Mr. Clouston, he intended the "D'Harcot" book to be a satirical comedy, but it was greeted with a farce. "Our Lady's Inn" he intended as a contribution to serious literature, but the Lord knows," he adds, "what it will be considered."

T. W. H. Crosland, the editor of "McClure's Children's Annual," is probably best known as the author of "The Un-speakable Scot," a slashing satire on the characteristics of the Scotch race, which has caused a great deal of bitter Anglo-Scottish discussion. Mr. Crosland is fonder, however, of making books for young than old readers. He began life as a school master in Yorkshire, and during his early days contributed a child's column to one of the Leeds papers. When writing for old readers, Mr. Crosland is, without doubt, a cynic, but not when he takes up his pen for the young ones. He knows what they want and what they should have. "It is my idea," he says, "that a child's book should be a delight to the child and not a worry to its parents or nurse. I do not want children, as often happens when they are given a book, to be obliged to run to older persons to have this or that explained. Every book should be simple and comprehensible to every child that is beginning to read. The pictures should be quite as simple as the text. This idea has been put into effect in editing 'McClure's Children's Annual.'"

Harper & Brothers have been requested to supply several thousand specially bound copies of Mark Twain's story, "A Dog's Tale," which appears in Harper's Magazine for December, to the Hon. Stephen Corbridge, honorary secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection society of England. For distribution there is a powerful argument against vivisection. This is the story that Mark Twain said had lain in his mind for 20 years and was finally written down and printed without the change of a word.

General Lee, Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," has been making one of his infrequent visits to New York. Although a veteran not only of the Civil but the Mexican war, the general is still hale and in working trim, and performs a stated amount of labor at his desk each day. Besides the perennial success of "Ben Hur," of which the Harpers have now printed 110 editions, General Wallace has lived to enjoy the triumph of the drama made from his novel, which has proved a shining example of the financial possibilities of dramatic success.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who made a daring attempt to climb Mount McKinley, in Alaska, last spring, received an account of the dangers and wonders of expedition before the American Geographical society in New York a few days ago. Mount McKinley is said to be the highest peak of North America, and the steepest mountain in the world. "Any attempt to reach the summit," said the Cook, "is sure to prove a more prodigious task than Alpine enthusiasts are likely to realize. It is an effort which for insurmountable difficulties and hard disappointments is comparable with the task of expeditions to reach the North Pole." Dr. Cook's first complete account of his remarkable experience appears in Harper's Magazine for January.

Masterlinck's Drama, "Monna Vana," was presented on the stage of the Irving Place theater in New York on Dec. 17, by Manager Connelley. Mr. Connelley bought the dramatic rights from the German translator, and now Mr. Harrison Grey Pike, husband of the actress, claims that the rights of this country were purchased by him, and protests against Mr. Connelley's production. So another fight over this much-fought-over play seems impending.

Authors have their ambition fired in many different ways, and when we come to George Ade we find that the thing which led him to aspire to do great things was a two-seated covered carriage. The chain of circumstances were right in this way: Mr. Ade was born in Kentland, Ind. His father was a prosperous farmer and planned to be the best man in the district to acquire the luxury of a two-seated covered car-

AYER MEMORIAL.



Mrs. Harriett Hubbard Ayer, the recently-deceased brilliant and world-famous writer for the press, in whose honor a twenty-thousand-dollar home for working girls will be established, after the manner of Mrs. Ayer's favorite Dickens story, "The Seven Poor Travelers." The idea has many unique features.

sance and post-renaissance palaces. The adventures of Mr. Crawford's hero and heroine in the rambling cellars under the old palace of the Conti, when the "lost water" overflows its channel and threatens to drown them, are described, it is said, with vividness and charm unusual even for the author of "In the Palace of the King."

Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose "Dr. Lavendar's People" is making one of the substantial successes of the year, is a lineal descendant of John of Gault, through her father's Scottish ancestry. She is a woman of the widest culture and sympathies, a fact which may readily be inferred from her stories, informed as they invariably are with the utmost generosity of spirit. Mrs. Deland is a highly successful cultivator of flowers. Her house and gardens are full of them, and her gardenia are famous. "The house is ablaze with fardolids," once wrote a visitor there, "and one leaves the snow and ice without to enter a scene that is more suggestive of southern Florida than of Massachusetts."

Mr. Will N. Harben, author of "Abner Daniel" and "The Substitute," is in New York studying Macin Arbuckle's presentation of the chief part by George Ade's new play, "The Country Chairman." Mr. Harben is projecting a play for Mr. Arbuckle, and will fill the principal character to the actor's personality. It will be Mr. Harben's initial venture into the field of the playwright, and he has fulfilled it after many varied experiences in the journalistic world.

Mrs. May Isabel Fisk, author of "Monologues" (Harpers), is a New York woman who has been very successful as a monologist and writer of monologues. She is a daughter-in-law of the late Gen. Clinton Bowen Fisk. Mrs. Fisk was a pupil at the Sylvanus Reed school in New York, and after graduating began her literary work, contributing to a number of magazines. She then went abroad, and studied voice culture under Toriani in Paris. Returning to New York, she made a success as a playwright and actress in 1897, when her two-act play, entitled "A Pair of Belovues," was produced, with herself in the leading role. Mrs. Fisk's husband is a well-known newspaper man in New York.

The author of Evelina is of those who have been remembered as much for what they did as for what they wrote. Mr. Austin Dobson has wisely chosen to give the first place in his biography of "Little Buncey," not to her works, but to their author. As a result, this latest addition to the English Man of Letters series presents a pleasant portrait of the shy, retiring, "sensible" and ambitious creature that was Fanny Buncey.

It seems that Americans are to have "Who's Who for 1904" in advance of the English. The edition for Great Britain was destroyed by fire two or three weeks ago, so that its appearance will be considerably delayed. But the American edition had already been shipped when the fire occurred in the English publisher's warehouse, and the Macmillan company announce that the book has arrived.

One of the English literary magazines prints a list of best-selling books throughout Great Britain, similar to the list published by the Bookman in New York. Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" comes first in order of demand, Mr. Crawford's "The Heart of Rome," third, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Hetty Wesley" fifth.

The famous "lost waters" of Rome play an important part in Mr. Marion Crawford's latest novel, "The Heart of Rome." These mysterious waters, ice cold and crystal clear, traverse the underground portions of the city, and they appear in various places, coming no one knows whence, and flowing with equal rapidity no one knows whither. The mystery has always surrounded them, and in times of siege they were precious indeed to the occupants of the city.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)
London, Dec. 23.—By far the most significant thing about W. T. Stead's scheme for establishing in London a daily newspaper intended exclusively for "the home" is the fact that the famous writer is staking everything on his venture. To an interviewer, the veteran journalist and reformer said, the other day, "If I am wrong about this journal, then I am done: I have made a blunder, and all will go to wreck." One thing seems certain, and that is that Mr. Stead's daring scheme is going to be better worth watching than anything of the sort that has been tried in London for years. In his determination to cater directly to families in "The Daily Paper," he is craftily calling his forthcoming sheet, the editor of the English "Review of Reviews" is practically ignoring the usual reader. The fact that the journal will be published between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. will keep it out of the ordinary "bread-winners' hands at the breakfast table, on his way to business, and upon his return therefrom. But Mr. Stead says that the man of the family can see

projected sheet, and he says further, that he intends "to live peacefully with all men, to rely upon the soft answer to turn away wrath, and when I am hit, not only to take it lying down, but to think out, when I am on the ground, what good turn I can do the man who dealt the blow." Incidentally, "The Daily Paper" will be dealt against Mr. Chamberlain's new policy.

Mr. Stead's plan to have his newspaper delivered by 2,000 bright girls of between 14 and 16 causes so much discussion that it makes an excellent advertisement. But the thing in connection with "The Daily Paper" which has dumfounded London almost as much as Mr. Stead's editorial policy is the remarkable series of inducements he offers to subscribers. His scheme is to get subscriptions by the month, payable in advance, and for this period there will be two prices, one "with benefits" the other without. Twenty-five cents is the "without" price for a month, and in exchange for this sum, the subscriber simply gets the paper and six elaborate pictures in color which Mr. Stead is throwing in just to make people feel good. But the 50 cents subscribers will get, not only the newspaper, but a limited life insurance policy for \$500, Mr. Stead's magazine, "The Review of Reviews," an American magazine, and a portfolio of colored reproductions of famous paintings besides. But this isn't all. In connection with "The Daily Paper," Stead means to start a number of bureaux of social intercourse, and of these the 50 cents subscribers are to have full use, and also of the editor's "girls' brigade," as messengers. Nobody realizes more than Mr. Stead the bigness of the inducements which he is offering, but he says he means to make sure of his paper's getting a foothold in homes for four weeks anyway. "After that," he declares, "an editor does not know his business if he cannot retain it longer."

Jerome K. Jerome, and Mrs. Jerome, who seldom are to be found in England during the winter, have selected Brussels as the abiding place this year, and there the author is at work on a series of short stories. Jerome and W. Pett Ridge are intimate friends, and the author of "Erb" went over to Brussels the other day to spend the holidays with his fellow humorist. Mr. Jerome's proposed lecturing tour in the United States this winter was abandoned owing to the death of Maj. Pond, but the writer hopes to appear before American audiences next year.

A mighty interesting little glimpse of Darwin and his ways was given by Francis Darwin, third son of the scientist, in the course of a lecture the other day. Mr. Darwin's subject was "The Movements of Plants," and he remarked that the fact that they were affected by a tuning-fork seemed to show they had a certain sense of feeling. Anxious of this he said, "Many years ago my father made me play to plants on the instrument which I am in the habit of practising upon—a bassoon. He had got it into his head that plants were sensitive to sound. This experiment was most characteristic of my father's plan of having a forlorn hope in the way of experiment. He was never afraid of trying any experiment, however idiotic it seemed. He had a name for those kind of experiments. He called them 'fool's experiments.' Well, he made me play the bassoon to those seedling plants." Mr. Darwin added, however, that the plants apparently were affected by his efforts to not the slightest extent.

One of the most fascinating little literary relics that have come to light for some time is a spoon which once belonged to Pepys, the diarist, and which recently fell into the hands of Alfred Quaritch, the buyer of rare books. This is a plain old English spoon, table size, worn slightly with use, but otherwise perfect. The handle is straight, and at the broad end, on the obverse side is engraved in dotted lines the words, "Saml. Pepys, 1686." Mr. Quaritch, who pounced on the relic at a sale, supposes that the spoon was a present to the diarist as a boy.

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