# DESERET EVENING NEWS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.



The death of Madame Antoinette Sterling has recalled the story of her rendering the "Three Fishers." reducing Kingsley to tears. The song itself has a pathetic his for Again and again its author had seen at his beloved Clovelly a literal transcript of the tragedy he pletured. One day of horror in particular lived in his memory, a day as he described it, "when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny her methods field in their nets right for the breakers, hoping more meroy were from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more meroy her men and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and others, and the tiny beck of solve of the day of horror in particular lived in his memory, and the time of the store of the fast of the breakers. Hoping more meroy were from these iron their nets right for the breakers, hoping more meroy her from these iron walls of rock than from the pittless howing waste of spray be there are a store of the store of the fast of the store of the fast of the store who had store of the store of the the fulless of the church of the Laboring was store to be written. Its birth was determined by one of the fast settion in a London church on "The Message of the Church of the Laboring was store by the discourse, until, having read the sermon and seen its highly be tree did to excommunication. The same night upon which they her here did to the store, weary. There had nearly the here here are the here the discourse, Kingsley went to his home, weary. There had nearly the here here and the the start, he retired to his study. When he reappear the here here here are and the start.

# THE THREE FISHERS,

Three fishers went sailing away to the West-Three fishers went sailing away to the west-Away to the West as the sun went down; Each thought on the woman who loved him the best. And the children stood watching them out of the town; For men must work and women must weep; And there's little to earn, and many to keep, Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower, Any they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower, And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown; But men must work and women must weep, Though storms be sudden and waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out in the shining sands In the morning gleam as the tide went down. And the women are weeping and wringing their hands For those who will never come home to the town; For men must work and women must weep-And the sconer it's over, the sconer to sleep-And good-by to the bar and its meaning.

-Charles Kingsley.

## LIKE THE ANT.

His building was an ant-hill. Storm and sun Defrauded him of nothing: rather they Spurred him to eager action to the day That saw his work despoiled, so well begun.

His courage was the ant's. He braved defeat, His courage was the ant s. He brace and we anew Looked sorrow in the face, and yet anew Began to lay foundations straight and true, Without a thought of failure or retreat. —By Frank Walcott Hutt.

cause the people of San Francisco were

too grateful to them.

### NOTES.~

The following questions and answers will perhaps be interesting to a number of local readers;

Was Byron's "Maid of Athens" a real person, a heroine of the Greek war for independence, or merely a creation of the poet's fancy

Byron's inspiration was a beautiful young woman, Theresa Marci. She was not a heroine of the Greek war. Her later years were passed in obscurity and abject poverty.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published the following books on Saturday, Feb. 13: "Violet," a romance by the Baroness von Hutton; "Henderson," the story of a vigorous westerner, by Rose E. Young: a study of "The Oligarchy of Venice," by Mayor McClellan of New York; a revised edition of the two vol-umes on "New York" by Ellis H. Rob-erts, in the American Commonwealths Series; and part XI of "A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament Based on Gesenius." d on Geseniu



and radical theories, but this Alfred Russel Wallace has done in his book, "Man's place in the Universe," which McClure, Phillips & Company have just brought out. Mr. Wallace upsets all astronomical theories and quite overturns modern ideas on the position that man and his earth hold in the Cosmos, by boldly declaring that the Universe was created for earthly man, that there are no creatures similar to man in any other world, and that starred space is a limited area, in the approximate center of which our earth is located. Scientists from all quarters of the globe have attacked him and his ideas, but he sticks to his guns and declares that he has been able to meet every argument that has been brought against him, besides finding new proofs of his discovery. Dr. Wallace stands in the front rank of our scientists. He and Darwin discovered the principle of "natural selection," which is the basis "law of evolution," independently, though at the same time. His life has been very active. He began as an architect but later turned his attention to natural history which led him into many expeditions, some to the Amazon in South America, some to the Malay archipelago, which resulted in discoveries very important to science. Among other things, Mr. Wallace has been awarded many decorations and many honors for his scientific labors, and now, since Herbert Spencer's death, is without doubt England's most notable man of science. 

Goodness," by Prof. G. H. Palmer, and "Henry Ward Beecher," by Lyman Ab- "Look at h bott. . . . At this time, when so many people are

"Look at him," he said. "Does he not look as if he had just said a good, stupid thing?" Then, turning to my mother, he said:

hundred works of fiction printed each hundred works of fiction printed each year, and what is still rarer is a writer who has dramatic power so finely at-tuned to the soul of a composer of music-the most subtle of all arts. Out of the haro's life, as the baroness tells it, escapes the secret of all great ac-complishment in art-music or any other; this, that a soul untrue to itself can strike discords only, and find confu-sion only, where should be heard the "symphonic spiendor of nature's music." The wide bearing of this novel must be feit in the life of every woman or man who has ever been conscious of the light of genius behind the baffling vell of the senses. The struggle to express one's self through one's art-the confusion which comes from lack of inner harmony are known to every earnest soul.

God's meaning in the world is har-mony-the inner life with the outer. The highest attainment of the musical The highest attainment of the musical genius is the expression of this har-mony through his or her own person-ality. Just in so far as the musician's life is not attuned to his ideals will his art fall short of its highest mark. The hero composer's instinctive love of harmony keeps him from the wrong kind of life. Behind the apparent ir-responsibility of the genius to the world responsibility of the genius to the world is seen the higher responsibility to himself. The actual plot itself is skillfully handled and may safely be left to the reader. The author's interpretation of

## WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

With her story "Prince Roseleaf and | a Girl from Kansas," 'in the February McClure's, Miriam Michelson presents a novel rendition of the old theme, "Love's Triumph over Difficulties." The difficulties in this case are in the mind of the lover. He is a scion of one of Philadelphia's most rigidly aristocratic and frozen-faced families. Circumstances force him, while abroad, to asstances force him, while abroad, to as-sociate with a party of common Cook's tourists. His disgust is especially ex-cited by a pert, plumn little Kansas schoolma'am. And his horror at her vulgarity is equalled only by her ridi-cule of his fastidiousness. What hap-pens--well, it's all told in this delightful little story-one of the best of its kind that we have read in a long time.

The March number of the Red Book is out in good season, with distinct improvement manifest in its literary and pictorial quality. A dozen stories, all profusely illustrated, and seventeen

life through the characters of the story bites into the imagination the more keenly that their individualities are marked by strong contrasts-between a cultivated woman, and the women of a sordid but very real variety stage, --the hero who is a child of nature, a gentus, and his people; drawn in light and shade that remind one of the work of Millet.

There are other characters, but through all the scenes one is conscious of the sustained power with which the author holds one's attention by a strangely unusual story.

Larra's Partir a Tiempo, is edited by Edwin B. Nichols, assistant professor in the University of Cincinnati. One of the most popular comedies of this leading Spanish writer, and the only edi-tion of the play published in America. It tells the story of a young man, who discovering his growing attachment for the wife of his benefactor, departs in time to retain his loyalty to both. It is characterized by graceful humor, keen observation, and rare qualities of style. It affords ample opportunity for the study of colloquial Spanish, and for the acquisition of a wide vocabulary, and though slight in itself, it is especially suited for class reading. It is the most recent addition to the constantly growing series of modern Spanish read-ings now being published by the American Book company.

the magazine an unusually attractive number. The cover is a colortype re-production of a portrait of Miss Alice de Winton, leading lady of Charles Hawtrey's English theatrical company, painted specially for this purpose. The authors who contribute to the number are Rex E. Beach, Ethel Shackelford, Julie M. Lippman, Rem. A. Johnston, Emily F. Wheeler, W. Bert Foster, Blanche Catherine Carr. Norman H. Crowell, Margaret Bushee Shipp, Keith Gordon, Byron E. Cooney and Emmeth Campbell Hall. The publishers an-nounce that beginning with the April number, half-tone illustrations will be introduced throughout.

"The Cut Off In the Peak" is the title of the opening story in this weeks' is-sue of the Youth's Companion, and there are several other entertaining pieces of fiction, and a special article on "Farming In Many Lands" by Hon, W. P. Lord, ex-minister to the Argen-tine Republic, together with the usual good poetry and reading in the departments .- Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

All the American colony in London,

and her many English friends are sympathizing deeply with Lady Blaine, whose husband Sir Seymour Blaine, Bart., has just been made bankrupt. Lady Blaine was until last year the wi-

dow of Mr. Henry Blake of Boston. Her friends in Europe were delighted when

she established a home for herself in London several years ago by taking a

charming house in Hans Place, which,



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Famous Remedy.

Convenience, comfort, safety, speed are demanded by the traveling public in our rapid century and the keenest intellects constantly at work on these problems are makign wonderful progress in the construction of the steam ship and the construction of the steam ship and the locomotive. Like result are sought in medicines to take the place of the old-fashioned, leisurely treatment of disease, and Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People are aston-ishing the world by the triumphs they are winning in the ratid care of oh are winning in the rapid cure of ob-stinate maladies, such as rheumatism With speed they combine convenience perfect safety and cheapness.

Here is fresh proof of their concen-trated virtues: Mrs. Margaret Gantz, of No. 1527 Bodeman street, Burlington, Iowa, is an industrious German woman, who about two and a half years ago found herself in danger of losing her power to work altogether. She says: "I got rheumatism which made my knees and elbows very stiff and painful. I had difficulty in raising my arms and I could hardly lift my feet over my deorstep. I ought to have gone to bed, but I couldn't afford to do that, so I forced myself to work in spite of the pain and stiffness. After suffering for about six months, I was told about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-ple by a friend, who said she had been cured by them. On her advice, I bought one box and in two weeks after I began to use them I was well and I have had no need to use them now for nearly two years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a good medicine and if I ever have rheumatism again I will get a box right away. I have told many friends what they did for me and I am glad every-body should know." body should know

This is valuable news to all who suf-fer from rheumatism, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are within the reach of all and they act so thoroughly that a cure is permanent, They have also cured stubborn cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart and all forms of weakness in male or female.

They are sold at all druggists, or may be obtained directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of the price, fifty cents per box, six boxes for two dollars and a

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gen annon OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER. 

Special Correspondence.

South of England, and nearly all the houses around belong to yachting peo-ple. "Warsash," is the name of Mr. Schenley's Hampshire house. ONDON, Feb. 15 .- Mr. Albert Pulitzer of New York, who has been staying in London for some time.

has now departed, leaving behind many whose hopes of prominent positions in the newspaper world have been raised to the heights only to be dashed to the ground, for Mr. Pulitzer has had great schemes for starting a weekly newspaper in London. This pa-per was to be beautified by the best that could be done in the way of three color printing. Staying in great state at the Carlton hotel with a secretary and servants, etc., and numbering in his suite a special cook to prepare foods suitable for the dyspeptic, this semi-

photographic art studies, several of them specially posed compositions, make

What is the origin of the expression "Perfidious Albion?" The expression is of French origin, and is apparently as old as the political relations between the two countries. It is ascribed to Philip VI of France (1329), and Napoleon is said to have used it when on board the Northumber-land en route for St. Helena.

What plays has F. Marlon Crawford

"In the Palace of the King," a dramatization, made in collaboration with the late Lorimer Stoddard, of Mr. Crawford's novel of the same name. A drama based on the story of Paolo and Franproduced in French by Mme Sarah Bernhardt, Some five or six years ago a dramatic version of Isaacs" was tried in this city, but failed to win succeess.

What is a complete list of the pub-

lished works of Mr. William Dean Howells? The complete list of Mr. Howells' works, including his farces, poems, crl-tical essays, etc., is too long to be printed here, as it consists of over 60 titles. The question is printed because the record will probably prove surprisingly large to many of Mr. Howells' readers.

Is William Clark Russell, the well known writer of English sea stories, an American?

William Clark Russell was born in New York city on Feb. 24, 1844, of Eng-lish parents, but educated in England, which has been his home through life. His father. Henry Russell, wrote sev-eral songs that enjoyed great popularity in their day, among them "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

Gelett Burgess' reputation for per-etrating fantastical practical jokes had ts start in a most daring escapade. Burgess, on artistic grounds, had great grudge against the Coggeswell statue which stands in an important corner in San Francisco, holding in one hand a glass of water, and in the other a scroll marked "Welcome." It seemed mpossible to remove the statue legiti-nately, so Mr. Burgess and several of is collaborators in that original mag-bine. The Lark, which he was pub-ishing at that time, took a character-stic method to accomplish their end. They chose a stormy night and pulled it ground. The city of San Francis. rejoiced the next day to find only e water-filled boots of the iron statue emaining on the pedestal and the misreants were not caught probably be-



No little curiosity has been expressed over the volume by the new mayor of New York. Some have taken the title, "The Oligarchy of Venice," to be a dou-ble entendre meant to conceal a treatment of an oligarchy much nearer home. It may be said, however, on the authority of the publishers, that Mr. McClellan's book is simply what it purports to be, a study of the great Vene-tian machine of government, and, it may be added, a study both careful and

graceful. . . . Miss Rose E. Young, whose new story of Missouri life, entitled "Henderson," is just published, has been connected with some ploturesque journalism in her time. One little sheet which she edited had a rural correspondent, who was a joy to her soul. Once he sent in a batch of news-notes from which she culled the following: "Mr. Dave Ran-

son has just past down the road with a load of corn going to Napoleon. Mr. Ranson is on his way home. I seen him coming back." It was a lively community of its class, and the dots between the items stood for no greater lapse of time than a few hours, so fast did events follow one upon another in did events tono. Turkey Prairie.

Miss Rose E. Young, the author of "Henderson," is a Missourian whose ancestors lived in Kentucky and Virfather was Gen. Evan Shelby of King's Mountain, knewn to history for his share in the battle of King's Mountain. After the Revolution her ancestors went to Kentucky, where her grandfather eventually established his family on a large plantation. Then came the Civil war. After the war, her father moved to Missouri, where she was born on a farm in Lafayette county. When a gir where she was born on a of 18 she went to Texas and taught school, at the same time doing some little writing, chiefly in the nature of journalism. From Texas, she went to Chicago, being engaged in editorial work, and from Chicago came farther east to New York, continuing her edi-torial work. Mearwhile she began to write short stories, some of the best of which have gathered about Henderson, the hero of her last volume, whose ca-reer fell, for the most part, in just such a Missouri town as Miss Young herself lived in as a girl. Her first novel. "Schw of Missouri," appeared last au-tumn. of 18 she went to Texas and taught

"Merely Mary Ann," Mr. Zangwill's now famous novelette, will be published next week by the Macmillan company in a large edition in paper covers. The play which Mr. Zangwill made from his book has had so great a success that it has called for the publication or the story in a volume by itself. Hitherto "Merely Mary Ann" has appeared only in the collection of short stories by Mr. Zangwill entitled "The Grey Wig."

The Vir Publishing company of Phil. adelphia announces a special prize of-fer of \$1,000 for the best manuscript of a book addressed to Young Women, to be a companion volume and of equa

merit to their dollar book by Joseph Alfred Conwell, entitled "Manhood's Morning." The manuscript must have sufficient merit to entitle the book to live for 50 or 100 years, and to mould the character and shape the destiny of oncoming generations. The contest is restricted to women, the manuscript to be from 60.000 to 70.000 words, and to he from 60,000 to 70,000 words, and to be submitted by Sept. 1, 1904. Full in-formation can be secured by addressing

the Vir Publishing company, 2237 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Two books, not hitherto announced, on Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring list are a new volume by Dr. Theodore T. Munger, entitled "Essays for the Day," and a bold dramatic noem by William Vaughn Moody, dealing with the story of Prometheus, and entitled "The Fire-Bringer." These publishers report the Bringer." These publishers report the following new orbitings: The tenth im-pression of "The Log of a Cowboy." by Andy Adams, whose new book, "A Tex-as Matchmaker." will appear next month: a second impression of "Hen-derson." by Rose E. Young, which was called for in advance of nublication: a fourth impression of "The Rights of Man." by Dr. Lyman Abbott and sec-ond impressions of "The Nature of

starting for California and Mexico starting for California and alexico, three very good books to remember are "The Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin; "Our National Parks," by John Muir, and "A White Umbrella in Mex-ico," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

Louise Burnham's latest novel, "Jewel," bringing it into its twenty-second thou-sand. The publishers, Houghton, Mif-flin & Co., also report the sixth printing of "Education and the Larger Life," by C. Hanford Henderson, author of "Lobo The eighth printing is reported of Clara C. Hanford Henderson, author of "John Percyfield," and the second printing of Bradford Torrey's "Clerk of the Woods," which was published last autumn.

. . . Times have changed since the Doge was carried through the canals of Ve-nice in a gondola. What would some of those old Italians have said, could they have had a vision of their descend-ants as they worked the become ants as they worked the levers of the first flat cars to pass through the New York Subway, carrying the mayor in civic state? An idle speculation, per-haps, but one which comes in an idle moment after reading the anounce-ment of Mayor George B. McCiellan's book on "The Oligarchy of Venice." That a Democratic mayor of New York should have written a book on such a subject is in itself a noteworthy piece of news, and one which throws a strong ray of light across the murky atmos-

phere of metropolitan politics. Dr. Henry van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" has been translated into al. most every European language, and is

now in process of translation into the Welsh. .... Extremely interesting glimpses of the great English novelist are given in Miss Lucy W. Baxter's introduction to Wil-liam M. Thackeray's intimale, charming letters to members of her family, now running in The Century under ti-tle of "Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family." The following incl-dent is quoted from Miss Baxter's story of how the friendship between the Eng-lish writer and the American family belish writer and the American family began and grew:

gan and grew: When the return from Boston was at hand, my mother suggested to the younger members of the family that, should Mr. Thackeray appear during the day at Brown House, it were best not to ask him to dine. "I have not just such a dinner as I like to give him," she said. Whatever was the deficiency, my

mother had to overlook it, as the sequel proved. As she stood in the diningroom just before the dinner hour, giving some orders to the mail, a summonsecame in from the front door. After it was op-ened, steps were heard coming stead-ily through the hall to the diningroom.

As my mother turned in surprise to see who could be coming at so late an hour there in the doorway stood the tall figure with kind eyes and slivery hair which had become so familiar to us.

"Oh, Mrs. Baxter,"he said, "let me show you what capital copies Crowe has made of the Boston pictures." In each hand he held an unframed oil sketch of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, then, as now, in the Boston Museum of Art. Mr. Eyre Crowe was Mr. Thackeray's private secretary, and had a good deal of artistic ability. The pictures were placed on chairs, examined and admired. Mr. Thackeray was greatly pleas-ed, especially with the portrait of



Cramps and Vomiting. It also positively cures all stomach com-plaints, We STOMACH a fair urge trial.

Now you will give me some dinner won't you?" The younger people were greatly de-

lighted by my mother's discomfiture. I doubt if Mr. Thackeray discovered anything amiss in the dinner. He always laughed at our American idea of mak-ing a "feast" for a guest, saying that ing a "feast' for a guest, saying the we did not understand at all "just to fetch a friend home to a leg of mutton." No one must think, from the remark just quoted, that Mr. Thackeray undervalued Washington, or wished to hold him up to ridicule. On the contrary, in later years letters show how grieved and hurt he was by the misconception in America as to a passage in "The Virginians" which roused the indignation of our thin-skinned people. He fully

appreciated Washington's great qual-ities, often spoke warmly of him, but he did not consider him brilliant in conversation. . . .

Mark Twain is spending part of his Italian days in work upon a novel which he began years ago and laid aside until a period of more leisure and fewer interruptions.

Selections from the letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton, who was Ruskin's most intimate friend in this country, are to be published in two volumes next autumn, and are said to reveal a more genial and charming side of Ruskin's personality than that generally known.

A posthumous volume compiled from A posthumous volume compiled from the letters and papers of the late A. D. Vandam, is to be published under the title of "The Men of Manners in the Third Republic." Mr. Vandam was the author of 'An Englishman in Paris." the most clever and successful of re-cent literary fakes. cent literary fakes.

Lafcadio Hearn's new book. "Wwai. lan," deals with Japanese ghosts, gob. ins and fairies. Mr. Hearn, who is known in Japan as Kalzumi Yakumo, has, it seems, disappeared from Tokio and nothing is known of his where-abouts, but as he has often gone into retreat no anxiety about him is felt.

O. Henry, who is Sydney Porter in eal life, has gone to "The Walrus and he Carpenter" for the title of his novel The Carpenter for the title of his novel of Central America, which he calls "Cabbages and Kings," This is Mr. Porter's first long story, although his short stories have won for him one of the successes of the past year.

The Baroness von Hutten, whose de-lightful book, "Our Lady of the Beech-es' met with such success a year ago, has just published a new novel, entitled, "Violett." This interesting author is an American, and the niece of a former president of the Pennsylvania railroad. She was born in one of the minor Pennsylvania cities, so late as the seven tles. After an American education, fin-ished at a well known school in New York City, she traveled extensively in Europe. At Florence, in 1897, she was married to the Baron von Hutten

of Bayaria, a lineal descendant of It ich von Hutten, famous in the Refor. mation. The von Huttens spend a large portion of their time at Schloss Stein-bach in the Main valley, Bavaria. This fine old house, of pink stons and musbeautifully colored with time, was built in 1726 by Prinz-Bishop Hutten, the province in which it is located being then an ecclesiastic principality. iouse has a real rococo garden, with a maze, a pleasance, etc. The baroness visited America last winter and was much enteretained in New York, Bos-ton, and Philadelphia. Her new story of a lonely boy-artist is described as "a study of the heart."

In her new novel "Violett," which by the way is a man's name, the Baroness von Hutten gives a striking interpreta-tion of the hidden working of the mind of a man of genlus-a musician, a nat-ural-born composer-one whom the in sistence of the harmony between sound, form, color, and the life of the spirit, drives to a tragic but noble death. A really brilliant musical novel is a rare occurrence even among the many

invalid invited first one and then another possible managing editor, to whom over coffee and cigars, he un-folded his initial idea. In several instances, the possible editor went away elated at the good thing almost within his grasp and spent the following few days thinking hard, obtaining specimens of color printing, making up lists of prominent and suitable contributors, getting in touch again with the distribgetting in toten again with readiness for the future proprietor's promised call. Oc-casionally this came promptly, the wouldbe editor accepting the invita-tion to lunch at the Hyde Park hotel tion to funch at the Hyde Park hoter or elsewhere, armed with lists and par-ticulars. There would be a big and excellent lunch, hearty good comrade-ship and slapping on the back, and eager anxiety to get the whole business forward and settled. But nothing came of it at all. After having been stirred up in this way, those editors who are always on the lookout for something new are settling down again, waiting or the next millionaire who maye come along.

. . .

Collectors of objects d'art and vertu are cooking forward eagerly to a sale of the attremely valuable London household effects and collections of Mrs. G. A. Schenley of Pittsburg who died a few reeks ago. Mrs. Schenley had been for great number of years well known in ondon society, and had established a one in one of the most fashionable uarters. It having been found imposdivision of the wonderful trensures stored in her house, 14 Prince's Gate, it has been decided that everything be calized and the proceeds divided. This

gems, many of them rare and many of them of great historic value. Her house was the one adjoining that of Pierpont forgan and who, because he wanted it o enlarge his own and was determined o get it, paid no less a sum than \$180,-00 for the freehold.

Mrs. Schenley's eldest son, George Arthur Schenley, is a keen yachtsman, and is well known in yachting circles here, having taken a house in South here, having taken a house in South Hampshire at the point where the Southampton Water and the Hamble river meet and flow into the Solent. This is the most beautiful part of the

however, she gave up on her marriage to Sir Seymour. They have been trav-eling about on the continent almost the whole time since. The pro against Sir Seymour were brought about by a small creditor. The baronet has brought himself to this pass through careless good nature in backing other people's bills. He was a dis-tinguished soldier who served in the Crimea and the Mutiny campaign, and has been military secretary and aide de camp to several distinguished men. among others to Lord Eigin, retiring from the army with a pension of only \$2,500 a year. Sir Seymour has next to no private money (almost a necessity with every officer in the British army) as Blamefield Castle in Ayrshire, which s his family seat, although very picturesque, is not an income producing estate. The first baronet of his line was Sir Gilbert Blaine, one of the physicians in ordinary to King George III. Sir Seymour, although 70 years of age, had never been married before last year. so that his heir presumptive is still his nephew.

F. C. Friescke, a painter of Detroit lich., is exhibiting three pictures a the Show of the International Society of Sculptors and Engravers now being held in London. Mr. Friescke is in Paris, where he has been working for the last seven years, having been made an associate of the Societe des Beaux Arts of Paris in 1901. One of his paint. ings at the exhibition is the propert of a most enthusiastic admirer of his-Dr. Paterson, and is called "Formme de Rose." The others are "Dame au Om-bulle" and "Tulip jaune." Mr. Friescke is the first of the present group of young American artists in Paris to have been elected as an associate of the Societe des Beaux Arts, and is constdered one of the cleverest young paint dered one of the ers in the quarter.

. . .

Jack Stuart, a planist of Detroit, why has been studying music in Paris to the last three years, is about to leav the French capital to sail to New Yorl by the Vaterland. Mr. Stuart has hear working under the tutelage of Alger Swayne, the American teacher in Paris and this last term has been completing his study of a program with which ha will be giving a concert in New York soon after his arrival in that city. Mr. Stuart is most popular not only amon

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