

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



GEORGE PYPER AS A CALLOW YOUTH.

There will be few who will not be able to recognize in the above the youthful features of George D. Pyper, well known to the public in the diversified roles of judge, editor, theatrical manager, and singer, the latter roles in particular having made him a popular public personage. Mr. Pyper entered upon his term as judge of the police court in Salt Lake at a time coincident with that when the photograph was taken, and in this and other vocations which he has assumed since, he has acquitted himself with distinction.

Harpers had lately assumed control of the "In the Fog," this change was thought to clear the atmosphere a little. And it is now known to many that "Lady Rose's Daughter" was in manuscript "A Woman of Talent."

BOOKS.

Victor Hugo always wrote standing at a high desk especially constructed for him, throwing off sheet after sheet as fast as he filled it till he would be quite snored up in leaves of foolscap. He often rose in the middle of the night to note down an idea or a verse. He got up for the day usually at 6 o'clock and would devote from six to eight hours a day to his work. He made but few corrections, his poems being thought out complete in his brain before he put pen to paper. It is a well known fact that he indulged in the arduous task of composition while traversing the streets of Paris on the top of an omnibus. When working out some great conception, he would spend hours in this way.

The place which children have come to occupy in our social scheme is a large one—especially does it appear so when one compares it to the place they held no more than 50 years ago. The old attitude towards a child's whims and fancies was one of suppression. To-day expression is the keynote of child training. And in literature, whereas 50 years ago stories for children were rare and overweighed with huge "moral" and were of no value as literature, today they are everywhere. Too good for children's work, Kipling turns from baroque life to serve the younger generation; Thomas Nelson Page from the old south, and Robert Chambers from war and romance, in which field he leads American writers. Mr. Chambers has followed up his "Outboard" with "Ochland" and they deserve no less attention in their own line than do "The Maid-at-Arms" and "The Maids of Paradise."

The late Paul du Chailly, traveler, explorer, and author of "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and many other books of travel and discovery, once at a Lotus Club dinner described how he, by one fell deed of his own, brought to the world the story of the "Maid-at-Arms." It seems, as an unwilling guest of an African tribe, where he was practically a captive, though treated with the utmost respect. Attention was heaped upon him by the native king, whose kindness grew especially overwhelming when the gifts took the form of wives, some dozens at a time. "At last," said du Chailly, "desperation gave me wings, and I contrived to escape. But by that single act," he added, solemnly, "I made 200 women widows."

"Monna Vanna," Maeterlinck's remarkable drama, has been presented for the first time on an American stage. A German version was received in Chicago recently with unusual enthusiasm—the press being unanimous in its favor. The English version, translated by A. J. du Pont Coleman, was published recently by the Harpers. Mr.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The November Century will begin publication of some new Thackeray letters, relating the story of "Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family." For years the existence has been known of this series of jealously guarded and entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray, written to various members of the family of the late Mr. George Baxter of New York City. Permission to publish these letters in the Century has finally been obtained from Miss Lucy Baxter, who contributes introduction and notes, from Mr. Stedman's membership in the New York Stock Exchange dated from 1859 to 1860.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.
London, Oct. 7.—Sherlock Holmes confided to Dr. Watson so many times his unreserved opinion of the official detectives, or "Scotland Yarders," that Conan Doyle's readers will be especially interested in what Sir Robert Anderson, head of London's criminal investigation department, has just written—apropos of Holmes' "return"—concerning the estimate which the "regular men" hold of the amateur sleuth-hound of Baker street.

Perhaps it will be best to give Sir Robert's views, as a practical criminal agent, upon certain details of the "Adventures" before quoting what the famous ex-commissioner of police has to say regarding Holmes' gifts at the methods of the regular force.

"It implies no disparagement of Doctor Doyle's art," he says, "that the element of exaggeration is seldom wanting. The 'Final Problem' exemplifies this in a notable way. To an expert, at all events, the story of Mor-

A VETERAN'S STORY

ESCAPED WAR'S PERILS AND FELL A VICTIM TO THE GRIP.

The Influenza Left His Blood So Thin That Anemia Resulted—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

In the employ of the American Bridge Company, at Pittsburgh, is a man whose life story is a thrilling one. For three years during the great Civil war he served his country as a member of Company E, Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and then completed his service in the Seventh Connecticut. The man is Mr. James A. Clowes, of No. 219 Forty-fourth street, Pittsburgh, Pa., and he tells in his own way how he escaped a greater danger than he faced on the field of battle. He says:

"An attack of the grip in 1888 left me in a low state of health and in a short time I found that I was a victim of anemia. Any exertion tired me and made me short of breath. My heart would stop beating at times. I was nervous and weak, had no desire to eat and there was constant pain in the small of my back. My kidneys, liver and stomach became affected and I was about as miserable as a man can be. One day I read Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People mentioned in the paper and concluded to see what they would do for me. The first box helped me and seven boxes cured me entirely, making me strong and energetic again and in as good health as before my sickness. My son and his wife and many of my other relatives have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the best results and we all recommend them on every possible occasion."

Hundreds of Civil war veterans, both Union and Confederate, whose health was broken by hardships in the army, as well as hundreds of others run down by overwork, worry or excesses of some sort, owe their lives and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves these pills have cured many stubborn cases of nervousness, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, sciatica and all forms of weakness, whether in male or female. If you are sick you owe it to yourself to give them a try. But remember that you cannot try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by taking "something else" which may be offered as a substitute. Be sure that every box you buy bears the name of Dr. Williams, and dealers in medicines or sent postpaid at fifty cents per box, six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

erson does not take Holmes' gibes at the expense of Scotland Yard with great seriousness. There is a wide difference, he says, between the work of the responsible police officer, whose business it is to bring criminals to justice, and the work of the 'private detective' who has merely to create a fact and to solve seeming mysteries. But the difference is not so vital as that which distinguishes the fancies of the novelist from the facts of real life. He must be a poor sort of creature who cannot solve his own problems. And it is delightful to notice how accurately the Sherlock Holmes keys invariably hit the Sherlock Holmes locks, and how invariably his two and two make four. But in real life keys are apt to get mixed or mislaid, and two and two have sometimes a way of making twenty-two, all of which may be very preventable and is always most embarrassing."

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

William Faux, who has just retired, was rather a picturesque figure in the English literary world. For the last 36 years he has selected all the books handled by W. H. Smith & Co., who, besides conducting an immense circulating library, are the sole proprietors of railway bookstalls throughout the United Kingdom. Frequently Mr. Faux acted as a censor—declining to allow a certain novel or other volume to be handled by his company—which was bad business for the author of the work unless he could manage to make sufficient advertising capital out of the occurrence. Faux spent practically the whole day in his office "judging" books—that is satisfying himself if they would be worth handling. In this way, he developed such an instinct that in some cases a few pages would tell him whether a book would "do," in others a chapter. Unluckily, however, he never kept any record of the names of works thus dealt with. He began life at 12 in a commercial house, but soon gravitated into a book shop, and then joined the Smiths, whom he served 36 years, rising from one post to another. Mr. Faux says the first book he remembers reading was "Roderick Random," and "Robinson Crusoe," is his favorite novel. His business brought him closely in touch with both publishers and writers, and he was intimate with Sir Walter Besant and James Rice.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY GEORGE.

The recent dinner in London to the memory of Henry George attracted a good deal of attention, especially as delegates were present from the United States, Natal, the Transvaal, Canada, India and Australia. Oddly enough, the gathering was held at a house once occupied by Edmund Burke. The English League for the Taxation of Land Values was, of course, host, and in his speech, its chairman declared that few men had loomed so large as George on history's page, that few had exercised more force of intellect, more power of imagination, and that few had more fully impressed their ideas upon not only their own generation, but upon generations to come.

A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

So comparatively few Continental novels are translated into English nowadays that it may be worth while to give an idea of the plot of a recent Italian romance which has scored heavily in its author's country. This is "La Nipote di Professore Romualdo," by Enrico Castelnuovo. The author here occupies the chair of mathematics at an Italian university, but chemistry is his real love, and he has led a life of practical seclusion in his laboratory up to the time when word comes from Brazil that his sister, a widow, has died and left her little daughter to his care. He has the child brought to his home, and of course, she grows into a beautiful girl and he falls in love with her. Equality of course she bestows her affections on a younger man, an artist, who is attracted solely by her beauty. But one who is a professor, accompanied by his niece, is experimenting in his laboratory, a terrible explosion occurs, which ruins the girl's looks. Her "lover" breaks off their engagement, when the damsel, who is his uncle, who finally marries her, enabled to do so by a special royal decree. Whereupon the gods bless the union by restoring the girl's beauty in greater perfection than ever.

SIZODON Tooth Powder

"Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth"

Gives the Teeth a Pearly Lustre

Big Box NEW TOP 25c

"Closed Season."

Grain harvest practically ended in Utah and Idaho. Superiority of **MCCORMICK & CHAMPION** machinery is **CONCEDED**. Prevailing cold weather stimulates trade in Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. The **"STEWART LINE"** excels. We have 'em—also vehicles and plows—all kinds.

Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company

180 State Street, Salt Lake City, **GEORGE F. ODELL, Gen'l Mgr.** Leading Implement Dealers

When You Need a Carpenter, Call Up 345. We have the Muscle and Material always Ready to Send Out.

SALT LAKE BUILDING & MANUFACTURING CO.,

(Established 20 Years) 32 to 40 N. Second West Street. - - - Salt Lake City.

W. S. Henderson, GREEN, FANCY, IMPORTED AND STAPLE GROCERIES, FISH, CURED MEATS, POULTRY, ETC.

267-269-271 So. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah. TELEPHONES: No. 344 No. 965 No. 966 Wholesale Trade Especially Solicited.

Don't Change Cars

Aboard at Salt Lake—Off at Chicago. The New Overland Service is via the

UNION PACIFIC AND CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL

Three Trains to Chicago Every Day Without Change of Cars.

C. S. WILLIAMS, Commercial Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., 106 W. Second South, Salt Lake City.

UTAH MINING MACHINERY & SUPPLY CO.,

224-226 S. WEST TEMPLE STREET. Agents Ingersoll-Sergeant Drill Co. Sheet Metal Works. Steam Electric and Gasoline Hoists. Quarry and Mining Supplies. Mine Cars, Cages and Ore Buckets. Roebling Steel Wire Rope.

Utah Mining Machinery & Supply Co. Telephone 303. J. E. GALLICHER, Manager.

I CURE VARICOCELE

In one week without the knife or radical surgical operation, without pain or distress from business, and there are thousands of people who know from actual experience that the statements I make are true. I also treat

Blood Poison, Hydrocele, Piles, Fistula and Reflex Disorders.

under a legal written guarantee to cure perfectly and permanently or refund every cent paid for treatment. Delays are dangerous, and if you need treatment at all, you should accept none but the most reliable and trustworthy. I can furnish bank or personal reference as desired, and will take pleasure in doing so. Consultation at office or by letter is free and solicited whether you want treatment or not, and if you desire treatment the terms will be entirely satisfactory to you. Address,

COOK MEDICAL CO., 119 So. MAIN, SALT LAKE CITY.

W. A. COOK, M. D.

Big Box NEW TOP 25c



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

This poem was written by Frances Browne, the blind poetess, born in Donegal, Ireland, June 16, 1818. In infancy a severe attack of smallpox left her sight, and her early education was all acquired by listening to the oral instructions given her sisters and her literary and vernal talents were apparent as early as her seventh year. In 1844 her first volume of poetry attracted much attention, and shortly afterward she went to London where with a sister for amanuensis she became a valued contributor to the leading periodicals.

Songs of our land, ye are with us forever. The power and the splendor of thrones pass away; But yours is the might of some far-flowing river. Through summer's bright roses or autumn's decay. Ye treasure each voice of the swift-passing ages, And truth, which time writeth on leaves of old sand; Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages, And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The birds may go down to the place of their slumbers. The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave. But far in the future the power of their numbers Shall kindle the eyes of our faithful and brave. It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely. Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned; It will call up a spirit for freedom, and then Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

NOTES.

Two of the most interesting announcements made by the Macmillan company concern the novels upon which Winston Churchill and Charles Major have been at work for some time past. Mr. Churchill's story will be called "The Crossed," and will deal with the period of the Louisiana Purchase. Mr. Major's is entitled "The Forest Heart," and will be a tale of the people who conquered the "great wilderness" in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Under the will of the late Mr. William Pearce, son of Charles Dickens' father's landlord, the birthplace of the novelist in Landport is to be put up for public auction, and a committee of the town council of Portsmouth has recommended that the corporation should buy for the purpose of a museum. According to Forster, Dickens remembered playing in the garden of this house, but there is documentary evidence that the family left it in 1812, only four and one-half months after Charles' birth. They did not, however, go to Cadham until he was two years old, so that it is quite possible there was another house in Portsmouth to which his reminiscences went back.

The untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz will be sincerely regretted by many readers of the Century. She first attracted the attention of the editors of this magazine by a story called "The Praying-Match," which was accepted and published in the Century for July, 1902. Her original "Pa Gladden" series soon followed. Mrs. Waltz has had three Christmas stories accepted for three succeeding years of The Century, beginning in 1901. Besides the Christmas story for 1903, another striking story of hers will appear posthumously. It is entitled "A Lady of Balance." Her "Pa Gladden" stories are soon to be published in book form. They were first connected with the Louisville Dispatch, and later with the Courier-Journal. She was a woman of indomitable courage and energy, and there were elements of the heroic in the story of her devoted life.

When a young writer places his first book with a publisher before him in even typeset, and on terms that include a liberal advance royalty he may be considered in luck. But when a prominent London publisher after reading the galley proof accepts his novel, and simultaneously publication in England and America, the unknown writer may with some reason be said to have struck it rich. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Philip Payne has done with his dramatic story of Chicago life and American politics entitled "The Mills of Man," which is considered by many critics the nearest approach to "The Great American Novel" that has appeared in 10 years. In any case it is rapidly becoming one of the most talked about and consequently the most widely read books of the day.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Company are Mr. Payne's publishers in this country and Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. in London.

Miss Elizabeth Bland, whose new novel, "A Candle of Understanding," is attracting so much attention, made a name for herself as all will remember in following the example of Magellan; her account of that experience, entitled "Flying Trip Around the World," was received with intense interest. Among those who complimented her most highly upon the exploit, and upon the merit of her story at the time of its publication, were Mr. Howells and Mr. Halstead. In connection with Miss Bland's later book, it is interesting to note that its dominant thought is in a deep-seated love for the south land, whereas a new novel by Hamlin Garland, entitled Hesper, which follows it closely from the Harper presses, has for its dominant thought an intense and appreciative love for the far west.

The October Century will bring the first of Richard Whiting's latest novel, "The Yellow Van." What this student of English social conditions believes to be the solution of the vexed problems painted so black in the earlier chapters of "The Yellow Van" is promised in these closing chapters. Book publication of "The Yellow Van" is announced for October.

Strange as it may seem, the optimistic essays in "The Great Optimist," a little book written by Leigh Mitchell Hodges announced immediate publication by the Dodge company of New York, were originally brought about by a cynic. Mr. Hodges, who is a young westerner, now living in Philadelphia, conceived the idea of a brief daily writing, looking on the bright side of things, from a column headed "The Cynic" and written by Horace M. Traubel, the well-known poet and philosopher, which appeared in the Philadelphia Times two years ago. It was somewhat of an offset to these cynical dissertations that this young writer suggested to the editor of the Times a column of opposite tendencies. Such was the beginning of "The Optimist" which subsequently became the leading feature of the Philadelphia Times until

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted. Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain. They show us bright shadows of glory deferred. Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain. The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken. And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand; But ye are still left, when all else hath been taken. Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger. With power over ocean and desert afar. Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger. And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star. With the breath of our mountains in summer long vanished. And visions that passed like a wave from the sand. With hope for their country and joy from her banished. Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The springtime may come with the song of our glory. To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice. But this pine of the mountain, though standing afar. And the rock in the desert can send forth a voice. It was thus in their triumph for deep desolation. While ocean waves roll or the mountains' tains shall stand. Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations. Shall glory and live in the songs of our land.

the discontinuance of that paper, and has since appeared daily on the editorial page of the Philadelphia North American. It was undertaken at first simply as an experiment, but its popularity has proven general and far-reaching.

At the solicitation of many of his readers, Mr. Hodges decided to revise certain of these short essays and they are now to be published for the first time in book form. They strike a note of what the writer is pleased to call "militant optimism." He is a believer in the allied power of faith and works, and his sincerity cannot be doubted by any one who peruses the pages of his book. In the language of a competent authority, he has struck a new note, and if the verdict of a varied readership for aught, he has struck it with fine precision and made good music.

Mr. Aubrey Lanston, whose first novel, "The Harvesters," shows such intimate knowledge of English life during the eighteenth century, explains that fact by confessing that no period in history appeals to his interest so strongly; he is, in fact, already an authority on that era. Though a graduate at law from the Georgetown university and member of the bar of the state of Washington, Mr. Lanston had a definite predilection to letters and has devoted his energies largely to composition since he was old enough to write. "The Harvesters," most of which was written in the pretty Danish village of Hellerup, Mr. Lanston says, "My first accepted, but by no means by first seriously intended novel." Most writers have waited even longer than he, and few have met more deserved success for early effort.

Wee Macgregor is already more than a mere character in a book. He has become one of the emblems of Scotch nationality. Small wonder that carping English over the border hurl at his tiny form phrases they would not dare not thrust in the teeth of all "unspeakable Scots."

This from Punch:

"There once was a lad named Macgregor. Whose frame was pronouncedly meagre.

Yet the boom of the kirk So prevailed that his circulation grew bigger and bigger."

And again:

"Il y avait un petit Macgregor. Qui aimait la Comtesse de Bigrone; Il demandait: 'Whit way?' 'Voulez-vous m'epouser?' Elle repondit: 'Ma foi! Oui! Macgregor!'"

The latter isn't especially funny. But it is French; and to the English French is funny.

The problem of christening children is a very small one compared to the question of the proper name for a book. There are so many more matters to be taken into consideration, for at the time of the child's appearance there is no developed characteristic in evidence to indicate whether he is a Scrooge or a Romeo. The titles of some of our recent popular novels which have undergone extraordinary evolutions in order to reach the final satisfactory stage, "Jude the Obscure" was first entitled, "The Simpletons," a name which gave place at the very last moment to a more appropriate one.

Mr. George Baxter of New York City, who has contributed these letters in the Century has finally been obtained from Miss Lucy Baxter, who contributes introduction and notes, from Mr. Stedman's membership in the New York Stock Exchange dated from 1859 to 1860.

FROM LAST TO FIRST

People used to take plain cod liver oil for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles after other remedies had failed.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern idea of cod liver oil—the first instead of the last resort when such ailments appear.

The taste of the oil is not apparent and the oil itself is partly digested—makes it easy for the stomach. Scott's Emulsion is a quick, reliable help at all ages.

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.