

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

THE RANCH HOUSE.

Upon the logs a Wolf-hide hangs,
A saddle lies beside the door,
And just within its shadow, there
A baby creeps upon the floor.

THE MAN OF THE RANCH.

My dad he's gone an' Mammy says
"He's the man of the ranch."
But I know that she belongs to me,
But what for does she cry an' cry?
My dad he's gone, an' I'm here now,
What be the use of all this fuss?"

By Robert V. Carr.

THE INDIAN.

The Indian he's a savage, an'
He likes to eat an' rest;
He wears some paint, a look o' scorn,
An' thinks that he is best.

Robert V. Carr.

NOTES

The above poems are from a little volume of verse by Robert V. Carr, who has grasped some of the salient and striking features and incidents of ranch and range and put them into excellent expression. Every poem portrays a characteristic of the life he describes and in a most happy way, the funny and pathetic phases of human life as they evolve themselves in the characteristic atmosphere. Published by W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.

In the June number of the National Magazine appears an article on the life of Ina Donna Coolbrith, so long known as one of the eminent literary figures of the Pacific coast. Intimately associated with the Overland Monthly and the brilliant people who helped to make it a literary monument of the west, Mrs. Coolbrith's name is always mentioned in connection with the galaxy of brilliant writers who contributed to its columns—Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and others, whose names have since become household words. The interesting thing to the editor is the fact that the distinguished writer is a relative of the present president of the L. D. S. church, Joseph F. Smith. Miss Coolbrith was born in Illinois, and in the migration from that place to the west, the families became separated. Miss Coolbrith's parents going to the coast, President Smith in his first visit to the Sandwich Islands, stopped in California, and there saw the young relative for a brief time. This was before her advent into literature, and their ways have since been far apart. The sketch given in the National is a most interesting one and will doubtless be treasured by local relatives of the distinguished woman.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps 30 years ago wrote "The Gates Ajar," and at that time the story, because of a gentle, straightforward unorthodoxy in opposing the stiff church notions of heaven, produced something of the effect that followed the "Robert Elsie" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Now Mrs. Phelps is offering, in a series of articles which are being published at the instance of Miss Elizabeth Jordan in Harper's Bazar, her present theories upon immortality and the future life, and those readers who remember that it was this same interest in "The Gates Ajar" that first made Mrs. Phelps's name so familiar in this country, are much absorbed in her arguments. Then people trembled at a bit of an unorthodox heaven; now, Mrs. Phelps, who expects at such a time to stand in a row with musical ghosts around a throne? If "The Gates Ajar" appeared as a new thing, it would surely excite remark. Who anticipates a white robe, demands Mrs. Phelps, and a palm branch and a hymn book—but who, on the other hand, dares not anticipate the restoration of lost things?

Arthur Stringer, whose new book, "The Golden Ladder," is published this week, is at present making a rather brief tour of the tropics. Mr. Stringer left New York a short time ago on an Italian tramp-steamship, and his wanderings are taking him about the east towns of Cuba, Jamaica, and other Caribbean points. A mate's cabin converted into a 10 by 12 library, provides the novelist with a workshop where he will labor on his next book, and the main item in Mr. Stringer's outfit, he reports, was "six pounds of tobacco and six volumes of Turgenev."

Following the publication of "The Golden Ladder," Margaret Potter (Mrs. John Ronald Black, of Chicago) has just sailed from New York for Italy, where she will pass the summer. Mrs. Potter has declared herself most interested at present in what she calls "the great American comedy," and will devote herself for a while to portraying phases of contemporary American life. "The Princess" and "The Gentleman" were both studies from the Russian. Mrs. Potter is only 27 years old, and "The Golden Ladder" just

published by the Harpers, is the ninth novel she has written. In the eyes of many persons the extreme poverty in which Ouida passed her last years will always remain to a certain degree inexplicable. It seems to have been more or less unnecessary. If a good solicitor had been given free play in her affairs he very probably could have rescued enough from the general shipwreck to have assured her a comfortable annuity. But to find a good solicitor and place herself unreservedly in his hands, was not Ouida's way. Her interests were always subordinated to her convictions, and rather to her prejudices. Our readers all remember the great success throughout the country two or three years ago of Paul Potter's dramatization of "Under Two Flags." Ouida's share was to have been one-half the royalties. She would take nothing. Money from an American source, in her eyes, would have brought contamination.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's and Max Pemberton's newest novels, which have been running side by side in newspaper and serial form for purposes of comparison, are to be published simultaneously in book form. "The Shoulders of Atlas," Mrs. Freeman's story, is a New England study of character in the present day, and evokes the additional interest of a mystery as bewildering as a plot in a detective story. As Mr. Pemberton's "Sir Richard Escourt" is a staid romance in the days of George II, with a gallant cavalier as hero, and a plot more concerned with action than with reflection, it will be seen that these two stories are in strong contrast and should afford telling examples of the masculine and feminine attitudes of mind. The Harpers are arranging that both books shall be ready for publication early in May.

In his feverish desire to christen his new play, the author, Hugh Pendexter, finally settled a host of difficulties by employing three capital letters and calling it just that, "The New Play." It has proved to be as successful as Mr. Pendexter's last novel, "Tiberius Smith," and is now being played in the author's native city, Rochester.

A new volume of stories by Mrs. DeLand is a promise to keep in mind among the spring fiction announcements. The book will be brought out by the Harpers during the first fortnight in May.

Rex Beach took to writing quite an afternoon. He began only five years ago after his return to America from the Alaska goldfields, and in this time has written "The Spoilers," which is also on the boards as play, and "The Barrier," which the Harpers are quoting as a best seller. Mr. Beach's experience is the reverse of the stories usually tell about "rejection man." "It was really the result of a bet," he says, "I ran into a fellow staying in the same place with me who had come out of the gold country a little sooner. He had written two or three articles about Alaska for some paper devoted to the interests of agricultural planters and they had paid him a few dollars. He gave me the stories to read and seemed proud of them. I thought to myself, 'If he can get real money out of this, I can. I made a bet that I would sell some stories too, but instead of following his example and working up from the bottom, I decided to start at the top and let the force of gravity do the rest, so I sent a short story to one of the magazines and sure enough it was accepted. I thought for a long time somebody in the office was playing a joke on me. Then I got into other business in Chicago, and one day the editor of the magazine was passing through and called on me and asked for some more stories. I gave him all I had, and he took them away with him. A week or so later he wrote to me that all of them had been accepted.'"

Admirers of Marion Crawford's stories are watching with interest the evolution which seems to be taking place in his style and methods. Some acute critics have already pointed out that his latest book, "The Primadonna," is in some respects a radical departure from his previous work. In the eyes of these critics, the change seems to be altogether for the better. Mr. Walter Littlefield, writing in the Chicago Record-Herald, says: "The Primadonna" is decidedly the biggest thing which Mr. Crawford has achieved in fiction, although the lovers of his early Italian romances may not be ready to recognize it as such. With 'The Primadonna' the author takes his place among those world novelists who are of no country, time, or literary creed. The pseudo-comopolitanism of the popular products of many authors seems well at once made apparent by comparison. A resemblance indeed may be vaguely suggested to some of the work of men like Henry James, George Meredith, and Paul Bourget. But Crawford presents no linguistic puzzles nor does he disregard, like his French colleagues, the law of cause and effect."

Miss Florence E. Allen, daughter of ex-Congressman Allen of this city, and musical critic of the Cleveland, O., Plaindealer, is making a name for herself in the realm of literature outside of routine newspaper effort. She has just published through a Cleveland publishing house a little book of original poems entitled "Patric." There are 35 little poems in this book, covering a wide variety of subjects susceptible of poetic interpretation and elaboration, and which are wrought out with a skill that bespeaks a high aesthetic culture and refined sentiment. Miss Allen appears to have a clear conception of rhyme, rhythm, versification, in short, all the factors which go to make up well balanced poetic expression. For instance, her ability is evidenced in a sonnet, a style of writing calling for more than ordinary poetic



HELEN BOWE
GLOBE TROTTER

13 YEAR OLD GLOBE TROTTER.

Helen Bowe is today enroute from New York to Arizona, to find and visit an uncle.

Miss Bowe is only 13 years old, but is self-reliant and bright for her age. She is from Wilmington, Del., and is traveling alone. Her ultimate destination is Patagonia, Ariz., where she will visit her uncle, William Powers.

Several of Miss Allen's friends in this city have been favored with copies of her valuable little work. That she will be heard from further in the literary field is evident.

BOOKS

Purple and Homepun, which the Harpers have just published, is the first long novel Samuel M. Gardenhire has written since "The Silence of Mrs. Harold." The story tells of a United States senator from the West who falls in love with the daughter of the English ambassador. She is betrothed to her cousin, an aristocrat like herself, but is ignorant of the fact that he has had an unfortunate affair with a girl who has fled to America to become a Socialist worker on the east side. The senator meets this girl while visiting a friend, and surprising complications ensue. A further barrier to Freeman's discussion of a mystery which surrounds his own parentage, concerning which the reader is kept in doubt up to the last moment. The scenes in the East side and in Washington and Europe brilliantly contrast the lives of the upper and lower classes. Purple and Homepun is a swiftly moving drama of ingenuity, plot, and keenly exciting as a novel study. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published a book on the stars which comprises their literature quite as much as their science, and which is entitled "Astronomy with the Naked Eye," by Garrett P. Serviss. The plan of this book is to enable the casual observer of the night skies to appreciate the scheme of the constellations, and also to enjoy the knowledge to be gained through knowing the part they have played in legend and literature. The book begins with the discussion of constellations visible in the meridian in January, their characteristic appearance, and some of the history and mythology that attach to them. After this comes a similar treatment of each constellation's brightest stars. There is also a list, for the convenience of those who wish to use the telescope, of telescopic bodies, double stars, nebulae, etc., giving their relative positions. At the end is a group of charts showing stars visible to the naked eye and the outlines of the constellation figures, such as the belt of Orion, etc. The intimate touch conveyed in addition to this by the story of the stars is unique and satisfying, and should fill a deep need that the average man sometimes confesses to when he looks up at the stars and wonders what it is all about. In itself, or as a companion work to "Astronomy Through the Opera-Glass," this book will prove of immense service and pleasure to all who wish to know the stars. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

In Bertrand of Brittany, just published by the Harpers, Warwick Deering has gone back to the style which he abandoned when he wrote "A Woman's War." It is a medieval story of Canada and the northern states. Its main theme is the work of a knight of immense service and pleasure to all who wish to know the stars. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

Prof. William R. Lounsbury of Yale university, recognized as one of the best critics of the English language, gives in his new volume, "The Standard of Usage in English," the most practical and valuable results of his study. It may be said that his general point of view comprises a denial that the English language is degenerating through corrupt usage—though corrupt usage is admitted, specific arguments for and against certain disputed words and phrases in popular use, and the suggestion as to how the best standard shall be finally determined. The author makes a clear point that a spoken language not only does change, but should change. He reverts to the eighteenth century dicta of authors like Swift and Addison, and the details of speech which occupied them, and shows that the nineteenth century has been less concerned with word precision. The volume points all point to the author's conclusion that usage is the only standard of speech, and that this usage cannot be determined by a single man or a single principle, but must be discovered "by association in life with the best speakers, and in literature with the best writers. One of the most useful points in the book is the mention of a number of forms that are questioned today, such as gotten and got, the passive proven, and the like. The volume will be a standard help for all interested in correct speech.—New York: Harper & Brothers.

In the May St. Nicholas the "True Chronicles of a Diddy-Box"—and they are true—will tell the story of the Battle of Manila Bay—just the simple, thrilling narrative of a very much-in-earnest young fellow who was in the midst of it all. This installment of "Three Years Behind the Guns" comes with fortunate timeliness in the month of the tenth anniversary of the battle of Manila Bay.

A beautiful cover design marks the May day number of the Youth's companion, showing two young girls under a fruit tree loaded with blossoms, and sprays of them in their hair and carried in their arms. A charming story, "Providence Hides," is the opening one and a specially beautiful poem is "God Made His Dwelling in My Heart Today." There are other fine features helping to make it an exceptionally interesting number.—Perry Mason Co., Boston.

HINTS TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

PREPARED BY H. C. IRISH

Of the Missouri Botanical Gardens,
St. Louis, for the National Council
of Horticulture.

MAKING A FLOWER BED.

In making a flower bed, consider well where you put it and what you put in it. If you want to grow flowers for the flowers' sake, the bed may be in the rear of your yard, to one side, and laid out like a vegetable garden; but if the bed is to be part of a landscape picture the flowers should be freely distributed among the border shrubs as edging. It is seldom advisable to put formal beds on the lawn. The place for carpet bedding is a park or public square, which is devoted to that particular purpose. Masses of one variety are more effective than a mixture of different varieties. Flowers grown in the middle of the lawn have little relation to other planting, and no background to show them off to good advantage. They are exposed to the sun and wind and the grass roots absorb food and moisture, making it hard for the flowers to flourish. Every effort must be made to keep the formal beds prim, otherwise they become displeasing, while if the flowers are planted more or less promiscuously in large irregular borders or along the edge of the shrubbery the failure of one or a dozen plants is not a serious matter. In making a flower bed, see that the ground is well drained, that the land is in a mellow and friable condition, and is rich. Each fall it should have a mulch of rotted manure or leaf mould which must be spaded under deeply in the spring. Make the bed as broad as possible so that the grass roots from each side will not meet beneath the flowers and rob them of the moisture.

DOGWOODS.

The garden varieties of the dogwoods are among the most valuable shrubs in use, being especially adapted for moist and shady places. Some of them have richly colored twigs which produce a fine color effect in the winter. All are hardy and adapt themselves readily to a variety of soils and climates.

Flowering dogwood (cornus florida) is very showy in flower and also beautiful in autumn, when the leaves change color before falling. The plant is of tree form, rather slow in growth, and ordinarily from 10 to 15 feet high. It has branches spreading almost horizontally. The flowers appear early in spring and full bloom the shrubs have a striking appearance, owing to the whorls of leaves that surround the blossoms. It bears a bright scarlet fruit.

Red osier (cornus stolonifera) grows freely in marshy ground in Canada and the northern states. Its main stem is prostrate and from it many shoots grow six to 10 feet high. These shoots are green in summer,

but scarlet in winter. The flowers are white or cream and are followed by white fruit. A variegated leaved variety can be obtained and in some respects is best, having leaves that in summer are broadly and irregularly margined with yellow and white. Cornelian cherry, a small tree or large shrub reaching a height of 15 feet. Small, bright yellow flowers appear in early spring before the foliage, giving the plant a very striking appearance at that time. There are two variegated forms which are beautiful.

EGG PLANT.

A vegetable garden would not be complete without egg plants. It is not quite as easy to grow as the tomato, but the culture, and general treatment are practically the same. It is cultivated as far north as New York.

The soil for egg plant should be a deep loam, well drained and thoroughly plowed. The seed should be planted in a hotbed, greenhouse, or in a kitchen in the early part of March. Small plants may be purchased at this time in most cities, ready to set out in the garden.

The plants should be six to eight inches high when set out, and all danger of frost should be over. The plants should be about two feet apart each way, and water must be applied abundantly until the plants are well established. The ground must also be kept well stirred and free from weeds. Twelve to 20 plants will be sufficient for a good sized family.

The fruits are ready for the table from the time they are half grown until fully ripened. Even after they have reached full size and color, they may remain on the plants for some time without lessening their value, although too ripe, a fruit is worthless. The egg plant is used by the French in various ways in soups, stews, etc. In this country it is sliced about one-fourth inch thick and fried in butter. The following recipe will be found very satisfactory: Peel and cut into slices one inch thick, water for an hour; then cover with rolled crackers or flour and fry in butter or fat.

Another way is to steam or bake the egg plant whole and serve it in the shell, the pulp being eaten with salt, pepper and butter.

HEDGES.

Hedges are used in this country than in Europe because of our

dry climate and high priced labor. Hedges require to be frequently trimmed and need considerable moisture, but these things can easily be supplied in home grounds of moderate size, and hedges are used with excellent effect on such grounds.

For a good hedge you must have thoroughly prepared, deep soil, set the plants close and shear them at least twice a year. For evergreen hedges the serviceable plant in general is the arbor vitae. The plants may be set at distances of one to 2 1/2 feet apart. For choice hedges in home grounds, especially outside the extreme northern states the rhododendron are useful.

One of the most satisfactory of all coniferous plants for hedges is the hemlock which stands shearing well and makes a soft and pleasing mass. The plants are set from one to three feet apart. Other plants that hold their leaves and are good for hedges are the box and privet, the former especially. Box hedges are best for low borders about flower beds and bordering walks. The dwarf varieties can be kept down to a height of six inches in a foot for any number of years. The large growing kinds make excellent hedges, three, four and five feet high. The ordinary privet holds its leaves well into the winter in the north. California privet holds its leaves longer and stands better along the seashore.

For deciduous hedges the most used plants are the buckthorn, European thorn apple, or crataegus, the orange and various kinds of roses. Hedges should be trimmed the first year they are set, although they are not trimmed very closely until they reach the desired permanent height.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

and are always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. Don't neglect such things—they may seem serious if you do. Apply Ballard's Great Liniment, showing directions right away and it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c. 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-114 Main street.

LOVE'S PROMPTER.

He was sitting alone on the veranda, and close by him sat a young and pretty widow and a little six-year old boy.

"The little fellow ran up to the gentleman, who patted him on the head."

"What's your name?" the little boy asked.

He told him.

"Is you married?" he asked.

"No, I am not," was the reply.

"Then the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said:

"Mamma, what else did you tell me to ask him?"—Pearson's Weekly.

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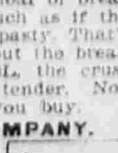
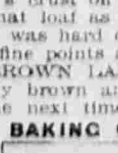
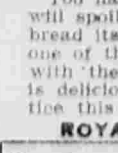
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