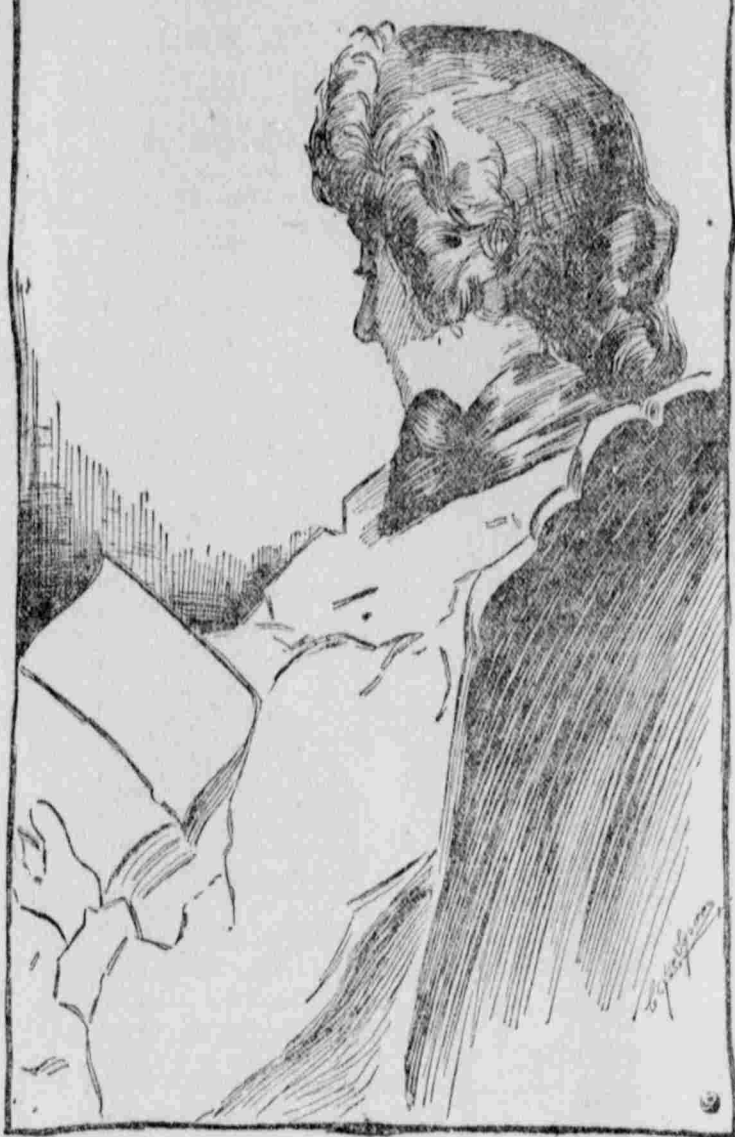


LITERATURE



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865.

(This is the remarkable poem in which, on May 6, 1865, London Punch confessed its error, after having for four years lampooned Lincoln with pencil and pen. Few can doubt that among American newspapers and public men of today, who have similarly assailed President McKinley, there are many who now experience feelings of penitence similar to that voiced in Punch's fearful retraction.)

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless so it could point a paragraph
Of Chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse that bears for wailing-chest
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pen and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of primness peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had lost to you,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made homely-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how honest he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill he came;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful in
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his nearest boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting might.

The unclean forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the laborer's axe,
The road that overbears the boatman's toll,
The prairie, hiding the masked wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were his needs, his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such true have fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it four long suffering years;
Ill-fate, ill-fortune, ill-repent, lived through,
And then he heard the blazes change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A colon bent, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Uttered one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, who rove men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore,
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whence its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life,
And with much praise, little to be forgiven!

NOTES.

Unless appearances are craftily combining to be deceitful, the coming autumn book season will excel all its predecessors in variety of material and in volume of business. Paper-makers, printers, and binders are busier than they ever have been; artists with time in which to illustrate beloved books are hard to find; the traveling salesmen of publishing-houses are passing rapidly from city to city, and the wholesale dealers and the retailers order rapidly and in large quantities, feeling assured by their experience of the past year or two that the book-buying class has increased enormously, and that the increase "has come to stay." The day of "shabby" books and conventional books has passed. Never before have manuscripts been selected with greater care, illustrated so well, or printed and bound so attractively. Circulating libraries have increased so amazingly in numbers and popularity that the sale of a paying edition of a book of any merit is assured, and readers who buy books because they are too impatient to await their chances at the libraries seem to have become almost numberless. Besides, the people have learned that new books are among the prettiest and cheapest means of home decoration.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon pub-



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We urge you to try it.

present-day writers of stories of the Civil War. The Scribners will also publish the authorized "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour.

Full announcements of reading for young folks and children come in rather slowly, and probably the tide will not fairly set shoreward until October. Mr. R. H. Russell, whose lively illustrations go so far toward making the "Book Beautiful" has a list of tempting juveniles which will soon be on evidence. Among the attractive names of authors announced are Carolyn Wells, A. B. Paine, R. F. Raymond, Olive Long, Otto von Guericke, and others, together with a list of illustrators quite as promising.

The Philological Library collected by the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who devoted to its acquisition nearly the whole of his life, a considerable part of his fortune, and his comprehensive learning as a philologist, is now offered for sale for the benefit of the aged surviving princess.

It consists of about 30,000 printed books and a large number of valuable manuscripts. The original aim of the prince in forming his library was to make an exhaustive collection of authorities and examples illustrating his own special studies, viz: the dialects of the English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Basque languages. Afterwards he enlarged its scope to include all the known languages of the world. In the choice of copies only the best edition of each work was selected. A partial catalogue printed in 1894 occupies 718 quarto pages. Testimony to the value of this library for the use of students of languages of all nations has been furnished by a number of eminent specialists, among whom may be mentioned Professor Max Muller, Professor Whitney, of Yale University, Professor Skene, Savoy, Dr. J. Pictet, master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and President of the Philological Society; Dr. Leitner, Dr. Rost, Professor Wright, the Bishop of London and Portsmouth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Rhys, Postgate, Navier, and many others. This valuable collection should come to the United States.

There are signs on all sides of a quickening of interest in George Eliot. Within the past few weeks one American publisher has issued a "Life of George Eliot," and in England there is the interesting announcement that Mr. Leslie Stephen, who had the advan-

There is a hint in this particular prophecy upon which present day tendencies would appear to lay a more pause, somewhat agitated, and ask ourselves whether the dignity and nobility of literature are indeed plague smitten, and doomed to be supplanted by the blatancy characteristic of the patent medicine trade.

Certain it is that the old standards are curiously weak kneed in these days, and that much of the halo of sentiment which formerly surrounded the writer and his work has given place to the coarser light of publicity. The author is no longer own brother to the proverbial church mouse. He has his agent, his banker, his secretary, his stenographer, his errand boy, and he is as keen in pursuit of the almighty dollar as the most matter of fact tradesman of them all. At least one well-known member of the craft has actually adopted the phonograph as a recording instrument, and the name is legion of those who now employ stenographers to do all the manual portion of their creative work.

It has required but two years to relegate the literary note to the rubbish room of antiquated methods, and to bring the literary sandwich man and the literary street car sign to the fore: and we may yet see in our annals the name of Winston Churchill or Richard Harding Davis blaring red and green on country barns and cliffsides shoulder to shoulder with Liver's Little Pills and Alphabetical Oil.

The perennial complaint of the English author concerning the cruel and inhuman behavior of the American publisher is heard again in the case of Miss Beatrice Harraden. She points out with a not unnatural bitterness, that whereas her first and most successful book, "Ships That Pass in the Night," sold in the tens of thousands, she received only about six hundred dollars for it. Her implication is that the American publishers treated her unfairly.

The Messrs. Putnam replied to her in the "Critic." They were the authorized American publishers, and they paid the English publishers all that was asked for the rights in America. They also paid Miss Harraden a courtesy or good will fee, although she had already sold all her rights to the English firm from whom the Putnams bought the American ones. Unfortunately, the English publishers had neglected the simple precaution of copy-

Not all the men in the publishing business are large minded. There are some who are not, and who are left unguarded. Copyrighting is a cheap and comparatively simple thing nowadays, and the authors who have only themselves to blame for the losses attendant upon that neglect.

The unkind attributes of other communities regarding the readers who volunteer for the reading services to the Boston Public Library have called forth some very brilliant defenses of the system. Champions by the score have appeared to uphold the ladies who have excluded Mr. Humphrey Ward's latest book from the shelves because of its unsettling effect upon young girls, and who pondered long upon that doubtful work. Their Silver Wedding Journey, before permitting it to be smug in through the back door, as it were, in the "general literature" department.

The chief contention of these champions seems to be that the unpaid readers for the Boston Public Library are unpaid, and that therefore their judgment must be infinitely better than that of the paid reader of the publishing houses and the paid critic of the reviewers. These ladies made to appear venal creatures, winking at bad grammar, smiling over bad logic, indifferent to bad morals, provided only that they recommended a book which will have a sale, whereas the volunteer experts of Boston are represented as a clear visioned, sternly conscientious lot, vowed and dedicated to the cause of pure literature, reading because they love to read, and judging out of the fullness of a rich experience in letters.

The simplest answer is to recall the books upon which these eminent Bostonians have set the seal of their disapproval. The more roundabout one is to consider the amateur in all his pursuits as compared with the professional. Is the amateur musician a better performer than the Paderewskis, the Hofmanns, and their less renowned followers? Is the amateur sportsman, even, a better athlete than the professional—though here the intense delight in the pursuit, and the publicity of it, break down many of the lines of demarcation between the two. Is the dilettante writer a better writer than the professional? Mrs. Van Rensselaer Crozier and the late Queen Victoria are the names of the amateur writers who have achieved success.

So with the amateur critic; he—or, more frequently, she—substitutes an intense personal fastidiousness, a far fetched nicety of taste, for the rules and standards of an established and intelligent criticism. She prides herself upon the difficulty with which she is pleased, and then she shows herself pleased with some mere affectation. The professional reader may have his faults, and the books that appear and the books that are praised show that he has many of them; but he has not the precocity of the amateur, which is, of all things, the most destructive of sane and reasonable judgment.

And the professional reader may always solace himself for the attacks upon him by remembering that George Meredith is in the same line of business. The Athenaeum of London, which has achieved new greatness by the recent admission of Professor Brander Matthews into its membership, has one of the most curious regulations known to the club world. No member may smoke within its portals. As it is really a distinction to belong to it and as the Briton is a conservative, tradition respecting persons, the rule is not evaded. It has been picturesquely evaded, however, by the excavation of a part of the rear of the garden, in which excavation two smoking rooms have been built.

Very few Americans belong to the club, and only those Englishmen who have won some distinction in art, letters, diplomacy, or the church. Professor Matthews was proposed eighteen years ago by Matthew Arnold. The other day, when his turn for election came, Austin Dobson took Arnold's place in standing sponsor for the American author.

BOOKS.

B. K. Benson's new novel is called A Friend with the Countersign, a good title for the book which follows his first and very successful novel, "Who Goes There?" brought out last year by The Macmillan company and which has been reckoned by army critics as the best story that has yet been written on the Civil War. A friend with the Countersign, which deals with the war, but in another army, is a story of desperate personal adventure, political plot and counterplot, villainy, and of a devoted woman's love, all interwoven with the Virginia campaigns of Grant and Lee detailed with historic accuracy. The hero after escaping from the Confederates, whom he has been serving while suffering from amnesia—or loss of his identity, becomes a spy for General Meade and Grant. Later during a scout he is forced to endure battle with the ranks of his enemies for whom he feels to fight; but above the personal interest there comes a political intrigue which Berwick discovers and counteracts—an intrigue which has for its end the success of the Southern Confederacy through adequate means. His capture, and loss of the plot, his own capture while a spy in Richmond, his court martial and death sentence give the main part of the story. The illustrations are by Louis Betts and are very spirited. In the closing scenes General Lee himself becomes prominent, and the book ends with the fall of the Confederate capital.

MAGAZINES.

The recent Harvard address of the Hon. Wayne McVeagh, LL. D., ex-Attorney-General of the United States, on "American Politics," is published in full in The Arena for October. It is a stirring plea for the elevation of our political standards and will repay perusal. A symposium on "The Trusts and the Single Tax," will delight the followers of the late Henry George. The writers are Louis F. Post—"The Vital Element in Restraint of Trade," Jackson H. Ralston—"The Evil of Exclusive Privileges," and Bolton Hall—"The Ultimate Basis of All Morality." The fourth paper of Prof. Frank Parsons' series on "Great Movements of the Nineteenth Century" is entitled "The White Light of Civilization Democracy." Editor Patterson contributes a vigorous article on "The Spirit of Modern Christianity," that tells some plain truths. Editor Flower, in addition to his usual "Topics of the Times" and "Books of the Day" has an appreciative paper of the famous living collection of specimens of his verse, and Benjamin Karr writes suggestively on "Electricity and Literature." Editor McLean announces a new feature for the November Arena—a short story from the pen of Will Allen Dromgoole. At least one piece of fiction will appear in each issue hereafter. The Alliance Publishing Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Mind" the metaphysical magazine for October has an unusually interesting list of contents. Among them is a paper upon the "Abolition of Capital Punishment," the author quoting scripture texts and giving other reasons in favor of abolishing the death penalty in cases of crime. "Man's Infinite Possibilities," "Fear in Its Relation to Success," "The Laws of Health," and a half dozen other articles dealing with metaphysical values in the great human problem are contained in the issue together with a most interesting children's department.

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And printing specially attended to at the Deseret News Office. Estimates promptly furnished. Rush orders a

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

COLONEL WILLARD YOUNG,
As a West Point Cadet.

The above is a reproduction of a photograph of Col. Willard Young, taken as a cadet at West Point. Col. Young entered the Academy in the late seventies and graduated among the highest in his class. He was in the army twenty years, resigning at the end of that time. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war, he volunteered his services, and rendered efficient aid as colonel in command of the Second Regiment of United States Volunteer engineers, which operated in both Cuba and the Sandwich Islands. He is now manager of the National Contracting Company of America, the biggest concern of its kind in the world.

tage of a personal acquaintance with George Eliot, and who to a large extent shared her opinions, is engaged on a book on the author of "Adam Bede." Some time ago it was also announced that Mr. Sidney Lee was preparing a life of George Eliot for the literary series of monographs which Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing. An attractive feature of Harper's Magazine for September is a paper of "Reminiscences of George Eliot."

The demand for books which relate to music and musicians has caused their publishers to bring out successive editions. Never was the request for this kind of publications so marked as it is now. Most of the publishers who brought out books on music or biographical works of the musicians were pleased with the results. Within the past three years the Scribners have published several notably successful books which have to do with the "divine art" or its ministers. James Gibbons Huneker, the author of "Mozart in Modern Music" and "Chopin as Man and Musician," is recognized as one of the erudite and brilliant music critics on this side of the Atlantic. He is at present attending the Wagnerian festival in Bayreuth.

In the year 1820, Robert Montgomery was one of the admitted and popular authors of the day in England. His volumes of mildly sentimental verse had been widely advertised, and one of them had reached an eleventh edition—which, without exact information as to the number of copies in each edition, was doubtless a large sale for those days. Then, at the height of his fame, there came Lord Macaulay with the famous essay which so mercilessly exposed the utter worthlessness of Mr. Montgomery's mushy verses that the man would be utterly forgotten, were he not remembered as the chipping block on which the great English critic exercised his muscle.

"We hereby give notice," said Macaulay, "that as soon as any book shall, by means of puffing, reach a second edition, our intention is to do unto the writer of it as we have done to Mr. Robert Montgomery." If Lord Macaulay were alive today, and if he held to the promise, he would do much service to literature; but he would be a pretty busy man.

In one of his stories, H. G. Wells, who occupies himself largely in depicting the suppositions conditions of mundane society a century or two hence, devotes some space to the literature of those distant days. He reports that either on the wings of his swift fancy, we find the novel no longer a thing of paper, print, and binding, but merely one of many phonographic cylinders which have received, viva voce, the thoughts of the author's brain, and reproduce these at the reader's, or, rather, the listener's, will.



FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

"I am so thankful for what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for me," writes Mrs. John T. Smith, of Slocan, B. C., Box 50. "It cured me of a disease which was taking away all my strength, helped me through the long months before baby came and I have a big strong baby girl, the most healthy and happy of all my three."

MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.



MISS VIRGINIA GRANES

Graduate Nurse, and President of Nurses' Association of Watertown, N.Y.,

Tells How Much Doctors Use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Has Yet To Hear of Its Failure To Cure.

It is not infrequent that information comes to our attention proving that the medical profession in general prescribe large quantities of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in their private practice.

It is a fact beyond dispute that nowhere is to be found a remedy so universally successful in curing female ills, and the broad-minded physician of to-day is quick to recognize his duty to his patient, and does not hesitate to prescribe the best medicine he can find,—the medicine that is surest and quickest to bring relief to his patient; for this very reason thousands of the very best physicians are prescribing in their treatment of female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, while not in the original bottles perhaps, but in plain prescription bottles with their own or druggists' name.

It is our pleasure and our privilege to publish a letter from a graduate nurse whose reputation and prominence in her profession lends much weight to her opinions, and whose testimony goes to prove our statements in regard to the high esteem in which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is held by our leading physicians and trained nurses.



MISS VIRGINIA GRANES.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Twelve years continuous service at the sick beds in some of our prominent hospitals, as well as at private homes, has given me varied experiences with the diseases of women. I have nursed some most distressing cases of inflammation and necrosis of the ovaries and womb. I have known that doctors used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when everything else failed with their patients. I have advised my patients and friends to use it, and have yet to hear of its first failure to cure.

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Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. It should, therefore, be considered unwise to experiment further.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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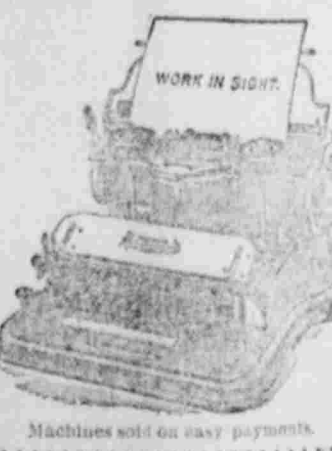
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