#### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

#### WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A simple child, That lightly drates its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl: She was eight years old, she said: Her hair was thick with many a curl That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air. And she was wildly clad Her eyes were fair, and very fair;-Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, Haw many may you be? 'How many? Seven in all," she said, And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell." She answered, "Seven are we And two of us at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie. My sister and my brother; And in the churchyard cottage 1 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell Sweet maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little maid reply, "Seven boys and girls are we; Two of us in the churchyard lie, Beneath the churchyard tree.

"You run about, my lit.le maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the churchyard laid, Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen," The little maid replied, "Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit. I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane,



#### AT CITY'S NEW FOUNTAIN.

The Ladies Who Presented it to Mayor Morris for Salt Lake City.

Above is a view of the new granite drinking fountain presented to the city by the Spirit of Liberty Chapter (Salt Lake) of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and located on State street in front of the Public Library. The ladies standing beside the fountain are, from left to right. Mrs. Elijah Sells, wife of the late territorial secretary, Mrs. M. F. Allen of Park City, designer of the fountain, and state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. L. E. Hall, regent of the Salt Lake chapter, and Mrs. L. C. Miller of this city, who made the presentation from the D. A. R's. to Mayor Morris, for the city.

isodes in a book that is said to abound in humor. It will be good news to the theater-

going public to know that five of Mr. Clyde Fitch's plays are to be published thas fall by the Macmillan company. Each of these will appear in a separate volume. One of the first will be "The Climbers," a keen satire on contempo-rary New York society, which was hailed at its first performance as an epoch-making American play. "There are social climbers but machine in epoch-making American play. "There are social climbers, but wealth is as good a goal-I was a climber after wealth and everything it brings," re-marks one of the characters in the sec-one act; to which the heroine replies: "And I am after happiness and all it brings! . . .

Those who knew Mrs. A. M. William-son when she lived in New York and was Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone, will was Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone, will be amused by an account that is given of her first meeting with her husband. Miss Livingstone had gone to England for a couple of months' traveling with some American friends. She had a let-ter of introduction to Mr. C. N. Wil-liamson, editor and founder of Black she know and White, of whom and White, of whom she know only that he was a very clever and agree-able man. From her lodgings '- Stoane street, she sent her letter to him, and he replied that he would call on a certain day. When the certain day arrived no Englishman apeared to partake of the cake and deinty sand-wiches that had been provided for his tea. Naturally the ladies were an-noyed. A month or so later, Miss Liv-ingstone was walking alone through only ingstone was walking alone through Fleet street and chanced to see the sign Black and White, which brought up to her mind the gentleman who had failed to keep his appointment. Before she knew it, her curiosity had driven her up a flight of stairs and she had asked to see Mr. Williamson. In a had asked to see Mr. Williamson. In a moment there appeared, to her great discomfiture, not the kindly, old gen-tlemaniv editorial sort of person she expected, but a young, handsome, sol-dier-like chap, who was profuse in his arolocies for his previous rudeness, and archecies for his previous rudeness, and proffered an adequate explanation. "And now, what can I do for you?" he concluded. In the depths of her em-barrassment, Miss Livingstone stam-mered back: "I-I didn't come for that. I-I only wanted to-to know what you looked like." The laughter than en-sued began a friendship which before laws meant courtable and marriage and long meant courtship and marriage, and has resulted in the literary collabora-tion the latest evidence of which is their automobile romance, "My Friend the Chauffeur." Miss Myra Kelly, as she has shown in "Little Citizens," the book of East Side children, has an aptitude for re-porting dialect in dialogue. Now that she has married, friends who have visited Mr. and Mrs. Macnaughton revisited Mr. and Mrs. Machaughton re-port dialogues between them in a dia-lect almost as funny as that of her stories. The husband will say: "When I think of all the men who would have liked to have her. I like to reflect upon having my dogs and my guns!" And the bride will respond. "What I call hay force a scally targe of hanny features." fever is really tears of happy lealousy when I think of all the girls who would have liked to have had him." And her

BOOKS.

"The Social Secretary" is one of the most charming books that David Graham Phillips has yet written. It deals with society life in Washington, and to its theme are brought situations and characters full of originality, and yet possessing the lifelikeness and naand characters full of originality, and yet possessing the lifelikeness and ma-turainess potentially necessary to the really successful novel. Throughout everything that David Graham Phillips withes there runs the note of success won at severe odds. That note is in "The Cost, it is in "The Deluge," it is also in "The Social Secretary." It could only be perfectly sounded by a man who has himself tasted the bitter-uous personal effort, and that is the way Mr. Phillips guined it. It is no secret to those who know him well, that his earliest attempts at writing— he aspired only to journalism then— were unfruitful of everything except a very rich store of experience. But he did not give up. He appears to have believed firmly in the old adage, "Will Try has done wonder while Can Not has never accomplished anything at all." has never accomplished anything at has never accomplished anything at all." He wrote on and on, doggedly, persistently, and he won. 'The Social Secretary'' is unique among Mr. Phil-lips' books in that a woman has lead-ing place in it-Miss Augusta Talltow-ers, who, as her name would suggest, is a representative of an old, but decay-ed southern family. It is the mission of ed southern family. It is the mission of Miss Tailtowers to launch the newly-rich western Burkes in the exclusive rich western Burkes in the exclusive circles of Washington society, a task made difficult both by their gaucheries and by the hauteur of Washington's bigwigs. How Miss Talltowers suc-ceeds in her efforts makes a story told with all of Mr. Phillips' customary vig-or, but in a veln wholly new to his readers.-Bobbs-Merrill Co. John Burroughs, who has been well called the dean of American outdoor writers, is, more than any other one man, responsible for the present wide-spread interest in nature. Ever since "Wake-Robin" appeared in 1871, he has continued to delight readers with oc-casional volumes of outdoor essays. His last book, "Far and Near," was similar in character to his first, though it dealt hiefly with more distant regions; but A remarkable genius is Peter Rosegthe present volume, though still a col-lection of "nature" essays, is quite different in character. "Ways of Nature' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), as it is call-ed, is an admirable title for a book which has for its object the setting forth of a r. tional view of nature's methods-the view of those who have made the closest study of the habits of aniraals. When Mr. Burroughs Burroughs fought with his characteristic what he believed to be a pern vigor what he believed to be a permicious tendency in recent books about wild animals, it was to be expected that he would be attacked in return. This would be altacked in feature. Links book answers the attacks made upon him, but is as forcible and skillful in the aggressive as in the defensive. It was natural and fitting that Mr. Bur-roughs, first of all, should come to the rescue of popular natural history when it seemed to be failing into the hands of romancers, and his many readers will be grateful to him for the service he performs in this book. The essays Knapp Linson. here printed are not mainly argumenta tive and controversial, however. The contain many interesting, original ob servations, interpreted with the well-known insight and recounted with the old-time charm of their author. 



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ser, were it a romantic tale of senius struggling ino light, could scarcely he more remarkable. Born of simple, is, norant parents, in a remote valley of Christ and His achievements.

the Styrian Alps, where to be able to the Styrian Alps, where to be able to read was usual and to write practi-cally uniquight until he was 22 years old. Peter Roseggar has come to be one of Germany's best loved authors. His account of Christ's life, "I. N. R. I.-A Prisoner's Story of the Cross," has been one of the great literary successes of the last decade. Rosegger was born a writer. He taught himbself to read by scraps of newspaper that were used a writer. He taught himbself to read by scraps of newspaper that were used for patterns by the tailor to whom he was apprenticed. He early began to write a People's Calendar of stories, poems, etc., which he read to his neighbors. One day he sent a bundle of his poems to a newspaper, with a letter explaining that what he wanted poem the world was a chance to make letter exclaining that what he wanted most in the world was a chance to make money, so that he could buy books and read more of the wonderful Schiller and Leasing and Goethe. He was so modest and simple about it that he did not much hope for an answer. When he chanced in at the distant postoffice six months user this bushle most office six nooths later this humble peasant writ-r found awaiting him German news-upers with broad headlines halling him great Styrian folklore poet, and -ucon books from people who end his appealing letter and were to help him. Great success came in almost finmediately. He has used many books of postry, stories, novels, all pervaded by the directincarity and naive simplicity that be expected of him. These qualiare especially evident in this new "I, N. R. I." (McClure-Phillips), in which a simple-minded carpenter, as though he were an apostle living in modern times, tells the story of the

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## WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The field that the November issue of Outdoors covers is an exceptionally wide one, ranging from the great au-tomobile contest for the Vanderblit cup to an imaginative story of a brook.



Special Correspondence. ONDON, Nov. 15 .- Much would be spared to novel-readers, not to mention publishers and critics, if all would-be romancers would exercise such restraint as was practised for many years by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. As Americans who have read her books are aware, Mrs. de la Pasture is one of the most fin-ished of English authoresses, and perhaps owes this quality largely to the unusual check which she placed on herself at the outset of her literary Like most authoresses who reer. have secured successes, she was a "scribbler" from childhood, but though ideas for novels were continually popping into her head and occasionally being utilized, she made an early de-termination not to publish a book be-fore she was 30, and kept her word. 'The good results of this somewhat The good results of this somewhat heroic resolution were plainly apparent in Mrs. de la Pasture's first book, which saw the light in her thirty-first year and was called "Deborah of Tods." It made a genuine success and was followed, two years later, by "Adam Grigson." That was in 1899 and now I hear that this uncommonly conscien-I hear that this uncommonly conscien-tious authoress' new novel "The Man from America," which was published only a week or two ago, has gone into a second edition in London, and that the American rights are being sought. Mrs. de la Pasture, who also has a play coming on at a London theater, has quite a prominent social position in this country, to which both her birth and her marriage entitle her. Her

pense. J. J. Bell did it with "Wee Macgreegor," and we all know the result. Now Edward Wallace has followed in the footsteps of Mr. Bell. Wallace, who is a war correspondent and newspawriter, recently wrote a little book called "Smithy," at which publisher after publisher looked askance. So the after publisher looked askance. So the author decided to take his courage in both hands and publish the book him-self. Accordingly he established what he magnificently called the Tallis Press. It consisted of himself, one male as-sistant, and a typewriter. The assist-ant did all the canvassing of booksell-ers, and Wallace superintended the ad-vertising, with the result that he sold vertising, with the result that he sold 15,000 copies of "Smithy" and made a good thing out of it. Made daring by this success Wallace has just publish-ed another book of his own authorship in the same manner. Called "The Four Just Men," it is a sensational nov-el which ends in a mystery, and Wal-lace has offered a prize of \$125 to the person from whom he first receives a person from wh



In bed she moaning lay. Till God released her of her pain; And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid; And, all the summer dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide. My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said 1, "If they two are in heaven?" The little maiden did reply, "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in heaven!" Twas throwing words away; for still The little maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

### NOTES.

Hall Caine's address in New York was described as having been delivered "in a tone faintly touched with melancholy." This is what might have been expected of an author who is photographed always with his cheek resting in his hand .-- Kansas City Star. . . .

In a conversation with the author of "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," the question was asked: "How did you come to think of the plot?"

Mrs. Kingsley shivered a little, then laughed. "I dreamed it," she said, promptly, "and it wasn't a pleasant dream, either. I thought I was told that I had but a year to live. When woke I was in full process of reconstructing my life, while bends of anxious perspiration stood out upon my forehead. The impression was so vivid and lasting that inevitably it worked out into the story of Miss Cynthia."

Miss Mildred, daughter of William Dean Howell, the novelist, is a clever artist, and began to show her talent when 11 years old. At that time she produced a series of sketches around which her father wrote a little book which was quite successful which was quite successful.

"Nedra" was not the title McCutch-



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now being taken exclusively by hundreds of women, who freely testify to its wonderful efficacy in cases of Back-sche, Cramps, Vomiting, Dizziness, Costiveness or Indigestion. Try a boteon originally gave to his new novel. He first suggested "Pootoo's Idols;" Pootoo being the cannibal chief on the island of Nedra, on which the hero and heroine are shipwrecked and subsequently worshipped by the natives. "Nedra" is simply the idylile word "Arden" reversed. "Nedra," the n the novel, is now in its

fifth edition. . . .

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., the author of "The Missourian," tells that he play-ed hooky from the lathrop school the day the cyclone wrecked the building and killed 15 of the children. The truancy officer may now find it necessary to explain that all little boys who run away from school do not become successful writers.

#### Count Leo Tolstoi has added to the

innumerable volumes that have been written upon the world's religions, old and new, an as yet unpublished book entitled "Religion," an advance criti-cism of which appears in the Paris Revue.

. . . The life and achievements of Luther

Burbank are full of unique interest. In reaching the position he now occu-ples as the foremost plant breeder in the world, he has labored under many discouragements, often, in the earlier days of the work, suffering actual want, and stadily encreaching upon bis said and steadily encroaching upon his sav-ings in later years in order to devote every available cent to the furtherance of his work. The story of Mr. Bur-bank's achievements is fully told in M.r. W. S. Harwood's book, just issued by the Macmillan company—"New Crea-tions in Plant Life."

. . . "Heart's Desire," the little mountain town of New Mexico that gives its name to Mr. Emerson Hough's new novel, is at the beginning of the story a land-before the law. But Curly, cow puncher, bridegroom, and 23, did the double roll in the main street one morn-ing, by way of giving needful vent to his feelings. One of the bullets killed the pig of the man from Kansas, who forthwith walled aloud that the pride of the community was no more, and that now there was nothing to distin-guish Heart's Desire from other frontier towns. House arose the first law-suit ever tried in Heart's Desire, and the trial affords one of many amusing ep-"Heart's Desire," the little mountain

Irish comes out too: she is said to de-clare often with a happy inflection: "I don't believe a word of it!" 1780 The Leader 1905 for 125 Years WalterBaker&Co.'s



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old-time charm of their author. "101 Entrees." a gustatory classic by May E. Southworth, issued in an at-tractive, oblong format, rubricated throughout with cover design by Spen-cer Wright, in flexible cover, price 50 cents net; canvas board, price \$1 net.--San Francisco, Paul Elder & Co. The many who have experienced the gustatory joys of "101 Sandwiches" will give a hearty reception to this ad-ditional volume, making the sixth in the series and providing that multiple of the famous "101 Epicurean Thrills." This most recent addition to the ranks of the "101's" will not shine from re-facted giory alone, as by its own merits it will goon take its place as an in-dyspensable to the "clever" cuterer. The arrangement is classified, embrac-The arrangement is classified, embracing oysters, fish, meat, vegetables, game, fowl, mushrooms, egg, cheese, and sweet, with an appendix for manu-script notes. This clever series of "po-lite cook books" now include sand-wiches, salads, chafing dishes, dever-

ages, candies and entrees, each of "101."

. . . Thousands of letters have been reland yearly, asking for just such in-formation as she has written down in her book, "Everyday Etiquette." One fact enlisted her sympathiz ing interest at an early stage of the correspondence. Those who were most anxious to learn the by-laws of polity | foreign countries.

tations, cards and calls, letter writing, functions, the home wedding, the church wedding, the debutante, the chaperon, weeding, the debutante, the chaperon, making and receiving gifts, bachelor hospitality, the visitor, the visited.—The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. "Pup, the Autobiography of a Grey-hound." the first volume in their Ant-mal Autobiographical Series, is one of the latest publications of H. M. Caldwell Co., of Boston and New York. Usults a provide

Boston and New York. Unlike so many of the animal stories of the day, it does not credit the dog with superhuman in-telligence, and does not give us the pic-ture of an animal while the actions and thoughts are those of a person, but Pup is a real dog, and his story is sim. Pup is a real dog, and his story is sim-ply and truthfully told by Mrs. Ollie Hurd Bragdon, the author and his owner. He is an intelligent English greyhound, one of the noblest and most faithful ef dogs, and his many adven-tures, haps and mishaps, will bring smiles and tears to the eyes of all readers whather young and white. readers, whether young or old, while a great charm of the book lies in the illustrations-photographs taken of Pup himself and his many friends. There

# is also a frontispiece in color.

ger. German, peasant-born, a sort of modern apostle, who, through his unmodern apostle, who, through his un-usual writings about Christ and his Word, has gathered around him a circle of admirers. His latest book, the great literary sensation of the day in Gerliterary sensation of the day in Ger-many, has for the title the four mystic letters that were fixed at the head of the Cross, I. N. R. L. It has just been brought out in America under the same name. It is a homely, even colloquial, ac-

count of the life of Jesus supposed to to be written by a poor carpenter in prison and under sentence of death for a crime committed in a rash moment of social enthuziasm. It tells of Jesus as a man, living and doing good among men, and this latter-day evangel with its direct and naive simplicity of diction, beings the figure of the Savior vividly

The Illustrations in four colors were painted in the Holy Land by Corwin



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Her and her marriage entitle her. husband is a younger son of the late Count de la Pasture, whose father, count de la Pasture, whose faither, escaping the guillotine during the reign of terror, found sanctuary in England, while Mrs. de la Pasture her-self is a granddaughter of Sir Henry Floyd, Bart, whose sister married Sir Robert Peel. The de la Pastures (they call it "de Lapasture") live at Chepstow, where they have a pictur-esque house on the Wye.

"Can you keep a secret?" once en-quired Charles Dickens of Luke Fildes, bis illustrator. Fildes replied that he could, and everyone who has heard how this now famous artist only recently revealed the mystery of "Edwin Drood," after having had the key in

his possession for over 35 years, will agree that he spoke truly. It would be interesting to know how many columns of speculahow many columns of specula-tions have been written and printed on the subject of Dicken's last novel since the great romancer died and left it unfinished. Several books have been published on the subject, one quite recently, and it was the renewal of the discussion following the publication o this latest volume which led Mr. Filder this latest volume which led Mr. Fildes to let the literary cat out of the bag at last. The chief question, of course, always has been: "Was Drood really dead, and if so who killed him?" It has usually been assumed that Dicken's hero was actually defunct, and met his end at the hands of John Jasper, and this view, was. I think, taken by J. Cuming Walters whose recent book "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood." restarted the old discussion. Walters re-started the old discussion. Walters also had an ingenious theory as to the true identity of the mysterious Datcher-ley, but his book was fallen upon se-verely by several prominent Dickenverely by several prominent Dicken-sians, chief of them Andrew Lang, who expressed the belief that Drood was not

dead at all. So. Mr. Fildes, who could have made a lot of money at any time by giving the information to a publisher, seems to the information to a publisher, seems to have thought the moment ripe for tell-ing what he knew, and he did so in a letter to the London Times. Fildes, by the way, is now a member of the Royal Academy, and has painted several pic-tures of both the king and queen. He Academy, and has painted servint ple-tures of both the king and queen. He made the illustrations for "Edwin Drood" when it was appearing in monthly parts, and as usual in the case of Dicken's illustrators received many instructions from the author. The nov-el was well advanced when, in a rough proof of one of the monthly parts sent to Fildes. Dickens particularly de-scribed John Jasper as wearing a neck-erchlef of such dimensions as to go round his neck twice. "I called his attention," says Fildes, "to the circumstance that I had pre-viously drawn Jasper as wearing a lit-tle black the once round his neck, and I asked him if he had any special rea-son for the alteration of Jasper's at-tire, and, if so, I submitted I ought to know."

know." Fildes says that Dickens appeared for a moment to be disconcerted by the question, and said something meaning that he was getting on too fast and re-vealing more than he meant at that early stage, and it was after a few minutes of coglitation that he suddenly impured as to the artist's capacity for keeping a secret. And it seems Inquired as to the artist's capacity for keeping a secret. And it seems that after he had been assured upon this point. Dickens said: "I must have the double length tie! It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with 6." with it.

So ends a mystery that has not been So ends a mystery that has not been less baffling nor less flercely discussed than the puzzles as to who wrote the Junius letters, and who was The Man in the Iron Mask?" It seems that once in a while-only once in a great while-it is good busi-ness for the author whose book has been unanimously rejected by the pub-lisher to bring it out at his own ex-

lishers to bring it out at his own ex-



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