LITERATURE

HARMONIC FREEDOM.

All Freedom's songs and Music on Time's way,
These human works that mark the better day,
And each event which records, silent, keep,
Declare always a truth that's broad and deep.
It is so great, this old apparent fact,
That words are weak and Mind seems slow to act
To tell it here, yet it is clearly shown
A concept true, the highest mind has grown.

To be more free from all that holds one down,
While in this life to wear the higher crown,
Man must atune his senses to the force
That governs here, and on the higher course.
How very strange that more have not before
Reduced this truth from all our mundane lore.
All men should know harmonics do control
This sad old earth and every living soul.

All that which seems but discord to the sense,
Is music real, when our souls commence
To read and hear the scale that lies above,
Which tells the story all is Law and Love.
That basic force, from which all power comes,
Lies deep within the total sum of sums;
And that small "one" no power can divide,
Remains unknown to all who delve inside.

We only see that forces finer grow
While Progress lasts, and all we ever know
Of Primal forms, from which all things are made,
But points the way to where the base is laid.
The more we learn of Life's prime secrets here,
As eyes pierce space in yon celestial sphere,
The more we see Harmonies is the theme,
From instruments of Fact, in one vast scheme.

Harmonic beats in Nature's whole array,
Are always true and point the higher way;
To rise in life our souls must bear the strain
That leads above the slower, coarser main.
Each grade of life, an octave of the whole,
Is music true, that guides the growing soul;
To rise in life, means playing well the part,
In tune with God, as Music guides the heart.

When Discords sound and crush a human life,
This does not say such is discordant strife,
But only tells that Law is ruling well,
The mystic Heaven and the childish Hell,
That perfect death, symbolic of no beat,
Where Motion ends and where no pulse does beat,
Transcends this life like a far-distant node,
As all we know is an imperfect code.

But we do know that Time and Space are here
And hurl us on in this life's serial year.
No man can stop Duration's new event;
No mind can grasp an end to space extent.
We see Earth's scale and we must read it right,
Before we rise to the more perfect height.
Progress demands that all laws we obey
On this earth plane,—there is no other way.

Therefore to rise we must play well this score,
In tune with Law, before we can play more;
And while the dross blinds eye and deadens mind,
This only tells of errors left behind.
Man's only Hell is when he knows he's hung
Between two scales and neither one has sung;
And hence to leave such state of dire woe
He must give ear and master that below.

The Gods do call, and higher rates of motions
Beckon to us from Elysian oceans;
Yet we can't leave this lower grade of life
Until we've mastered our discords and strife;
Therefore to rise and here to be more free,
We must play well and with these laws agree;
Then Freedom's songs and music on Time's way
Will help us all to live the better day.

J. P. MAY, Beaver, Utah.

NOTES

Some writers don't believe heartily in their own creations. Thackeray did, though, as recalled in the familiar incident of his weeping in the street because he had killed Col. Newcome. Anne Warner is a popular modern who takes her own work with seriousness the more becoming since her reputation was gained as a sprightly humorist. In writing of her first non-humorous story, she says: "Of course, I think 'The Panther' the most powerful story I've ever written. It is the most powerful. And the more I live and learn, the more astonished I am that I ever wrote it—could write it. Any one can live a panther into his life and be killed by it—the material world fairly swims in kitten-like shadows that we need not touch."

* * *

"Althought I haven't drawn any of my characters from individuals, some one not unlike Frederica, who is the friend of 'The Actress' in my story, did enter a good deal into my life at one time," says Louise Closser Hale of her new novel. "It was her prototype and myself who decided about 10 years ago that we would write as well as act for a living; not that we had ever tried it, but that we thought literature and the stage would blend pleasantly. We rushed on our hats and flew down to a bookshop, having made this decision, and bought a book on 'How to Correct Proof' as the foundation of our literary efforts. As I had less money at the time than my Frederica, she paid for the book and kept it when our paths parted; and, while she has made still milder advances into the world of letters than I have, she has stubbornly clung to the volume—at least, up to the day that the Harpers published this book of mine, when she sent it to my house with the brief inscription, 'You win!'"

* * *

The personal characteristics of great men so often display meanness, and this meanness is so commonly exploited, that this paragraph contained in the enlarged edition of the "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, newly issued by the Messrs. Harper, is worth noting. "Macaulay was at some pains to inculcate upon me," says the writer, "the duty of never beating a seller down below a fair price, and never keeping a tradesman waiting for his money. I recollect his telling us how he had received his annual bill from a very well known London shop, and had sent a check by return of post. Next morning the head of the firm brought the receipt himself, and burst out crying in Macaulay's room. Every morning, the poor man said, two people walked past his office window, one of whom owed him 1,500 and the other 1,500 pounds; and the last of the two was among the most distinguished and powerful statesmen in the country. Whether as a customer, an employer, or a tourist, Macaulay never underpaid a service rendered."

* * *

Not long ago Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., sent us a little note on the subject of Anthony Trollope's earnings, a propos of an article which we published with regard to the profits made by authors. This statement of Mr. Schuyler's gave the earnings of Anthony Trollope from 1847 to 1879 as £68,939, or in round numbers $340,000. These figures, however, do not represent Trollope's entire income from literature. They are taken from his autobiography which he finished in 1879. As a matter of fact, one should reckon in his receipts from that year until the end of 1882, when he died. In that period of three years, he composed 14 different books, among them such well known stories as "An Eye for an Eye," "Cousin Henry," "Marion Fay," "The Duke's Children," and "An Old Man's Love," besides his memoirs on Thackeray and Lord Palmerston, and his elaborate and interesting life of Cicero. We do not know precisely what he received for these 14 works, but judging from a statement made in his autobiography, they would probably average at the very least £500 each, or $35,000. This would bring up the total amount of his literary earnings to £70,000, or nearly $350,000. He himself remarked, speaking of his income: "I look upon the result as comfortable, but not splendid." Authors of popular novels at the present time may be inclined to sniff when they learn that Trollope usually received only £1,000 or $5,000 for a long novel, whereas writers of ephemeral books today earn many times that sum. But on the other hand, their vogue is short. After they have written two or three books they are usually "written out," and cannot market their wares save with the greatest difficulty. On the other hand, Trollope's literary career lasted from 1847 until his death—35 years in all—and the day before he was stricken down he still had a strong hold upon his public and his publishers alike. This is the interesting difference between a conscientious writer with great gifts and one who is merely bent upon making a splash in the literary pool and then passing speedily into oblivion.

* * *

The position occupied by Mr. Kipling today is unquestionably unique in literary history. Men like Dickens and Thackeray, when they had once won their wide audiences, held them to the very end—from "Pickwick" to "Edwin Drood;" from "Vanity Fair" to "Denis Duval." On the other hand, countless writers of minor talent have enjoyed a few brief years of great success and then have been forced to step aside to give place to men and women with a fresher note. Neither case is the case of Mr. Kipling. While he is far from being the dominant figure he was some ten years ago, it is still a far cry from the position that he holds today to any suspicion of enforced obscurity. Even those who are most outspoken in their preference for the old Kipling to the less robust though perhaps more fastidious artist of today have hesitated to charge him with waning talent. That his audience has dwindled seems to be due in large measure to his own inclination. It is really the old Kipling, after all, for now, as in the days when he was the Man from Nowhere, he is writing just what pleases him without any regard to the wishes of the world at large. Now, as then, he seems always to be saying: "Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. C'est a prendre ou a laisser. I am playing off my own bat. I am traveling alone—always alone." He never seems to have lost faith in that last line of the "Envoi" of "The Story of the Gadsbys." "He travels the fastest who travels alone"—From "Chronicle and Comment" in the April Bookman.

* * *

In L'Opinion M. Arthur Chuquet publishes a new Napoleon story. It concerns an interview between him and Blucher. The emperor received the general at the castle of Finkenstein while he was preparing for the siege of Dantzig. He drew him to a window in an upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away delighted, described the interview to his aide de camp.

"What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter. "You might have changed the whole course of history."

"How?"

"Why, you might have thrown him out of the window!"

"Counfound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! If only I had thought of it."

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

SCHOOL CHUMS.

The above cut shows a group including Miss Emma Lucy Gates, Mrs. Katherine Dougall Platt and Mrs. Claire Dougall Bergman, photographed when they were children. The central figure is Mrs. Platt, on her right is Miss Gates and on her left Mrs. Bergman.

BOOKS

"Mad Barbara," by Warwick Deeping, author of "Bertrand of Brittany," etc., is a tale of love and lawlessness in the English seventeenth century, the "patch-and-powder days" of Charles II. "Mad Barbara" is the daughter of a woman whose lover has murdered Barbara's father. The girl, suspecting it, becomes "Mad Barbara"—silent, sullen, and a source of danger to the two who share the guilty secret. Then comes the lover, Lord Gore's son, Capt. John Gore. Among a party of revellers he comes to Barbara's rescue, fighting a duel with a hot-headed young lord who has attempted to kiss her. A true and tender romance springs up between the two. At length Barbara, discovering that her lover's father is indeed her father's murderer, attempts to shoot him, is pronounced mad, and hidden in a lonely country house in charge of two brutal servants, who cruelly mistreat her. Capt. John, who has been told a lying tale by his father, nevertheless sets out to find her. After that the story becomes wild with adventure and fairly red with blood, but the two young people come happily together and even forgive the old Lord, thus bringing a violent plot to a sweet and gracious end.—Harper, publishers; on sale at Deseret News Book store.

"Adventures in Field and Forest." This is an outdoor book of stirring adventures encountered in facing wild beasts and reptiles and in hunting in the wilderness. Few of us can hope to camp on the trail of lion or bear, and few would desire to confront cobra or boa-constrictor; but while red blood flows in the veins of American boys, they will feel the breathless interest of tales of daring in forest and jungle. The wilds of our own country, and of South America, the West Indies, Africa, and India, have yielded the material for the thrilling stories presented in the guise of fiction in this book. This wide range of scene renders this volume a book of travel as well as a series of vivid pictures of strange adventures.—Harpers, publishers.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," is the title of the new book by Frederick A. Ober, author of "John and Sebastian Cabot," "Ponce de Leon," etc. (Heroes of American history). One of the most picturesque heroes, and one associated most closely with American history, Raleigh's venturesome exploits as a soldier in France, the Netherlands, and Ireland, his expeditions to America, and the experiences of his colonies, his part in fighting the Spanish Armada, h's varied adventures in South America, his two famous imprisonments, his literary activities, and his tragic end are told with historical truth and great human appeal.—Harpers, publishers.

"Sunnyfield" has been chosen as the title for Louise Morgan Sill's story for children, which the Harpers have recently published. The title signifies literally "sunny field," for the story-center is a vacant bit of ground at the rear of a great city house which the parents of two children, a boy and a girl, rent for their playground. The device from the parental point of view is altogether new and excellent, and while the children in Mrs. Sill's book might be accused of belonging to the fortunate classes, the pleasures of childhood are sufficiently democratic to give all little folk a thrill of expectancy as to what would naturally be doing on a sunny field if it were all their own.

Well! Well!
Of All Things

Yes, of all things, everybody wants to be well, and keep so—that's natural, and the thousands who have taken Hostetter's Stomach Bitters adopted the best plan for keeping well. Those who are still experimenting with this or that remedy should stop at once, as they are only making matters worse. Get a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters today and give it a chance to restore you to health again. It is excellent in cases of Sick Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Sour Risings, Indigestion, Costiveness, Spring Ailments and Malaria.

MAGAZINES

"Shall Babies be Abolished?" is the title of quite the most charming article of the month, appearing in The Red Book Magazine for April. Mr. Forrest Crissey, whose work has always been notable for its engaging qualities, is the author, and he has never written more directly from his own heart to that of his reader than in this unique paper. He makes clear the peculiar value of the baby in present day life, and his conclusions are so presented that they stick in the reader's memory like burrs. In addition to this unusual article The Red Book Magazine for April contains a striking and dramatic story by C. N. and A. M. Williamson entitled "At Night on the Mountain." A story more than usually filled with humor is "The Great Jones' Ham Case" by Barton Wood Currie. Elmer Blaney Harris' "Section 19," and Michael Williams' "The Alembic" are also stories that take hold of the reader's imagination. The photographic art studies which open the issue and the illustrated dramatic department combine to give the issue a distinguished pictorial aspect. Among the well-known authors represented in this number are Fanny Kemble Johnson, Mrs. Raymond Patterson, Michael White, Julian Street, H. T. George Norton, John S. Lopes and John Barton Oxford.

* * *

Among the Lincoln features of the April Century is the first publication of the letter written by Edwin Booth to his close friend, General Adam Badeau, immediately upon the death of Lincoln. "For the first time since the damnable intelligence stunned me . . . I am able to write," begins the pathetic document. The letter is dated Boston, April 16, 1865, and was mailed in New York the following day. The original is owned by William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia. In connection with publication of the letter Robert T. Lincoln tells how Edwin Booth once saved his life when Robert was a young lad. It may not be generally known that the great actor was a distinctly northern man during the Civil war, while his brother, John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, espoused the cause of the Confederacy from the first. Edwin Booth tells the story in the hitherto unpublished letter in the April Century, and of how his first vote for president was cast for Abraham Lincoln.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 36 volumes will be added to the Public Library Monday morning, April 5, 1909:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen—Paris. (reference).
Bashore—Sanitation of Recreation Camps and Parks.
Chesterton—All Things Considered.
Cresson—Persia.
DeGarmo—Principles of Secondary Education, vol 1.
Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 12. (reference)
Hanscom—Friendly Craft.
Hasluck—Cabinet Work and Joinery.
Higginson—Alaska.
Hutchinson—Instinct and Health.
Krehbiel—Chapters of Opera.
Liebich—Claude Achille Debussy.
Newman—Richard Strauss.
Noyes—William Morris.
Page—Robert E. Lee.
Peabody—Mornings in College Chapel, 2 vols.
Priestman—Art and Economy.
Saleeby—Health, Strength and Happiness.
Seignobos—History of Contemporary Civilization.
Singleton—Turkey and the Balkan States.
Warner—English History in Shakspeare's Plays.

FICTION.

Brown—Story of Thyrza.
Leroux—Perfume of the Lady in Black.
Train—Butler's Story.
Van—Bronze B[illegible]

GERMAN [illegible]

Auguste—[illegible] n Scharfeneck
Fontane—Grete Minde.
Fontane—Unwiederbringlich.
Frapan—Bettingrad.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Bockley—Children of the Dawn.
Grinnell—Jack the Young Explorer.
Ingpen—One Thousand Poems for Children.
Roulet—Our Little Australian Cousin.
Seawell—Imprisoned Midshipmen.
Whitcomb—Young People's Story of Music.

DOES SUCCESS SPOIL AUTHORS?

London Literary Letter

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 17.—Some of the London publications are discussing the question of whether or not the success of a novelist is almost invariably followed by an immediate loss of vitality in his work. The "Book Monthly" started the ball rolling by declaring that such was undoubtedly the fact. It is generally agreed that this is true so far as the ordinary run of writers is concerned and it is pointed out that this is probably not always due to the fact that the authors are in a hurry to get rich while their success is still green in the public mind. Many men, if they possess the technical skill, are capable of producing one good book founded upon their own experience of life. The man who can still go on making characters live after he has exhausted his own experiences is a great creative artist. And it is pointed out that the statement of the "Book Monthly" certainly does not hold good against the Immortals. "David Copperfield" is better than "Pickwick," "Adam Bede" is superior to "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "The Newcomes" shows no falling off in the powers of the writer of "Vanity Fair."

CHILDREN'S STORY BOOKS.

A report of a sub-committee, which has just been submitted to the education committee of the London county council is interesting in that it proves that the elementary school children of London are remarkably faithful to their favorite story books. It is shown that the 17 most popular prize books for the past year were the same as those of the preceding 12 months, with the exception that "Gulliver's Travels" supplanted "Pilgrim's Progress." The books in the order of their popularity are:

"Anderson's Tales," "Grim's Tales," "Tanglewood Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Little Women," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Alice in Wonderland," "Lamb's Tales," "Coral Island," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Water Babies," "Ivanhoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Westward Ho!" "Heroes," "David Copperfield."

ERRORS IN SCRIPTURES.

Some books of unusual interest are now being offered for sale in London. First in importance is undoubtedly John Bunyan's copy of the "Pearl" Bible with its hundreds of errors. Two other literary relics are a rhyming dictionary once owned by Coleridge and bearing notes in his handwriting, and Swift's copy of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," with annotations and alterations in his hand. In one of the volumes is the following four-line stanza by the dean:

"He caught me one morning coveting his wife,
But he muzzl'd me—I ne'er was muzzled in my life.
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson by G—."

"The appearance of Bunyan's Bible on the market recalls other editions of the Scriptures containing glaring errors in printing. For instance, the "Wicked Bible," is so called from its omission of the word "not" in the seventh commandment, while the "Printer's" Bible contains perhaps the most strangely appropriate misreading of any. "Printers have persecuted me without a cause" (Psalm cxix.), "Printers" being substituted for "Princes." In another edition the statement in Genesis that Joseph was a "goodly person" reads "Joseph was a jolye fellow."

THE "TREACLE" BIBLE.

A version published in 1568 is known as the "Treacle" Bible, because it alters a well known line into "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" Then there is the oft-cited "Breeches" Bible," so called because it substitutes "breeches" for "apron" in describing the attire of our first parents, and the "Vinegar" Bible, which relates the parable of the "vinegar" instead of the "vineyard." And as an instance of the careless repetition of an error there are several "Bugge" Bibles, thus termed from the fifth verse of Psalm xci—"so that thou shall not need to be afrayed for any bugges by night," instead of "the terror by night," as usually printed.

During the past 10 years there has been an extraordinary increase in the market value of first editions of Burns. In 1898, when $1,600 was paid for a copy in the original boards and bearing the label on the back, it created a mild sensation among collectors. Quite recently $5,000 was paid for a copy in similar condition and the incident caused hardly a ripple on the surface of collectordom.

CHARLES OGDENS.

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A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is to blame for her own wretched condition.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

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Camden, N. J. — "It is with pleasure that I send my testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, hoping it may induce other suffering women to avail themselves of the benefit of this valuable remedy.

"I suffered from pains in my back and side, sick headaches, no appetite, was tired and nervous all the time, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman — and this valuable medicine shall always have my praise." — Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Ave., Camden, N. J.

Erie, Pa. — "I suffered for five years from female troubles, and at last was almost helpless. I tried three doctors but they did me no good. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me well and strong. I hope all suffering women will just give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it is worth its weight in gold." — Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. 7, Erie, Pa.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble.

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For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice — it is free and always helpful.

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It is an old saying that if the stomach is sound the whole body is safe, because so much depends upon the proper working of the stomach. Many persons find themselves with a disorder of the stomach which produces dyspepsia or a peculiar state of biliousness.

If you suffer from both stomach trouble and constipation you are on the way to a very serious disease. From just such conditions come appendicitis, rheumatism, skin diseases and similar disorders, because the waste matter that should have been disposed from the system through the bowels has found its way into the blood and vitiated it. What is needed at this point is not simply a violent cathartic tablet or salt, which usually does more harm than good, but a gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which people have been using for these ailments for nearly a quarter of a century. It cured J. C. Lanham, of Warrensburg, Mo., of stomach trouble of long standing, also William Voil, of 331 Ellisson St., Louisville, Ky., who had the trouble for fifteen years.

However, if you have stomach trouble you want to know from personal experience what Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do for you. If so, send your name to the doctor and a free trial bottle will be sent you. You are urged to send for the free bottle, as the results from it will be the best recommendation of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Then you will do as over two million people did last year—go to your druggist and buy a regular bottle at 50 cents or $1, according to the size you prefer. We could mention hundreds and hundreds of families who are never without it. You can never tell when some member of the family will need a laxative, and then no time should be lost taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 418 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

Dr. J. T. Miller

The editor of the Character Builder, has just returned from the most successful lecture tour of his life and during the first ten days of April will give scientific character readings at the office of the Character Builder, 321 Constitution Building, opposite Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City.

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