LITERATURE

SONNET.

"I'll up and strive," the strong man doth attest,
"To do good work and help Life to the end,
Letting the future my mistakes amend,
Keeping aswim with buoyant arm and breast,
Seeing Hope light each black wave's foamy crest;
Whilst to the weak a tireless hand I lend,
And aim more joy to give and less offend
Until the sun sink in my last day's west,
So shall I die, content: the world shall live!
Yet if the world live, then I cannot die,
Life will not break her chain and set me free;
For I am part of every laugh and sigh,
And, through mine inmost soul, all souls do give
Their signature of immortality."
—William Struthers in Ainslee's for October.

THE SPIRIT OF CALIFORNIA.

I am Ariel freed of a master;
I am Puck lacking Oberon's ban;
When the lotus is ripe, bark my Pandean pipe,
For I'm Peter the godchild of Pan.
I am Iris, my brush is a rainbow;
Endymion awakened am I;
In the breast of the tree Hamadryad I be—
With Sequoia I tickle the sky!

In the orchard I hang my round beacon—
Ah, Calypso, less potent thy hate!
And men come to seize and lean strip my trees,
For I'm nectar that sweetens the fruit.
My breath have I blown on the melon;
When the honey bee, laden, starts home
I follow his tracks, leave my kiss on his way;
The poppy I've sprinkled with chrome.

I mask me in gold in the wheat-fields,
And I laugh at the reaper's sure tread—
The sheaves are aligned, it is me they would bind;
I am soul of the grain, I am bread.
In autumn men seek me in vineyards;
The purple which lures them is mine—
"The capture is nigh; quick, the press!" is their cry:
I am blood of the grape, I am wine.

O' I'm secret of life-giving rivers;
I am balm that exhales from Health's cave;
Consumed in each kernel, I live on eternal.
I am Master of Life, I'm its Slave.
From the battlements of the Sierra
The Pandean pipe I swing free,
And my far-floating tune, in the stillness of noon,
Weaves a spell from the peaks to the sea.
—From Collier's for September 18.

NOTES

It would appear that George Grandes, the Danish critic of literature, is a disappointed man. "I am famous," he recently remarked, "but that is of no avail if nobody read me. My publishers never sell more than 40 copies of my books." "Impossible!" exclaimed his interviewer. "They must cheat you." "No. I have many publishers, and they can't all be crooked. Why, of the British edition of my memoirs only two copies were actually sold. They haven't even issued the second volume. And I don't ask them. I am too proud." "How could you have made your reputation, if the sales of your books are so circumscribed?" "I am sure I don't know. "But they send your essays in magazines. I have heard it said that they pay you fabulous prices." "When the twentieth century was about to be ushered in, a prosperous German newspaper wrote to me that they had planned to publish a full-page review of the nineteenth century by a poet, a philosopher, and a scholar, and that I was their man because I combined in my person the qualities of the three. I don't care to write for newspapers. It detracts from my vitality and distracts me from my real pursuits. But as the chance for such an article occurs only once in 100 years, and I didn't expect to live through another century, I agreed to undertake the task for a remuneration of 500 crowns. They replied regretting that they had written to me, and that in view of my unreasonable demands they would be compelled to enlist the service of less expensive men." "But surely American magazines pay you well?" "They write to me occasionally for contributions and ask me to name my own price. I don't care to do that sort of thing for less than 500 crowns. And they usually send me one-half of what I demand." "That is almost incredible." "I am old. The public is used to my name. They want new people. Younger writers. And I don't blame them." I wonder if Homer or Goethe would have observed with such colossal indifference the rising of new suns on the literary horizon. And if the yellow press would have put them on half-pay. "Why," Brandes continues, and his eyes swept across an immense row of books, reaching from one end of the room to the other, "all my books published in the English language earn for me less than $50 per annum."

* * *

William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man" has been leading the list of best sellers all over the country. One would naturally expect that this novel of Kansas would be popular throughout the whole west, but it has at once won success in the east as well. Last week "A Certain Rich Man" was the book most in demand, both in Boston and Philadelphia, probably the two cities in the country the furthest removed from the life of which Mr. White writes.

* * *

"You can't think what I have been doing this afternoon," said Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin to an interviewer who wished news of her forthcoming play, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." "I have been buying a stage coach for Rebecca's entrance in the first act! It is the quaintest, most beautiful old example of the thoroughbrace Concord stage that ever was seen! A neighbor of mine, M. Hargraves of West Buxton has been helping me to scour York county and we have been greatly aided by an old stage-driver friend who remembered a coach exhibited in the county fairs of 30 years ago. After finding it in an old barn near Prout's Neck, and after learning that it could be bought, I timidly approached Klaw & Erlanger expecting a courteous refusal. I used every argument possible in my letter of request for an old-fashioned stage coach of this kind is an expensive item. I really expected them to answer: 'Dear Madam, we are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 1st of September and would say that we think the distant rumble of a stage in the wings will do very well for your play. The approach of a vehicle can be easily imitated and Rebecca can enter the brick-house gate inexpensively on her own feet.' Judge of my surprise when Klaw & Erlanger telegraphed: 'Most certainly, buy the stage at any reasonable figure and send to the New Amsterdam theater, New York.' Now this nonesuch gem of a coach, all dark red and bronze, with gaily painted wheels, enormous brake, hurricane deck, and luggage rack will roll up to the brick-house and Rebecca's face will peep from between the quaint silk-fringed curtains!" Mrs. Wiggin's latest story, "Susanna and Sue," which has been running serially in one of the popular magazines, will be published in book-form by Houghton Mifflin Co., on Oct. 9.

* * *

There can be nothing more interesting to an American than to know why he is different from the English or any other people and the causes that have made the American the energetic, enterprising, active man that he is. In A. Maurice Low's forthcoming book on "The American People" those reasons are explained. The working of the American character has been influenced by the Indian or that one reason why we are different from Europeans is because of our "cold waves" will be a surprise to most Americans, yet this shows the careful methods of the author in ascertaining why the American mind is unlike that of any other people.

BOOKS

Selections from Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Browning. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland, lecturer on English literature in Harvard University, and Henry Milner Dideout. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This, the most recent addition to the Gateway series of English texts, the general editor of which is Henry Van Dyke, contains 92 selections, all of which are included in the college entrance requirements in English. In connection with the selections from each of the five poets is an introduction giving a short biography and some account of the author's work and its tendencies. The notes are brief and supply only needed assistance. The poems included are such as every scholar should be familiar with, and as here presented, they are in a form which makes them clear, interesting and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature. At the same time, they supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination.

* * *

Davidson's Human Body and Health—Intermediate. By Alvin Davison, M. S., A. M., Ph. D., professor of biology in Lafayette college. American Book company, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The advanced book in this series, already issued, has received the warmest indorsement for the practical manner in which it teaches the lessons of healthful, sanitary living and the prevention of disease. The present volume, though more elementary in its treatment, follows the same plan, and while including a sufficient amount of technical anatomy and physiology, devotes special attention to the subject of personal and public health. It does this in such a way as to appeal to the interest of boys and girls and fix in their minds the essentials of right living. In place of general statements in regard to promoting health, specific facts and full explanations are given, showing how disease is caused and how the body may be kept well and strong. The study of this book will help the pupils to practise intelligently in their daily lives the teachings of hygiene and sanitation, and will improve the health of the individual, and thus that of society.

* * *

Dumas. Le Comte de Monte Cristo. Edited by E. Fontaine, B. es L., L. en D., chairman of French department, High School of Commerce, New York. Cloth, 16mo, 298 pages, with notes and vocabulary. Price, 40 cents. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

In order to avoid the excessive length of Dumas's famous romance in the original form, this edition gives in an English resume the plot of the introductory portion of the story, leading up to the imprisonment of Dantes, and omits the latter portion, dealing with his vengeance, as unsuited to class reading. The text so constituted therefore gives complete the main story—the dramatic episodes of the Chateau d'If, the escape, and the discovery of the treasure. The notes are ample, but concise, and the vocabulary is complete for all matters of translation and usage.

* * *

Kayser & Monteser's Foundations of German. By C. F. Kayser, Ph. D., professor of the German language and literautre, Normal College of the City of New York, and F. Monteser, Ph. D., head of German department, DeWitt Clinton Hilig school, New York. Cloth 12 mo, 224 pages. Price, 80 cents. American Book company, New York, Cinnati and Chicago.

This book meets the needs and wishes of the many teachers who desire to reduce to a minimum all preparatory work, and to introduce the learner at the earliest possible moment to the literature of the language. It therefore presents only topics which are absolutely essential, and presents them briefly though clearly. It makes large use of what has been called "living grammar," and thus enlivens the instruction, stimulates self activity, and develops the feeling for correctness in speech. It lends itself excellently to conversational practise, as the vocabulary is selected from the language of every day life, and the phrases are of a colloquial and strictly idiomatic character. The connected readings are simple and offer material for composition and reproduction. The lessons are strictly progressive, and the English exercises give the pupil a chance to test his knowledge and power, while the exercises in word formation stimulate his interest in the building up of the vocabulary, which will be of great service in future sight reading.

MAGAZINES

Among the notable articles in the World's Work for October are "The Call of the West," by Gov. Johnson of Minnesota; "Can the Black Man Stand Alone?" by Edgar Allen Forbes; "Tolstoy in the Twilight," by Henry George, Jr. the second instalment of B. L. Putnam Weale's "The Conflict of Color" and "The Yellow Man of Eastern Asia." Augustus Post writes on "The Wright—Yesterday and Today," while under the same general heading "Admirals of the Air," Owen Wilson writes on "The Navigators of Europe." "How I Got Well" is an anonymous account of a remarkable consumption cure. Alexander Irvine contributes the fourth instalment of his dramatic autobiography, describing the Gordon relief expedition. C. M. Keys writes on "Banks for all the People." Other articles are: "The Rush of Prosperity;" "Getting Advice About Investment;" "Life Insurance Stock as an Investment," and "The Flying Wonders at Rheims."

* * *

The October number of Ainslee's is worth looking at. Besides the leading feature of George Barr McCutcheon's serial story, "Truxton King," there are stories, poems and articles of unusual merit by the following authors: Mollie Elliot Seawell, J. W. Marshall, Margaret Houston, Charles Neville Buck, Jane W. Guthrie, Gertrude Warden, Theodosia Garrison, Arthur L. Bruce, Wolcott Beard, John Kendrick Bangs, Steele Williams, William Armstrong, Arthur W. Peach, Quentin M. Drake, Carlyle Smith, and Wm. Struthers.

* * *

Although appearing almost at the end of the number, the feature of the October Atlantic which will attract widespread attention is Congressman Samuel W. McCall's paper on "The Payne Tariff Law." In seven magazine pages Mr. McCall gives a trenchant and illuminating analysis of the bill as finally passed, and calls it "the best tariff bill since our first revenue law was signed by George Washington." The paper contains many shrewd observations and is illumined by flashes of genuine humor.

The number opens with an article on "American Ships and the Way to Get Them," by Winthrop L. Marvin. This is a spirited reply to the observations of "A British Marine Officer," which appeared in the July issue.

This issue contains the first of a new series of Pratt portraits by Anna Fuller, and the opening story, "Old Lady Pratt's Spectacles," has all the charm and vivacity of the famous earlier series.

* * *

Appropriate to the opening of the college year are Prof. Munsterberg's "The Standing of Scholarship in America" and "The College and the Freshman," by William R. Castle, Jr.

Two pieces of work appear in this number in the form of descriptive essays, which maintain the Atlantic's high standard. "The Passing of the Promised Land," by Charles M. Harger, and "The Edge of Night," by Dallas Lore Sharp, are faultless examples of literary workmanship.

Among other contributions to the number are "Trade Unions and the Individual Worker," by Jonathan T. Lincoln, "The Lawyer's Function," by Donald R. Richberg, "Marco Polo," by C. Raymond Beazley, and "Sincerity in Autobiography," by Anna B. Burr.

Beside the opening number of the new series of Pratt portraits there are two striking short stories, "The Destroyer of Homes," by Mary Heaton Vorse, and "Out of the Chrysalis," by Elva Lee.

Verse is contributed by Madison Cawein, Jefferson B. Fletcher and Edith M. Thomas. The "end paper" in this number is "On the Planting of Cabbages." Under this whimsical title the author, Holbrook White, makes a humorous plea for a quieter existence.

An unusually large and varied Contributors' Club completes the issue.

JOAN OF ARC.

In the history of dramatic literature more particularly, there is much light to be shed on the past by a proper perception of the present. For example, the nondescript "shows" with which Weber and Fields used to amuse us a few winters ago in New York had a curious kinship to the equally nondescript comedies of Aristophanes, startling as this suggestion may be to those classical scholars who may seek their knowledge of the Attic stage humorist only in the dust of German dissertations.

And there was an equal significance in the recent performance of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" by Miss Maude Adams and her multitudinous associates in the Harvard Stadium. This significance was due to the fact that the circumstances of this performance out of doors brought about a return to stage conditions closely resembling those that obtained in the middle ages—and also in the semi-mediæval playhouse for which Shakespeare and his contemporaries devised their mighty dramas. In his admirable account of the development of English tragedy, Professor Thorndike describes the Elizabethan stage as "almost unrealizably crude;" and he tells us that "places were sometimes indicated by signs; properties, beds, tables, or trees were brought on and off, as occasion required; or a heavier property, like a cave, might remain, whether the scene was in cave, land or a counting-room. There was no drop curtain; actors went off, others came on, and the place changed from a seacoast to a palace; or, the actors merely moved across the platform, and it transpired that they had passed from a far and pleasant green to a room in the house of Faustus." . . .

The performance of "Joan of Arc" in the stadium makes it plain that modern audiences will accept the same method—when they have to because of the unalterable conditions of a special place of performance. And modern audiences are ready to make the same imaginative effort that Elizabethan playgoers made—if they are compelled to do this by the special circumstances. In the huge arena of the Stadium it was impossible to erect the five sets of scenery called for by the five successive acts—Domremy, Chinon, A Plain near Rheims, the Coronation (at Rheims), and the Battle-field. And as this was impossible the next best thing was done.—From "The Point of View" in the October Scribner.

* * *

That the women of the United States are taxing this country $866,000,000 a year for hats; that this tax is not levied upon the husbands as they sign checks for milliners' bills, but that it is paid by the people in general and the farmer in particular; that, in short, it is due to fashion's use, for decorative purposes, of birds which protect the crops—that is, the amazing statement made in Hampton's Magazine by Reginald Wright Kauffman. In the course of a startling article on this bird-tribute to vanity, Mr. Kauffman declares that the result of the use of feathered creatures for hat-trimmings is a rise in the price of food.

Mr. Kauffman bases his startling assertion on figures gathered by government experts. As he says, when a great bank is robbed of a few hundred thousand dollars, the news is placed before you in staring headlines in every newspaper in the land; when a gigantic trust raises its rates to a point whereby it will squeeze a million or two per annum from the purses of the consumers, your suddenly united husbands raise a popular outcry that rings all the way from San Francisco to Boston. Yet, though it is an admitted fact that, if our birds were properly protected against indiscriminate slaughter, the loss to our crops through insect pests would be reduced to an almost imperceptible figure, there is scarcely a word uttered in protest against the permission of that slaughter and the consequent annual loss of almost $800,000,000, an amount nearly equal to the total capitalization of all the national banks in the United States.

Amazing as such a statement at first appears, it is, believe me, readily demonstrable. The insects kill the crops, the birds kill the insects, and we—for the most part in order to trim our hats for you—kill the birds. The entire economic phase of the question is thus divisible into three portions, the second depending upon the first, the third depending upon the second, and the trio leading to an inevitable conclusion. In other words, we have but to consider the crop depredation naturally wrought by insects, the insect depredation naturally wrought by birds, and the bird depredation most unnaturally wrought by man.

Figures are dull things, but we shall soon be done with them, and in the meantime I beg you to bear a few more. Those which I have given you are, in any event, not random. They have behind them the authority of the national department of agriculture, and as the birds grow less, the figures grow larger. Just why this is so we shall presently see; here and now the point to be enforced is that of insect ravage, and a study of the government reports will show that crop losses from insects are rarely less than 10 per cent of the crop affected and sometimes as high as 50.

C. L. Marlatt, assistant entomologist of the department of agriculture at Washington, has seen clearly what this portends. "In no country in the world," he has said, "do insects impose a heavier tax on farm products than in the United States. The losses resulting from the depredations of insects on all plant products of the soil, both in their growing and in their stored state, together with those on live stock, exceed the entire expenditures of the national government, including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and navy."

NEVER WORRY

About a cough—there's no need of worry if you will treat it at its first appearance with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It will stop the cough at once and put your lungs and throat back into perfectly healthy condition. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street, Salt Lake City.

HIGHEST IN HONORS

BAKER'S COCOA

Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

50 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

A perfect food, preserves health, prolongs life

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.
Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

THE LATE BERNARD SNOW.

This picture shows an actor once well known in Salt Lake theatrical circles, Bernard Snow, who was a member of the Deseret Dramatic association, when it opened the Social hall in 1852, and he also appeared on the Salt Lake theater boards in later years. Mr. Snow died many years ago, but in his time he had played with the elder Booth in California, and in such roles as Othello, Virginius and Damon, which he played to James Ferguson's Pythias, he is said to have shown many of the traits of a fine legitimate actor. He also played Rolla and Pizarro, when T. A. Lyne had the title role, and old timers say that Snow quite held his own with the star.

Baby's Summer Remedy Free

In a family where the children are still young few mothers experience the joy of passing a summer without the children becoming sick. As a rule the ailment is a trivial one, though it looks very serious. The trouble usually lies in the stomach or bowels, due to a summer cold or to unfit food, water or fruit—the hot-weather dangers. Before becoming alarmed, however, give the child a dose of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN when you put it to bed. The direction sheet that comes with each bottle will tell you the quantity to give, according to the age, and as the remedy is pleasant to take and does not gripe, the child will not refuse it. By morning it will be much improved, and in another day entirely well. That is the experience of thousands of mothers. Give it in constipation, biliousness, summer complaint, loss of appetite or sleep, sick headache, peevishness, etc.

USE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

Do not give salts or purgative waters, tablets, pills or sleep-producing remedies that always contain narcotics, for these are unpleasant to take, gripe and do only temporary good. DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN is a vegetable compound, thoroughly tested in American homes for many years. Women, children and old people are among its staunchest friends. Your druggist will sell you a bottle at the small price of 50 cents or $1.00.

Those who have never yet used DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN and would like to make a test of it before buying in the regular way of their druggist, can obtain a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE either themselves or any member of their family by sending name and address to the doctor. The sample will be sent to your home free of charge. In this way you can find out what it will do without cost. Also, if the case presents difficulties that doctors and other remedies seem unable to overcome, write a letter to Dr. Caldwell explaining how the person suffers and he will give you his best MEDICAL ADVICE, based on half a century of experience in stomach, liver and bowel diseases, without charge. Women who have children should send for "SUMMER SUGGESTIONS TO MOTHERS," containing the doctor's advice on diet, hygiene, etc., in the weather—a very important subject. The address is

DR. W. B. CALDWELL 518 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 57 volumes will be added to the public library Monday, Oct. 11, 1909.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Allen—Vice and Health.
Benjamin—Modern Machine Tools.
Cornish—Panama Canal and Its Makers.
Lipps—Navajo.
Mineral Industry, 1908.
Pyle—Personal Hygiene.
Sargent—Harper's Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry.
Shurter—Extempore Speaking.
Snyder—Chemistry of Plant and Animal Life.
White—Stonewall Jackson.

FRENCH BOOKS.

About—Le Roi des Montagnes.
Achard—Recits d'un Soldat.
Balzac—Eugenie Grandet.
Balzac—Medean de Campagne.
Balzac—Ursule Mirouet.

FICTION.

Barr—Cardillac.
Carver—Cherry Feasts.
Couch—True Tilda.
Crockett—Men of the Mountain.
Smith—Forty Minutes Late.
Tracy—Stowaways.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Brooks—Randy's Prince.
Clark—We Four and Two More.
Doyle—Hero of Pigeon Camp.
Dunn—On General Nelson's Staff.
Grierson—Children's Book of Celtic Stories.
Young—Motor Boys.

SULTAN TO WRITE A BOOK

Abdul Hamid is Writing His Reminiscences—A Big Sale Anticipated—Other Royal Authors.

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Sept. 27.—London publishers will be tumbling over one another to secure the book of reminiscences which the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid is reported to be writing, for the work is sure to have a phenomenal circulation.

Another literary prize of a similar character is "Servia and the Servians," supervised and largely written by King Peter of Servia. A few years ago a book by a king would have created a sensation, but nowadays it is quite the fashion for royalty to rush into print. It is easier, in fact, to name the royalties who do write than those who don't. For example, the German emperor has produced plays and poems. The queen of Roumania is a poet, dramatist, novelist and magazine contributor. The queen of Italy and the emperor of Japan are poets. The queen of Spain has written a play, the king of Italy is the author of a book on numismatics, the queen of Portugal is a novelist, the prince of Monaco publishes works on marine science, and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg compiled historical and autobiographical memoirs.

Not the least of the czar's many talents is a pretty faculty for writing verse. His compositions are invariably melancholic in tone and are pervaded by an overwhelming sense of fatalism. Five years ago the czar betrayed his deep despair in a set of verses which he published under the pseudonym of Olaf. The grand duke of Hesse set them to music, and they made a weirdly mournful song. In other verses his predominant note is one of religion. However, only one of this imposing crowd rises to professional level—the queen of Roumania, whose writings would earn for her a respectable living even if the accident of politics had not made her a queen.

The kaiser's literary productions comprise part songs for students, the libretto for Weber's opera "Oberon" and the scenario of a ballet. The dowager queen of Portugal's claim to be regarded as a novelist is based on a number of society romances giving vivid pen pictures of Portugal's "upper ten," which she has published under the nom de plume of "Chilosa."

The "Natural History of Selborne," of which almost 150 editions have been published, probably has been as much written about as "The Compleat Angler;" but not until recently have we known much about Gilbert White himself. Rashleigh Holt-White in a life of the naturalist just published relates a pleasing story of the kindly clergyman, his man Thomas, and a broken glass.

"'Broke a glass, Thomas. How did you do that?'

"'I'll show you, sir,' he rejoined, as he disappeared for a moment. Returning with a glass in his hand, he let it fall on the floor, remarking, 'That's how I broke it, sir.'

"'There, go along, Thomas; you are a great fool,' said his master, adding to himself, 'And I as great a one, for asking such a foolish question.'"

Thomas, though an admirable gardener, does seem to have been a little dull. He couldn't tell the difference in smell—at least, so he said—between Gilbert White's home-made raisin-wine and brandy. One never reads anything about Gilbert White without recalling Richard Jefferies' lament.

"He knew the farmers and the squires; he had access everywhere, and he had the quickest of eyes. It must ever be regretted that he did not leave a natural history of the people of his day."

SHAW AND HIS PLAYS.

George Bernard Shaw rarely allows a premiere of one of his plays to pass without a commendatory witticism. His latest chauvinism is apropos the production of a musical version of "Arms and the Man."

"If a New York first night audience can appreciate this opera they are to be congratulated," he said. The characteristically left-handed compliment recalls his dinner table reference to "Major Barbara."

"Have you seen 'Major Barbara?'" he asked his fellow-diner.

"Why, yes, of course I have."

"What, even the last act?"

"Yes, even that."

"Well," replied G. B. S., "that is more that I can say. I, myself, have never been able to sit it through."

When "Arms and the Man" was first produced in New York, an American manager cabled Mr. Shaw a report on its success. Shaw telegraphed back:

"Keep calm. My plays always succeed with first-rate acting."

An amusing sequel to this was his reply to some London amateurs who wished to produce "You never can tell." He wrote:

"Dear Sir—Amateurs cannot perform my plays. Professionals cannot unless I are there to help them. By all means do it if you want to, but God help the audience."

"Arms and the Man" seems to have inspired Shaw with some of his best nonsense. Nothing could have been happier than his observation after its first production at the Avenue, now the Playhouse. At the end of that historic evening he appeared before the curtain in response to repeated curtain calls. He seemed embarrassed, however, until a loud and solitary hiss emanated from the gallery. That cheered him. He looked up. He had found opposition.

"I quite agree with you," he said, "but what are we two among so many?"

But Shaw's satire is not always confined to his own productions. A fair companion sitting beside him in the stalls of a certain theater remarked:

"Don't you think the company play splendidly? They have been acting together for nearly 11 years."

"Eleven years?" repeated Shaw. "Haven't we been here longer than that?"

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

In "The Beautiful World," the occasional journal of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, is a hitherto unpublished letter by the famous socialist and poet, William Morris.

"I fear," he wrote, "that there would be no slightest chance of success in attempting to tax (and thereby regulate) advertisements, except in the streets, where they are much less offensive than along the railways. You must remember that the advertisements you are speaking of are always on private property, and that in consequence it would be a revolutionary act to meddle with them. To tell you the plain truth, much as they annoy me personally, I cannot help rejoicing at the spectacle of the middle classes so annoyed and so helpless before the results of the idiotic tyranny which they themselves have created."

Morris then advises them that if they wish to carry out a successful agitation they must get "very respectable people," e. g., the archbishop of Canterbury, the president of the royal academy, etc., to put themselves to real inconvenience in showing how much they dislike these nuisances.

"My influence," he added, "would be of no use, as of course, it is perfectly well known that I am disgusted by such things; and as I need not tell you I am considered unpractical and known to be a socialist."

CHARLES OGDEN'S.

$100.00 REWARD.

Would gladly be paid for a cure by many people who are crippled with rheumatism, yet if they only knew it, they can be cured by a few bottles of Ballard's Snow Liniment, and the price is only 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street, Salt Lake City.

W. S. HENDERSON

Wholesale Grocer

Special Attention Given to Mail Order Business Quick Delivery

Cor. Second South and Third West Streets
Salt Lake City