LITERATURE

A REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE.

These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary War—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army—but if read downward on either side of the comma, they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown.

"Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The Acts of Parliament, in the I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who non-resistant hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore,
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington."

—In the National Magazine for October.

SIR ROBERT WHITE.

Over russet fields of ripened corn,
Down out the purpling hazel's bourn
Beats a clear call to Arcadie.

No need of sight to know that fall
Brown nuts to earth whence comes this call,
This reedy call to Arcadie.

No need of ear to know the pipe
Of Syrinx plays o'er Autumn ripe
In spicy glades of Arcadie.

That woodsy notes are fluting light
Is true with throat of Old Bob White
Whistling a call to Arcadie.

His clear note rounds less shallowly
Than reeds of Pan blown mellowly
Through thymy aisles of Arcadie.

I glad, from trodden, dusty road
Would turn swift feet to sylvan sward
And heed your call to Arcadie.

NOTES

Richard Burton calls attention to the significance of the growing tendency to publish in book form plays of more than temporary importance. To him it means the recognition of practical dramatic writing as literature, and he finds an excellent example of his theory in the publication of "The Melting Pot" by Israel Zangwill. "It is in every way," he says, "a good thing that a play so vital as one listens to it in a theater should be offered in book form so that we may study it, whether as students of the drama or simply intelligent playgoers. Every drama worth while should make this double appeal. 'The Melting Pot' stands the test, too, because it is a piece of literature as well as a sterling melodrama with a nobly altruistic theme to carry it. It is more than a stage product; something to read and place in one's library. This is no surprise, for we have long had a right to expect literary work of a high quality from the writer."

* * *

Frederic S. Isham, author of "Half a Chance," was once dramatic and musical critic on a western metropolitan newspaper. He was assigned to write up "Carmen," given by one of the big New York companies. The novelist, then in his callow youth, had an engagement more to his liking than listening to opera. He knew "Carmen" and also all the artists; wrote up his review beforehand. Repairing to his office about midnight, he chanced on the city to meet a rival critic; asked jeeringly how the latter had liked "Carmen." The reply, prefaced by a parenthetic foreword, was rather startling: He (the) was to appear as Carmen had been ill and "Mignon" had been sung instead. A chill ran up and down the young reporter-critic's spine; he dashed off another criticism; but he never overlooked the lesson. What might have been through the veriest accident, he had let the brother critic !And the crim jest on the latter is, he never knew the service he unwittingly performed for a rival morning sheet.

* * *

Nicholas Trist, the hero of "54-40 or Fight," was a historical character. He was born at Charlottesville, Va., his father being proprietor of the celebrated Birdwood, in Albermarle county. For a short time he lived in Louisiana, and then was sent back to Virginia, where, his father having died, he became the ward of President Thomas Jefferson, and was brought up at Monticello. He married Virginia Randolph (the Elisabeth Churchill of the novel), who was Jefferson's granddaughter and the daughter of Gov. Mann Randolph of Virginia. Trist was, as Mr. Hough represents him, intensely patriotic. He served as secretary both to Calhoun and Jackson, and no man of his time was linked with so many important characters in the nation's making. Though a Virginian, though so deeply devoted to Calhoun and his cause, he was himself an abolitionist. The novelist needed but little coloring from his imagination to render Mr. Trist a full-fledged hero of romance.

* * *

A stage version of "The Making of Bobby Burnit," the novel by George Randolph Chester, will be produced in November, with Wallace Eddinger in the title role. Henry B. Harris is the producing manager and the playwright is Winchell Smith. Mr. Eddinger, it will be remembered, played Howard Jefferies, Jr., in "The Third Degree." Bobby should present an engaging opportunity for his talent. The book continues among the most popular of the day.

* * *

On Saturday, October 16, the following notable list of books will be published by Houghton Mifflin company: "The Severed Mantle," a novel of the troubadours, by William Lindsey; "The American People," a study in national psychology, by A. Maurice Low, "Recollections" by Washington Gladden; "Astronomy from a Pipper," a popular little handbook by Eliot C. Clarke; "The Autobiography," a critical and comparative study, by Anna Robeson Burr; a prose translation of "The Nibelungenlied" by Prof. Daniel B. Shumway of the University of Pennsylvania; "Fifty Years in Constantinople and Recollections of Robert College" by Dr. George Washburn; "The Story o fthe Greek People," in introductory history for young people, by Eva March Tappan; "Changing Conceptions of Education" by Prof. E. P. Cubberley; and a Riverside Press Edition of Alton's "Compleat Angler," limited to 400 numbered copies for sale.

* * *

Mr. William Lindsey, whose first novel, "The Severed Mantle," is to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co., on October 16th, has made a special study of the troubador period, and in his visits to Provence he has explored the ruins of old castles where once lived fair ladies whose beauty inspired to song. He has been about five years in the writing of "The Severed Mantle" but the romance has made such a favorable impression on the booksellers that their advance orders have made three printings of the book necessary before publication.

* * *

Miss Mary Johnston has just returned to her home in Richmond after a spring and summer spent in Egypt and Europe. She is well along in the writing of a new novel, which is to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co., during the coming year. The book will be awaited with special interest because it deals with the Civil war period, the most modern setting of any Miss Johnston's books, and one which she of course treats from intimate knowledge. Miss Alice Brown is also just back from a summer spent in Southern Europe, and is now at work upon a novel which she regards as her best and strongest work, and which appear on the Spring List of Houghton Mifflin Co.

* * *

Readers of "When Sarah Saved the Day", Miss Elsie Singmaster's absorbing story for young people, will be interested to know that it was orginally entitled "When William Came Home." The odd coincidence that the publishers had upon their list for publication in the same season a book entitled "When She Came Home from College" led to the choice of the picturesque phrase "When Sarah Saved the Day,"—which occured, as a matter of fact, precisely at the time when William came home. Few of the younger writers of magazine stories have won so sure and individual a position as Miss Singmater. This venture in longer form shows her a storyteller to be reckoned with among the novelists. Speaking of the similarity of titles, there is likely to be some confusion during the present season regarding the following three books each of which is issued by a different publisher: "Susanna and Sue," "Miss Selina Lue," and "From Sioux to Susan."

* * *

The holiday editon of Lowell's "The Courtin," set to pictures by Arthur I. Keller, and "The Bunnikins-Bunnies in Camp" by Edith B. Davidson, both of which were published by Houghton Mifflin Co., last month are already in their third printing.

* * *

Mr. Walter Camp, who will furnish a series of articles to The Century Magazine for the coming year on the development of amateur athletics in America, has been for 25 years a high authority on that subject. Mr. Camp is president of one of the largest business establishments in New Haven. He has also been for about a decade an officer of Yale university, and is a member of University council. His influence on student life in Yale has been a most wholesome one.

* * *

Mme. Helen Modjeska's memoirs, finished just before her last illness, are to be published in The Century. Reminiscences of unusual interest and charm are promised, dealing with the great in many arts and walks of life; and abounding in observations on the art of acting in general, as well as on the characteristics of contemporaries in both Europe and America.

MAGAZINES

The Popular Magazine for October—the first October number, by the way—contains 14 stories of various lengths. First on the list is a complete novel by Henry C. Rowland, entitled "The Kidnaper," and narrating what happened aboard the good ship Aloha, when Capt. Paul Judson, sometime convicted by the customs authorities of smuggling Chinamen through San Francisco, put out to sea with a fair prisoner on his vessel. Next there is a striking short story of college athletics, "The Center Rush," by Ralph D. Paine, which proves the truth of the remark of a famous coach, to the effect that "it is the man on the side lines who wins the game." "Harleton's Coup," by Louis Joseph Vance, is a good story of adventures which febell a brave secret agent of the government in the wilds of the northwest. Anna Katharine Green, whose famous "Leavenworth Case" is still being widely circulated, starts a new and powerful serial of mystery, entitled "The House of the Whispering Pines." The spice of humor is furnished by Martin A. Flavin's funny "Aunt Liza," and by Charles R. Barnes, whose "The Tip on Rosebud," is a very humorous story of the race track. Two strong western stories are "The White Paw Hold-up," by Arthur Stringer, which tells why the harvesters' excursion special was held up, and Bertrand W. Sinclair's "Colonel Colt, the Equalizer," a grim echo from the gold mining region. Other serial stories by W. B. M. Ferguson and Burt L. Standish, and several short stories by B. M. Bower, Francis Lynde, and others, go to make up a wonderfully entertaining magazine—224 pages of solid fiction.

* * *

A play of intelligence, dramatic to those who like to think, dull to those who do not, is successful in Chicago and the west. It receives extreme praise from men of experience and brains, like the former president of the United States, Booth Tarkington, the mayor of Toledo, and Oscar Straus. It arrives where most conspicuous American productions are made—the neighborhood known as Broadway. On the first night there is a mixture of interest and chill. Imemdiately several of the papers of largest circulation and widest influence exhaust themselves in endeavoring to tell how bad it is. Some, unable to comprehend, declare these critics are dishonest. Such charges are erroneous. These critics are a natural product of "the Tenderloin." It is the aid they breathe. It is all they know. David Belasco is their god. A pretty chorus is their heaven. Tension like that in "The Thief" is their highest reach. Ideas worry them. They represent honestly both themselves and that tenderloin of which they are the flower. We have naught to say against them. But what of the newspaper owners? Are they using in the best way their great power when they put in such hands a weapon that might be used to penetrate, to inspire, to lead? A critic's privilege is to seize eagerly any higher worth, to celebrate it, to encourage it, to lead the public on. Criticism has some power, either to fertilize or to blight. Remembering dozens of such efforts as "Griffith Davenport," "Children of the Ghetto," "Candida," "El Gran Galeoto," "The Master Builder," and now "The Melting Pot," we say without hesitation that New York criticism does less to help the American stage forward than it does to hold it back.—Editorial in Collier's for Oct. 2.

BOOKS

To introduce the heroine by having her drop from the sky at the hero's feet, must be set down as easily the most daring and romantic feat that recent story-telling has accomplished. Herbert Quick, who arranged for Virginia Suarez this unique and charming debut in his latest story, "Virginia of the Air Lanes," has other surprises besides. The book as a whole is a surprise, from its author, it is so distinct in type from his previous books, alike from the love-and-land realism of "Aladdin & Company," the dogmatism of "The Broken Lance," and the puzzles of "Double Trouble." It is sheer romance, sky-high, original, delightful. Looking forward to the middle of the present century, the author has set his story at a time when airships may be supposed to be in as frequent use as motor cars are now. The invention has not yet been perfected, however; the ideal ship is yet to be constructed, and the plot scheme of the story lies about the marvelous improved mechanism, like a great bird, which Theodore Carson, of Carson's Landing, Ala., has built. But the air, nevertheless, is buzzing with boats; there are already established many aerial harbors, and talk of the different sorts of boats fills many pages and supplies much atmosphere. All this is clever and interesting and welcome. While avoiding undue discussion of the mechanical details of aerostat manufacture, there is sufficiently frequent mention of them to give the story an air of plausibility. This air it has in a truly exaraordinary degree. Mr. Quick has not so much brought romance down to earth as he has swung the reader with him into the skies. The air journey is fascinating, with "the earth like a concave cup, the sun a flaming wick on the edge of it."

When the story lights it does so in the picturesque, and not too often used Mobile bay country, with its glistening white beaches, sparkling blue water, its cane brakes, its coves, lagoons and palmettos. The love situation begins to shape itself, tentatively at first, in the first chapter, in the aversion expressed by Virginia to the oily Silberberg, and in the interest felt by the handsome young inventor as he watches Virginia's sudden and perilous ascent, a "mass of red hat, crimson scarf, pique and silken fallas." Luckily, the fall is on the soft sand dunes, and Virginia only faints. The mystery at once suggested by the secretive attitude of Carson and the old captain—a quaint, delightful derelict; their hidden base of operations and peculiar movements point the way to a deeper plot to background this love interest.

The story is freshly interesting, often it is absorbing; in its three or four most critical scenes it is genuinely exciting.

* * *

"The Game and the Candle," by Eleanor M. Ingram, illustrated by D. Johnson. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapilis.

"The Game and the Candle," is, in a word, a stirring, thrilling, dramatic (but hardly melodramatic) story of adventure, intrigue and romance. The adventure knows exciting climaxes. The intrigue is rich in the vein of sentiment. The romance is touched with the couleur de rose of chivalry.

The hero is a young American of breeding, who, to save the girl he loves from poverty, unknown to her deliberately commits a felony. His identity is never connected with a certain Leroy, who, a few months later, is captured by officers of the law and is sent to prison for a long term of years. Into this prison comes Stanlef, a grand duke visiting America, who, attracted by the man, aids him to escape, not only because of his faith in the convict, but because the latter renders him an important service. Taken aboard Stanlef's yacht, Leroy once more assumes his name of Allard, and, with the duke, crosses to an old world court of royalty. En route, the duke learns of the death of the emperor and of his own elevation to the regency.

Allard becomes his rescurer's confident and, later, is attached to the personal service of the young emperor. The latter is distrustful and apparently is in open hostility to the regent, whom the people love. We are given the impression—and with the most ingenius skill—that when the emperor assumes his throne Stanlef will be forced to retirement. The situation is pregnant with possibilities, and of these the author takes splendid advantage. Inextricably involved in this high intrigue is the double love-story—a most charming romance, all pearl and silver, colorful and delicate, yet always plausible and effective. It has simplicity, directness, strength—and the straightforward, irresistible appeal that such virtues imply. The action gradually focuses in a conclusion at once remarkably surprising and unusually convincing. Indeed, the story is best at its moment of denouement—which is as it should be.

Love and friendship are both made to render to "The Game and the Candle" a powerful contribution of interest. Miss Ingram possesses a rare talent for the sentiment of both. Her work has a fragrance, a boquet. "The Game and the Candle" is, we believe, her first novel. It is a real achievement. And it will secure for its successors a wide, expectant public.

* * *

"Half a Chance," by Frederick S. Isham. Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

Mr. Isham has come into his own. His graceful romances, "Under the Rose" and "The Lady of the Mount," revealed him the poessor of a rose-colored fancy, a delicate turn of sentiment, a polished style. But here we have robuster matter, sturdier plot, stronger style—more blood in things. Here is, indeed, a vigorous story told in a vigorous way. The thrill of an intense excitement keeps the reader always in a state of breathless suspense, because his sympathies are aroused and he is personally concerned from the start for the central character a very real man who aspires, dares and achieves.

"Half a Chance" is the story of John Steele, who had really less than half a chance and who did not need more to pierce his way to fame, to fortune, and to love. He is an American, and the tale of his upward striving is both characteristically and inspiringly American. Born in the lowest dregs of society, but with a strain of fine parental blood, successively a roustabout, a sailor, a prize fighter, h is, in th end, unjustly convicted on British soil of a capital crime and deported to Australia. A shipwreck interferes with the execution of his sentence. Then, by an extraordinary coincidence, comes his opportunity. He works, toils and triumphs. Courageously he goes back to find his honor in the place where he has lost it. Not without desperate danger does he win it back, and, wit it, the hand of Jocelyn Wray.

The incidents of the plot are frank melodrama of the better sort—the sort that has been an element of vigor in much of our best English fiction, the sort that Charles Dickens and Charles Reade indulged in, the sort that makes Sir Gilbert Parker so popular in our day. It is, indeed, a plot that Charle Reade would have relished, a plot that Sir Gilbert would have found greatly to his liking. Mr. Isham handles it skilfully and well, with a fine eye for color, a keen joy in the climax. The romantic scenes—the wreck of the convict ship, the rescue, the strange events on the desert isle, the return to England, the rise of Steele to power and prominence, the recognition, the manhunt, the pursuit across foghound London, the stunning denouement in which John Steele rights himself—they are all possessed of the sharpest edge of excitement.

And you may be sure that Mr. Isham, for all his new-found power as a plotbuilder, has lost none of his charm as the weaver of a love story. If the hero holds the center of the stage, be sure that the heroine is no "splendidly null" lay figure. She disputes his place and takes captive the imagination. "Half a Chance" lingers in the memory of the grateful reader, clear cut by reason of its care- dispelling interest, fragrant by reason of its romance.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following thirty-one volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Oct. 18, 1909:

REFERENCE.

Killikelly—Curious Questions, 2 vol.
Walsh—Encyclopedia of Prose Quotations.
Wheeler—Familiar Allusions.
Wheeler—Who Wrote It?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Belcher—Clean Milk.
Conant—Money and Banking, 2 vol.
Enock—Mexico.
Howell—Text Book of Physiology.
Hume—Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia.
Koester — Steam-electric Power Plants.
Lewis, Ed.—Advertisements of The Spectator.
Richards—First Lessons in Food and Diet.
Richards—Sanitation in Daily Life.
Sherrill—Stained Glass Tours in France.
Sparrow—English House.
Sparrow—Hints on House Furnishing.
Thorpe, Ed.—Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson.

FICTION.

Hewlitt—Open country.
Hichens—Bella Donna.
Hoover—Pa Flickinger's Folks.
Major—Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg.
Phillips—Hungry Heart.
Taylor—Fame's Pathway.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Dunn—From Atlanta to the Sea.
Elson—Child's Guide to American History.
Kelley—Boy Mineral Collectors.
— Reynard the Fox.
Stratemeyer—Dave Porter in the South Seas.
Wray—Mother Tucker's Seven.

Fall colds are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. The genuine contains no harmful drugs. F. J. Hill Drug Co. ("The never substitutors.") Salt Lake City.

ARTIST CLAWSON'S OIL PORTRAIT OF THE LATE ALLENE CRISMON.

Artist J. W. Clawson has just executed a portrait in oil of the late Miss Allene Crismon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crismon of this city. The above photographic copy of the oil painting was made last week especially for The News. The young girl, who died three years ago, is well remembered for her beauty and charm of manner, but as she was not known to the artist, the work of reproducing her face in a way that would be acceptable to her parents, was full of difficulty. The copy was made from an ordinary bust photograph, the full length figure being executed from posings by Miss Crismon's sister, Mrs. Rich. While it is impossible, in a photograph of a painting, to give more than a faint idea of the beauty of the original, enough can be gathered from the above half tone to show the finished character of Mr. Clawson's work.

Descendant of Tennyson's Friend Reveals the Poet's Democratic Spirit

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Some interesting side lights on the character of the poet Tennyson were thrown by a letter written by the poet on his appointment to the laureateshly read at the recent Tennyson centenary celebration by Willingham Franklin Rawnsley, to whose grandfather it was written. The letter was as follows:

"I thank you for your congratulations touching the laureateship. I was advised by my friends not to decline it and I was even told that, being already in receipt of a pension, I could not gracefully refuse it. But I wish more and more that some one else had it.

"I have no passion for courts, but a great love of privacy, nor do I count having the office as any particular feather in my cap. It is, I believe, scarcely $500 a year, and my friend, R. M. Milnes, tells me that the price of the patent and court dress will swallow up all the first year's income."

The court dress, Mr. Rawnsley tells us, did not cost him much, however, as he went in the dress which had served for Wordsworth, who in turn obtained it from the old poet Rogers. Those who have seen it, for it is still in the Wordsworth family, have often wondered how Wordsworth and Tennyson managed to get into it; Rogers was a very little man, and they were both big.

GROTESQUE POSTERITY.

Researches recently conducted into the family history of the poet Beranger have established the interesting fact that he is the ancestor of a Chinese family, now living in the Island of Reunion. It came about because his son, Lucien Paron, whose existence is revealed to us in the poet's autobiography, turned out badly. This hopeful youth, who was born in 1799, was apprenticed by his father to a grocer in Paris, but took to drink and lost his situation.

It was decided, therefore, to pack him off to the colonies. After having squandered all the money that he took with him, Lucien wrote home to ask for more. His father sent him a large piece of advice and a small remittance together with an intimation that no more remittances were to be expected. For the rest of his life Lucien kept a small school for the children of the Reunion fishermen, living in a hut as wretched as their own.

As the result of a union which he contracted with a negress, he had a daughter named Augustine Adelaide. Augustine Adelaide married a Chinese boatman named Wu Tu. She had three children; and the family of Wu Tu still exists, if it does not flourish, on the island of Reunion. Therefore, grotesque as it is, the most illustrious of the French song-writers is now represented by a yellow posterity.

STORY OF "MEG THE LADY."

Tom Gallon who has won wide popularity as a novelist tells a story in connection with his novel "Meg, the Lady," that is well worth recording. He was dining one evening with some friends among whom was a lady, a married woman, he had known well for many years. To amuse his friends he started spinning stories out of his head, till at last they said, "Now tell us a real story, something that actually happened in life." Pretending to comply with the request, he invented on the spot and told them the following tale:

A married woman who to all appearances was happily married, was fascinated by a scoundrel, and at last yielding to his entreaties, she went to see him at his rooms. He happened, however, to be out, and she went for a walk pending his return. He lived in a fashionable street bordered nevertheless by slums, wherein she contrived to lose herself. A rough, but apparently honest, man volunteered to guide her out, only to lure her further into the slums and finally into a room, on the pretense that as she was faint and frightened his "missus" would give her a cup of tea. There the ruffian turned on her, and in self-defense she snatched up a bottle that was handy and killed him. A poor girl living with the ruffian then appeared on the scene and got the lady safely away. In the end, both the lady and the girl of the streets were suspected of the murder; the latter, to save the former, confessed to the crime and paid the penalty.

That was Gallon's story told entirely from imagination. When later in the drawing-room his married friend beckoned him to her and then said in a low voice, "Why did you tell them my story," he gazed at her stupefied.

"Your story," he cried, "in heaven's name what do you mean?"

WAS IT TELEPATHY?

"It is my story," she said sadly.

Save that she did not kill the man in the slums, Gallon had told the story of an incident in his friend's life, detail for detail. The ruffian had tried to rob her, when a girl of the streets came on the scene, with great difficulty rescued her and sent her home a penitent woman.

"She had never breathed a word of her adventure to a soul," the novelist said. "She was the last woman in the world I should have suspected of a lapse from the straight path, yet—well, can you explain it? I cannot, unless it were that while I was spinning absurd stories she was thinking to herself, what a story she could tell if she dared, and that her mind telepathically affected mine. She gave me leave to use her story as the basis of a novel and 'Meg, the Lady' was the result."

CHARLES OGDENS.

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Backache is kidney danger.

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Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

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Mrs. Mary D. Ensign, East North St. Brigham ,Utah says: "I am perfectly satisfied with Doan's Kidney Pills for they have done me a great amount of good. My case was of long standing and was a source of great annoyance.

I did not suffer from backache, but I had no end of trouble from too frequent passages of the kidney secretions. I had often read statements in the paper given by parties who had taken Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit and I was led to get this remedy. In a few weeks after beginning its use, I felt better and in about two months I was entirely relieved. I gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney disorders."

Mrs. Ensign gave the above testimonial in Sept. 1907 and when interviewed on July 31, 1909 she said: "My former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills still holds good. You are welcome to continue its publication."

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

FRANK BEATIE AND ANDREW TAYSUM 20 YEARS AGO.

This picture shows two Salt Lake boys, who were among the most popular of their set between 20 and 30 years ago. The figure standing is that of Frank L. Beatie, then a clerk in the Skinner jewelry store, now salesman in Wedebeker's. The other is Andrew Taysum, familiarly known as "Andy," who met a sad death in an accident on a Saltair train some years ago.