

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE SOWER AND HIS SEED.

He planted an oak in his father's park
And a thought in the minds of men.
And he bade farewell to his native shore,
Which he will never see again.
Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng
To the glow of the southern sky;
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow, and its boughs will spread,
And many rejoice in its shade,
But none will visit the distant grave
Where a stranger youth is laid.
And the thought will live when the oak has died
And quicken the minds of men,
But the name of the thinker has vanished away
And will never be heard again.

—W. E. H. Lecky.

PENSEROSO.

Soulless is humanity to me
Tonight. My keenest longing is to be
Alone, alone with God's gray earth that seems
Pulse of my pulse and consort of my dreams.

Tonight my soul desires no fellowship,
Or fellow-being; crave I but to slip
Thro' space on space, 'till flesh no more can bind,
And I may quit for aye my fellow-kind.

Let me but feel athwart my cheek the lash
Of whipping wind, but hear the torrent dash
Adown the mountain steep, 'twere more my choice
Than touch of human hand, than human voice.

Let me, but wander on the shore night-stilled,
Drinking its darkness till my soul is filled;
The breathing of the salt sea on my hair,
My outstretched hands but grasping empty air.

But let me feel the pulse of Nature's soul
Athrob on mine, let seas and thunder roll
O'er night and me; sands whirl; winds, water beat;
For God's gray earth has no cheap counterfeits.

—Pauline Johnson in "The White Wampum."

NOTES.

The eighth volume of the limited edition paper edition of "The Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes" contains "The Poet," one of the latest and most characteristic of that writer's romances. The ninth volume of this edition will contain "Pan and the Young Shepherd," and will appear early next month. The Macmillan company expect to publish the tenth and last volume on or before the first of June.

Rudyard Kipling has written a new series of tales entitled "Robin Goodfellow's Friends." The first of "The Centurion of the Thirtieth." In it Parthenon, this Roman centurion and friend of the Emperor Maximus, becomes commander of the great Roman wall running across England and defends it under dramatic circumstances. This first story of the series appears in McClure's Magazine for May.

Jeremiah Curran, the translator of Henry Stenhouse's works, is at present engaged in writing "The Mongols, a History." Mr. Curran spent three months among the Bureats, the only tribe of Mongols that has retained the nomadic life and preserved the creation myths of their race. Mr. Curran is the author of "Creation Myths of Primitive America," "Myths and Folklore of the Russians," "Western Slavs and Magyars," and other similar volumes. Polish is said to be but one of 70 foreign languages with which he is familiar.

Since Lucille Hearn died, Mr. John Luther Long is almost the only living writer who can give to fiction the color and atmosphere of Japan. The scene of his new novel, "The Way of the Gods," is laid in the beautiful land of "Madame Butterfly," and in the heart of the Laid Hoshi, "Dream-of-Star." This novel is said to be one of the most thrilling, poignant and romantic tales that have come from the pen of the author of "The Darling of the Gods."

Epton Sinclair's rampant novel of Chicago stockyard life has reached England, and it is now the theme of lengthy reviews in the London papers. One reviewer thus writes of it in the Daily News, and he appears to like it.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



BISHOP R. T. BURTON AND WIFE 54 YEARS AGO.

This interesting picture, reproduced from an old daguerrotype taken by Marcena Cannon in December, 1852, shows Bishop R. T. Burton and his wife as they looked in those interesting days. The two children are—first, in her father's arms, Mrs. Theresa Burton Hills, wife of President Hills of the Deseret National bank. Second, in his mother's arms, W. S. Burton, the well known builder, who had charge of the construction of the Deseret News building.

Bishop Burton is today in his eighty-fifth year, and his wife is in her eightieth year.

How, laid a document on Mrs. Crawford's lap. Her horror when he announced that he was the owner of the castle and its domains was finally appeased by Mr. Crawford's explanation of the Italian law. He had bought this old watch-tower for 50 years, at the price of \$25 per year.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Youth's Companion comes this week with a charming cover design, suggestive of the month of flowers, a female figure with light draperies, blown by the May airs while about her head cluster the dainty blossoms of the fruit tree under which she stands.

The contents are as usual entertaining for both old and youthful, while the children's department furnishes its special choice bits for little toes.—Perry Mason, Boston.

"Insist on the Trade-Mark" When You Buy a Book.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

OXFORD, April 25.—Will the Winston Churchill who wrote "The Crisis" and "The Crossing" agree, after a while, to print a tiny American flag after his name to show that he is not the English Winston? And will the accomplished son of Lord Randolph Churchill likewise consent to embellish the title-pages of his books with a small Union Jack lest any should take them for the work of his American namesake?

The thing is quite possible should a plan be adopted which the British Society of Authors is said to be "seriously considering" at the present time. It is no more or less than that authors generally should adopt definite "tokens" or trademarks in order to distinguish them from other writers who are similarly, or almost similarly, named, and it must be admitted that as things are now there is chance for a good deal of confusion in the mind of the reading public.

Perhaps the case of the two Winston Churchills is the most striking instance in point, but one also recalls immediately that no less than three brothers by the name of Benson have written simultaneously in this country, that as many Haggards, similarly related, are producing fiction, and that romantic works of a moral character are being turned out by two Hockings—both of them clergymen, too—the Rev. Silas and the Rev. Joseph. To name these, however, is only to make a beginning, and a well known literary authority has just drawn up a much more formidable list of writers who not only have the same surnames, but in some cases the same Christian names. They include, three Zangwills, five Williamsons, six Powells, seven Murphys, eight Smiths, and no less than nine Watsons.

—to name only a few out of a veritable literary army.

"Why should each of these writers not adopt some distinctive insignia, or token?" asks the patient compiler of the above-mentioned list, and he then goes on to advocate "humor and common sense" in the matter of selection. "For instance," he says, in dead seriousness, "if Cutcliffe Hyne printed a fourth of his name to distinguish himself from Conrad Hyne there would be nothing inappropriate, for his Captain Kettle stories have made that useful article quite a famous and bloodstained emblem."

In case the thing came into effect Mr. E. P. Benson might distinguish himself from the other Bensons by printing a picture of a Dodo on the title pages of his novels—that is if any picture now exists of that notoriously extinct bird. But think of the possibilities that this scheme has in the matter of future advertisements. Imagine being told to "ask for Laura Libbey's new romance and insist on seeing the trade-mark (view of Libbey Prison) stamped on the cover."

But after all, will it be any easier for a reader, say, who has an affection for, and "insists on getting" the books of the Mr. Haggard to remember that his "token" is a female figure, ("She"), than to recall the simple fact that his first name is Rider, and not Andrew or Lionel as the other literary Haggards are respectively named?

Evidently Bret Harte's daughter inherited a portion at any rate of her father's literary genius, for quite promising little tale from her pen appears in the London "Tatler," this week, and I hear that another rather longer story by Ethel Harte, as she calls herself, has been accepted by the London Magazine and is also to appear in the United States. These are almost Miss Bret Harte's first ventures in the way of story-writing, although she has had some little experience on the stage. It may be remembered that the fund which was raised for her benighted some time ago was used in assisting her to open a typewriting bureau in London, and it was with pleasure that I learned from Bret Harte's daughter that up to the present time this venture has pleasantly exceeded her anticipations.

Judging from the case of Alphonse Karr, one can never be sure at the outset for what reason a statue or other monument will ultimately be erected to one's memory. Karr, for instance, if he could have foreseen that a bust in his honor would be unveiled on the Riviera—as one was unveiled last week—would probably have deemed it a fitting recognition of his years of labor as an author, but as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort. It was put up because Karr was the real founder of the flower-raising industry in France.

Karr just missed being a great novelist, though he had a great journal, but he was the real founder of the flower-raising industry in France.

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his competence and retired. Then he decided that the shade was mightier than the pen and set himself to become the first gardener in France. Before his time the flowers for Riviera dinner parties had to be imported from Genoa. He changed all that, with the result that the Riviera now produces flowers for all Europe and so Karr has his statue—but not as a writer. He deserved some kind of a monument, however, if only for his epigrams, which were famous, especially that which he uttered when first it was proposed to abolish capital punishment in France. "Tis a good plan," he said, "but let Messieurs the assassins commence!"

HAYDEN CHURCH.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 40 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, May 7, 1906:

REFERENCE.

Bohn—Handbook of proverbs.
Heppburn—Japanese-English dictionary.
Polk & Co.—Salt Lake City Directory, 1906.
Tomita—Handbook of the Japanese language.
Walker—Rhyming dictionary.
Tauschitz—English-Spanish dictionary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adams—Works, vol. 2.
Crothers—English life.
Dana—To Cuba and back.
Dickens—Speeches.
Dickens & Collins—Letters.
Dunning—Today on the Nile.
Hall—Christian belief interpreted by Christian experience.
Hollis—The Massai.
Kirkbridge—Modern trust company.
Moore—Old pewter.
Napier, ed.—Johnstonia.
Philippine Ethnological Survey—Negritoes.
Philippine Ethnological Survey—Moros.
Vol. 22.
Spargo—Bitter cry of the children.

FICTION.

Brahmar—Nancy's country Christmas.
Cutting—More stories of married life.
Kjelland—Professor Lovdahl.
McCutcheon—Cowardice Court.
Pon—Bay life of Nantouan.
Newman—Love and gain.
Pemberton—My sword for Lafayette.
Savage—Lady in waiting.
Sinclair—The jungle.
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Bullfinch—Legends of Charlemagne.
Eggleston—Camp Venture.
Fos—Bay life of Nantouan.
Hammond—Pinkey Perkins.
Hughes—Dozen from Lakerim.
Hughes—Lakerim athletic club.
Meadowcroft—A. B. C. of electricity.
Stratemyer—Under the Mikado's flag.

Electricity on the Farm.

A progressive farmer of Westfield, Ind., is making his own electricity. He gathers it out of the air, but in no more mysterious way than by means of a windmill. Others have harnessed the windmill to a dynamo, but the result has never been satisfactory on account of the variability of the wind power. Mr. Wilson of Westfield allows his windmill to perform primarily its customary function of pumping water. The water flows into a hydraulic regulator—a chamber fitted with automatic valves, through these it passes under uniform pressure into a water motor, to which a dynamo is attached. Blow high, blow low, the dynamo works at even speed, brilliantly lighting Mr. Wilson's house and barn and doing the chores, all for an original investment of \$200. With a telephone in his house, through which he can talk over wire fences with the whole county, receiving his letters more punctually by the rural delivery service than he would in town, the trolley line past his gate and electricity slaying for him in house, barn and field, the lot of the new farmer is far from a forlorn one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling Increases in the Number of Operations Performed Each Year—How Women May Avoid Them.



Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, who are either awaiting or recovering from serious operations.

Why should this be the case? Simply because they have neglected themselves. Female troubles are certainly on the increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the organs or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy.

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