LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

IN THE FIREPLACE.

When autumn pins a scarlet badge upon the maple-tree,
And sets the little captive elves from milkweed prisons free,
And o'er the meadow-clover lays a frosted filligree,

Upon my heartstone wide and smooth, the beechwood boughs are crossed
Above a sturdy oaken log with creamy mold embossed,
And in the spaces new white chips and fringy bark are tossed.

Then, when the early sunset leaves a red and sullen stain
As of a faded poppy in a dark and withered plain,
And, hurled against the slarted roof, come spurts of spiteful rain,

From out the cavern waves aloft a slender lilac plume:
A tawny thread creeps up the pile and trickles through the gloom,
And then a rushing gale of gold and crimson sweeps the room.

Within its wood-green undertones and mauve and umber shades,
By some sweet mystery of dusk the autumn bleakness fades,
And fair before me slants the sun on bloomy summer glades.

Across their grassy terraces, by zephyr-people sown,
The coreopsis squadrons march, in orange ruff and zone,
And brilliant conflagrations of the Indian pinks are blown.

In fern-set dales and hollows where the skeins of mist are spun
Gleam oddly fashioned fungi, capped with pearl and buff and dun,
And feathered foxtail-grasses flash like silver in the sun.

* * *

With sudden burst of flying sparks the slender forestick snaps;
Against the pillared portico the rising tempest taps;
A loosened vine, adrip with rain, the window-casing raps.

I seek my strand of memory gems—behold, it breaks in two,
And, with the trail of ruby stars that sparkle up the flue,
The sylvan pictures vanish in a filmy blur of blue.

Harriet Whitney Durbin.

NOTES.

When Gertrude Atherton returned from Munich in July, before returning to California, which is her home state, she made a memorable visit to Kentucky. As Gertrude Franklin Horn, Mrs. Atherton went to boarding-school in the Bluegrass capital, Lexington, coming all the way across the continent. Many of the friends who joined in her entertainment this summer were women she had known in school days, and had neves seen since school days ended. One social function—a garden party—for the descendant of Benjamin Franklin, took place appropriately at Ashland, the home of another great American, Henry Clay. Mrs. Atherton stopped only long enough in New York to make final arrangements with her publishers, the Harpers, for her new novel, just issued, called "Ancestors." She will probably not come to New York at all this winter.

* * *

The Maine coast possesses a great attraction for authors. William Dean Howells has his summer home there at Kittery Point, and occupies himself with a vegetable garden. Mrs. Margaret Deland has a cottage at Kennebunkport, and cultivates there some gorgeous flowers. Now John Kendrick Bangs has purchased an estate between Portsmouth and Portland, where he plans to spend the greater part of the year. It is probable that he will devote some of his time to farming.

* * *

After a successful run in New York, "The Spoilers," Rex Beach's play from his book, has started on a tour of the country. The Harpers, who published the original novel, chose the moment to announce a new play edition of the book. It will contain a number of page pictures made from photographs of exciting scenes in the play, and will have a new theatrical cover. The author gave his personal direction to the performance of "The Spoilers" during its run here, and was largely responsible for the features that made it a success. Mr. Beach is living in New York and engaged in writing another book.

* * *

Philip Verrill Mighels, whose latest book is called "Sunnyside Tad" (Harpers), is a lively traveler. He spends his summers in California and Nevada, and the autumns and winters in New York, with frequent runs to Florida, and an occasional trip abroad. He has crossed the Atlantic four times, and the continent seventeen. "I have a home," writes Mr. Mighels, "but I cannot recall at present any more definite site of it than a Pullman."

* * *

A journalistic school for young women has been started in Fleet street, London. It aims to give a practical education in newspaper work in all branches, and it is conducted in connection with an actual publishing establishment from which three magazines are issued.

A number of literary women who have gained distinction in London by their work are patronesses of the journalistic school, among them "John Strange Winter," Mrs. Henry Reeves, and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. The late Mrs. Craigie was also interested in it.

Miss Cartwright, the principal, is herself an editor and a practical journalist, the daughter of a publisher. One of her magazines is edited on the premises, and in this way she is able to take her pupils through the entire field, from the selection of subjects of articles to the editing of the copy and the setting up of the matter in type.

There are classes in story writing, interviewing, fashion drawing and story illustration, art, dramatic and musical criticism, book reviewing, sub-editing, proof correcting, and society reporting. There are classes, also, in typewriting, shorthand, advertising writing, and in French.

Girls are trained in the duties of private secretary. A paper is issued from the school. Just as the dramatic companies apply to theater schools for pupils, so do papers and magazines of London apply to Miss Cartwright when they want intelligent young women. The new magazine, the Jabberwock, has been recruited from the graduates of the school.

The great advantage of the London school is its location in the same building with an actual publication office. Here the editor and the principal discuss timely subjects and instruct the pupils in the task of preparing articles and stories which must be good for publication possibly a year later than the time they are written.

The mysteries of makeup are explained, and the student familiarizes herself with the various processes which transform the manuscript into the printed page.

The faults of the manuscripts are corrected in open class, and weakness of construction and lack of continuity in the presentation of facts come in for criticism and suggestion.

Special talents for any particular line of work are developed, and ability in any art is utilized in the pupil's work. It is stated that the best proof of the success of the school is that the girls are already selling their work and placing articles with the London papers and magazines.

Thirty guineas pays for the entire course, from 10 to 20 for a journalistic course alone, and 10 guineas for instruction in secretarial duties. The classes in advertisement writing and in shorthand and French are extras. There is a correspondence class through which manuscripts are criticised by mail and suggestions made as to their improvement for market purposes.—New York Sun.

* * *

The Springfield Republican said recently: "It is really time for the president to get after the novelists. . . . It does a great deal of harm to get an impression from books that human life is something different from what it really is." Wes Jones, in the New York American, illustrates how it might be done, as follows:

Arethusa's heart beat like a startled bird, and she dropped her eyes to the floor. The room swam around her, and Harold's voice came from miles away.—From "Harold's Wooing."

A thoroughly mendacious and misleading piece of writing. It is impossible for the regular or even the hurried pulsations of the human heart to resemble the wing motions of a bird. Girls cannot, without the use of pinchers, drop their eyes to the floor. Such a fall would spoil a perfectly good eye. Rooms cannot swim. Man's voice cannot be heard for miles, even if a megaphone be used, and, to say the least, it seems improbable that a young man would take a megaphone along to propose to his sweetheart.—T. R.

For the modern reader, Cooper takes too long to tell his tale. His machinery at which Mark Twain scoffed for its repetitions and "broken twigs" signals, alarm, and discoveries, is too simple. Cooper's dialogue has very little relation to the character of his characters, and in it, to quote Mark Twain again, "a personage who talks like an illustrated, gilt-edged tree-calf, hand-tooled, seven-dollars Friendship's Offering in the beginning of a paragraph, talks like a negro minstrel at the end of it."

BOOKS.

In reading "The Weavers," Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, one can but wonder at the courage of the author in attempting the blending of scenes, incidents, character and motives so absolutely opposed as in the story. England's green lanes and prosaic city centers, against the mosques and minarets of the orient. Simple Quaker faith pitted against Moslem superstition with all its form and ceremonial; the clean, quiet life of a righteous man against the cunning and the diabolical intrigues of a carnal oriental monarch and his court, these make up some of the difficulties of the task which the author brings to happy fruition in the pages of his book. Think of a man trained in the pure austerity of Quakerism plunged at his life's beginning into a crime at which not only his religious faith but every instinct of natural and moral nature revolts, and led to it by the woman to whom he loses his heart; and the absolute divergence of their lives and paths to be merged at last after countless intervening and opposing incidents into the common lot of every-day lovers. The ingenuity of conjuring this confused medley of human scenes and interests is proof enough of the author's talent, and the herculean task of blending them all into a consistent narrative stamps his gift as something more even, than has been proven by the "Right of Way," a work which placed the author in the front rank of living novelists. England and Egypt; Moslem and Quaker; pashas and country gentlemen; leprosy, the harem—orientalism in its many ancient and modern forms and European custom and character mingling in the single life romance of a single pair—these are enough to tax the ingenuity of a man of brain and ability and the author has achieved the task with remarkable skill. It is not fair to outline the text; one should read the story to appreciate the infinite detail of description, character and incident contained in the construction.—Harper & Bros. are the publishers and the book is on sale at the Deseret News book store.

* * *

"Fallacies of the Law," is a new book by Henry S. Wilcox of the Chicago bar, author of a half dozen short volumes dealing with peculiarities of the law courts, this being the last of the series. It is intended for those "who may be interested concerning the deficiencies of bench, bar, jury and the law," and lays bare," says the author, "fundamental errors in the organic laws of our national government and the methods employed in providing officials, but the most space has been devoted to considering that great body of doctrine known as the common law." The book is neatly bound and will be of interest not only to members of the legal profession, but to all those interested in the general flood of reform which seems about to flow in upon the courts, as well as other great bodies of national importance. The book is published by the Legal Literature Publishing company of Chicago.

* * *

"A Short History of England" has just been issued by Ginn & Company, publishers of New York, and is one of the very best of short histories yet compiled. Its text comprises the chief events in England's history and is illustrated with maps and excellent pictures. It is a valuable reference book for home or public libraries. On sale at Deseret News book store.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

HORACE S. ENSIGN AND MOTHER.

This photo shows Mr. Ensign, the well known baritone singer and secretary of the Utah state fair, as he looked in the days when he was just beginning to discover that he had a voice. He and his mother were then members of the Stephens Opera company and sang in the chorus of "Martha." Mrs. Ensign is a sister of the famous Utah soprano, Mrs. George Careless, and both were daughters of the late veteran, George Triplett, for years the oldest tenor in the tabernacle choir. It will thus be seen that Mr. Ensign comes by his musical talents legitimately.

MAGAZINES.

The announcement has just been made that Frances Hodgson Burnett has accepted the editorship of the Children's Magazine, and that her son Vivian, who was the original of her famous "Fauntleroy" has became part owner and manager of the publication. The Children's Magazine, which was founded by Katharine Newbold Birdsall, who is Mrs. Burnett's associate, is an illustrated monthly for young folks from 3 to 13, containing, in addition to stories, humorous verse, fairy tales, etc., departments dealing with nature, gardening, "making things," other things delightful to youngsters. Mrs. Burnett will contribute to practically every number; and that Mrs. Burnett is to devote a large share of her time to making a magazine for the children of the children who were the first to enjoy "Fauntleroy" is as interesting a piece of news as the magazine world has furnished so far this year. "Sara Crewe," "Edith's Burglar," "The Little Princess," "Rackety Packety House" and a host of other playroom favorites are proof that Mrs. Burnett knows what children like. She should make a splendid editor of a children's magazine. Mrs. Burnett says that her editorial policy is summed up in Stevenson's couplet:

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The aim of the magazine, under her editorship will be to publish material that, while entertaining and amusing the young readers, shall subtly lead them to understand the beauty of the world about them, turn their eyes towards its more joyous side and help them to acquire the habit of cheerfulness and happiness.

* * *

The fiction serial of the Century in 1908 will be a new historical novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, to be entitled "The Red City." This new novel by Dr. Mitchell is a companion to his famous "Hugh Wynne." While the former was a story of the time of Washington the general, the new one is of the time of Washington the president.

* * *

The November Popular has a complete novel styled "Wyoming," by William McLeod Raine. "Wyoming," as the title suggests, is a tale of that mighty state, wherein occurs one of those dramas of western life, which, while they thrill the more sedate easterner with their impetuosity and lack of conventionality, still have that captivating touch of human nature which Mr. Raine can so ably portray. "Pearson of Princeton," by L. Rae, is an uncommonly fine football story, containing a description of a "big game," that will stir the pulses of the most confirmed apathist. An appealing short story, showing how the human soul rises to noble self-sacrifice even when smarting under disappointment, is Theodore Roberts' "Out of the Burning." The well known humorist, A. M. Chisholm, has a clever short story, "A Forlorn Hope," which tells of the eventual defeat of a tartar, at the hands of his prospective son-in-law. The feature of the November number is the first of the three instalments of a new novel, "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery," by Roman Doubleday. It is long enough to run for six or eight instalments of ordinary length, but in this case the publishers have decided to issue it complete in three parts, and have given double the number of pages of the average serial instalment. "The Perfume of Madness has a highly interesting solution to the enigma J. K. Egerton propounded to Tommy Williams, artist, hypnotist and detective. R. M. Bower has an excellent short story, "On the Middle Guard," an amusing narrative of an incident that befell a cowboy during a night herd. "Zollenstein," the serial by W. B. M. Ferguson, is continued with even more interest and excitement. H. B. Marriott Watson, over whom the mantle of Stevenson seems to have fallen, has another instalment of his famous serial, "The Devil's Pulpit," which bids fair to rival "Treasure Island." There are two other short stories, "Bunked," by T. Jenkins Hains, and "High Treason," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, both of which stories are exceptionally good. In the "Tales of the Lost Legion," by Francis Whitlock, the sixth of the series is "The Finding of Fiametta," a story of the Italian brigands. Scott Campbell's "The Pickpocket" is the twenty-second complete story of this most successful series.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 15 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, Oct. 21:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hall, G. S.—Aspects of Child Life and Education.
Hall, J. L.—Half Hours in Southern History.
Homage to the Book.
Lambourne—Pine Branches and Sea Weeds.
Polk—Nevada directory, 1907-8.
Smyth—Old Faiths in a New Light.
Springsteed—Expert Waitress.
Taine—Ideal in Art.
Veudel—Lucifer.
Waring—Christianity and Its Bible.

FICTION.

Hewlett—Stooping Lady.
Locke—The Usurper.
Moe—Diplomatic woman.
Watson—Princess Xenia.
Williamson—Car of Destiny.

Crispi's Memoirs Will Shed New Light on Italian History.

Our Florence Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

FLORENCE, Oct. 7.—The memoirs of Francesco Crispi, the Italian statesman, are finally to see the light after a long delay which has much increased public expectation regarding the nature of these posthumous papers penned by one who played so important a part in the policy not only of Italy but of all Europe. It has been foreseen that there will be more than one high-flavored page in the memoirs, considering the active share Crispi took in the affairs of his country, first as a republican member of Parliament and later as converted minister of the monarchy, his great friendship with Bismarck, his epic domestic troubles, and his connection with the scandals and broglios of the Italian banks.

Unfortunately the work will here and there reveal the senile hand that produced it: Crispi never thought seriously of the task until fallen from popular favor and almost blind, he took advantage of an operation that gave him back his sight some four months before his death to write the memoirs. He passed away, deserted by friends and adulators, at his villa in Naples, the 10th of August, 1901; and the members of his family assert that his end was hastened through the activity he displayed in this last work which consoled him in his loneliness and loss of his partisans who had turned against him in his impotence.

By order of his will the memoirs were to be published immediately after his death; but litigation ensued between the state and his relatives and heirs, carrying the question who was the owner of the memoirs from one tribunal to another, and it was only lately that the opposing parties in the quarrel came to an amicable understanding that permitted the appearance of the book.

SHEDS NEW LIGHT.

Great importance is given to the memoirs because it is affirmed that its effect will be to cause Italian history to be rewritten, owing to the new light Crispi sheds on the organization and the constitution of the United Kingdom. The first of the three volumes, drawn evidently from notes made at the time, deals with the revolutionary period of Italy, Crispi's connection with the revolutionists, and the lively role the dead statesman filled in his country's uprising against tyrannic rule. The volume also includes the writer's correspondence with Mazzini and Garibaldi, his opinions of these personages, and his eventual split with the latter—in 1863—when the two friends parted forever, causing Crispi to change his opinion of Mazzini, who remained an obdurate republican. Notwithstanding his enmity, Crispi has handled Mazzini in his memoirs with great impartiality.

The second volume treats of Crispi's rise to the summit of Italian politics and his career as minister up to the year 1891, when through a vote of lack of confidence the Crispi cabinet was obliged to dissolve. Crispi, however, reemerged to public view in the melancholy period of the African disaster, which was the beginning of his unpopularity. One of the most important ides of the work is the intercourse between Crispi and Bismarck and the consequent causes that produced the isolation of Italy in 1878, the occupation of Tunis and the dissension between Italy and France that threw the former into the triple alliance.

It is to be regretted that, owing to the family dispute over the memoirs, the work will be published simply as its material was gathered and set down. The idea of the Italian government had been to present the MSS., with commentaries, so that the statesman's pages might be more comprehensive. The suggestion was, however, not accepted out of fear that many facts therein stated would be veiled.

SOUGHT NOBLE PATRON.

It is interesting to learn, in connection with the memoirs, that Crispi while writing them sought a foreign Maecenas in the person of Emperor William II, for whom, it is said, he had an unbounded admiration. With this intent, he dispatched a young lawyer, Giuseppe Paratore, in 1901, with a letter to his German majesty. In his letter Crispi stated that the idea of having such a noble patron would be a great inducement in producing the work and that having nothing else to offer in exchange he sent him the gold medal the Sicilians had coined for him in the year 1899. The emperor was touched by the request and agreed to become the patron of the memoirs. Then Crispi died and litigation ensued, and the emperor was never called upon to fulfil his agreement.

Though the first part of the memoirs reflects the tremendous activity of Crispi's manhood, the latter part is overshadowed by the gloom of the statesman's decadence. Crispi towards his close had grown pessimistic in the extreme and though still master of his faculties he was but the shadow of his former self. Disease caused him almost continuous pain, and the writing of the memoirs was often interrupted by fainting spells and physical collapse.

HAD NO NEED FOR PRIEST.

It had been a matter of much speculation among his friends at the last what Crispi's attitude would be in the face of death. He had always expressed a belief in God and on more than one occasion declared himself a Christian. Would he or would he not call a priest to his bedside? He was on the point of dissolution when his daughter asked him if he wished religious attendance. Crispi opened his eyes—that had been closed for an hour—to stare at his daughter, saying in a decided voice. "I believe in God, I am a Christian; I have no need of priests." The last part of his memoir contains a profession of faith much in this spirit, for Crispi, like Mazzini, had the opinion that if formalism were dispensed with in religion the Christian faith had nothing to fear from rationalistic philosophies.

D'ANNUNZIO'S LATEST.

Not a week passes that some paper in Italy does not take up the subject of the immortal D'Annunzio and his doings. The latest is a satirical interview in a Florence paper between the successor of Dante and the eternal Father. The latter, in true Italian phraseology, informs the poet that it must be a matter of lasting regret that the act of creation took place too soon to make him a collaborator. Profound apologies are offered him and he is called upon for a consultation as to how all early mistakes may be rectified.

It is also announced that Signor D'Annunzio will translate Shakespeare's "A Mid-Summer's Night's Dream" into Italian, the plan being to give it later in Rome with the musical intermezzi of Mendelssohn.

OUIDA'S PLIGHT.

Ouida is still receiving much attention from Italian journalists. One of them has just come forward with the extraordinary statement that Ouida has been allowed to starve by the English because of her pro-Boer proclivities, and that the recent stories were set afloat by an English newspaper correspondent in Florence out of revenge because she refused to receive him. With an inconsistency for which he offers no explanation the Italian journalist proceeds to state that Ouida never has been in want and that she lives in a charming peasant's house with plenty of food and comfort.

NOVELIST WANTS AMERICAN HERO.

Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, the English novelist, is now in this country in search of a Man. Incidentally Mrs Glyn has brought with her her daughter, pronounced by those who ought to know to be the most beautiful child in England.

The man is to figure prominently in the novelist's forthcoming book and must be a wonderful creature in order to come up to the standard set by the author. He must have brains, be typically American, whatever that may mean, and above all, be a Man.

Mrs. Glyn is the woman who started the craze for red hair in London her own "crown of glory," being a wonderfully beautiful mass of Titian undulations. She will tour the country in search of her Man.

Stomach Muscles in Old Age

People should be more and more careful, as age advances, to see that their bowels move regularly. In this way they can keep themselves in good health and prolong life. The bowels are not as active in middle-life and old age as they are in youth, and with the majority there is a tendency to constipation of a chronic and obstinate nature.

To ward off the possibility of serious diseases use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound. It is especially suited to the use of elderly people because it is prompt but gentle in action and does its work without griping or weakening as is the case with salts, purgative waters and cathartic tablets. These should not be used by children, women, old folks or weak people because they are too violent in action and generally gripe. Furthermore, the results are temporary as reaction sets in and the bowels are bound up more than ever.

A remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is very gentle in action and yet thoroughly effective, and as it contains tonic properties, it strengthens the system instead of weakening it. The results are permanent because gradual, and many can fix a short time do away with the use of all laxatives. It will cure the most chronic constipation, dyspepsia, liver trouble, biliousness, flatulency, sour stomach, weak stomach, bloating, drowsiness after eating and such other stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

To prove how effective it is in serious cases the experience of Mr. Armstrong, of Decatur, Ill., can be cited. He suffered from a gunshot wound during the Civil War which caused a partial paralysis of the bowels and he has said ever since to use a laxative. He says he never found anything so effective, or which worked so near to nature, as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Try it and you will say the same. The price is 50 cents or $1 a bottle at any druggist.

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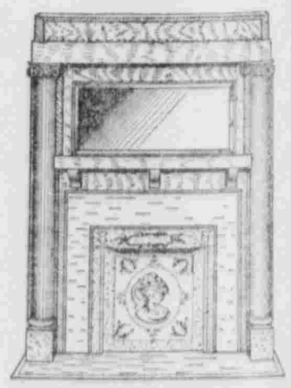

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