

# Literature

## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

### LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,  
I never think but to show,  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handle of things I know,  
I don't pan out on the prospect,  
And I believe in God and the angels,  
I've sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some larnin',  
And my little babe come along,  
No four-year-old in the county,  
And I beat him for pretty and strong,  
Heart and chippy and sassy,  
Always ready to swell and fight,  
And I'd larn him to show his teacher,  
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket,  
As I passed by the mill race,  
I went in for a jug of molasses,  
And left the team at the door,  
They seemed at something and started,  
I heard one little squeal,  
And he'll to split over the prairie,  
Went team, little breeches and all.

He'll to split over the prairie!  
I was almost froze with shivers;  
But we routed up some torments

And searched for 'em far and near,  
At last we struck horses and wagon,  
Showed under a soft white mound,  
No little babe—but of little value  
No little one hair was found.

And here all hopes soared on me,  
I was flopped down on my narrow bones,  
Cried deep in the snow and played,  
By this the torments was played out,  
And me and my babe lay,  
Went off to some warm to a sheepfold  
That he said was some-where there.

We found it at last and a little shed,  
Where they shut up the lambs at night,  
We looked in and soon them muddled there,  
So warm and snug and white,  
And there sat little breeches and chippy,  
As quiet as ever you see,  
"I want a show of jabber,"  
"And that's what the matter is no."

How old he got that? Anger,  
He could never have walked by that  
form.

They just seemed down and tooted him  
To what it was safe and warm,  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And feeling him to him, was  
Is a durned sight better business,  
Than looking around the throne,  
—John Hay.

# Saturday Sermons.

WRITTEN FOR THE DESERET NEWS BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

I bow my head to the sympathizer who loves into manhood and womanhood whom another has loved into life. He must have a great heart already expanded by love to do this.

We live in a peace world which our senses create and declare that outside of what we see, smell, taste and hear there is nothing.

The fool who wears the cap and bells is not malicious. Stupid people may think he is, because his language is charged with lightning's flash but those be the people who do not know the difference between an insulator and an eggplant.

The chief characteristic of the man with initiative is a willingness to change the excellent for something better. He isn't married to a plan, a scheme, a system. He progresses by the process of elimination—the knows everything that will not work, and he knows too that which will, and is always willing for something better.



Women whose hearts are well nigh bursting with grief will often be the sweetest of the earth, men whose souls are corroded with sorrow too great for speech—often those who set the table in a room.

Certain sides of our nature are revealed only to certain persons. And I can understand, too, how there can be a Holy of Holies, closed and barred forever against all except the One. And in the absence of His One, I can also understand how the person can go through life, and father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends and companions never guess the latent excellence that lies concealed. We defend and protect this Holy of Holies from vulgar gaze.

We need the night for rest, for dreams, for forgetfulness, for the night the flowers shed their perfume, and all nature is removed for the work of the coming day.

To maintain a high position requires the skill of a harlequin. It is an abnormality, that any man should long favor above his fellows.

Time is the great healer, and hate left alone is short-lived and dies a natural death.

So mighty is Destiny! We work for one thing and fail to get it, but in our efforts we find something better. Some one must believe in you. And through touching finger-tips with this Some One we may get in the circuit, and thus reach out to all.

It is a herculean task to cope with the handicap of wealth. Wealth is an engine that can be used for good if you are an engineer; but to be tied to the fly-wheel of an engine is rather unfortunate.

## NOTES.

There will be a new Red-Kegger novel in the fall published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The title of the new story is "The Man from Red Keg." This story is laid in the same country as Mr. Phinix's former novels, and its characters belong to the same type of Americans, rough, homely people, with many sterling qualities.

Mr. Jack London's new book "The Way of the Cross," which The Macmillan company will issue at once, is described as a collection of essays dealing with the latest subject of today—the world-wide revolt of the working class. This book, by assuming the form of a struggle between the capitalist class and the working class, the prize for which they struggle is the world, its wealth, power and government. It is a battle of ideas, of philosophy, of politics, and of physical prowess. Clubs, bricks, bullet-proof vests, gatling guns, infernal machines, economic arguments, ethical appeals, biological demonstrations, and scientific and philosophic contentions are a few of the weapons of the fighters. No more bizarre, no more colossal, no more despoiled and widespread revolution has ever occurred. The aim of the essays is to analyze the situation and to present it in its elementary aspect.

## standard art magazine of the country.

The appearance in the June McClure's of Miss Helen Keeler's "Autobiography for Going to College," is a reminder of the fact that her book is being translated into a dozen tongues, including Russian, Bohemian, Roumanian, Hungarian, Finnish, Danish, Swedish and Japanese.

Mr. John Luther Long, the author of "Masthead Buttery," has completed the manuscript of a volume of short stories, which the Macmillan company have in preparation for early issue.

The Macmillan company are publishing three of their most important and popular books of the season during July—"At the Sign of the Post," by the author of "The Garden of a Convent's Wife," "The Post-Grant," and Robert Herrick's "Memoirs of an American Citizen." July is generally regarded as an unfavorable month for the publication of an important novel, or any novel for that matter; yet it so happens that this firm has issued during July in past years several of its novels which have secured the greatest success, for instance, "Richard Carvel," "The Cruise," and "The Virginian."

Roy Stannard Baker's reputation as a contributor of special articles to McClure's, has been so high that it is now known his earlier name as a writer of fiction. The reading public was re-entitled of his story-telling by the appearance in "Folio's" of "Lorraine," one of the prize competition stories. Mr. Baker has found still further encouragement to return to fiction in the following letter from a New Jersey mail boy: "Just a little while ago I was reading some of McClure's and I read the story of 'Capturing a Confederate Mail' about the civil war and I want to tell you I would write some more."

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new novel, "A Dark Lantern," has gone promptly into its second large edition. The novel is much admired for its picture of London society, but it is more especially liked on account of the power of its description of the love affair between Garth and Katherine, and for its emotional charm.

An article in the Bookman of curious interest is that by H. Collins on Literature and Cigar Making. It is an account of the reading aloud in the Cuban cigar factory, and gives items of information that will be a surprise to many. The paid reader in these factories reads for about three hours every afternoon, and gets a salary of from \$20 to \$40 a week. The reading takes in the selected new of the day, translated from the New York newspapers, and books of fiction and poetry. The latter are selected by a ballot of the tabaqueros, and cover a pretty wide range. Among English novels are "The Vanity Fair," "Oliver Twist," "A Tale of Two Cities," and stories by Wilkie Collins and Hugh Conway. "Don Quixote" is read every year. Poetry is not neglected, and Byron in particular is a constant favorite.

Rex E. Beach, author of the books of Alaskan and Western stories, "Paradise," is one of the men who have crossed the Katmai Pass. Katmai is considered one of the most dangerous passes in Alaska, and the number of men who have perished in attempting to cross it reaches back to 1800. Mr. Beach went into Alaska overland from Seattle, in 1900, and his route made it necessary for him to cross Katmai. The worst danger lay in the cold and the high winds, which under certain conditions rushed through the pass at hurricane speed. Beach and his two companions camped below the pass for several days, waiting for an opportunity to dash through. The wind subsided, the journey was begun, and all went well until the party were just at the ridge of the divide. Then the hurricane of wind and snow began again, and Beach and his companions and the fight of their lives. It took the last ounce of muscle and the last atom of energy to reach safety. A few days previously, they heard, five men had lost their lives in an attempt to get through. Mr. Beach looks upon that adventure as the most thrilling event of all his three years' experience in Alaska.

John Lane company, the Bodley Head, is the full name of the incorporated publishing house in New York formerly the American branch of the English house. Mr. Rutger Biecher Jewett, the vice president of the new company, is the managing director. Associated with him on the board of directors are Mr. Spencer Trask, Mr. Robert W. DeForest, and Mr. Acosta Nicholas. The new company will follow the general style of publications already associated with the name of the Bodley Head, and plan to extend and broaden the scope of the International Studio, which has already become established as the

## BOOKS.

In "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast," (McClure-Phillips) G. Lowes Dickinson discusses Christianity and the established churches, not in the light of divine inspiration but of tenacity. The reviewer says that the orthodox clergy has given this book indirect support. Dickinson's view is a markedly tolerant breadth of view. The pastor of a large Chicago congregation has written the reviewer: "I am sure that the end and aim of religion will be furthered by the general drift and tone of this book. It will have done good work if it only succeeds in leading down to the general drift of religion, and a few among the ministers who have spoken of the book declare themselves unable to go quite the length of Mr. Dickinson's conclusions. The tone of their comment is in every instance unobjectionably appreciative."

## WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

There has been a tendency on the part of periodicals on house-decoration to suggest materials which are far beyond the means of the average home. A new monthly, Interior Decoration, is to be issued next month from 15 Union Square, New York, which will bring to the average home most beautiful examples of every type of room-decoration. The new magazine will make its readers acquainted with what is being done by eminent decorators of this country and Europe, with the correct lines along which room arrangement should be carried, and with the correct and available in carpets, wall hangings and tapestries. The magazine will be liberally supplied, with form admirable suggestions for the treatment of all parts of the home, and the new periodical will be well worth its subscription price of \$1 a year. Messrs. Clifford & Lawton, the publishers, have already achieved authoritative standing as publishers.

In Impressions Quarterly for June, Regina E. Wilson has a scholarly paper on "Impulses to Thought," the second of a series on "Art and Life." Wilson put into simple, vigorous English, Prof. A. T. Murray's attention to the appearance in a separate and inexpensive volume of Prof. Josiah's new translation of Sophocles. He professes highly this volume, and says truly that prose should have an occasional bottle when very young so as to become accustomed to it.

In the August Delicenter Dr. Grace Peckham Murray has some remarks of value to mothers or others who have to solve the serious problem of feeding the child. "Infant or child feeding," says Dr. Murray, "is a question that has been studied with the utmost care by the medical profession. In former times the doctors had an aphorism: 'The breast-fed child lives; the artificially fed child dies.' It is, therefore, the duty of every mother who possibly can do so to nurse her child. The best food for children who are unable to have the breast is cow's milk. As a milk dispenser, less sugar—little more than half as much—it has three times as much proteids (curds) and salts and less fat, and it is more acid. It has been

found that by changing the milk of the cow it can be made very nearly as good as human milk. In large cities this 'modified milk,' as it is called, is prepared ready for the child at laboratories, but this can be done at home also. The milk of a single cow used to be considered best for children, but it has been discovered that mixed milk is more uniform in its composition. A child should take about 15 to 20 minutes for nursing. He should not take the milk too fast, nor should he be permitted to go to sleep until he has satisfied his hunger. Gradual weaning is much better than the sudden removal of the child. A well known physician recommends that a child at the breast should have an occasional bottle when very young so as to become accustomed to it."

## Authors Whose Manuscripts Get Burnt Up Regularly.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.  
LONDON, July 5.—Although asbestos receptacles for manuscripts are not in common use there is a prominent English writer on Venetian subjects who feels strongly inclined to employ one. It is Horatio P. Brown, whose new book on Venice is about to be published in London. Probably no other author has had so many manuscripts destroyed by fire. The original draft of Brown's first and best known work, "Life on the Lagoon," perished in the blaze which destroyed the offices of its publisher—Kegan Paul—in 1882. The manuscript of his "Study in the Venetian Inquisition," was burned in a mail car in Switzerland two years later, and a similar fate overtook both that of his "Calendar of Venetian State Papers" at the fire at Spottiswoode's in 1892, and that of his "Studies in Archaeology." The latter was consumed in the burning of Cecil Rhodes' house, Rondebosch, Cape Town, in 1895. Many more important manuscripts than Brown's have perished by fire, witness that of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution," but such a series of disasters as his must be a record. The author's new book is intended as a companion to "Life on the Lagoon," and will be called "In and Around Venice."

It is some time since any work has appeared from the gifted pen of the author of "How to Be Happy, Though Married," the Rev. E. J. Hardy. Mr. Hardy is, of course, a chaplain in the British army and in that capacity has been stationed for some time in China. His new book will be called "John Chrysostom at Home." I understand that Mr. Hardy has found the celestial full of sympathy and humor.

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