

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

Oh! List a doleful ballad of a tried and tortured band—
The "Legion of the Homeless"—scattered all across the land—
Whose sole claim upon a "Threshold" is the mud upon its mat—
Those meek, self-martyred aliens—the Dwellers in the Flat.

They who huddle in "Apartments"—they who mount on dizzy state
Or giddy elevator to a region high in air
Where they find a corner waiting—just a corner, only that—
Midst their crowded fellow Martyrs, the Dwellers in the Flat.

There they circle in a saucer with just rim enough to hold
The cupful of accoutrements their need has scantily doled—
A corner for piano, and a gas stove and a hat—
With this space they all content themselves—the Dwellers in the Flat.

And for these compact conveniences they pay enormous rent—
All on some fierce philanthropy are seemingly intent—
To keep their thrifty landlord in the opulence he's at—
This seems the sole ambition of the Dwellers in the Flat.

For the tidy price they pay him he puts smartly into more
Apartments on the sky-line which he frescoes up galore
With the self-same kind of minnows (?) that his other schemes begat—
Those self-made slave-philanthropists—the Dwellers in the Flat.

But sometimes in the future there is going to be a change.
The Martyr-band will move themselves to actions bold and strange.
The rent the landlords pocket will be turned in channels that
Will make themselves the landlords of their Dwellings in the Flat.

Their collective rents together will construct a mighty purse
Which will topple down the Babel of that old, "fish"-nurtured Curse;
With the key "Co-operation" they will fix the problem pat.
And own an own "apart-meant" in a true, home-featured Flat—

Where the only aimed ideal is for comfort—and for art;
Where the strings pulled shall be heart ones, and the purse-strings have no
part;

Oh, the bees are busy buzzing of that time we shall be at
When no minor chords shall quaver with the discords of the Flat.

J. S.—Written for the "News."

NOTES.

It is said in England, where "Lady Betty Across the Water" has been the fashion all summer, that it is now the ambition of every English girl to come to America, prepared to fall in love with the first American man they see. Their ideal being a dukel-eyed cowboy and a multi-millionaire capable of giving tips on Wall Street. It is a curious fact, however, that some critics are saying that Lady Betty, the daughter of a duke, is just like an American girl, just because Betty is so bright, whimsical and witty. It is that some English girls are not bright, whimsical and witty also, or is it that Mrs. Williamson, being really an American woman, has, even while attempting to portray an English maiden, unconsciously made an American girl of her? Mrs. Williamson herself is of the opinion that girls are much the same the world over, although she admits that she has never known any Chinese ones.

In England they think they have discovered that Robert Hichens, in his new book, "The Call of the Blood," is so good a story of fact, that it is being read by one of those noble British houses that have allied themselves with American families.

An English peer, so the story runs, became fascinated by a Capt. girl just as Delaney, in "The Call of the Blood," was fascinated by a Sicilian.

The story of fact, however, although it deals with the peer's tragic death, did not reach that point until after he had actually married the Italian girl, and in this it differs from the story of Mr. Hichens.

To few literary men it is given to attain to a serene threescore and ten in the full possession of all the faculties and in the active pursuit of an occupation which is even more the pleasure than the business of a lifetime. Such, however, is the unusual experience of Henry Mills Alden.

Mr. Alden is a graduate of Williams College, N. Y., 1885—the same birthday as that of another literary giant, the late Henry James. He was managing editor of Harper's Weekly from 1883 to 1889, and since 1889 has been editor of Harper's Magazine.

General Lee Wallace's first meeting with General Grant, at a time when Wallace loomed rather higher than Grant in military affairs, is among the highlights of fascinating incident as depicted in the Autobiography just published by the Harpers, of the author of "Ben Hur."

In the latter part of October, 1861, General Ulysses S. Grant visited Paducah accompanied by his staff, and he met Major John A. Rawlins, his assistant-general, who assigned to me.

It is to be remembered now that in October, 1861, General Grant was comparatively unknown. He had already rendered valuable service in the seizure of Paducah and Smithland, but the time had not yet arrived when the presence and prominence of the general were admitted estimation. He had not even fought the battle of Belmont. So when, with General Smith and Major Rawlins, he alighted from a hack in front of my house, I received him as I would any other distinguished officer of his rank.

A good fire burned in the parlor. My servants took the belongings of the general and his staff, and overcoats; after which General Grant drew his chair towards the grate, and said, spreading his hands before the blaze, and looking around:

"Well, this is cheerful!"

He looked, also, the twilight illumining his face, and shining through his beard, cut short, revealing his natural reddish tinge. Two other things struck me of his appearance, and distinctively one, a uniform coat of olive and the worse of tarnished brass buttons; and, finally, that there was nothing about him suggestive of greatness, nothing heroic.

I opened a box of cigars, and he smoked incessantly and talked freely but without an allusion to the war, much less the military situation.

flagging interest and unbroken success.

A curious experience that comes to great novelists is the receipt of letters from readers who have become absorbingly wrapped up in the fictitious characters.

A host of readers wrote to Dickens in regard to his different creations, treating them with as anxious a concern as if they were real people, and when, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," appearing serially, it seemed as if Little Nell might die, he received an endless number of letters begging him to let her live.

Scott also received similar letters, and even the unlikely Atholstane won such friends by his unselfish bravery in defence of the supposed Rowena that Scott was induced against his better judgment to let the Saxon come to life again.

But no greater writer, whether of the past or of the present, ever received a sweeter and finer tribute than came a few days ago to Mrs. Margaret Deland.

"Do not," a fine old gentleman wrote her—"do not, I pray you, let Doctor Lavenex die. He is an old man, madam, and I should like to feel, when my final hour approaches, that I am holding his kind hand in mine."

Anthony Hope seems to have drawn upon one of the most dramatic events in all history for one of the scenes in his new book, "Sophy of Kravonia."

The men of the Hungarian parliament, when Maria Theresa's army overcame by Frederick the Great, stood before them in desperate need, rose to their feet and, wildly flourishing their swords, cried: "We will die for our king, Maria Theresa!"

And here in "Sophy" is the same scene—the gathering of the men of Kravonia, their shouting, and their sword-waving, and their wild cry: "Sophy for our king! God hears us!"

Naturally enough, that part of Mark Twain's "Autobiography" now appearing in the North American Review, which deals with the great humorist's meeting with Robert Louis Stevenson, has attracted special attention abroad, and one reviewer, quoting Mark Twain's description of the excessive slenderness of Stevenson and the smouldering fire of his splendid eyes, is reminded of a description, curiously similar, by John Morley: "Stevenson's body was so thin that it looked like a kind of scaffolding for holding up his eyes, and his eyes were like lamps."

To the majority of English speaking people, Shakespeare comes next to the Bible in the list of the greatest of English classics. There is more actual knowledge to be gained by reading the plays of Shakespeare than any other dozen books could give. For the demands of fascinating incident as depicted in the Autobiography just published by the Harpers, of the author of "Ben Hur."

BOOKS.

One of the most beautiful holiday books of the season is Howard Chandler Christy's volume of drawings entitled "The American Girl," published by Moffat, Yard & Co. of New York. The "Christy Book" for 1906. This volume is one of the most charming yet done by the famous illustrator, and contains

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



PRATT BROTHERS—LAREN AND MILANDO.

The above picture represents Laron and Milando Pratt, brothers, as they looked in 1885. Milando, the taller of the two, is a year younger than Laron, being at the time the photo was taken 17 years of age. The last named has been in the employ of the "News" since 1884.

some of the most artistic of his drawings. It comprises pictures of the American girl in all possible phases. "The Girl Graduate," "The Debutante," "The Bride," "The Wife," "The Society Girl," and numberless others showing her in various costumes of golf, surf-bathing, anything and everything in fact where her native picturesqueness makes her a special delight for the artist's study. Of the artist himself nothing need be said. His work has proved him long ere this the foremost of American illustrators in the field he has chosen that of depicting types of American Social Life. The book is beautifully bound, the paper of the choicest quality, and altogether which no American can afford to miss. It comes at the reasonable price of \$2.50, and is on sale at the Deseret News Book Store.

"Folk Lore of Women," written and compiled by T. F. Threlton-Dyer, has recently been brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is an encyclopedia for all who wish to speak or write on the most absorbing topic man has found for discussion in all ages. The research involved has been enormous, and the results obtained are sometimes astonishing. For example, it will be learned that "Eastern proverbs are highly complimentary to women," and the fact is proved by a number of citations. A Sanskrit adage says, "Woman is the earth, the source of life, the mother of all that is born." The Burmese says, "Woman's intelligence is four times that of man; her assiduity six times." In Hindustani is the observation: "What cannot a woman do? What cannot the ocean contain? What cannot the fire burn? What cannot death destroy?"

THE GOLDEN GOBLIN.

By Curtis Dunham and George Kerr. With 12 full-page pictures in three colors and 20 smaller illustrations in two colors by George Kerr. 8vo, cloth illuminated cover, \$1.25.

This lively, fetching, fantastic flying tale takes the old legend of the Flying Dutchman as its point of departure. The picturesqueness of the ancient tale has a good show and is, for the author, enhanced by the contrast between it and the more immediate subjects of the adventures given—namely, two little Dutch children of the present day, a girl and a boy, who, wrecked at sea and adrift, are taken aboard the fated craft.

The story goes with a hop, a skip and a jump. It bounds along as merrily as does the great fish, who at one time during the narrative takes the children for a ride over the waves on his broad back. The movement is light and rapid, the incidents varied and surprising. "What next? What next?" the reader wonders, and is not disappointed when "the next" turns up. The author keeps to the pitch promised. There is a panoramic-like activity in the manner which depicts the scene, and the way the way the fair element of the tale is alternated with incidents and talk having a "smart" present-day flavor.

The story is delightful in the many contrasts it offers—between the old and the new, between the Dutch children and their marvelous adventures, between the queer, grim old story of the Flying Dutchman, in the background, and the humorous and light-hearted tale of the modern sequel—between the fairy-tale marvels set down and the comic opera wit of the dialogue and songs—between the plot and plan of the story and the author's play with his audience. These contrasts, the author's ability in scenic representation, com-

combined with the really spirited pictures accompanying the text, the lively, milk-provoking nature of the incident—all these combine to make an unusually attractive juvenile, which seems destined to a greater popularity than has been accorded any child's book since The Wizard of Oz. Like the Wizard of Oz, this book is written with an eye for the stage. The dialogue, the amusing songs, the grouping of the characters, the attention paid to scenic details suggest the theater. So well are these matters managed that much less work than is usual would be necessary to get the production into comic opera shape.

The Golden Goblin is presented in holiday attire. It is no less lavishly decorated than it is gaily and brilliantly illustrated.—The Bobbs-Merrill company, publishers, Indianapolis.

MAGAZINES.

The December Delinquent is a typical Christmas number. It is sufficiently premature to assist Christmas-makers with its hints of Christmas gifts and holiday entertainments, besides containing an abundance of seasonable literature calculated to fit in from now until New Year's Day. Maud Ballington Booth contributes a most touching description of the work of the Volunteers "Christmas Sunshine in the Shadows." Christmas stories for adults are "The Evergreen Tree," by Marlon Ames Taggart, and "The Shopkeeper at Satterthwaite" by William Hamilton Osborne, and those for children "The Blue Kimono," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, and "Betty Evolves a Christmas Idea," by Elizabeth Preston Budge. Anna and Egerton Castle's romance, "A Young Conspiracy," and Anthony Hope's short story, "The Duke's Allotment" seem especially suitable for reading on winter evenings. But the crown of the Christmas literature is Edwin Markham's splendid poem, entitled "The Great Guest Count." It is illustrated in colors by J. C. Leyendecker. The serial stories, "Frau Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" by the Countess von Arnheim, and "The Chauffeur and the Chaplain" by the Countess von Arnheim, are continued, while Barry Pain's "The Diary of a Baby" is concluded. Essays for every-day are, "The Slavery of Superstition," by Lilian Bell, "Eliminating Non-essentials," by Lida Churchill, and "Pulling For George Jordan." David Belasco contributes a most interesting description of "Making the Play Seem Real."

The usual amount of space is devoted to up-to-date fashions in garments and millinery, and practical papers and departments for housekeepers.

That every man who owns property should serve for a time in the regular army or navy, or in the national guard, and that the law should strictly forbid the hiring of substitutes in time of war, is a subject which has been discussed by the House of Representatives in a striking article on "The Army as a Career," by Brigadier General Carter, in the current number of The North American Review.

He calls attention to the pride of service, the sense of duty, the esprit de corps, and the high moral character of the men who serve in the regular army, and contrasts this with the low moral character of the substitutes. He points out that the best of the classes of Russia have been better represented in the army than in the navy. He would probably have a different conclusion. And in all he makes out an article of peculiar value from a practical as well as a theoretic standpoint.

and therefore, according to English measure, was a great success. As suddenly and took up politics. In a motor-car, she toured Hampshire and made speeches and sought votes for the Tories. When she returned to town, she once more returned to literature, her first love. The Ladies' Imperial club seldom sees her now, for she is devoting all her time to writing poems. Her first one, "Torn Lace," shocked many folk, but the critics were kindly and it was a success. "The Girl and the Gods," quickly followed. It is Zolaesque in the extreme. When it reaches the United States, Anthony Comstock may point to it. Yet it is an uncommonly promising piece of work.

Miss Mansfield tells me that her English publishers are making arrangements to issue her books in the United States at an early date, and that she is waiting with intense interest for the American verdict on her work.

Two celebrated novelists have just written interesting letters to London newspapers. M. E. Braddon breaks a lance over the soap trust. She writes entertainingly, as always, and tells the public that soap trusts are nearly as old as the green hills. She cites an early instance of "tyranny in the wash-tub" in the reign of King Charles I, when he formed a soap monopoly.

Beatrice Harrison comes out on her part in a strong defence of the "Suffragettes," and as she knows a good many of the leaders personally, her words are likely to wield an influence favorable to the fighting ladies.

"Anne Warner" author of "Susan Cross and Her Friend Mrs. Latrobe," is visiting England and gathering material for a new book here as well as arranging publishing affairs. In private

life, of course, she is Mrs. Charles E. March of St. Paul, Minn. Her latest book has been quite a success here. The British reader generally takes quickly to American humor and especially the newest brands. "Sealing France with Uncle John," Anne Warner's new book, is on the eve of publication here.

Hall Caine's opinion that the \$1.50 novel is dead is now being experimented with. An energetic London newspaper has just published at 60 cents in conjunction with Hall Caine, a book similar to the ordinary \$1.50 novel in get-up and entitled "The Stage Play of the Bondman." There are 256 pages, 32 photographs and 16 illustrations. The public's attention is called to the cost, which, inclusive of everything, is said to be 30 cents per volume. With the usual discount, the public can buy the book at 50 cents. There seems to be as yet no great rush for it, but authors, publishers and booksellers are intensely interested and are closely watching the experiment. Some sceptics, however, suggest that Hall Caine should try the experiment with his next novel. As his royalty is said to be 40 cents nowadays, such an experiment would indeed be worth watching.

From Paris comes a delightful story of the new playright, Andre Arnyvelde. This young poet-dramatist is barely of age, yet the Comedie Francaise produced his initial work, "La Courtisane." Arnyvelde happened to be fulfilling his military service when he heard the good news of the acceptance of his play. It was his turn that day for orderly duty with the cook, when the letter came, the author was peeling potatoes at the camp fire, preparatory to the regiment's dinner. He was in the thick of his work when the letter was thrown to him. It fell in the bucket of potatoes, was fished out, cut open with the potato-peeling knife, and then the conscript jumped to his feet with a cry of delight. He rushed round the camp proclaiming his luck. There he went back to his potato-peeling like a true philosopher.

By the way, the author's name is not really Arnyvelde, but Andre Levy. He is one of the chosen people. But then French literature is full of pseudonyms. "Gyp" for instance is the Countess de Martel. Madame Edmond Rostand signs her poetry "Rosamond Gerard." "Anatole France" was the real name of Thibaut. "Daniel Lesneux," famed author of feuilletons, is Madame Henri Laplanche. Seventy-year-old Madame Adam signs herself "Juliette Larnbert," the name of the street in which she formerly lived.

CHARLES OGDENS.

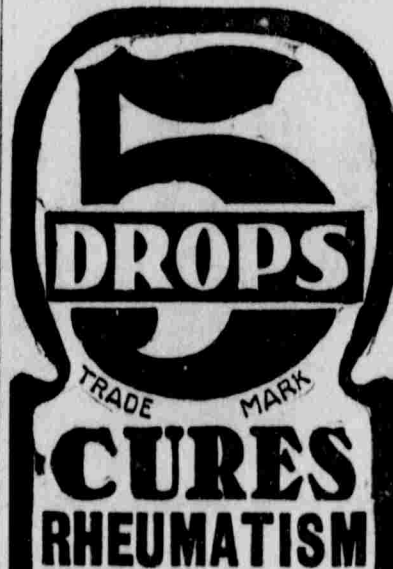
YOU NEVER KNOW HOW EASY IT IS

to own a Piano until you have learned the Temple of Music way—Easy Prices and Easy Payments.

Isn't that the way you would like to buy a High-Grade Instrument?

CARSTENSEN & ANSON CO.,

74 So. Main Street.



"DROPS" will cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. Applied externally it affords instant relief from pain. Taken internally it cures the blood, tissues and joints of the uric acid and other poisonous matter. It is the cause of the disease. It is the cause of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago or Neuritis.

W. H. L. LONG, Wayneboro, Pa., writes: "I have used your 'DROPS' for one year, and have been cured of my Rheumatism. I can now do all my work, and I am a better man than I was before. I can now do all my work, and I am a better man than I was before. I can now do all my work, and I am a better man than I was before."

DONALD ROSEKRAUS, St. Johns, Mich., writes: "I suffered with Rheumatism for seventeen years, and one bottle of your 'DROPS' has cured me."

KIDNEY TROUBLE
"DROPS" is the most effective remedy ever discovered for this disease. A single dose will give immediate results. It goes direct to the spot. It keeps the liver, kidneys and bladder in perfect condition by removing the acids which are the cause of the trouble.

FREE COUPON No. 43
CUT OUT THIS COUPON and send it with your name and address to Swanson RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 280 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO. We will send you a trial bottle of "DROPS" free postpaid. Write today.

Large Size Bottle (300 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.,
280 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.

TOWNSEND'S
ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUGH CURE
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, ETC.

FITS Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
CONSULTATION FREE by mail, send in 50 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
Permanent Cure, we only require \$1.00 for the first bottle. Write for particulars and samples. DANIEL, DEWITT, ELIZABETH, FREDERICK, ROSS, 101 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia.

WANTED.
A REPRESENTATIVE IN EVERY town in Utah and Idaho, male or female. Write for particulars and samples.
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLY CO.,
Salt Lake City, 19 W. First South Street.

YOUR JUDGMENT

—will accept our rockers as the greatest values ever offered.

Our buyer was shrewd enough to secure this season several of the best lines of **ROCKERS** that are manufactured in this country. Our display is by far the largest and most versatile, as to designs and finishes, that has ever been shown in this city.

Come in now and select a nice Rocker, the most desirable Christmas present you can buy, and we will save it for you until you want it.

DO IT NOW.

Beautiful hand-polished, Oak or Mahogany Rocker, with leather seat, same as cut,



This elegant saddle seat, hand-polished, Oak Rocker for



\$7.00

A genuine bargain—a Rocker of Quality—regularly sold for \$9.

Special Attention has been given to Weathered Oak and early English finished goods. It will do your heart good to see our magnificent line of Mission rockers, and our prices are so low they will astonish you.

This massive Solid Oak, Waxed Finished Rocker, for

\$13.00

A triumph of the chair-makers' art. Regularly sold for \$15.00.



When you buy you want the best values you can get. That's your business.

We can give you just what you want—Price and Quality. That's our business.

Co-op. Furniture

Honest Values Easy Terms

31-33-35-37 . . . South Main Street

"ELWELL" on a Kitchen Cabinet stands for quality

NEW CREDIT SYSTEM.

Clothing for Ladies, Men's and Boys.

A large and elegant assortment to select from at prices as cheap as the cheapest cash stores.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED. Nor do we require any references or security. We simply trust you on your word.

All goods warranted exactly as represented or money cheerfully refunded.

You Pay Us \$1.00 A WEEK

Goods purchased here kept in repair and pressed free of charge.

Call and see us. Our plan is easy. By paying us a small deposit at the time of making purchase, we allow you to take the goods and wear them while you are paying for them.

MERCANTILE INSTALLMENT CO., 74 W. Second South.

If you wish to buy for cash, don't pass us by, we can save you money, that's all.

Piano Removal Sale

40 PIANOS, from \$50 to \$75

Saved. Easy Payment Plan.

Get here as soon as you can.

NEW YORK & WESTERN PIANO CO.,

52 Market Street, Near Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SPECIAL CLOTHING SALE.

500 Suits, 300 pair Coats, Overcoats, latest styles; best makes.

Your Choice \$10.00. The best bargains in the city.

THE HUB, 50 E. First South