

# LITERATURE.



COLONEL JOHN D. SPENCER,  
President of the Salt Lake Free Public Library, Whose  
Beautiful New Home is Nearing Completion.

SALT LAKE'S Free Public Library is rapidly nearing completion. It will be ready for occupancy early in the coming spring. According to present plans it will be one of the most up-to-date buildings of the kind in the country. Its location, at the head of State Street, is admirable in all respects. The citizens of Salt Lake owe much to Mr. John Q. Packard, the generous man who presented it to the City. It will cost a little more than \$100,000.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE,  
Who is Courageously Hastening the Completion of His  
Life's Work in the Face of Impending Death.

THE phenomenal book output of the past half dozen years has kept its high level during the past 12 months, and the wonder increases as to how long the seemingly insatiable demand will continue. Every being born with a turn for happy phrases in these days looks as an embryo author, and few so retiring as not to launch a literary effort however frail upon the favoring tide. The sale of new books by writers comparatively unknown is a wonder to author, publisher and public alike, while that attending the efforts of the best known net for tunes for each which to the literary celebrity of 25 years ago would have seemed fabulous.

Salt Lake has done its share with other cities in keeping up this record. The bookdealers declare a generous and ever increasing demand for the best books—fiction, history, travel, etc.—and orders from all houses have frequently been duplicated many times to meet the swelling patronage. This fact, in view of the efficient service of the free public library in meeting the needs of the reading public, is significant of the individual tendency to patronize the growing literary spirit of the country and bids well as an incentive to literary effort. Salt Lake is evidently becoming favorably known to the publishers, none of the great houses failing to bring to notice of the local book reviewers their new ventures. With each locality boasting its embryo Hawthorne and Irving, and a demand flattering and beckoning each effort, the outlook for a distinctive national literature was never brighter, and it will be little credit to the country if the great flood sweeping around year by year does not float treasure enough to the mainland to make a proud literary monument to the nation.

It is announced that Sherlock Holmes, after a farewell appearance at Christmas time, will retire for good and all.

Edward Marston, the London book-seller and publisher, gives in his recent volume of reminiscences some recollections of Macaulay: "I only remember him as of medium height, rather stout, with a short collar close up to his ears. He walked with a stout stick, with which I have seen him vigorously stamp the pavement now and then, as if to enforce an argument that was working in his brain. He was usually very affable, but I once saw him much annoyed by a steel engraving of himself which had been made from a daguerrotype for an American edition of 'The History of England.' He did not like it at all, and it had to be cancelled." Mr. Marston remembers Mrs. Stowe as "a charming little woman, bright and pleasant in conversation, with an occasional air of absentmindedness." He published "Hard Cash" for Charles Rendle, and gives the author's note on the book, for which he wanted \$15,000. "Dickens has pronounced it incomparably my best production," he wrote, "and, looking at the research and labor I have bestowed, I should not be compensated by the sum I ask." Blackmore is represented by some letters, very different from the placid communications which so many of his friends received. Once a title-page of his went wrong, and in his fury he wrote to Mr. Marston as follows: "Some idiot (hatched out of an added egg) has put his curdled brains to work (—his vacuum press) at that ancient institution the titlepage. Behold the squall! Of such is the kingdom of fools, a realm and repulsive everlasting—see my remarks, which are much too mild. I cut off strong language from bottom last time, set everything beginning with a D now."

Gertrude Atherton has arrived in San Francisco, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Ashton Stevens, for a month or so. She will then settle in northern California for a part of the winter and devote herself to literary work. Recently a well known Hungarian scholar applied to Mrs. Atherton for permission to translate "Rulers of Kings" into the Hungarian language. In his letter he said, "In your wonderful novel the atmosphere and picture of the life here are perfect."

Harold McGrath, whose new novel, "The Man on the Box," has just been issued, is one of the many men who have blossomed into fiction from the newspaper field. Mr. McGrath's journalistic work has been carried on chiefly in Syracuse, N. Y., where he has made his home for many years. His previous novels, "The Puppet Crown" and "The Grey Cloak," both extraordinarily successful, were swashbuckling romances. With "The Man on the Box" he comes back to present-day America after his long wanderings in old days and imaginary kingdoms. But he has left none of his high romance behind him. In modern Washington he finds situations as adventurous, wit as polished, laughter as hearty, ladies as fair, men as brave, and love as strong, as ever he found them in Oria and Paris.

Mrs. Thurston has been accused of drawing the character of John Loder in "The Masquerader" from various distinguished English politicians, among them Charles Stewart Parnell and Lord

Randolph Churchill. As a matter of fact, she says that she has drawn upon no real personages in her portrayal of Loder, and avers that he is a creation of her own, having no double except the fictitious John Chilcote.

A droll story about M. Rostand is going the rounds. During a recent visit to the country he accompanied his host to the mairie to register a new-born infant. The adjutant of the mairie, a conscientious little man, looked the infant and then turned to M. Rostand as the first witness. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French Academy." "Very well," replied the official, "you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not, you may make a cross."

A little western boy wrote to the editor of a New York paper: "Will you please tell me if there is a Santa Claus? Papa says not." Mr. Jacob A. Rits wrote in answer to that question a story which has just been published by the Macmillan company in a little book for children, entitled "Is There a Santa Claus?"

I have discovered and verified a long-suspected fact about one of the most popular writers for girls who ever wrote in Europe, says a writer in the London Daily Mail. Being honored with the entree, as I am, of so many nurseries and schoolrooms, and seeing so often the books of Charlotte Yonge on these shelves, and hearing so often the names of her characters on the lips of the children whom she loved so well and served so faithfully, I could not for a long time understand why such names did not more often appear in the little efforts to expound their tastes of which many girls are fond. Exaggerated as the idea may sound, I believe that Charlotte Yonge's books are almost sacred among these young readers; at any rate, they are so intimate a part of the children's lives that they are hardly regarded as stories. A short time ago, when some extremely foolish critic was describing Charlotte Yonge's books as out of date and neglected, I caused an inquiry to be instituted in a large, extravagantly modern girls' school, where the children's ages ranged from 12 to 18. There was not one single girl who had not read a considerable number of these books, and who did not love them; and I was thankful to find that this test, so amply confirming my own experience among children, proved that the taste for such literature and high ideals was not yet dead. A love of "The Daisy Chain" among a great concourse of men, women and children, from Lord Rosebery, who confesses himself among its admirers, down to a little eleven-year-old maid who is now buried in it a few yards away, is a most pleasing feature in modern literary taste, and I doubt its extinction for many years to come. I have debated whether a fair



SALT LAKE'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

representation of modern girls' literature could be given by copious extracts from it; but, in fact, it is not to be done. Reading such quotations, one simply says: Here, indeed, is a reductio ad absurdum of the commonplace: here is "tristesse a faire fremir," but the book must get better later on." Such extracts might even be recognized as a fair specimen of the average girls' book, which is a river of milk and water, a lake of banality; but there is no attack at which to begin them, and no reason why they should ever leave off.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, who "Reminiscences of Peace and War" has been greeted as one of the most delightful of the autumn books, grew up in Virginia during the thirties and forties. Early in the next decade she married a brilliant young member of Congress from her own state, and became a part of the social life of the capital during its palmiest epoch. After the war broke out she went south with her husband, who became one of the most dashing and successful of southern soldiers. It was her unique experience that throughout practically the whole of the Civil war she lived within the confederate camp. During 1864 and 1865 her house was a stone's throw from Gen. Lee's headquarters on the Confederate line of defense; and that line was finally broken, just before Appomattox, in her back garden. Her book describes the brilliant social life of Washington during the fifties, but it is chiefly devoted to the experiences of a southern woman during the great civil strife. The portrait of Mrs. Pryor that serves as a frontispiece to her book is reproduced from a miniature painted in Rome in 1855 when her husband was on a diplomatic mission to that city.

Mr. W. Sharp Ogden's library, to be sold in London by Sotheby on Nov. 14 and 15, contains some interesting books, and two or three remarkable Shakespearean items. Chief among these is an imperfect copy of B. Barker's edition of the Old and New Testament (the former dated 1613 and the latter 1611). On the reverse of the title to the New Testament is the signature "William Shakespeare 1614," and on the end cover "William Shakespeare off S. O. A. (i. e., of Stratford-on-Avon) His Bible 1613." The history of the volume is fully explained in the sale catalogue, and several other interesting inscriptions are there quoted. This library also includes a copy of the 1637 edition of "Romeo and Juliet." The set of Waverley Novels consists of first and second editions, nearly all of them presentation copies from the author.

L. Frank Tooker, who is a member of the Century editorial staff, has already made a reputation for himself as a poet of the sea. Two humorous short stories by him, detailing the rollicking adventures of sailors ashore, are soon to appear in the Century, and these will be followed by a novelette, "Under Rocking Skies," which those who have read it declare to be "a rattling good sea yarn."

The Macmillan company announces that J. L. Hearn's new book, "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," has gone into its third edition. Last February the book was ready for publication when the war changed the complexion of things, and the author wanted to rewrite the last chapter entirely. The appearance of the book was postponed eight months in order that he might make that chapter exactly right.

A parody anthology contains the following by the compiler and some noted authors:

**THE LIMERICK.**  
A scholarly person named Finck,  
Went mad with the effort to think  
Which were graver misplaced,  
To dip pen in his paste.  
Or dip his paste brush in the ink.  
OMAR KHAYYAM'S VERSION.  
Stay, fellow traveler, let us stop and think.  
Pause and reflect on the abysmal brink;  
Say, would you rather thrust your  
pen in paste,  
Or dip your paste-brush carelessly in ink?  
RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSION.  
Here is a theme that is worthy of our  
contingence,  
A theme of great importance and a  
question for your ken;  
Would you rather—stop and think  
well—  
Dip your paste-brush in your ink-well,  
Or in your pesky pasting-pot im-  
merse your inky pen?  
SWINBURNE'S VERSION.  
Shall I dip, shall I dip it, Dolores,  
This luminous paste-brush of thine?  
Shall I sully its white-breasted glories,  
Its fair, foam-flecked figure divine?

"The Closed Book," under which piquant title William Le Queux's latest novel is to be issued, is said to have had a somewhat singular origin. While searching the archives at Ferrara a year ago, Mr. Le Queux accidentally discovered a bundle of forgotten parchments. They proved to be in the hand-writing of the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, and, written in old Italian, told a curious story, which Mr. Le Queux adopted as the basis of his new novel. "The Closed Book" has just concluded its serial course in Chambers' Journal, where it proved one of the most popular stories ever published by that old-fashioned magazine. "The Closed Book," besides being an exciting novel, conveys the idea that Lucrezia Borgia is a much wronged historic personage, and that instead of being a cold-blooded and wholesale murderer she was the victim of bitter and relentless circumstances; an idea claimed to have been formed as the result of the author's researches among old Italian manuscripts. The story purports to be the ancient record of one Godfrey Lovel, an English mercenary in the service of Lucrezia, which, besides vindicating the lady of the Borgias at the expense of her brother and father, reveals the English hiding place of the lost Borgia jewels and of the famous Borgia poison, whose secret, lost to the world after their deaths, during their lives enabled this family to attain almost supreme power by the simple process of eliminating all who stood in their way—by the touch of a glove or a ring or a glass and the mysterious death of the victim, sometimes not until a month had gone by. The English novelist who finds this manuscript becomes involved not only in an exciting treasure hunt, full of mysteries, intrigue and sudden death, but also in a love affair, which ends happily.

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A theme of great importance and a  
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Dip your paste-brush in your ink-well,  
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This luminous paste-brush of thine?  
Shall I sully its white-breasted glories,  
Its fair, foam-flecked figure divine?

Or shall I—abstracted, unheeding—  
Sully this pen in my haste,  
And, deaf to thy painful pleading,  
Just jab it in paste?

## BOOKS.

When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett writes of childhood, it is always to say something new, and something that those of us who know children have always felt to be true. Her new book, "In the Closed Room" (McClure-Phillips), touches upon the mystery and the spiritual quality of childhood, just as "Fauntleroy" dealt with the sweetness and "Sara Crewe" with the sadness of it. The new book is a sort of fairy fantasy. The little heroine, Judith, is a small daughter of a common New York laboring man—a delicate flower of its dingy tenements. She sees things in the "beyond." When her parents become caretakers of a big New York West Side house, she finds a room, closed to all others, but mysteriously opening to her, in which she meets and plays with a strange, beautiful child who at length leads her to a dream-strewn wonderland of perpetual happiness. The illustrations in the book by Jessie Wilcox Smith, in colors, have splendidly caught the fantasy and sweetness of the story.

A new book by Rider Haggard is always a promise of exciting reading. The off and unusual, as Mr. Haggard's favorite theme. His new book, "The Brethren" (McClure-Phillips), is quite in line with his old ones in this regard. It is a story of the crusades, in which a young English girl, related to Saladin, is captured by his emissaries, carried to Palestine, and rescued by two noble knights who are both in love with her. Mr. Haggard has sprinkled his pages thickly with the kind of adventure, mystery and romance which has brought him his tremendous following. He gives very good pictures of the days of chivalry in England and the pomp and pageantry of the oriental camp.

That noble anthology for noble readers—Sonnets from the Portuguese, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning—is the second volume announced by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston, in their "Sapere Aude Edition" of the most famous verse. This handsome volume is a perfect example of box-making in every way, and uniform with "The House of Life," which they issued last year. The border designs, initial letters, and cover design of cloth style are by Adrian J. Levi. It will also contain an original photographic frontispiece by Marcel. Each volume of this edition is limited to 1,000 impressions and 26 lettered copies.

McClure-Phillips have brought out an interesting reprint of a classic series of fairy tales bearing the title, "Granny's Wonderful Chair." The volume was a favorite with the authors, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and, in fact, the first book she ever possessed, and she writes a "truly" fairy story as an introduction to it, telling how the book came into her possession, disappeared, and magically turned up again many years later. The stories are unusual in their style and in their imaginative quality, but are written so simply that the smallest child can understand them. The book is illustrated with pictures in color.

"The Little Grey House" is the title of a story for young folks by Marion Ames Taggart, author of "The Windham Girls," etc. That McClure-Phillips have brought out. This story recounts the adventures of the delightful children who inhabited "The Little Grey House," and tells how they managed to make sunshine for themselves even when misfortune struck their little home, and how they succeeded in getting the best of their ill-luck. It has a good deal of the quality of Miss Alcott's work.

"Fantasma Land," by Charles Raymond Macaulay, with illustrations by the author is one of the most pleasing and amusing juveniles that have reached the reviewer's desk in many a day. It is not a juvenile in the sense that it has interest only for the 10-year old. The 10-year-old, indeed, will like it, for it tells a good outright fairy tale about a little boy in a land of marvels. But it is a juvenile in the larger meaning of the word, a book for children of all ages, for the full-grown man whose memories of literature and art are mingled with the dreams of boyhood. "More is meant than meets the ear," and the "more" will be a delight to every grown up.

Small Dickey, the hero of the tale, escapes one day out of this land of realities into the land of fantasy, where the ideas dwell that human art tries to use on canvas, on paper and in terra cotta. Here he has strange adventures, meets the Pink Panther, the Don Quixote, the King of the Bees, the Raven, the Philosopher, and the Ghost of Hamlet's father. He makes the acquaintance of the such remarkable animals as the Clubbub, the Summatopop, the Piggieback, and the Piggieback. He makes the acquaintance of the queerest episode of all in his search for the wonderful Gigglye. The quaint and unusual rhymes and the ideas are interspersed throughout the story, and the author shows his versatility by supplying "Fantasma Land" with a large number of irresistibly funny illustrations.

## THE CITIES OF THE ANGELS AND THE SAINTS.

(WRITTEN BY MISS JOSEPHINE SPENCER OF THE NEWS STAFF.)

THERE has lived an oft-told legend in the annals of the times—  
Since the shining star of empire beckoned west—  
As alluring as the Golden Fleece, and Grecian mythic rhymes  
Sung of Hero and Leander and the rest.  
It was fashioned from the yearning of the pilgrims in the lands  
Where the setting sun puts up his golden bar—  
That the inland and the outland sea should join their blue-veined hands  
In a tie no reach of time should sever.  
(The vision of a union that the oft-told legend paints  
Of the City of the Angels and the City of the Saints.)

AND for many years the vision lived, or languished, as the vane  
Of the story's time-worn signal waxed or waned—  
A pretty bit of folk-lore it seemed destined to remain—  
In the proverbs passed from grandfathers down to sons.  
But the time was slowly ripening when the Earth-kings—whom the tale  
Told might yet the wished-for miracle conjure—  
The Geni of the Wealth—Wands rose and looked upon the vale—  
And declared the vision picture should endure!  
(They could see the wondrous future, that the vision clearly paints  
From the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

AND they set the wealth-wands waving—till across the prairie rolled  
From the Oquirrh's to Sierra's seaward slope  
Present murmur and commotion whose prophetic signs foretold  
Consummation of the legend's time-worn hope.  
And the young years of the century—whose portals open wide  
To a splendor-haloed epoch drawing near.  
Saw the storied star of empire on its new way swiftly glide  
The lone silences of desert wastes to cheer.  
(Kingly provinces shall prove the tale the vision future paints  
From the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

THE fair City of the Angels lies anigh the outland sea  
Where the winds and tides a-run in league-long race—  
Laden deep with Orient odors from the shores from whence they flee—  
Beat and blow their scented mists across her face;  
And the warm suns of the southland balm the air and build the dower  
Of the peerless princess city of the zone—  
Royal vintages and harvests, luscious fruits, and rarest flowers—  
Robings worn with regal splendor all her own.  
(Read the sweet, alluring vision that the brooding future paints  
Of the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

AND the other—the young City—built by the rock-clamped hills  
Where the watch towers of the Wasatch cleave the skies,  
And the blue ranks of the Oquirrh on the valley's western sills  
With their silver snows white-helmeted arise—  
In those sturdy veins are coursing—subtle, slow, but strong withal—  
A rare flood of mighty volume from a source  
In the tunnels and the shaft-caves where the deep mine-levels fall,  
That shall not in untold ages spend their force.  
(These the treasures whose unfolding true the vision future paints  
From the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

HERE the crisp mountain breezes breathed from sky-kissed lips of  
snow,  
And the pine-spired canyons opening at the door,  
With green glades and lakes, and tumbling streams, and shy wild flow-  
ers that blow  
High as yet the blue-peaked hills have learned to soar—  
Here the strange, salt-crystallized waters of the purple inland sea,  
Barred with isles, and edged in eastward, with the bow  
Of the crescent-shaped Pavilion, with its turrets soaring free  
From the tides that lap its pillars far below.  
(Reveries to gladden eyes unnumbered—as the vision clearly paints—  
In the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

ROUND the City of the Angels wreathes the halo of romance;  
In her crumbling mission-ruins lives the tale  
Of the padres, and the black-robed nuns whose storied days enhance  
The quaint, old-time Indian legends of the vale.  
In the other—the young City—soon to clasp her outstretched hand—  
Rise the statue of the sturdy Pioneers,  
And the angel-mounted Temple—each an epic of the land  
Won by toil, and faith, and sacrifice of years.  
(A golden link of peas—with all that nature paints  
Binds the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)

AND the Desert—the lone silence—stretched between the Cities' gates—  
Where the stars shine vainly on the houseless plain—  
And the gray soil, stern, unfurrowed, dumbly—but all conscious waits  
For the lawns, and ripple of the golden grain—  
Soon the soil of towns shall shatter thy long season of dull repose—  
For the swift steel road-rails glitter on thy breast  
That shall scatter seeds of harvests—of the blossom and the rose,  
Till the serelands fade forever from the West.  
(And we hail anear the fruitage the proud future clearly paints  
In the union of the Cities of the Angels and the Saints.)