

RECAMPIPMENT



THEIR LINE IS GONE OUT THROUGH ALL THE EARTH.

Dear stars, whose splendid shining makes
The night too beautiful for sleep,
The spirit with the body wakes.
To watch the ordered course you keep.

I trace again those storied shapes
The Greek knew in their nightly march—
Gazing from wild, sea-beaten capes
Through the deep sky's unmeasured arch.

And some I greet by ancient names
The lonely Arab wanderer knows:
His sky is throbbing with your flames,
While, wide beneath, the desert glows.

Your clear beam down the oaks' dark aisle
Lighted the druid's countenance:
Priests by the summer-flooded Nile
Hailed and acclaimed your sure advance.

But not for their sakes are you dear:
Not for their sakes I wake to bliss
The planet's silver-shining sphere,
Orion's golden perfectness.

No, but for these who watch with me
So many happy evenings through,
Searching your heart of mystery,
Now while they sleep, I gaze anew.

And think how in the unknown ways
That claim their feet in years to come,
Each night above them you will raise
The loved, familiar roof of home.
—Maud King Murphy, in *Youth's Companion*.

ON THE SHORE.

A glad day though a gray day,
For the wild blows fresh and the flashing spray
Swings out of the blue lake's fretted edge
To leap and laugh on the barren ledge.

A shore bird calls where the pine tops lie
In purple shadows against the sky.
And a seagull loses his circling form
In the silver veil of the coming storm.

A glad day though a gray day,
With the rush of the white-capped waves at play,
And the beaten clouds and the rain-washed sky
Where the screaming gulls sweep bravely by.
For the lure of the life of wind and sea
Launches out to the pulse of life in me.
—Rose Henderson in *Gunter's* for August.

NOTES

The two best-selling novels in the United States today, according to the July Bookman, are "The Inner Shrine," and "Katherine." Word comes from London also, through the Harper house, that these same novels have exhausted their fourth English edition.

"Anne," one of the greatest favorites among the novels of Constance Fenimore Woolson and of her quaint and greatly beloved school, has appeared through the Harpers in a wholly new edition, necessitated by the demand for the book. The new copy is provided with the happiest of pictures of the heroine in the old post-office, the comfortable mission house under the trees, the little little mission church, the wonderful bend of the Arch Rock over the lake, a bird's-eye of the little town and its harbor; and in addition, several fine drawings, made by C. S. Reinhart, represent the various old-fashioned characters. The frontispiece is a photograph of Anne's own home, the little one-story shingled house with its light of steps at each end, and a tree pushing in at the door. There seems to be in the new "Anne" something of the spirit of H. Snowden Ward's "Lorna Doone," whose "Donnell" copy last year reproduced the real Exmoor country in some highly exceptional illustrations.

Will Carleton, whose poems the Harpers have repeatedly reissued in fresh editions, and who is unforgettable as the author of "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," is making a short sojourn in Vermont. "It isn't a vacation, I don't believe in vacations—except for the other fellow," said Mr. Carleton to a friend before leaving New York. "Be-

sides, when a man chooses to write verses, he chooses a vocation without any vacation in it."

It would perhaps surprise some people to know that the books of such an author as George William Curtis are almost as popular as those of the day. In the season of midsummer as the giant best sellers. Somehow it is a pleasant and comforting thought that the tenderly mediæval "True and False" should be the recipient of almost as many steamers orders as the irresponsible light-as-foam novel. Frequently reprints of books by Curtis are to be observed on new edition lists, and of which the latest, just off the press of the Harpers, are the "Literary Essays" and "Hawdij in Syria."

Charles Rann Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, who is Edith Wynne Mathison, since the finish of the spring tour of "The Servant in the House" have been making a round of visits among friends here at present in Maine. "The Servant in the House" is still being seen on the stage in a second company, and as a book continues to be among the most popular on the Harper list.

With the death of Swinburne the lovers of poetry lamented the end of the great Victorian era, but it is not to be supposed that among the younger generation there are not a few who will pick up the torch which the great XIX century poets carried so long and so splendidly.

Alfred Noyes, a young man, has already attained in England a popularity scarcely less than that of Stephen Phillips. His "Drake," a remarkable work in 12 books which he calls "an English Epic," will be published next fall by Frederick A. Stokes company, who hope for it a large popularity. In spite of the heaviness of the word "epic" this poem is one likely to please a large audience, possibly more so than anything published since the works of Scott or Longfellow. It has already won its spurs in England. Swinburne himself has written to Mr. Noyes praising his "noble, patriotic, historic poem," and adding, "I congratulate you on the completion of so high and so grand a task." Rudyard Kipling said "The tale itself held me from one end to the other." The volume will be published in attractive style, with illustrations, and with a special American preface expressing political sentiments which cannot fail to attract attention in this country.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has always been characterized by overflowing sympathy for the unfortunate, especially the unfortunate sick; nevertheless writing in the August Harper's Bazar of sympathy, she takes the point of view that it is a luxury all of us should learn to do without. "We have come to recognize absolutely the limitations of human sympathy, and it is something to have learned where it cannot follow us. After all, very few people in this world," observes Mrs. Phelps keenly, "are tender. Even among women the genuine quality is not common. Let us be content to assume sympathy in our friends. We shall not receive any less of it for believing in it."

Four out of five writers of successful fiction today received their training on newspapers. Few, however, have had as wide or varied a journalistic experience as Jacques Futrell, the engaging author of *Elusive Isabel*.

Here is a partial list of the papers which have been influenced by Mr. Futrell's wit and his unusual powers of observation: Atlanta Journal, Boston Post, New York Journal, New York Herald, Atlanta Journal again, Richmond Leader, Boston American. It was while he was working on the Boston American that he wrote *The Thinking Machine* stories, by which, so to speak, he was yanked into fiction. *Elusive Isabel* is likely to keep him there.

Trying Bachelor introduces a more or less cheerful bit into "The Hand-Made Gentleman," his new novel, published by the Harpers, of upper New York state 50 years ago. In the little village street in the undertaker's shop the undertaker is trying to take the optimist's view of life. "They've all got to die," he says, surveying the crowd passing in the street. "Whenever I get blue, I just think of that and take courage."

Justus Miles Forman, author of "Jason," the latest Harper novel, before he took to story-writing, spent a couple of years studying painting in Paris. One recalls, in addition to Mr. Forman, a number of well known writers who handle both the pen and the brush. There is the "Author of the Martyrdom of an Empress," whose delicate water-color drawings may be seen reproduced in her books. There is humorous Ross O'Neil, an American in high favor with Parisians, and member of the Société des Beaux Arts, whose novel, "The Lady in the White Veil," appeared this spring simultaneously with another, "Peter, Peter," of which she was the illustrator. There is, of course, Howard Pyle, whose name in this double connection is eloquent. There is the gifted southerner, Amelle Rives, the author of "A Golden Rose," and the "Quick or the Dead," whom painters have urged to give herself entirely over to art, and the Prince Troubetzkoy, her husband, whose distinction as a painter of portraits and as a sculptor is international. And whose novels also are beginning to be widely known. Apparently word-painting and color-painting have not ceased from those close relations which Philip Gilbert Hamerton has pointed out of them.

Reports from every city in the country indicate that a wider interest has been aroused by "The White Sister," than by any other of Mr. Crawford's novels published for several years. Anything from his pen has been warmly welcome from a large army of enthusiasts, but the popular interest in his writings has varied greatly with the individual book. His admirers will like to think that the success of "The White Sister" shows that no period of Mr. Crawford's long career as a novelist was more brilliant than this close.

Margaret Deland, whose latest book is "R. J.'s Mother," which the Harpers published last year, is at her summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine. Mrs. Deland, Mr. Howells, and John Kendrick Bangs are authors who each in their return to their respective cottages at Kennebunkport, Kittery Point, and Cape Neddick, as though the state of Maine were wholly satisfying, and no temptation lurked in any other part of the country.

MAGAZINES.

"Susanna and Sue" begins in the August issue of *Woman's Home Companion*. The scene of the story is laid in a Shaker village, which gives an opportunity for a novel plot. The first installment promises even greater charm than Mrs. Wiggins' famous earlier books.

Edward Everett Hale's Reminiscences are appearing exclusively in *Woman's Home Companion*. Now that his revered white head and kindly smile have gone forever, these reminiscences, always charming, have an added interest.

Edward Everett Hale's death is a peculiar loss to the *Woman's Home Companion*, to which he has contributed so constantly during the last few years. The August issue in an appreciation of Dr. Hale's life and work has some new anecdotes that are full of the charm of Dr. Hale's personality.

This issue has none of the poverty of many summer magazines. There are eight stories in it—each good and each new.

The mother of today has a problem her grandmother never knew. The modern girl, after many years at school, looks with scorn at the housekeeping which her mother knows is so important. In "What Mothers Can Do" the *Woman's Home Companion* points out a way to make the college girl "the daughter of the house" in the old-fashioned sense.

Marion Harland, in a veritable literary pilgrimage through Europe, has discovered many unpublished stories of the great men and women, which will tell to *Companion* readers in her delightfully intimate way. The first of the series deals with the ever-interesting Empress Josephine at Malmson.

The matter of diet in summer is one fraught with many difficulties. In the *Woman's Home Companion* for August, Dr. Woods Hutchinson claims that we are apt to starve ourselves in summer. He says that we suffer from the heat because of bad physical condition and that we would feel the heat less if we ate three good meals a day.

"Suit-Case Photography," "Camp Cooking" and "Washing Flannels" are of special interest right now. The children's department and the fashion department are both particularly good. The embroidery pages are full of summer ideas, and Fannie Merritt Farmer supplies enough ideas for novel cool drinks to last the whole summer.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 20 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning Aug. 16, 1909:

MISCELLANEOUS.
American Academy of Political and Social Science, Industrial Education.
Barton—Daybreak in Turkey.
Chapman—Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist.
Emory—Report on United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, 1857, three volumes.
Levitt—Woman and the Car.
Munsterberg—Psychotherapy.
Russell—Working Lads' Clubs.
Weber—Growth of Cities.
Woolman—Sewing Course.
FRENCH.
Daudet—Trois Contes Choisis.
France—Eul de Nacre.
France—Puits de Sainte Claire.
France—Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque.
Labiche—Poudre aux Yeux.
FICTION.
Beach—Annie Laurie Mine.
Chandler—Dog of Constantinople.
Forman—Jason.
Pool—Boss and Other Dags.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. EMMA LUNT ELLERBECK.

The above cut shows Mrs. Emma Lunt Ellerbeck as she appeared as queen of the public carnival which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the pioneers to Utah. She was chosen from a score of competitors for the honor as one of the most beautiful and popular of Utah belles. She was married later to Dr. W. S. Ellerbeck of this city.

Gen. De Galliffet's Memoirs Promise to Be Sensational

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Aug. 4.—Something like a sensation is expected to be caused in France shortly by the publication of some racy memoirs, which were supposed to have been safely burned. They are those of the famous General de Galliffet, who died recently. Almost a decade ago the general sanctioned the publication of a few extracts from the reminiscences which he had begun to write, but he was said to have been so enraged at the chilling reception of these pages full of information that he threw the remaining manuscripts into the fire.

That such was their fate, however, is now denied vigorously by M. Jules Claretie, who affirms in the "Temps" that the extracts referred to were merely discursive memoranda to which the general attached no importance. Later Galliffet set to work seriously on his reminiscences, which he told his friends would be published only after his death. Several years ago, he wrote to M. Claretie, "I have begun my fifth volume." "Galliffet's memoirs of Paris, the court, the army, and of life in general—what a mine of information for the future!" says M. Claretie. "A world which has disappeared will live again; it will be a procession of phantoms, another Revue nocturne. I have heard him describe the death of the empress, the death of the emperor, the suicide of Mme. Bazaine, a story the empress wished had not been told, private conversations with Napoleon, conversations with Gambetta. All these were living and astonishing passages of history. It would be regrettable indeed to have these reminiscences not to see the light."

HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER'S ROMANCE.
Rider Haggard's only daughter, Sybil, was married this week to Maj. Cheyne of the Indian army. This wedding, which took place at the parish church of Pittingham, the home of the bride's famous father, was the outcome of a little romance after Rider Haggard's own heart. The happy pair met originally in England and became friends, but an accident resulted in separation. Two years later, while Miss Haggard was traveling in Japan, she again met Major Cheyne, and this time the course of true love ran smoothly. The bride is an expert amateur photographer and has helped her father a lot in preparing material and "local color" for his literary work.

REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN JOHN-SON.
There has been a revival of interest in Dr. Johnson, late that must have rejoiced the shade of Boswell. It is due to the coming celebration at Lichfield, the lexicographer's native town, of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. It is rather a surprising discovery, by the way, that outside the English-speaking countries, the author of "Rasselas" practically is unknown, the only translation of his "Life" extant being, curiously enough, in Russian. From the letters of the late Prosper Merimee, however, it is evident that he not only was familiar with Boswell's great work, but found it an antidote for melancholy. Writing to a friend in 1855, the French author declared:

"I think I shall advertise for an agreeable companion, willing to fly with me from a world which every day becomes more detestable. If I could summon up sufficient energy to work a little, I should be the happiest man in the world. Unfortunately, my misanthropy and misanthropy keep me from doing anything. I spend my evenings reading Boswell's famous biography. Johnson, with all his obesity and awkwardness, led a singularly happy life. He was petted by all his lady friends, and he bullied everyone who came near him until the day of his death. I cannot imagine a more diverting existence."

HARD FELD FOR NEWSPAPERS.
Running a newspaper in Russia is no fun, for many reasons. One of them is the lack of support which the press receives in the land of the czar, where few are readers. The Slovo, one of the small number of dailies published in St. Petersburg, was well edited and readable, but it has just "gone bust" for want of subscribers. Even the best known dailies in the Russian capital have surprisingly small circulations. The Novoye Vremya possesses the largest—about 33,000—while



LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER.

Lottie Blair Parker, the authoress who has made a million dollars by her plays and books. Over 6,000,000 people have seen her play, "Way Down East," and over 3,000,000 "Under Southern Skies," and her latest novel, "Homespun," promises to have a wide following.

higher politics and among other things he is a warm advocate of peace. He has been setting forth his views in a letter read at the annual meeting of the International Arbitration Peace association a few days ago.
"I am, as you suppose, a peace-at-any-price man," he wrote. "The use of murder and homicide as a means of deciding international difficulties seems to me inconceivable. I do not, however, believe that we shall make any real advance until war is commonly spoken of in the terms we now apply to drunkenness or gluttony, as degrading and disgusting."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

SIX BEST SELLING BOOKS.

Record for July.

According to the lists furnished by leading Book Sellers of the country the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:
1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. \$1.50.
2. Kyrine Lane. \$1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. \$1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. \$1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. \$1.50.
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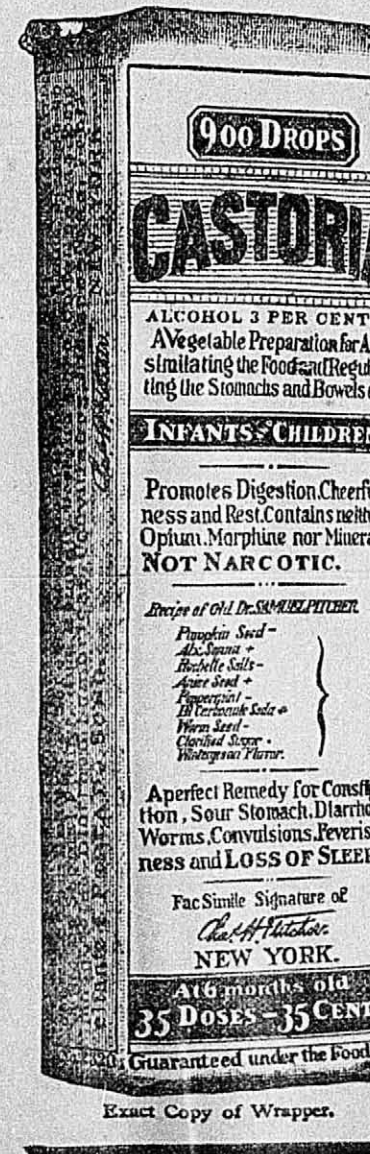
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A New Baby.

A New Baby! What magic, what mystery, what charm these words have for us. Yet, how infinitely more they mean to the mother. A new life; short, to be sure, but full of possibilities. Some one must be patient, hopeful, watchful, proud and never discouraged. That "some one" is the mother. She has heard her baby's first cry, and whether it be her first or tenth, the feeling is the same. Her feeble arms are out-stretched; those arms that will never desert it as long as the mother shall live. And that hand which supports the head of the new-born babe, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of the world.

Is it any wonder, we ask you, mothers, that with all these responsibilities resting upon your all too weak shoulders, we urge upon you the necessity of selecting the babe's medicine with utmost care; the necessity of protecting your babe from worthless, unknown and narcotic drugs as you would protect it from the fire?



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