

DESTINY.

Time, the shuttle drives, but you Give to every thread its hue, \_W, H, Burleigh in Youth's Com-

## SANCTUARY.

I de not say your soul is carved Into a house of prayer, And that the candles of the Lord Are lit forever there,

Nor yet is it a garden green With strange exotics spread, Heavy with edors of the East. Or dark with roses red.

But rather is it just a room open to morning's light, With windows looking to the sun. All pure and clean and white:

A little room where vandal feet Have never trod before, Nor yet shall tread while strength is left

In me to guard the door. -Reginald Wright Kauffman Smith's for August.

# LIFE AND LOVE,

"Thou art a dream," said Life to Love; And Love replied: "Tis well; I know; A dream am I, a dream are you, Then let us to our dreams be true;" And skipped away among the trees, Anon to fly, to ride the clouds, To laugh in the storm, to bathe in the For Love is free, though Love's a

dream. "Thou art a dream," said Love to Life,

"But I am real:" and Life replied: "A dream am I, and real are you? Then let us to ourselves be true;" And loudly laughed and ran eggay To bask and bathe, to throb with joy, To girdle the world in fond embrace And Love lay dead, no longer free. -John Raleigh in Gunter's for

### NOTES

In a commodious study set apart from the living rooms of his comfortable cottage in the residential district of the pretty coast town of Sheringham, England, Edward Phillips Oppenheim writes his two novels each year, with some short stories thrown in to keep him busy. "Writing," with the author of "The Governors" means in reality dictating, for the greater portion of the narratives which he originates with such enviable facility are laken down by his efficient secretary. while the robust author sits back in his desk chair, arrayed in his golf clothes, with a Virginia cigarette be tween his fingers, and his active mind intent on the plot of his latest book.

The morning for work, the afternoon for play, is Mr. Oppenheim's motto, and after giving free rein to his im-agination and partaking of a light ncheon, off he goes to the neighbor-Eden of the British army, or some other crack player. Frequently it is Mrs. Oppenheim or his devoted daughter who is his companion on the links which border on the North Sea, for all three members of the Op-penheim family are keen golfers. Din-ner with friends at seven, and a few rubbers of bridge in the evening com-plete the typical day's schedule of this popular story-teller.

But an author who displays an easy acquaintance with the -reat world, whether with its international relations or with fashionable society,—one who is equally at home sketching a great diplomat or a crimal—must needs be a tosmopolitan, and so one is likely to encounter Mr. Oppenheim at the Savoy hotel in London, where he keeps I suite of rooms, or at the Ritz in Paris, or in any one of the big cafes if several European capitals. Always of several European capitals. Always studying types, ever making acquainttices worth while, this modern romanter is indefatigable in his search for 
fresh ideas and local color. Frequent 
frips to this country, where Mr. Oppenheim's parents reside, have given him 
lhat thorough familiarity with Amerital financial methods and intrigues 
which he displays in his latest novel, 
The Governors." A casual conversa-"The Governors." A casual conversa-ion commenced with a French dancing girl in Maxim, Paris, led to his writ-ing "A Maker of History," the novel which he calls his best.

Asserting some time since that in his tharacter drawing his stumbling-block was women, he afterwards created in the heroine of "The Missioner" what one critic pronounced "the one original leminine character portrayal to be lound in recent fiction." And in "Virtinia," the beautiful nlece of an American financier in "The Governors," he has made another addition to his gallery of charming heroines.

The new novel by Mrs. Gertrude Ath-Prior will not appear until next spring. It was at first hoped that it would be possible to publish the book in the be possible to publish the land to be impossible. The impression that Mrs. Artherton had chosen for her theme the life of a young American singer throad was also an error. Instead, the book deals with the upper circles of the operatic and diplomatic worlds.

Eliza Calvert Hall's "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," having reached its four-leenth printing in this country, will be brought out in England by Cassell & Co.

The New York Times draws attention to the fact that our oldest living homan author of distinction is not Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, but Mrs Francis Alexander, the friend of Ruskin and the author of that delightful volume, Il libro d'Oro," a collection of legends of the saints, Mrs. Alexander has lived in Florence for almost 60 years, but she was originally a Boston woman wife of the painter. In Florence she and her daughter, Miss Francesca Alexander, are much beloved. Mrs. Alexander was 90 years old when, in 1905, the sent the manuscript of "Il Libro I'Oro" to her publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., yet her writing was as legible as print and neither manuscript nor the accompanying letter betrayed the slightest sign of age.

It is very interesting and not a little. The New York Times draws atten-

It is very interesting and not a lit-ile inspiring to learn from the July Bookman which makes use of statistics compiled by the American Seamen's Friend society, that nine out of ten

sallors in crews that leave the port of New York are habitual readers of good books. These floating libraries—about 43 books deep—show John Bunyan joining hands with Jules Verne, Charles Lamb standing side by side with Ralph Connor and Elinor Macartney Lane keeping good company with Thackeray, and Stevenson. Most interesting, perhaps, is the list of the six best sellers of the seas, in which "Treasure Island" has first place, with Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" sec-"Treasure Island" has first place, with Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" second, and following these "Cruising among the Carribees," "Hurrican Island," and "Under the Red Robe." Sixth on the list is Lew Wallace's "The Prince of India." Here it is worthy of note that whereas landsmen have of note that whereas landshen have always given the palm to this author's "Ben Hur," which is said to have had, since its publication by the Harpers a score of years ago, a popularity sec-ond to few novels ever written, the seamen prefer its not quite so famous

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose latest novel, "Walled In," the Harpers not long ago reprinted, has her summer home in Gloucester Her house is mer home in Gloucester Her house is a wooden structure of square and simple lines, and stands by itself on the the moor, which is rough with boulders and tangled with the furze of bush and stubble, and has all the bleakness and barrenness and romantic isolation expected of a moor. There is a tradiand barrenness and romantic isolation expected of a moor. There is a tradition that behind every boulder lurks an artist, so much is Gloucester the haunt of the painter folk. Not far away is the section where the late Elinor Macartney Lane, author of "Katrine" was wont to pass her summers in her cottage facing the harbor and the Magnolia hills, looking out to the deep-colored sunsets which paint that really easily. that rocky coast.

### BOOKS

"Jason" is the story of an interest ing young man who through his temporary infatuation for a beautiful girl becomes entangled in a family mystery, which results in several situations and almost a tragedy for the hero. The title indicates his embarking transporars asserted for the missing brother hero. The title indicates his embarking upon a search for the missing brother of the girl who has mysteriously disappeared on the verge of his majority, when he is about to inherit a large fortune from a rather dominating and severe grandfather. The story of the plot involving his disappearance and the search for him by the hero, on the promise of receiving the sister's hand in marriage as reward, makes some delightfully interesting reading.

The novel is by Justin Miles Forman, and enjoys a distinction rare among novels by American authors in

man, and enjoys a distriction rate among novels by American authors in having had serial publication in an English magazine, the Windson Magazine, "Jason" is illustrated by William Hatherell, who made the drawings for "The Testing of Diana Mallory."

Harpers are the multishers. Harpers are the publishers.

"The Great English Letter-Writers, "The Great English Letter-Writers, is the new volumes in Harpers Readers' Library, is made up of letters written by some of the most famous of English authors, going all the way from the early centuries up to the present. Crabbe and Horace Walpole are represented and Robert Louis Stevenson and George Meredith, Charlotte Bronte and her sister and the women authors of more recent date are desicted in the Intimate light of perdepicted in the intimate light of per-sonal correspondence, more ofter than anything else a mirror of character.

anything else a mirror of character.

The selections have been carefully arranged, with a view not to chronological order so much as to the illustration of the growth of the art of letterwriting. The object has been to show how various men and women, scattered the state of the through the different ages, have borne themselves under the same criss of emotion and action. The introductory essays aim at a general historic survey of the art of letter-writing, together with a critical estimate of the writers and of their relation to the literature of their age. "Has the day of letter-writing gone

by? There is no doubt some truth in the contention, since the conditions of modern life are such that there is nei-ther the time nor the occasion for the elaborate letter, is the way William J. Dawson, joint editor of the "Harper's Readers' Library," writes of the col-lection of letters which make up "The Great English Letter-Writers' just published. "Where men live far apart, and the means of communication were expensive, they naturally did not write to one another unless they had something to communicate that seemed worth while. And because they had thing to communicate that seemed worth while. And because they had leisure they were able to write fully and at length. Those conditions are not likely to return. No man would waste his time today in writing to a friend a detailed account of public events which he might be quite sure had already reached his correspondent in the morning paper. The busy man will write as little as he can on any subject; he will use the telephone and typewriter; and never yet was there a letter of any value dictated to an obedient machine. But this, after all, is only one phase of life. There are still sequestered and serene existences whose chief traffic is in ideas, affections, and emotions. Women, especially, are, as a rule, excellent letter-writlly, are, as a rule, excellent letter-writ-ers because they live in their emotions, I will hazard the statement that were I will hazard the statement that were I to publish a selection from the letters I have received during the last twen-ty years from persons whose names are totally unknown to the general public, I could produce a volume not much inferior in interest and art to the pres-ent volume. The reason for this exent volume. The reason for this ex-celence lies in the fact that the letter is, and must remain, the best possible vehicle for the transmission of emo-

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By J. P. May,

AIL to the Braves, with their Flag proudly flying, Gray-haired and hoary old veterans of war; Down in their graves all the thousands are lying, Who marched with these heroes, the remnants that are: Soldiers who fought for Right, In that war's hellish night. Their ranks have been thinned since its proud standard won.

> Remember the hosts that fought, And a new nation wrought-The proudest and freest now under the sun.

LD GLORY, thou standard, we love thee so well, The banner which cheered on the Victory of Peace; You cost blood to save in a war that was hell, Those conquering efforts for Freedoms' release. Remember the blood that flowed, Red from the hearts that glowed, Saving our states from a severed relation. Where lives the foe that dare Insuit that standard there? Flag of a Union, unfurled o'er a Nation.

SALT LAKE, our proud city, and Utah, our honored state, Welcome the heroes of dark days of yore; ALL HAIL to the soldiers! wide open our patriot gate, Give to them freely of honor's big store: Welcome the G. A. R., Brothers of days of war; lew of a million who once held the field.

> War hosts in camp again, Sons who fought brothers, our Union to shield.

Hats off to you, true men,

The above poem is written by Mr. J. P. May of Nephi, Utah, the author of several other pieces which have appeared from time to time in the 'News' columns and have attracted much attention. Mr. May writes poetry in brief moments snatched from his or-

Nephi, Utah.

THE meadow and mountain, the wide, peaceful vala, The free western spirit that breathes Hope and Rest, Inspire all our sons in this WELCOME! ALL HAIL! We give to you, soldier, our commonwarlth's guest. Salt Lake and its pleasure-Give to you full measure, Brave soldiers who followed Grant, Sherman and Meade: To the few that remain,

From the hosts Death has slain;

To these veterans give every solace and meed.

E shout for the warriors, we sons of the West, Make way for your banners, wide open our gates; Shout loud for the heroes till you mountain crest Shall ring with the echoes through cities and states. Marching from town and farm To shield the Flag from harm, These men mastered foes of their own brand of steel: These heroes freed .. race,

> To their country gave lasting grace, Cemented the factions, stamped Law with blood's seal.

ET hearts throb in union, harmonic beats force All discord away from the land of the Free, And work for that Union, the free onward course Of Liberty's banners on land and on sea. And the Blue and the Gray March on the same way, And the Private and General who sleep 'neath the scd Know how we onward fare-Know Right must triumph where

Man fights for Justice with faith in his God.

dinary business duties and their general excellence presages more ambitious literary efforts from his pen should he find time to devote himself more constantly to this line of work.

# **MAGAZINES**

The World's Work for August is de-The World's Work for August is devoted largely to the Scattle exposition and to the development of the northwest. The articles that deal with this are Mr. C. M. Keys' "A Country Ready for Capital," "The A-Y.-P. Exposition;" Mr. Henry G. Durand's "In the Land of Big Apples;" "The Future of the North Coast Cities;" "Western Types," a series of character sketches of successful western men. Walter E. Clark, newly appointed governor of Clark, newly appointed governor of Alaska, writes of "Ten Years of Progress in Alaska." Edgar French contributes "The Re-discovery of California." E. W. Wright describes "The Oregon Deadlock," in two parts; "The Harriman Attitude," and "The Oregon View."

W. H. Maxwell, superintendent of schools in New York, tells of "Stories of the Lives of Real Teachers," C. M. Keys describes "The Battle of the Railroads;" Van Wyck Brooks, an in-terview with Augustus Thomas; while W. H. Wright describes "Killing a Grizzly With a Knife." Alexander Ir-vine contributes the second chapter of whice contributes the second chapter of his autobiography, "From the Bottom Up;" it is all about his early training for the British navy. Mr. Edwin Bjorkman's health article this month is about "Our New Health Conscience." Other articles are "Cities at Work;" "A Courter That Ellipsees Itself." "Film Country That Finances Itself:" "Eliminating one of the Chances of Business:" "The Longest Telegraph Line" -the London to Bombay wire.

Pearson's Magazine for August con tains the most illuminating statement tains the most illuminating statement ever made as to prohibitory liquor laws, the result of years of study and observation by the Rev. William A. Wasson, Rector Grace Episcopal church, Riverhead, L. I. This number also contains "The Moslem Answer to Christendom," by James Creelman (who is now in Asia investigating the cause of the recent massacre of 30,000 Christians in Turkey, for Pearson's Magrazine. son's Magazine.

"The Book That Has Most Influenced Me" is the subject of a symposium of wide interest, which appears in the De-lineator for August. Edwin Markham, the poet, mentions nine books that have helped him. These nine books are Browne's "Religio Medici," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilles," Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Emerson's "Esenys," Tho-reau's "Walden," Amiel's "Journal," Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs" and "Jes Missrables," and "The Gospai and "Les Miserables," and "The Gospel of Jesus." To the gospels Mr. Mark-ham ascribes the greatest influence, and he says that he looks on them as

and he says that he looks on them as 'th'e most original and radical writing ever given to mankind."

Hamilton W. Mable finds it difficult to make a cholec. "The Three Muske-teers," entertained him most. In this connection he says: "As I look back it seems to me that the essays of Carcyle and Emerson, "Sartor Resartus," 'Hero Worship' and 'Nature' and 'Representative Men,' did more to give me a view of life that was intelligible, and a deep and fresh feeling for the beauty and wonder of the world, than any other books read in the golden morning other books read in the golden morning hour. A real book must have not only a real reader, but the fit hour; when the three combines a great situation is often effected in a human life."

Richard Le Gallienne, like Mr. Mable, finds it difficult to choose the book than finds it difficult to choose the book that most influenced him. However, he says:
"The impulsive, rather than the pondered answer is perhaps usually the truest, and when my time comes to lay my overbeating temples on a book, or to be drowned in the Mediterranean, the head I shall be found with will." the book I shall be found with will, I know, be the book that sprang instinctively to my mind when I first read the editorial question, 'Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas,' by Walter Pater."

People with chronic bronchitis, as-thma and lung trouble, will find creat relief and comfort in Foley's Honey and Tar, and can avoid suffering by commencing to take it at once. F. J. Hill Drug Co., ("The Never Substi-

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### LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN SALT LAKE.

The accompanying picture is that of the Steele family of Panguitch and is of unusual interest from the fact that it contains the picture of what is claimed to be the first white child born in Salt Lake City, the date being Aug. 9, 1847.

Reading from left to right: Mahonri M. Steele, now member of the state land board; Susa Ann Steele Bringhurst; Young Elizabeth Steele Stapley, first white child born in Salt Lake, and the late John Steele, a 1847 pioneer who was born in Halliwood near Belfast, Ireland, March 21, 1821, and for years was recognized as one of the leading citizens of Iron county.

# Authoress Who Confesses To Ninety-Nine Novels

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.) ONDON, July 21 .- To have written and published 99 books in 28 years is "going some," as the American slang phrase has it, but this, by her own confession, is the reccord of "John Strange Winter." The author of "Bootles Baby" was one of a brilliant "galaxy" of witnesses called this week in a legal action by a famous [ English publisher against an equally well-known American magazine, and in the course of her evidence stated that the novel on which she is now engaged will be the one hundredth that has com from her pen. It will be published

in the autumn. In private life, of course, "John Strange Winter" is Mrs. Arthur Stan-nard. The legal action in which she appeared as a witness was brought by William Heinemann, who publishes Hall Caine on this side of the water Hall Came on this side of the water against the proprietors of the "Smart Set" magazine to restrain the latter from selling any more copies of their English edition for April. In this number the defendants published a "complete novel" by Laurence North called "Syrinx," the English magazine rights of which were sold to them by the American publishers of the story. This was due to a misunderstanding, it appears, but Mr. Heinemann who holds all the English "rights" in "Syrinx" was granted the injunction for which he asked.

From the evidence given one would gather that the term "magazine rights" was much less familiar in this country than in America, several prominent English publishers having avowed themselves ignorant of its meaning. One of these was John Murray, of the famous house that "published" Lord Byron.

SHAWS ITALIAN. George Bernard Shaw is a man of varied acquirements, but a knowledge of Italian is not among them. A report became circulated, however, to the effect that the author of "Man and Superman" spoke Italian fluently, and led to his being interviewed recently by a

representative of the "Giornale d'Italia."

Mr. Shaw disclaimed the knowledge with which he had been credited, and explained amusingly how the legend arose. "A while ago," he said, "I was in

Milan with a party of English folk. We Milan with a party of English folk. We were dining at a restaurant, and our waiter knew no language other than his own. When the moment came to pay we were unable to make him understand that we wanted not one bill but twenty-four separate ones. My friends insisted that I must know Italian, so to act as interpreter, I racked my memory for chips from the language of Dante, but in vain. All of a sudden a line from the opera 'The Huguenots' flashed to the brain—'Ognuno per se; per ed to the brain-'Ognuno per se; per ed to the brain—'Ognuno per se; per tutti il clelo; (Every man for himself and Heaven for all.) I declaimed it. The army of waiters were doubled up with laughter; my friends applauded wildly, and my fame as an Italian scholar has been on the increase ever since." crease ever since.'

If Charles Dickens knew of it, it is probable that he would turn over in his grave. As it is, there is sorrow mingled with incredulity in the ranks of the Dickens Fellowship. Every adult in these islands who can read is started of the bere word. Followship. is supposed to have read "Pickwick Papers," yet the Dickens Fellowship has discovered a man of some educa-tion who never has heard of Sam Weller. And what do you suppose this worthy's name is? It is "Pickwick!" How on earth he has managed to avoid reading the biography of his great namesake is not revealed, but after this literary critics will have to be charler than ever of accusing novelists of overstraining the long arm of coincidence. Frederic Harrison, the critic and

> Cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver and Chronic Constipation. Pleasant to take

philosophy in England, has drawing a striking parallel between Meredith and Tolstoi. At the annual meeting the other day of the London library of which he is a vice-president, Harrison described a day resident, Harrison described a day 40 or 50 years ago when he and a party of friends heard Meredith declaiming verse and prose on the Surrey Downs. In those days, he said, Meredith had not come to his own. He was not appreciated by the great public but his audience, though small was sympathetic.

Meredith, he said, was ever the stout-hearted, generous, inimitable, indomitable lover of justice, beauty, and truth; the kindly satirist of meanness, affectation, and self-love. The English-speaking world, which now

English-speaking world, which now levoured his tales and poems, at least

wisdom, how much genius, how much wisdom, how much courage lay wrapped up in the showers of epigrams, vignettes, and portraits that he flung about him so freely.

But those who knew the man himself, who heard him in the world and in his home, could understand what a passionate sense of right and wrong he had, what a high heart he could keep in all his early struggle, when he had not yet been recognized. could keep in all his early struggle, when he had not yet been recognized for what he was; what determination burned within his never to yield one jot of his own ileas and methods to any public demand or any recuniary object. In his solventiance, in his ideals, in his grand a umanity, George Meredith enabled them in a great measure to understand the kindred genius of Leo Tolstoi, the Russion HAYDEN CHURCH.

### Free to You and Every Sister ; foring from Woman's Allment. FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



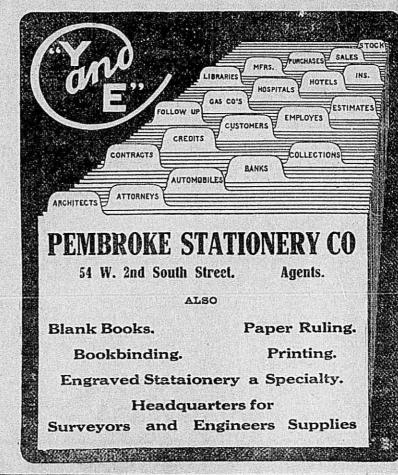
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