



THEN AND NOW.

By Edna S. Valentine.

"God grant us strength to meet our death!"
At matin and at even-song,
Of old they prayed with fear-tight breath,
Under cathedral arches long.
Or where from some poor wayside shrine
The Child and Mother smiled divine.

Peasant and yeoman, priest and knight
And shepherds from the farther hills:
"God teach us to meet death aright
In fold or glebe or battle-bligh,
Give us brave hearts to face His will."
Thus, ere the lands to peace awoke,
In olden days of strife and wrong,
They prayed, those fearful, simple folk,
Trusting their God to make them strong.
Afraid lest fear with death draw nigh—
"Strengthen us, teach us how to die!"

We, in a time of modern guise,
Loosened from their fear of unslashed Death,
Still pray their prayer in modern wise
Tho' other need it witnesseth.
We pray like them for strength in strife,
But strength to face, not Death, but Life.

—From "Success Magazine."

NOTES

Reprints on the Harper press include two which are of interest to the drama: "The Servant in the House," Charles Hann Kennedy's play of brotherhood, which has had a successful opening in the Adelphi theater in London; and "The Exploits of Arsene Lupin," LeBlanc's detective story, the dramatized version of which is still playing to audiences in New York.

It will be recalled that Swinburne was prominently mentioned among those to whom the Nobel prize for literature might be awarded last year. Eventually the prize went to Rudolf Eucken, professor of philosophy in the University of Jena, now in his sixty-fourth year, and a vigorous thinker whose name is often coupled with that of Har-nast, author of "What is Christianity?" It is Professor Eucken who has just contributed a volume, "Christianity and the New Idealism: a Study in the Religious Philosophy of Today," to Harper's "Library of Living Thought."

This year the Nobel prize, it is rumored, may go to Anatole France. The fact that Thackeray, like Meredith later, who wrote, "Horribly will I haunt the man that makes a biography of me," expressed a wish that no formal life of him should be written, give creditable lustre to such a book as Mrs. Charles Mason Fairbanks has made in "The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray" (Harpers), which sets forth only the things the novelist said, letting his works speak for him. It also renders doubly significant the things men said of him. It was Meredith who wrote of Thackeray: "He did stout service in his day. If the bad manners he scourged are now lessened to some degree, we pay a debt in remembering that we owe much to him; and

if what appears incurable remains with us, a continued reading of his works will at least help to combat it."

In London they have formed a Poetry Recital society, following the example set not long ago by the Parisians in connection with one of the salons. The purpose is to stimulate public interest in good poetry, to assist new poets in securing recognition, and to form local reading centers, establish lectureships, publish an organ, and so forth. The movement may or may not succeed, but it is an encouraging fact that some persons are enough interested in poetry even to start such a movement. The Graphic, of Los Angeles, referring to this London attempt, suggests that in this country it might be well to set aside a certain hour in the public schools for the recital of "short poems of beauty," to be selected by "a genuine lover of poetry engaged especially for this purpose." We think we see our crowded school curriculums making way for an hour of poetry recitals and we tremble to think of the selections that would probably be inflicted upon the helpless children. We would take more kindly to a suggestion to have all study of poetry removed entirely from our school and college curriculums. To force poetry upon children is the quickest possible way to create a distaste for it and the analysis study of literature as pursued in our schools is a deadening, not a quickening process.

EW see no need of despair in regard to the condition of poetry. We have, it is true, no giants either here or on the other side of the sea, just now, but we have a positive conviction that there never was a period when one could select, month after month, new poetry of a higher general grade than that we have been enabled to give to our readers during the last few years.

Two "prize stories" are included in O. Henry's latest collection, which will be forthcoming through the Harpers before the end of October. One of

these, called "Thimble, Thimble," brought thousands of letters to the editor of the magazine in which it was first published, perhaps owing to a "lady or the tiger" quality which made readers anxious to know "which fellow got the watch." Another, "Supply and Demand," was the winner in the famous "contest by invitation" of a New York newspaper, wherein 40 authors out of a chosen list of 200 were invited to contribute, 20 of whom responded. This was the same paper in which Mary E. Wilkins Freeman ran her novel, "The Shoulders of Atlas," in successful competition with the English Max Pemberton's "Sir Richard Escombe." The amusing feature in the case of O. Henry is that he is known to have very little patience with prize contests, and was only persuaded by his friends at the last minute to submit the winning stories.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt is addressed by Miss Gertrude Smith in the dedication of her new Harper book for little folks, "When Reggie and Reggie Were Five." The story is of two tiny boys whose father is a senator, and who have the happiness of chumming with a certain president at the White House. "To one I honor and greatly admire," the dedication reads, "Theodore Roosevelt, the kindest president, a lover of little children."

Mary Austin writes of the land of "Lost Borders," which gives the name to her forthcoming Harper novel, "Out there where the borders of conscience break down, where there is no convention, and behavior is of little account except as it gets your desire, almost anything may happen—does happen." The land is the barren region of the far west, the region of white alkali flats, starved hills, and arid salt lakes. It is in such a country, Mrs. Austin points out, that the relation of men and women becomes again a primitive problem. For example, there is the bond that draws the civilized white man to the Indian woman, who does not hold him by the law of physical need alone, but by the qualities other women neglect or deride; silence, the

unhappily mated persons, says a writer in "Success Magazine." For the benefit of book-loving gossip she has prepared a list of the foremost British authors with a short description of their domestic relations. The list is so full of matrimonial wrecks that the compiler is forced to wonder whether cheese-mongers, stock brokers and the rest of us have as poor a chance at domestic happiness as poets and playwrights.

No fewer than 25 out of 68 well known authors never were married at all. A number, including Milton, Bunyon, Southey and Hazlitt, made several matrimonial ventures. Of the rest Shakespeare, Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, Carlyle, Ruskin and Dickens are the most notable of a long list of those who were unhappily married.

Why should the production of literature be apparently so incompatible with a happy domestic life? Are literary men less capable than lawyers and plumbers of choosing congenial mates? The truth seems to be that the writer's husband is at home so much of the time that he becomes as familiar an object there as the old cane-bottomed chair. Two persons who can survive 24 hours of each other's society per day without jars are happily married indeed.

"I have only one thing to ask you," said the wise young bride-to-be to the prospective husband, "and that is that you will promise not to be in to lunch."

BOOKS

"The Conquest of the Missouri," by Joseph Mills Hanson, which has been added to their Fall list by A. C. McClurg & company, is a vivid transcript of one of the more vivid and romantic phases of American history and the narrative is rendered more interesting than many historical studies by being woven about the personality of a man who went through it all. Captain Grant Marsh shipped on an Allegheny river steamer in 1846, worked west to the Mississippi, and in 1854 began a career on the Mis-

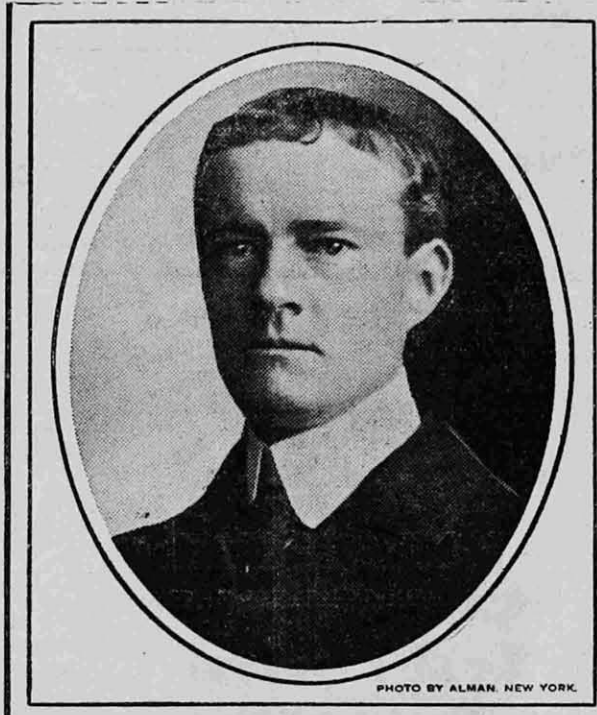


PHOTO BY ALMAN, NEW YORK.

PROF. HERSCHEL C. PARKER.

Prof. Parker of Columbia university was a member of the Mount McKinley expedition of 1905, when Dr. Cook claims he climbed to the summit of the mountain. Prof. Parker does not believe he accomplished this feat.

habit of not questioning, the willingness to accept what a man wills to him rather than to contend for something different or more.

Some one with a passion for genuine antique scandals has been poking into the private lives of classical English writers and finds among them a distressing proportion of celibates and of

souri that has been practically unbroken until today. It brought him into active connection with some of the stirring scenes of the Civil war, the Montana gold rushes, the advance of Sully against the Sioux Indians in 1864, and the Little Big Horn campaign, in which Captain Marsh, on the "Far West," brought the first news of Custer's extermination to the outside world. Mr. Hanson tells his story primarily as the life of Captain Marsh, but has supplemented his living hero's experiences by copious reference to the historical archives of Montana, the files of contemporary military and general newspapers, the government surveys, and the personal recollections of those soldiers engaged in the various scenes of the Conquest of the Missouri.

The Diamond Master by Jacques Futrelle, author of Elusive Isabel. With frontispiece by Herman Pfeiffer. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Fancy yourself some fine morning discovering, on opening your mail, in a box quite unmarked, a splendid diamond. Myriad colors play in its blue-white depths, sparkling, flashing, dazzling. Naturally, you are astonished. If four of your friends should, later in the day, confide to you that they had each received, in the same way, a stone similarly splendid, sparkling, dazzling, you would be still more astonished. You would feel, so to speak, that something was "up." In Mr. Futrelle's newest story, the Diamond Master, this is precisely what happens to Henry Latham and four other jewel merchants of New York, and something is up, decidedly, to-wit: an absorbing romance. A picture puzzle is not more enthralling than this story, and the fascination of both arises largely from the same fact, that, short of the end, there is no good place at which to stop. Always, until it is quite completed, there is another space in the picture that one would like to fill, always in the story there is one more mystery one would like to solve; so one goes on breathless till the last word is placed. You must go on reading to find out how it is possible for a young, unknown man to corner the world's diamond market; who killed old Mr. Koller, what Czank had to do with it, and last, though not least, if Doris and Gene make up.

Of your heroine you can not complain, since, even in the eyes of the cabby who drives here on her mysterious trip up Fifth avenue, she is "a pipkin, a peachero, a beauty, a bright." But the unique feature of the plot is the astounding number of diamonds—each one more perfect than the last. E. Van Cortlandt Wynne produces, and the pre-arranged question is, where does he get them?

With a dash of love, a dash of humor far more than a dash of mystery and danger, with a little pathos, and considerably commercial shrewdness, it would seem that the story has been compounded after a recipe insuring success. You are certain to laugh at the detectives, to like Doris, to admire Wynne's coolness, ingenuity and daring, and to thrill at the strange secret at the bottom of it all. And it is all done so boldly, simply, and in so matter-of-fact a way, that, nameless as the state of affairs is, it seems for the time quite credible. This is, indeed, a sort of twentieth century Arabian Nights tale, in which are all the color any mystery of the orient together with the dash and enterprise of modern business. What more do you want?

Margaret Sangster's well deserved popularity evidently continues when a second large edition is already required

of her recent book, "Happy School Days," one of the most attractive books of the year for girls.

Another name is added to the roll of Indian fiction writers, and at the same time the University of Chicago is enrolled with the older universities having books of college stories, by the publication on Dec. 10 of "Maroon Tales," by Will J. Cuddy (Forbes & Co.). Various phases of university life are introduced into a book full of the healthy and spirited action of youth.

CLYDE SQUIRES' ILLUSTRATIONS.

Three of the Christmas numbers of popular eastern journals have drawings in their pages by Clyde Squires, the Success Magazine having a full page picture from his hand entitled "The Christmas Miracle," showing a young mother with her newborn child; Judge with a double page

drawing showing a couple cozily seated on a sofa, with the young girl's head on the man's shoulder and having the caption "The Girl Who Lost Her Head, and Where She Found It." In Life is a smaller cut entitled "The Right of Way," with Santa Claus in his sleigh following, and blocked by a pair of young lovers, in a cutter ahead oblivious to all but their own love affair. All of the drawings are executed with the fine touch which has brought the young Salt Laker into early and enviable prominence.

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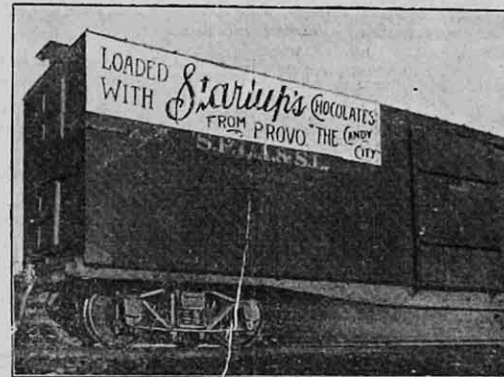
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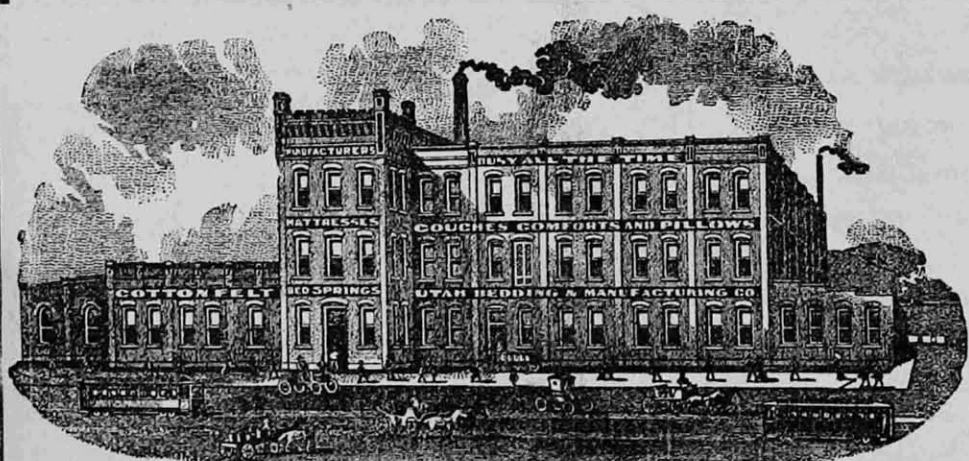
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