



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

CUDDLE DOON.

Alexander Anderson, with "Surfman" for a non de plume, was born in Kirkcaldy, Scotland, April 20, 1815. He started to work first in a quarry and then for 17 years was a "surfman" as a section hand in Great Britain, on the Glasgow and Southwestern railway. After he had won fame for his verse the literary world was astonished to find that he really occupied the humble position of a non de plume indicated. It was equally astonished to find that he was a cultured and refined Scotchman, capable of winning his way in any walk of life. Then he was induced to become assistant librarian in a museum, refused to follow him to the city. "Cuddle Doon" is perhaps his most famous poem. By many it is ranked as the sweetest song in babyland. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have written many other children's poems, he is still a bachelor.

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' muckle fauch an' din,
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukie reagues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wae Jamie wi' the curly hold—
He aye sleeps next the wa—
Bage up an' cries, "I want a piece!"
The rascal stit them a—
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
They aye an' cry, "Messrs. Har—
per & Brothers then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, wae Jamie, cuddle doon!"

But aye five minutes gang, wae Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

NOTES.

The publishers of Harper's Magazine send us the following interesting account of the writing of "Sir Mortimer": "Miss Mary Johnston's romance, "Sir Mortimer," which, after a long postponement, begins in Harper's Magazine for November, has been written under unusual circumstances. The story was to have commenced in the issue of May, 1902, and the first instalments had been placed in the hands of the artist, Mr. F. C. Yohn, for illustration. Just at this time Miss Johnston fell ill, and was unable to continue the work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers then announced the necessary postponement of the novel. Meanwhile Miss Johnston had been ordered to Bermuda by her physician, and as soon as she was permitted to write for an hour each day, pluckily resumed her work, expending, as is her custom, the most minute care upon her writing, until every paragraph received its due polish. Not content with the unusual work of revision, however, it is remarkable under the circumstances that Miss Johnston has completely rewritten many paragraphs of the revised proof, so anxious has she been to make "Sir Mortimer" her greatest novel. The heroine is a lady-in-waiting upon Elizabeth, the hero, Sir Mortimer, an officer in her majesty's best command, and Sir John Nevill. It is interesting to conjecture what rows of volumes Miss Johnston must have read and absorbed to enable her so richly to preserve the very aroma of the romantic times of which she writes. She is now in Richmond, recovered and again busily at work."

It would be interesting to know how many copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" are required every year. The number for 1903 will not be very largely increased. The new "edition deluxe" announced by the Religious Tract Society, because this is limited to 150 copies at two guineas each. The feature of the edition is its illustrations by Mr. Harold Compton, which, instead of being reproduced from "process" blocks, will be photographed direct upon bromide paper. The text is taken from the eleventh edition of 1888, the last revised by Bunyan. The London Daily News recalls some interesting facts about early editions of this immortal work. "A first edition of it fetched £175, or more than £400 per ounce." If, then, the 1888 reprint to be found in any farmhouse library some rustic has a treasure that he knows not of. It is curious to note how Bunyan's story year by year, World's Wisdom made his debut in the second edition; Mr. By-ends in the third, which appeared in 1679.

"Far 20 years Hawthorne was, according to his own statement, the securest man of letters in America." Goodrich testifies that it was almost impossible to find a publisher for "Twice-Told Tales" in 1842, and I myself remember how limited a circle greeted the reprint in the enlarged edition of 1841. When Poe, about 1845, wrote patronizingly of Hawthorne, he added, "It was never the fashion, until lately, to speak of him in any summary of our best authors." Whittier once told me that when he himself had obtained with some difficulty, in 1847, the insertion of one of Hawthorne's sketches in the "National Era," the latter said quietly, "There is not much market for my wares."—From Higginson and Boynton's Reader's History of American Literature.

"The American traveler in England who takes pains to inquire in book-stores as to the comparative standing of his country's poets among English readers, is likely to hear Longfellow ranked at the head, with Whittier as a close second. In the same way, if he happens to attend English conventions and popular meetings, he will be pretty sure to hear these two authors quoted oftener than any other poets, British or American. This parallelism in their fame makes it the more interesting to

SAVED FROM DEATH.

THE RESCUE OF MRS. VAN ALSTYNE AT JOHNSTOWN.

Her Life was Despaired of and She Cried Because She Thought She Was Going to Die.

To be on the verge of death, to be considered beyond the aid of the best medical skill and then to be restored to all the pleasures and duties of life is an experience so rare that its telling will interest most readers. Mrs. Charles Van Alstyne, of No. 307 West State street, Johnstown, N. Y., who is now enjoying perfect health, was a few years ago, a victim of an anemia, a disease in which the blood becomes deficient in quantity and quality so that all the tissues of the body are starved and death frequently results. Indeed,



MRS. CHARLES VAN ALSTYNE.

In Mrs. Van Alstyne's case, the attending physician despaired of saving her and it was only by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that she was restored to health. She says:

"I grew very thin and had absolutely no color. I was subject to headaches and dizzy spells and finally my condition became so bad that I could not go out of doors at all. I suffered with severe pains in my back and limbs, my heart became weak and I was subject to fits of melancholia during which I would sit for hours and cry because I thought I was going to die."

"Four of our best doctors attended me at different times and one of them did not think that I would live through the summer. About this time a friend of mine recommended me to get some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I felt better when I had taken only half a box and, of course, I felt encouraged to continue the treatment, and kept on improving until I was entirely well. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to several others and I am glad to do so for I believe that I would have died if I had not used them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People may be had at all druggists, or direct by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, six boxes for five dollars and a half, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

copy from the printer Charles Phillips. The salesmen were filled to their utmost limits by crowd, which included eager book dealers, connoisseurs and a sprinkling of American agents. The book fell to a private collector, who now owns the only two known copies.

BOOKS.

A Listener in Babel, is a new book by Vida D. Scudder, author of "Social Ideals in English Letters," etc. It is a story of development of character and opinion through the contact of the heroine with varying forms of experience and different types of human character. The book is to be interpreted as a series of imaginary conversations dealing with the great social questions of the present day. The heroine is an attractive young woman of high ideals and quick sympathies, who is thrown into relation with the representatives of capital, labor, the college, the church, and various other organizations, by whom she hears the fundamental and far-reaching questions of the present day discussed.

Miss Scudder is able to carry forward these dialogues with considerable dramatic power, and always with clearness and brilliancy of style. The tone of the book is that of a noble idealism. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Sold by Derge Co.

MacIntosh's "The Philippines" is a Geographical Reader, by Samuel MacIntosh, Ph. B., consisting of short descriptive chapters on the principal islands of the Philippines, and their products, and a chapter on the general information in regard to the islands, their manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the products, manufactures, and exports of the islands. A separate chapter is devoted to Manila, and another to the government of the Philippines. This information is presented with a clear and simple style, and in a most interesting manner. The author's position is a guarantee of the intimate acquaintance with his subject. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent half-tones from photographs, and is supplied with several colored maps.—American Book Co.

Harper & Brothers have recently published Judith of the Plains, Marie Manning's new novel. The story is rich in clean-cut pictures of the old cattle days of Wyoming, drawn sometimes with unctuous humor, and again with the straightforward pathos and tragedy of death life. Miss Manning wrote much of her novel during a two years' residence in the west, of which one year was passed on a Wyoming ranch, where the "next-door neighbor" lived 20 miles away. Marie Manning entered actively into ranch life, and transferred the scenes and the people with ease and humor into her book.

Certain literary statisticians have been computing that Conan Doyle's most richly rewarded author in history, had all his work been paid at the record rate quoted for new Sherlock Holmes stories; \$2 per word. Up to and including "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and not count-



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ing in "The Adventures of Gerard," which is now running serially, his takings would have come to about a million and a half dollars. Dr. Doyle, or Sir A. Conan Doyle, to give him the title which he does not care to have used in America, has not always received \$2 a word or even the hundredth part of that. There is an interesting letter in the possession of an American publisher embodying a proposition from the creator of Sherlock Holmes for a million dollars to be paid to him for the use of his name in a half per cent. Not the least interesting feature is that the contract was declined.

The production of Stephen Phillips' opening of the dramatic event of the opening of the dramatic season in New York; and next to this was the new presentation of "The Macmurtrei," by Mrs. Fiske. It is now known that the author of the English poetical stage version is Mr. William Winter, whose name appears on the title page of the new edition of the play. The Macmurtrei is the last of the Macmurtrei company are on the stage this fall, including Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, in which Miss Fiske is to star throughout the season. The Macmurtrei is to run the last day in September at New Haven, going on immediately to Boston. Mr. Winter and Kirke La Shelle spent the summer making the dramatic version of the play. Mr. Winter is playing John Ermine of the Yellowstone in Boston; Miss Isabel Irving has taken the role of the Macmurtrei, and Mr. Winter has two plays by Mr. Zangwill, taken from his latest volume of short stories, The Grey Wig, are among the other attractions of the dramatic season. One of these, Merely Mary Ann, has already proven unexpectedly popular.

Mr. Jack London's friends in the British metropolis looked at him askance when he announced that he was going down into the East End of London to study the people by living among them. They said it could not be done; that de-

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The November Overland Monthly is an improvement on the October number in readability of articles, in illustrations and typography. The most striking thing in the number is a poem, "The Wolves of the Sea," by Herbert Ashford, which has a swing to it that will appeal to any reader. Here are two specimen verses:

"With the froth on their lips they follow the ships,
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Set loose by the hand of the King of their Band
They know but the rush of the race.
They wait at the moon from the desolate
Till the air has grown dim with their
From the treacherous bars they snarl
And go down in a fight to the death."

The poem is finely illustrated. Of the illustrated articles only a few can be mentioned. "The Coast Police," by John Estabrook, has some artistic sketches by Boeringer.

The man who rots "Woe MacGregor," J. J. Bell, has just finished another series of sketches called "Domesticities," which are as full of the same

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

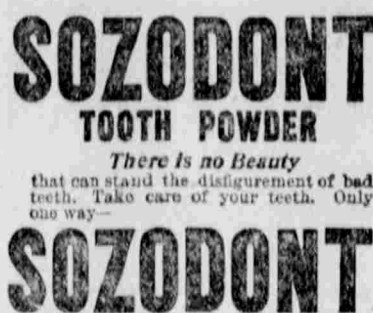
London, Nov. 4.—I learn privately that English bird-lovers, who recently have been doing everything in their power to stop the slaughter of songsters that has been going on for so long at the behest of milliners, are about to attempt a master-stroke by asking Rudyard Kipling to write a poem in support of their cause. Whether the "people's laureate" will consent to do so is, of course, another matter—it does not strike one as exactly in the line of the author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Islanders." But at least Mr. Kipling is not likely to refuse off-hand, for the members of the society which has the well-being of the birds at heart includes many distinguished folk, notably the Duchess of Bedford and the sister of Lewis Carroll, and if one mistakes not, Queen Alexandra is one of its patronesses. After all, Mr. Kipling does not lack an illustrious example, for was it not with much the same object that Longfellow wrote "The Birds of Killingworth"? And this argument, too, should appeal to Kipling—that if he does not write a poem against "the slaughter of the innocents," as it is called, Alfred Austin is certain to do so.

So far, most of the novelists seem to be on Mr. Chamberlain's side in the so-called "social controversy" that is being waged in this country. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recently came out strong for protection. Sir Gilbert Parker is of the same faith, and day before yesterday Mr. H. G. Wells also expressed himself as in favor of the "new policy"—and the author of "Allan Quatermain" even went so far as to advocate a tax on food!

With Richard Whitehead's new story-sermon, "The Yellow Vain" close to, if not at, the top of the list of "best selling books" in London, it is interesting to hear the author's view as to the province of the work of fiction. This Mr. Whitehead expressed at a dinner of the Hull Literary club a night or two ago, when he said that the novel performed a service to society analogous to that of light cavalry. It went forward, saw everything, did not probe, and showed how things were affecting the hearts and minds of simple men and women, and what they were thinking about. Once that was put before the people, they were on the way to reform.

And then the author of "No. 5, John Street" went on to say that he "doubted much whether the technique in fiction was ever so good as it was to-day."

In France, novel reading is on the wane. Everybody admits it; the only question is as to the reason. To attempt to discover this, a Parisian newspaper man made a round of the publishers the other day, with the result that he elicited no less than three explanations for the slump. Most of the publishers declared that there were too many novels and that competing authors cut one another's throats. Others would have said that the novel performed a service to society analogous to that of light cavalry. It went forward, saw everything, did not probe, and showed how things were affecting the hearts and minds of simple men and women, and what they were thinking about. Once that was put before the people, they were on the way to reform.



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SOZODONT

aid him. A few months later he walked into the office of his publishers, explaining what he had been doing, and took from his pocket the crumpled manuscript of his forthcoming book. The lives, habits, joys, sufferings and environments of London's great toiling masses could not have been so vividly and strikingly painted gave by a man who had lived among them as one of themselves. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

Mr. London's philosophy of life has a fine ring. The only things necessary, he says, are good health, work, a philosophy of life and sincerity. With these, you may cleave to greatness and sit among the giants." Part of his philosophy is the following capital aphorism: "Might out after it with a club; if you don't get it, you will nevertheless get something that looks remarkably like it." He is refreshingly frank and determined in his dislike of non-sense. Several persons who wished to pay him a compliment said that his present style was "a marvel of conciseness and strength, Mr. London."

His style may have been acquired by sweat, as replied the author of The Call of the Wild.

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