

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

CUDDLE DOON.

Alexander Anderson, with "Surface-man" for a nom de plume, was born in Kirkconnel, Scotland, April 30, 185. He started to work first in a quarry and then for 17 years was a "surfaceman," as a section hand is called 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 his nom de plume indicated. It was equally and refined Scotsman, capable of winning his way in any walk of life. Then he was induced to become assistant librarian in muse refused to follow him to the city. "Caiddle Deon" is perhaps his most fam-ous pome. By many it is ranked as the sweetest song in babyland, and though Mr. Anderson has written many other children's poems, he is still a bachelor.

The bairnies cuidle doon at nicht The bairnies cuidle doon at ment WT muckle faucht an' din. "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues; 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!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid-He are sleeps next the wa'-Bangs up an' cries, 'I want a piece'-The rascal start them a'. I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks-They stop awee the soun'-Then draw the blankets up, and cry, ''Noo, weanles, cuddle doon!'

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab Cries oot, frac 'neath the claes,

NOTES.

The publishers of Harper's Magazine send us the following interesting ac-count of the writing of "Sir Mortimer;" "Miss Mary Johnston's romance, "Sir Mortimer," which, after a long post-ponement, begins in Harper's Magazine for November, has been written under unusual circumstances. The story was to have commenced publication in 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 un-able to continue the work. Messrs, Harper & Brothers then announced the necessary postponement of the novel Meanwhile Miss Jonhston had been or-Meanwhile Miss Joinston had been of-dered to Bermuda by her physician, and as soon as she was permitted to write for an hour each day, pluckily resum-ed her work, expending, as is her cus-tom, the most minute care upon her

writing, until every paragraph received its due pollsh. Not content with the unusual work of revision, however, it is remarkable under the circumstances that Miss Johnston has completely rethat Miss Johnston has completely rewritten many pages of the revised proofs, 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 fleet, command-ed by Sir John Nevil. It is interesting to conjecture what rows of volumes Miss Johnston must have read and ab-sorbed 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 bus-ily at work." . . .

It would be interesting to know how

"Mither, mak 'Tam gie ower at ance, He's kittlin' wi' his tacs." The mischler's in that Tam for tricks; He'd bother half the toon. But aye I hap them up, and cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon?"

At length they hear their father's fit; At length they hear their father's fit; An' as he nears the door, They turn their faces to the wa' While 'Tam pretends to snore, "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks, As he pits off his shoon, "The bairnles, John, are in their beds, An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels We look at oor wee lambs. Tam has his airm roun' wee Ral An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's. I lift wee Jamie up the bed, An' as I straik each croon, I whisper, till my heart fills up, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!" Rab's neck,

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But soon the big wari's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet come what will to lika ane, May He who sits aboon Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!" —Alexander Anderson,

DUTY.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty; I woke and found that life was Duty; Was then thy dream a shadowy lie? Toll on, sad heart, courageously, And thou shalt find thy dream to be A noonday light and truth to thee,

remember that Whittler was born with-in five miles of the old Longfellow homestead, where the grandfather of his brother poet-was born."--From Hig-ginson and Boynton's Reader's History of American Literature.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the miners' troubles at Cripple Creek and President Rooseveit's direct action in regulating the number of troops there, that in a certain novel just published there is an account of just published there is an account of a miners' revolt which seems a wonder-ful prophecy of the actual events now taking place. The novel is Hamlin Garland's Hesper, in which the actien is mainly that of a miners' strike, brought with dramatic realism before the reader's mind. The author pre-sents in this story some striking types of the independent miners who revolt against unionism and stake their lives on the outcome. on the outcome.

Stanley J. Weyman's new book, "The Long Night," is published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Mr. Weyman's romance has many ingredients likely to produce has many ingredients likely to produce an interesting whole in his expert hands. The scene is laid in the town of Geneva, at the time of the Alchem-ists and religious reformers. The he-roine is a beautiful young girl who, be-cause of her feeble minded mother is cause of her feeble minded mother, is under the accusation of witchcraft. The hero is a young theological stuent. By wonderful bravery the boy oils the plans of a treacherous city syndic, who has plotted to betray the town with a spy who poses as an Al-chemist in possession of the Elixir of Life. The boy's heroism brings about the rescue of the young girl. The book is Weyman in his best vein, at his best.

Novel readers, book reviewers, and

DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

which is now running serially, his tak-

clined.

ing in "The Adventures of Gerard," SAVED FROM DEATH. which is now running serially, his tak-ings would have come to about a mil-lion and a half dollars. But 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 re-ceived \$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 contract on the basis of a cent and a half per word. Not the least interest-ing feature is that the contract was de-clined. 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 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 anaemia, a disease in which the blood becomes de-ficient in quantity and quality so that all the tissues of the body are starved and death frequently results. Indeed,



MRS. CHARLES VAN ALYSTYNE. in Mrs. Van Alstyne's case, the attending physician despaired of saving her and it was only by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Fills for Pale People that she was restored to health. She

"I grew very thin and had absolutely no color. I was subject to headaches and dizzy spells and finally my condi-tion 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 ours persuaded my aunt to get some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for me and she did. 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 en-trely well. I have recommended Dr. "I grew very thin and had absolutely

thely 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 Peo-

Dr. Williams Pink Fills for Fale Peo-ple may be had at all druggists', or direct by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and a half, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

copy from the printer Charles Phillips. The salesrooms were filled to their utmost limits by a 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 herole 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 grant scelal questions of the



Special Correspondence.

specimen verses

late dune.

TOOTH POWDER There is no Beauty hat can stand the disfigurement of bad eeth. Take care of your teeth. Only The production of Stephen Phillips's opening of the dramatic event of the opening of the dramatic season in New York; and next to this was the new presentation of Mary of Magdala by Mrs. Fiske. It is now known that the author of the English poetical stage version is Mr. William Winter, whose nume annears on the title page of the cided 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 fortheoming book. The lives, habits, joys, sufferings and environments of London's great toiling masses could not have been so vividly masses could not have been so vividly and strikingly painted save by a man who had lived among them as one of themselves. The book is well illustrat-ed from phytographic ed from photographs.

SOZODONI

Mr. London's philosophy of life has a fine ring. The only things necessary, he says, are good health, work, a philo-sophy of life, and sincerity. "With these, you may cleave to greatness and sit among the glants." Part of his philosophy is the following capital ap-horism: "Light out after it with a club; if you don't get it, you will nev-ertheless get something that looks re-markably like it." He is refreshingly frank and determined in his dislike of nonsense. Some florid person who wished to pay him a compliment said that his present style was 'a marvel of conciseness and strength, Mr. London." "Any style f may have has been ac-quired by sweat," replied the author of The Call of the Wid. Mr. London's philosophy of life has



genial humor and homely fun as the series of the small Scotch boy. The first "Domesticity' is in the October Leslie's Monthly.

an improvement on the October number in readableness of articles, in illustra-tions and typography. The most strik-ing thing in the number is a poem, "The Wolves of the Sea," by Herbert Bash-ford, which has a swing to it that will appeal to any reader. Here are two specime verses: The Century's new series of illus-trated articles on Italian gardens, to be-gin in the November issue, is the result of the co-work in Italy last winter of Edith Wharton and Maxield Paritsh, Since gardening is rapidly coming to be an important element and interest in American life, this series is happily timely. There is much to be learned, "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 timely. There is much to be learned, Mrs. Wharton says, from the old Ital-lan gardens, and the first lesson is that, if they are to be a real inspiration, they must be copies not in the letter, but in the spirit. "This is, a marble sarcophagus and a dozen twisted col-umns will not make an Italian garden, but a piece of ground laid out and planted on the principles of the old garden-craft will be not inded an Ital-ian garden in the literal sense, but, what is far better, a garden as well adapted to its surroundings as were the models which inspired it." They know but the rush of the race. "They wall at the moon from the deso-Till the air has grown dim with their breath; From the treacherous bars they snarl at the stars And go down in a fight to the death." The poem is finely illustrated. Of the illustrated articles only a few can be mentioned. "Our Coast Police" con-tains much good material on the work models which inspired it.

An especially entertaining list of An especially entertaining list of contents makes up this year's issue of the Youth's Companion. Among the numbers is an article by the Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the Navy, entitled "The Novice In Congress." Two excel-bet please of wasse "The Boad To the lent pieces of verse, "The Road To the Mines" and "Dead Leaves in the Stream," appear in the issue and there is the usual good material in the other departments.



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C. S. WILLIAMS,

gress" are required every year. The number for 1903 will not be very largely increased by the new "edition de luxe" announced by the Religious Tract society, because this is limited to 150 copies at two guineas each. The fea-ture of the edition is its illustrations by Mr. Harold Copping, which, instead of being reproduced from "process" blocks, will be photographed direct upon bromide paper. The text is taken from the eleventh edition of 1688, the from the eleventh edition of 1688, the last revised by Bunyan. The London Daily News recalls some interesting facts about early editions of this im-mortal work. "A. first edition of it fetched £1,750, or more than £400 per ounce." If, then, the 1688 reprint is to be found in any farmhouse library some rustic has a treasure that he knows not of. It is aurious to note how Bunyan of. It is curious to note how Bunyan added to his story year by year, World-ly Wiseman made his debut in the sec-ond edition: Mr. By-ends in the third, which appeared in 1679,

"For 20 years Hawthorne was, ac-cording to his own statement, 'the ob-scorest man of letters in America.' Goodrich testifies that it was almost impossible to find a publisher for Twice-Told Tales' in 1827, and I my-self remember how limited a circle greeted the reprint in the enlarged edi-tion of 1841. When Poe, about 1846, wrote patronizingly of Hawthorne, he added, 'It was never the fashion, until lately, to speak of him in any summary of our best authors.' Whittler once told ately, to speak of him in any summary of our best authors.' Whittler once told me that when he himself had obtained with some difficulty, in 1847, the inser-tion of one of Hawthorne's sketches in the 'National Era,' the latter said qui-etly, 'There is not much market for my wares.' -- From Higginson and Boyn-ton's Reader's Hattery of American Liton'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 Whittler 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



literary critics have been asking each other, "Who is Philip Payne?" His recent novel on Chicago life and American politics entitled "The Mills of Man" s being read and talked about in every large city in the country. Some review-ers have credited the book to Mr. Will Payne, the author of "On the Road to Fortune" and similar stories of Chicago business life. Others imagine it has been written by Mr. William Morton Palne, the author of "Little Leaders, We undertand, however, that "The Mills of Man" was really written by Mr. Philip Payne, a Chicago newspaper man, who in this book makes his en-trance into fiction.

The story shows that Mr. Payne is intimately acquainted with the social and political life of the great city and has the power to create characters that live and move and fix themselves in one's memory. The book is particularly strong in characterization, which is a genuine blessing in these days of flo-tional plots and counter plots. The reading public will do well if it dis-Inguishes between the literary work of Mr. Philip Payne, Mr. Will Payne, and Mr. William Morton Paine, all of Chicago, and all writing of the life the

The Harpers have just brough; out the American edition of Alfred Austic's drama, "Flodden Fleid," which, as will be recalled, was presented on the Lon-don stage this season by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The chief male personages of the drama are James IV of Scotland and the Earl of Surrey, but the character of Lody Heron-the woman upon whose Lady Heron-the woman upon whose intrigue the plot turns-is an invention of the Poet Laureate's, Miss Constance Collier played Lady Heron in London.

Some one yet should write a pamphlet on the psychology of titles, which seem to fellow some unknown law of simul-taneous production. For no sconer is a taile found by one author, after a radius search for something new, than the same idea confronts him in the adver-tisement of another book. Onoto Watanna's new 'novel,"The Heart of Hyacinth," was named last summer, and was expected to be unique in title No sooner was the book issued a few days ago than, lo, a complete story by John Oxenham appears in the Octobe part of Chamber's Journal, entitled

part of Chamber's Journal, entitled. "The Song of Hyacinth." When Flor-ence Wilkinson's "The Strength of the Hills," appeared, it was 'nt once paired with another novel entitled. "The Strength of the Weak." and when the Harpers published the Washington novel, "The Supreme Surrender," it appeared simultaneously with "The Supreme Crime" and one or two other titles containing the same word. And so the list could be prolonged indefinite-ly, but nobody knows why. 1. 1. 1

"No life can be rounded and complete without the education that the skeleton (in the closet) alone can give. Until (in the closet) alone can give. Until it came we never knew the capacities of the human soul. * * The an-guish of the human soul cannot be told-it must be felt or never known. That charity born of true comradship, which is the highest and hollest senti-ment of life, can be taught by the skeleton alone. The self-righteous, who mate of forsiveness to their fellowprate of forgiveness to their fellow-men and who look down upon their sinning brothers from above, are hypacrites or fools; they either have no lived or else desire to pass for some thing they are not. No one can under stand the devious, miry paths trodden by another soul unless he himself has wandered through the night."

London, Nox. 3.—One of the most coveted volumes in the world, a book collecting the original poetry by Vic-tor and Cazire, the pen names of Shelly and his sister, has been sold here for \$3,000. It was a presentation

with the great ocial questions of the present day. The heroine is an attrac-tive young woman of high ideals and nuick symapthies, who is thrown into relations 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 dra-matic 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

MacClintock's The Philippines is a Geographical Reader, by Samuel Mac-Clinton, Ph. B., consisting of short des-criptive chapters on the principal isl-ands of the Philippines, and their prov-inces and towns, this book gives infor-mation in regard to their history, the manners and customs of the inhabi-tants, and the products, manufactures, and exports of the islands. A separate chapter is devoted to Manila, and an-other to the government of the Philip-pines. This information is presented with a clear and simple style, and in a most interesting manner. The aua most interesting manner. The au-thor's position is a guarantee of his in-timate acquaintance with his subject. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent half-tones from photographs, and is supplied with several colored maps.—American Book Chemistry

maps.—American Book Co, Harper & Brothers have recently published Judith of the Plains, Man Manning's new novel. The story rich in clean-cut pictures of life in the old cattle days of Wyoming, drawn sometimes with unctuous humor, and again with the straightforward pathos and tragedy of desert life. Miss Man-ning wrote much of her novel during a ming wrote much of her novel during a two years' residence in the west, of which one year was passed on a Wyo-ming ranch, where the "next-door neighbor" lived 30 miles away. Here Miss Manning entered actively into ranch life, and transferred the scenos and the people with ease and humor in-to her hook. to her book.

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



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 matterit 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 ail, 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 poein against "the slaughter of the in-nocents," as it is called, Alfred Aus-tin is certain to do so.

So far, most of the novelists seem to be on Mr. Chamberlain's side in the so-called "fiscal campaign" that is be-ing 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 yesterlay Rider Haggard also expressed himself as in favor of the "new policy"-and the author of "Allan Quartermain" even went so far as to advocate a tax . . .

With Richard Whiteing's new story-With Richard Whiteing's new story-sermon, "The Yellow Van" close to, if not at, the top of the list of "best selling books" in London, it is interest-ing to bear the author's view as to the province of the work of fiction. This Mr. Whiteing expressed at a dinner of the Hull Literary club a night or two ago, when he said that "the novel per-formed a service to society analagous to that of light cavairy. It went for-ward, saw everything, did not probe to that of light cavaby. It went for-ward, saw everything, did not probe all, but showed how a thing was affect-ing the hearts and minds of simple men and women, and what they were think-ing about. Once that was put before

the people, they were on the way to re-And then the author of "No, 5, John

Street" went on to say that he "doubt-ed much whether the technique in fic-tion was ever so good as it was today. . . .

In France, novel reading is on the wane. Everybedy admits it: the only question is as to the reason. To at-tempt to discover this, a Parisian newsquestion is as to the reason. To at-tempt to discover this, a Parisian news-paper man made a round of the pub-lishers the other day, with the result that he elicited no less than three ex-planations for the slump. Most of the publishers declared that there were too many novels and that competing au-thors cut one another's thronts. Others declared that native works were losing ground because translations of Disen. Tolstoy and Kipling had become for the moment more popular than the home-made article. It was affirmed too, that novels suffered because they were not as a rule, reviewed by the French newspapers, which content themselves with publishing the sort of puffs which. In France, are known as "reclames." Oddy enough, it is reported, that the class of fiction which is suffering most from public neglect at present is that which makes a point of heing risque. Of the three exclusations offered by the French publish? quoted above for the slackness of the novel market, the first seems most likely, and there are

Special Correspondence. London, Nov, 4.-I learn privately that Enables balances who recently have an effect similar to that which is being felt in France. One of these is being feit in France. One of these is Edward H. Cooper, who wrote, "Mr. Blake of Newmarket," and "The Monk Wins," and he has an heroic remedy in mind. "My idea," he says, "is that 40 or 50 minor novelists should bind themselves to publish no more novels for five years. Meanwhile the scribes are to live by writing for the newspa-pers, for, says Mr. Cooper, "Journalism is open to those of them who must make a living by the pen, or they might criticise novelists outside the lengue." criticise novelists outside the league." And this writer, at all events, is pre-pared to take his own medicine, for he toes on, "Some question might arise is to who is a minor novelist; every is to who is a minor novens; every writer might not be so modest as my-telf, who would be quite prepared to be-some the first member of the league." It is a beautiful scheme, but Mr. Cooper s not to be envied the task lof getting "ecruits for his little band of 50 stal-varts. warts. When the Hungarian authorities find t necessary to suppress a newspaper hey at least do not leave its sponsors n any doubt as to the reason for their in any could as to the reason for their action. The other day, the journal, "Sissek's Glas," published at 'Sissek, Croatia, was ordered to suspend publi-cation, on the ground, according to the local consors, "that its editor does not possess sufficient ability to edit a news-name." . . . The English "pressman," as he de-

The English "pressman," as he de-lights to call bimself, can't seem to get over the idea that readers will be as in-terested in him personality as in the sub-ject about which he is writing. If he interviews anybody, he makes a point of expending a deal more time in tell-ing what "T" said and did than in chronicling the remark; and surround-ings of his subject, and he particularly likes to begin a news "story" in this manner—"I thought, as I wended my way toward so-and-so," Eyen the book reviewors seem to fancy that those who read them will delight in knowing un-der exactly what chroimstances their functions are performed, and a column roview of "The Yellow Van," in one of the most prominent London journals a most prominent London journals other day, closed in this portentous fashien, "In any case, we have enjoyed a good day's read, and outside it was a bad day most of the time." H. C.

NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY. Your Child's Health.

If your child is restlets at night grinds its teeth, wets the bed, is consti grinds its teeth, wets the bed, is consti-pated, craves indigestible food or is fretful and peovish, you can be sure it has Worms. KICKAPOO WORM KILLER will expel them and restore the child's health. These tablets are pleusani to take and won't harm the most delicate child. 25c. a box at druggists, or by mail from us. Your money back if not satisfactory.



thousands of mothers.

Mrs. Laundry, Pembroke, Ont., says: "I gave a doce of Kickapoo Indian Worm "I gave a doce of Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer to my little girl, four years old, and she passed seven long worms. The next dose brought the most-she passed fifteeu worms ten or eleven inches long. They were stack full of little pin worms. Kickapoo is the best worm killer I ever used."

Mrs. J. W. Potter, Disco, Ill., says: "Our oldest child had cloven sparms, althouth we doctored all the time. Then we commenced using Kickapoo Indian Worm Kiler, and have not had the least bit of trouble since."

KICKAPOO INDIAN MEDICINE CO., New Haven, Cont



COOK MEDICAL CO., 116 Se. MAIN, SALT LAKE CITL.