

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

LOVE AND I.

Love and I went wandering all on a summer day,
The red rose gave us greeting, the lilies lit our way.
And high above each lucid pool, a mated bird sang clear;
"Love is the lord of life and death at the flowering of the year."

Love and I went wandering an Indian summer day,
In every orchard apples burned, and every wood was gay;
Yet in a sheltered nook we heard a laggard robin flout:
"Love is the lord of life and death when flowers have come to fruit."

Love and I fared forth again all on a bitter day,
The good green world that laughed before all grim and gay;
And low, beside a cottage-beath we caught a fleeting breath:
"Love that has gone through life with me abides with me in death."

Love and I go faring on through fine or stormy weather,
Or smooth the way or rough the way we follow it together,
And ever from the shining heights, a fairy voice we hear:
"Love ruleth life and time and space—and love is always near."

—Martha McCulloch-Williams in June Ainslee's.

NOTES

The admirers of Sherlock Holmes, who are numbered by the millions, will be glad to know that he has been brought to life once more and that another of his adventures is being published in the *Illustrated London News*. The story, which is entitled "The Singular Experience of Mr. J. Scott Eccles," shows that Mr. Doyle has lost none of his cunning.

Another very interesting feature of Collier's is a sketch of the late Samuel E. Moffett, a member of the staff. The editor pays Mr. Moffett the following tribute:

Death has broken in on the Collier circle, and it has taken one of the sweetest of men. In the years that he has been with us, Mr. Moffett never failed to come into the office with a smile. His courtesy was never lacking to woman, child, or man. The world saw his knowledge and earnestness and honesty. We on the inside saw also his unflinching loyalty, his love of thought, his ideals, his goodness. He was a man who acted from no motive but the best, and whose concern for the world was not for its sake, but for the sake of the people who lived in it. He was a man who could be found only in trying to remember not the loss but the possession. His moment on earth was full of kindness and usefulness, and those who knew him only by the name of Moffett, we can only bow our heads and think of the widow and her children; we can only bow our heads and wait. We must go on with the task, we human beings, no matter who falls next. It takes more courage to be a friend than to be a foe. When a friend has fallen—a friend who was loved, and needed, and admired.

Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount" and other novels, writes from Peking, China, concerning the effort to suppress the opium industry. The movement has really made marked progress in many large inland places, says the novelist, and the people whose interests are in the opium trade, seem to be unselfishly cooperating with the authorities; moreover, opium-smoking is now generally looked down upon by high-caste Chinamen, and those who used to indulge in the vice now are prone to practise it in secret. There are other favorable indications that the use of the drug is being steadily curtailed; but, in giving up his opium, the Chinaman is slowly but surely acquiring a new vice—whisky drinking. Cheap whisky is being imported and consumed to an extent that causes thoughtful men much concern. The Chinaman works hard; he is not lazy; his food is barely sufficient to sustain him. The drug probably was much indulged in, owing to this fact; as its use is being slowly curtailed, whisky seems to be taking its place—and very bad whisky at that. The problem, in consequence, is complicated: the white man desires the opium in one breath, and offers to furnish the whisky for the yellow man in the next.

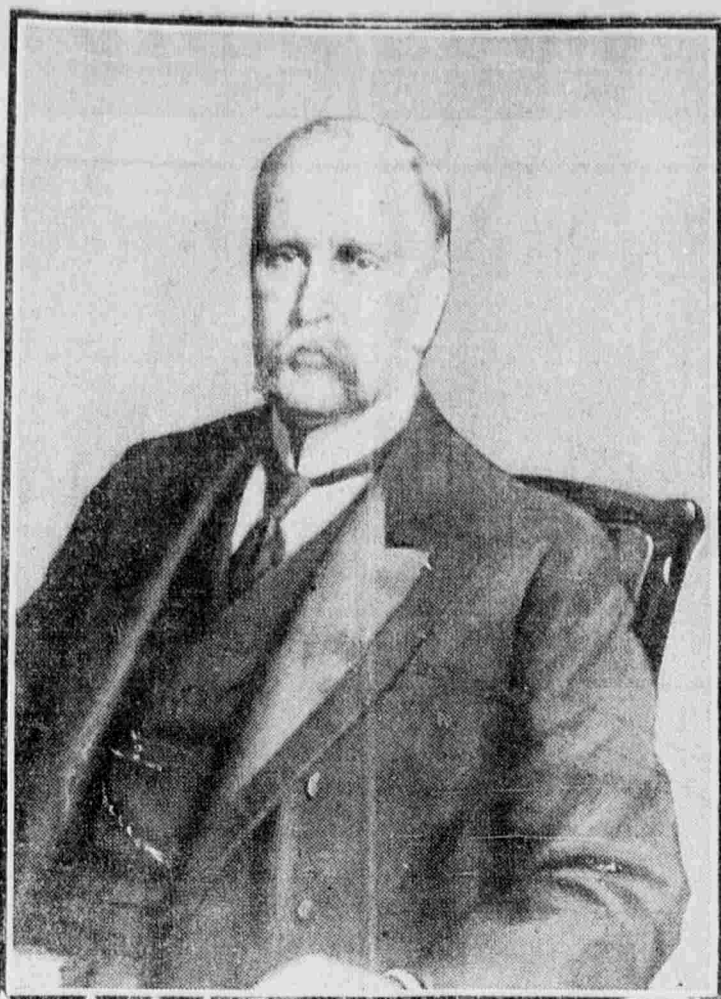
Moffat, Yard & Company announce the publication in September of a novel by Frederick Palmer entitled "The Big Fellow." This is a big story with a big American for its hero—a character, simple and magnetic, full of boyish unaffectedness, a real hero with a heart as big as his head. The story recalls, measurably, the author's other fine American novel, "The Vagabond," but it is maturer, more finished, better in every way. Mr. Palmer is wholly at home in this kind of story, and this is much the best of his kind, or of any kind, that he has given us. The plot carries us eventually to one of our island possessions, where Mr. Palmer is perhaps most at home, as everybody knows, and where our Big Fellow accomplishes some of the big things that Americans have been doing these recent years. It is a love story of a fine, stirring kind.

H. Addington Bruce, whose "Riddle for Personality" was one of the very few signal successes of last spring, will publish this autumn, through Moffat, Yard & Company, a book entitled, "Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters." It is an exceedingly interesting collection of the most celebrated ghost

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DR. WILLIAM OSLER AT TUBERCULOSIS CONVENTION.

Dr. William Osler, the regius professor of Oxford University, England, will be in this country to attend the International Tuberculosis convention, which will meet in Washington this fall. Dr. Osler, who is noted for the brilliancy of his intellectual attainments, aside from his high standing as a physician, came into most prominent public notice as the reputed author of a scheme whereby men reaching 60 years of age should be chloroformed. A few jesting remarks of Dr. Osler at a public function led to the world-wide circulation of the story. Dr. Osler's most precious boon to humanity has undoubtedly resulted from his work in awakening the public to the dangers and curability of tuberculosis.

Helmer, a conception of fine manhood, is a hero to whom the reader can enthusiastically surrender the unsullied type of girlhood happily fallen to his choice. Philip Russell, "The Tales From the Mountains," and the other characters are sufficiently convincing to carry the movement of the plot, and the book throughout is surprisingly well written and constructed, especially in consideration of the early age at which its author achieved the work. Two hundred pages of mingled plot, incident, characterization and moral sentiment, acceptably done, is a credit to the author, and the book, as a first work, is a distinctly flattering prophecy of what his mature years may bring forth. The book is on sale at the Deseret News book store.

"The Social Duty of Our Daughters" by Mrs. Adolphe Hoffman, Cloth \$1.35 net; Vir Publishing Company, 1304 Land Title building, Philadelphia, Penn. The author, a Christian mother in Geneva, who is prominent in European reform work addresses a most helpful and suggestive message in this beautiful little volume to mothers and their grown daughters on the dignity and privilege of wifehood and motherhood.

MAGAZINES

The September edition contains the first of William H. Crook's reminiscences of Andrew Johnson in the White House, announced some months ago. Mr. Crook was for many years one of the White House staff, and his

Authors Advocate Strenuous Life; English Humorists Becoming Serious.

Our London Literary Letter.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—This is the age of strenuous authorship. The writers of books are not only expected to write things, but to do them. Responding to this public demand, Coulson Kernahan, author of many popular stories and some very famous books, recently joined the British territorial army. To begin soldiering at nearly 50 requires some "nerve," and there are not many writers who would undertake the task. Kernahan did not partake only of the "officers' mess" but he has gone through the mill with the men.

The formation of the new British forces is one of the burning questions of the hour in England, and Kernahan's experiences as set forth in his book, "An Author in the Territorials," have the advantage of appearing when the subject is very much in the news. Lord Roberts has written an introduction, and the volume is being widely appreciated as throwing a strong light on what at present appears to be a very dark subject.

SIMPLY PATRIOTIC.

Mr. Kernahan did not join the new army forces for the mere sake of sensational "copy," but felt impelled to do it out of a sense of patriotism, and he advises all his readers—except the ladies, of course—to do "likewise." "At 49," he says in his introduction, "one likes to take life easily, and is not anxious to accept new responsibilities, or to have to face the physical fatigue, the arduous mental work, which even civilian soldiering entails—to say nothing of having to make himself ridiculous by standing a man who is turning grey, among young men and boys, to drill in the awkward squad." The author states that he joined the Territorials—or "Terriers," as they have been nicknamed—because he felt ashamed to think if war broke out and England were in danger he would not know how to help his country.

ZANGWILL TAKES THE STUMP. Israel Zangwill, who has recently been visiting the United States, is gaining fame for himself entirely outside the literary field by "stump-speaking." He is now regarded as a fine "spell-binder" and has come out boldly in the cause of the Saffragettes. During the recent great Suffragette demonstration, Zangwill drove through the streets of London on the front seat of a four-horse coach. He was recognized nearly everywhere, and the crowd yelled "Zangwill" as he went by. The author

reminiscences of the days of Andrew Johnson's presidency, written in collaboration with Mrs. Margarita Spalding Gerry, are marked by a sympathetic appreciation of the more engaging qualities of a man who is the one of our presidents least known and, perhaps, least understood.

Kate Greenleaf Locke has written of "The Gardens of Southern California"—gardens which "riot over the slopes in a wealth of bloom which out-rials that of any other known spot on earth." The article, written for the September issue of the *Century*, and the book, as a first work, is a distinctly flattering prophecy of what his mature years may bring forth. The book is on sale at the Deseret News book store.

A full account of the Wright Brothers' aeroplane, the first popular statement of their experiments and the results thereof prepared by the inventors, will appear in the September issue of the *Century*. Accounts heretofore have been only brief statements of bare accomplishments, without explanation of the manner in which the results were obtained. The article will have been only brief statements of bare accomplishments, without explanation of the manner in which the results were obtained.

Jerome K. Jerome, too, has taken to preaching. A few Sundays ago he delivered a sermon from the pulpit at Whitechapel, Tabernacle—a "Nonconformist" church in Tottenham Court road, London—and you would never have suspected him of having written a line of humor in his life. The author of "Three Men in a Boat" (familiarly known as "Jeeves") has taken a general interest in practical politics.

JEROME IN PULPIT.

Another humorist who takes life very seriously is W. W. Jacobs, who, when not writing "funny stories" gives a large amount of attention to work among the poor, and the study of social problems. Jacobs is often called upon to deliver addresses to various London audiences, and these "straight talks" are anything but humorous. For instance, another English humorist—has turned to politics as a pastime, though he still continues to contribute humorous sketches and stories to various magazines and newspapers.

M. P. BREAK INTO PRINT.

Several prominent members of parliament have recently "broken out" into writing. Now comes Hilaire Belloc, M. P., in a story entitled, "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election."—strange enough, members of parliament seem entitled to say in print pretty much what they please, and no question is ever raised in the house. I asked one of the members recently why I wish that questions of political importance could be written about without indiscreet members being reprimanded.

If we called attention in the house, replied the noble member, "to a gentleman's name in a book, it would only help to advertise the work and create a 'boom' for a book which we would like to see die out. I have not the slightest doubt that many writers who are M. P.'s would be only too pleased to have their work singled out for condemnation. No; the house of commons is too clever for that."

PURCHASE OF TITLES.

In Mr. Belloc's new novel he makes a slashing attack on the sale of the title in England, especially when these titles are given as a reward for political service. This is a subject which has interested a good many radical M. P.'s, but none of them has so far had the courage to stipulate his views between the covers of a book. In England, according to Mr. Belloc—speaking, of course, through the personality he has created in "Mr. Clutterbuck"—anyone can become a "lord" if he loads sufficiently, and places at the disposal of his party his financial and other resources. Most of the big newspaper proprietors in England, Mr. Belloc says, "crossed out" titles for using their papers as party organs. It is a rather singular thing in this connection to note that the present

Liberal party—supposed to be down on the house of lords, as such—have "created" more peers than the Conservatives, who uphold the hereditary situation. All this matter is threshed out thoroughly in "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election," and the revelations made are not creditable to British institutions. It all savors of the much-abused Tammany Hall methods which most persons not "in the know" suppose to be absent from British politics. Mr. Belloc's novel shows, however, that human nature is pretty much the same all over the world.

The author is only in his thirty-eighth year and has already achieved a well-founded literary reputation for his novels and studies in political history. His wife was a Miss Rodie Acheson Hogan, of Napa, California, so he has strong American affiliations. Mr. Belloc's family is "literary," for his sister is well known as a writer under the name of "Mrs. Lawrence." She has long been a brilliant correspondent, and is the author of a number of novels which have a wide sale. CHARLES OGDEN.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 39 volumes will be added to the public library, Monday morning, Aug. 31, 1908:

GOVERNMENT REPORTS.
U. S. geological survey—Monographs.
Ayres—Southern Appalachian forests.
Brooks—Geography and Geology of Alaska.
Cathoun—Montana lobe of the Keweenaw ice sheet.
Darton—Geology of the Bighorn mountains.
Hayes—Thirteen cephalopod genera of America.
Lindgren—Copper deposits of the Clifton-Morenci district, Arizona.
Spurr—Cross section of the Silver Peak quadrangle, Nevada.
Veatch—Underground water resources of Lang Island.
War department, Topographical bureau—Explorations and surveys for Pacific railroad, 13 volumes.

REFERENCE.
Canada, interior department—Atlas of Canada.
Paxon—Magazine subject index.
Utah, bureau of statistics—Report 1906.

FICTION.

Booth—Post Girl.
Chamberlain—Coast of Chances.
Ford—Side Stepping With Sherry.
Calworthy—Island Phantasies.
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Golding—Story of Henry M. Stanley.
Haines—Luck of the Dudley Graham.
Hall—In the Brave Days of Old.
Hare—Making of the Freshman team.
Kelman—Stories from Chaucer.
MacGregor—Stories of King Arthur's Knights.



THE PRESIDENT'S LITERARY VALUE

There have appeared of late in the newspapers some very extraordinary stories about the various offers that have been made to President Roosevelt for his forthcoming literary work. From these stories it would seem that Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, has been undergoing a violent siege by a band of magazine editors, who, fired by competition, have been bidding \$1 a word, \$1.50 a word, \$2 a word and even beyond, for anything that the President may write. Other tales have it that one publishing firm has made Mr. Roosevelt a bid of \$100,000 for a book about his forthcoming visit to Europe, and that another publishing

house has bid \$50,000 for a book about his sports and hunting. While we do not take all these stories quite seriously, there can be no question that the President is a very valuable literary property indeed. Every one seems to work to that end, his exalted position, his dominating personality, the subjects that he chooses to write about, perhaps even a certain quality in the writing itself. As a "seller" (taken rank with the most popular contemporary novelists. For example, there was "The Winning of the West." Probably no work dealing so thoroughly with the west has ever been sold comparable to this set of books which has appeared in all sorts of editions. We should say that after "The Winning of the West," "The Outfit," "Ranches of the American Hunter," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," come next in the matter of general popularity. Close behind these in popularity are "The Strenuous Life," "Rough Riders" and "The Naval War of 1812: Chronicle and Comment in the Bo-



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