DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY FEBRUARY 15 1908



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE LITTLE CHURCH BACK HOME

The following poem was written by Rose B. McCullough, a sister of Capt I. M. Barratt of this city, after visiting a fashionable church in a great eastern metropolis;

When the big pipe organ's swellin' an' the city choir sings. An' you almos' hear the swishin' of the lovin' angels' wings. An' the congregation's musin' on the proneness for to sin, Sort of leanin' listless, waitin' for the preacher to begin; In that holy hush it happens that I clean forget the place, An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne of savin' grace; A thrope that wasn't neslin' 'neath a spire or a dome, But the sinners sought their Savior in that little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's why 'twould done you good to hear The congregation singin' with a blend o' volces clear! How the "Rock o' Ages" towered like a shelt'rin' sort o' wall, An' our souls soured up to glory since the Rock was cleft for all. Ev'ry face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we always had a smile For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle: For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam, An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were weddin's where the neighbors gathered in from far an' wide An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride: There were fun'rals, too, where neighbors didn't feel ashamed to cry When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by. Each pew seems sort o' sacred, an' the lowly pulpit there Pears like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair: Where the sweet, supernal sunshine softly scatters sorrow's gloam An' lets us enter Reaven from the little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences so sweet As they sing about the river where the sainted ones shall meet. An' the preacher's voice is pleadin' as he asks us, soft and low, To treat all men as brothers in this weary vale of woe. This city church is handsome an' the congregation's large, The preacher's doin' nobly with his heaven-seekin' charge. The choir's swellin' anthems soar to heaven through the dome, But my old heart is sighin' for the little church back home.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> ed singers is delightfully revealed. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, has written to Dan Beard that "it is only the men who don't know animals who think they don't reason." The statement was appropos of Mr. Beard's new "Animal Book," which Mr. Hornaday had just read. "Your view in the mentality of animals," he adds, "and the queer human animals who think the four-footed fellows don't think and don't reason suit me to a T." Of the book, generally, he says, "I like it because it is so much like you, so unlike all other animal books; because it is so in-teresting and valuable and puts into permanent form the most interesting animal love of a keen animal-lover's lifetime. It is a thoroughly good piece of work." . . .



LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

****** MRS. AMELIA F. YOUNG FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Mrs. Young (who was then Amelia Folsom) is here shown as she looked in the early sixtles. Her costume gives a good idea of the styles in crinoline skirt days.

that have ever been narrated in a thy mother, she is interested in the novel. Having been persuaded into photographs of thy babyhood," one of novel. Having been persuaded into the purchase by a mysterious Italian named Canuto, Barrison, a young archaeologist, succeeds in resuscitating archaeologist, succeeds in resuscitating his newly-acquired property and finds himself in possession of a lovely young girl. Questioned, she gives indication of her French birth, but as she has en-tirely lost her memory and even for-gotten her name, she can furnish few useful details about herself. Barrison christens her Lethe, and soon falls a wictim to her charms. Everything goes well till Canuto reappears and Barri-Mctim to her charms. Everything goes well till Canuto reappears and Barri-son, fearing that he will take Lethe away, attempts to escape with her to London. They were waylaid by gyp-sies, Barrison being left bound and gagged by the roadside and Lethe dis-appearing with her captors. How the young arcbaeologist, seeking for the girl he loves finds her in the hands of Canuto, how he rescues her from a flery

girl he loves finds her in the hands of Canuto, how he rescues her from a flery death and, fleeing with her to France. finds out her identity, her name and her relations with the mysterious Ital-ian, is the theme of the rest of a ro-mantic tale that is every bit as ravish-ing as "Susan," and a thousand times more thrilling by virtue of the strange adventures through which the reader is led. The final surprise when 'Ca-nuto makes known from the beginning the whole pathetic story of Lethe, oth-erwise Virginie's life, is calculated to make even the oldest novel reader sit up in delightful astonishment.

thy mother, she is interested in the photographs of thy babyhood," one of the "ten signs of a woman in love," by the way. Also "like an alarm clock that goeth off at 7 a. m. is she who sayeth alway: dost thou love me?" or, "Gum may be removed from the hair and ink in the finger nail will in time pass away, but she who taiketh too loud in the street car cannot be chang-ed." You'll send it to her- and you'll hear from her, too! Gelett Burgess, the impertinent author, will be respon-sible for a good deal of trouble as soon as women begin to read his satirical "Maxims." But any woman who is not "as the touch of wet velvet." and has a sense of humor, will return the book to her best man friend with a few maxims of her own on the fly-leaf! . . .

Moffat, Yard & Company will publish in February, "Four Plays for Children," by John Jay Chapman. These plays are written in blank verse of a most schol-arly and poetical character, and can be acted by young children. The set-tings are simple, and the thought is clear and direct. Two of them, in fact, have already been acted with success. "The New Boy" is the title of the

"The New Boy" is the title of the opening story in this week's issue of The Youth's Companion, being the first chapter of a serial of 12 parts by that interesting author, Arthur Stanwood Pier. "Eleanor the Silent," Worthing-ten Square, and "Alee of the Tank Ship," are the other pieces of fiction in the number and the special article is by George W. Melville Rear Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy (retired), and is entitled, "Progress in Marine Engineering." The "Staff Series" poem is by Theron Brown and is on Lincoln, and another attrac-tive piece of verse is "The Noon Call," by Cora A. Dolson. The Children's Dde-pariment has the usual number of bright things for the little ones.-Perry Mason Pub. Co., Boston.

Mrs. Burnett among writers of today, men or women, would seem to take the palm of versatility. Immediately after the appearance of the novel which is considered her masterpiece, "The Shutconsidered her masterpiece, "The Sult-tle," we get the announcement that she is keeping up her communication estab-lished through "Little Lord Fauntic-roy" with the young folk by becoming an editor, and is presiding over "The Children's Magazine," and writing storles for it. There has been no such good news for children since Mary Mapes Dodge became editor of "St note that Mrs. Burnett's "next" book is always different. Her first success was "That Lass o' Lowries," a love story of the coal pits of Lancashire. She followed that almost immediately by a big novel of the political life in Washington, "Through One Adminis-tration," then she turned her hand to tration," then she turned her hand to play writing and produced "Esmeral-da," which opened the Madison Square Theater, and ran for grant of the nights there. Then she produced her nights there. Then she produced her great clilidren's story, "Little Lord Fauntierov." Then came a novel of a semi-histonical order, "A Lady of Quality." Chen two mystic short stories, "In the Closed Room" and "The Dawn of Tomorrow." Then she turns to painting a huge panorama of the life of two continents covering a half century, in "The Shuttle," and finally becomes editor and throws her charm and personality over a magazine for young folks. One would have to seek far to find anyone who has been so gen-erally successful in so many fields.

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SHEPARD, "The Magazine Man"



Among the wonderful increases in our resources during the past century, not frame least remarkable is the number of games which are known and played eighteenth century, in which the first handbook of games in the English lan, guage appeared. The first edition of high was supposed to contain all the popular games played at that time; yet only five are given. A few years later, if was supposed to contain all the popular games played at that time; yet on the title page, and without this site arged, and contained fitteen games. All the edition of Hoyle's Games was en-fitteen by Cotton, of Boston, in 1814, and contained twenty-five games, bohn's Handbook of Games, which was bohn's Handbook of Games, which was contained only thirty-four games, bohn's Handbook of Games, which was bohn's Handbook of Games, the twenty-twe first imported. Anner's edition, functed in Philadelphia in 1844, gives boyle, which came out twenty years block ands rither areased to seventy-stisted bases the only known authentic block and stillen of Hoyle's Games, which bears the only known authentic block and stillen of Hoyle's Games, which bears the only known authentic block and stillen of Hoyle's Games, which bears the only known authentic block appression of Hoyle's Games, which bears the only known authentic block appress of Hoyle bis briefly but clearly out and and distinct indoor games, which bears the only known authents which bears the present time.

How would you feel if, when you thought you had purchased a wax statue, you found you had really ac-quired a beautiful live young lady, carefully packed in ice and with a long silver trumpet in her band? This is the initial predicament of the hero of Ernest Oldmeadow's new romantic love story, "Virginie," which the McClure company has just anounced as ready. We say initial, because, bizarre as it is, it is only the beginning of the strangest series of adventures, we venture to say,

You won't know, at first, whether you'll dare send "The Maxims of Me-thuselah" (Frederick A. Stokes com-pany) to your best girl or not! But, after giggling over it, you will, having marked several of the most pithy pas-sages that so astonishingly apply to her special case. You simply can't keep it, when you read, "She asketh about



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