

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

TO HIM SHALL BE GIVEN

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong is the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day.

—Wesley.

NOTES

We wonder whether the new series of Sherlock Holmes stories which is just beginning in Collier's Weekly has not been in a measure inspired by the very remarkable triumph which our old friend has been enjoying in France during the past twelve months. Theoretically, at least—that is to say in the eyes of his professional colleagues, M. Dubuque of the Paris Police Secretariat—Sherlock Holmes has been for years a great personage, and a man worthy of monumental admiration. Practically, however, his French fame has been entirely a matter of recent months. But if the French were characteristically late in discovering him they have shown a characteristic enthusiasm that quite makes up for the long neglect. Paris has what may be described as a bad case of "Sherlockitis." Every other boulevard flâneur considers himself a Sherlock Holmes and goes about applying the science of deduction to the little problems of his daily life. Holmes' popularity is by no means pleasing to the Paris police. Whenever a crime is committed the average Parisian informs his neighbor that Sherlock Holmes would have found the culprit in half a day, and draws comparisons that are complimentary to the French service. In connection with two recent sensational murders the Paris newspapers have been giving their versions of how these crimes were committed in the form of imaginary interviews with Sherlock Holmes. A short time ago a servant stole from his employers a box containing jewels to the value of two thousand francs. He concealed the booty in a hole in the ground in the Bois de Boulogne. When confession was wrung from him he declared that he had been so impressed by the cleverness of Holmes in the cunning of Moriarty as a criminal that he wished to imitate them and commit theft in a scientific and artistic manner.

This coming autumn season will see those plays which have been dramatized from popular novels, appearing in New York theatres at the same time. There are "The Plague" by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Awakening of Helena Richie" by Margaret Deland; and "The Right of Way" by Max Pemberton. The first was written a number of years ago, the second was an uncommon success of a few seasons back, and the third had practically just come from the Harper press when Mr. Hackett announced its coming production a few weeks ago.

Eugene W. Presbrey, the well-known playwright, is at work on a dramatization of "The Coast of Chance," the Chamberlains' popular story. Mr. Presbrey has established himself as the most successful adapter of novels for the stage. He is the author of the stage versions of, among other books, "Tribby," "Raffles," "A Gentleman of France" and "The Right of Way." It is Mr. Presbrey's habit to work with a free hand, recasting his material from the ground up, and using it as a basis of suggestion rather than as a pattern to be slavishly followed. At the same time he manages to transfer to the boards the essential spirit, if not the precise form, of the original. It is understood that the dialogue in his dramatization of "The Coast of Chance" will be almost entirely his own. In the play, as in the book, Flora will be the central character, and the part of Kerr, the mysterious Englishman, will be of almost equal importance. "The Coast of Chance" continues to be one of the "six best-sellers."

Mr. Gellert Bagges, still intensely interested in the ruins found on his property in France. In writing to the publishers of his "Maxims of Methusalem," he says:

"I am today opening my seventh and eighth tomb in Les Baux—probable date 100 B. C. to 200 A. D.—and am not sure. Found about thirty pieces of pottery—several bronze utensils—cooking and table things, one small ring—not much that's valuable—but lots of fun—it's great. It's a regular cemetery—turn burial—on a ground subsequently the property of the Knights Templars. A ruined house of the same period is also on my ground. This is a great old town, hundreds of ruined houses—top of a hill—120 inhabitants."

Children love the story of Rip Van Winkle more than any other American legend, either as it was presented by Joseph Jefferson, or as it is told by countless fathers and mothers. But the prose of Irving, splendid as it is in

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE LATE GEORGE DUNFORD.

This picture of the late George Dunford, a pioneer merchant of Salt Lake City, whose place of business was in the store south of the Godbe Pitt's Drug store, was taken in Paris, on his fiftieth birthday, Dec. 15, 1872. He was a member of the Utah party that went to Palestine, consisting of Pres. George A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow, Paul A. Schettler, Thomas W. Jennings, Feramorz Little, Eliza R. Snow, and Claire Little. All the party have passed away except Claire Little, now Mrs. H. B. Clawson, Jr.

From a private letter, the following extract is taken in relation to the visit to Paris: "The palace of the Tuilleries is almost a ruin, the greater part has been plundered and burned by the Communists. On our arrival, the Notre Dame we were shown in the treasury chamber, the most magnificent crimson embroidered robes worn on certain occasions by the priests, and the bloody garments of several of the bishops of Paris, who had been shot by the commune. Walking through the streets of St. Cloud, we saw the terrible destruction wrought by the Prussians on their retreat from Paris."

"Our letter of introduction from Brother L. A. Bertrand secured an in-

terview with several parties who were interested in sericulture. On Dec. 17 we went to Versailles to call on President Thiers. On our arrival, we found the president engaged, but a note of admission to the places of interest also secured us entrance to the Hall of the Corps Legislatif. When our pass was presented to the president of the assembly, that gentleman very kindly gave instructions to have a party of the corps diplomatique, or foreign ministers, which, being directed in front of the speaker's chair, gave us an excellent view of the assembly.

"Notwithstanding the great pressure of public business, President Thiers accorded us an official reception, and we were very cordially received. The president spoke freely on the colonization of Utah by the Latter-day Saints, and thanked the party for the honor done him in the visit, and proffered us any assistance we might need during our sojourn in France. He expressed the hope that peace might ever exist between France and the United States. Several of his ministers were present and all seemed deeply interested."

Mr. Dunford died as the result of an accident in February, 1891, in this city.

Authors Who Search for "Types" W. W. Jacobs' Amusing Experience

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—W. W. Jacobs, like many of the other "fun-makers" in the literary world, is now engaged in a serious occupation; he is looking for types. Together with his artist collaborator, Will Owen, Jacobs has been tramping and touring through the south coast district of England, going into all the old little places which could find. The Jacobs' type of inn, as readers of his short stories will recall, are little resorts where seafaring men gather to narrate their experiences; or else to make up experiences which, if not exactly accurate, conform to Edgar Allan Poe's definition of what a tale should be—"it not true, it should bear no internal evidence of being otherwise."

In this connection, a very amusing experience is related of Jacobs in this search for his own. He and the artist had "done the town of Deal thoroughly, and finally 'emigrated' to Sandwich. The delicate personal touch, which is what Owen described as "the very place," was a tiny old inn, its porch covered with honeysuckle, and the typical "W. W. Jacobs' swinging sign stood over the entrance. The author and artist entered, and ordered a drink, withdrawing themselves into a dark corner so that one could study the types while the other sketched them. One of the old "sea dogs" began telling a "yarn" to his companion. Suddenly Jacobs jumped up and left Owen alone. The latter rushed out after the author, only to find him in the street. He anxiously enquired if the author had been taken ill.

"No, no," replied Jacobs, petulantly, "that old chap in the inn was telling one of my own stories from 'Many Caravans,' and pretending it all happened to himself. Come on, let's get away."

DENIES RESPONSIBILITY.

Strange to say, the sea-going men of Deal and thereabouts do not look on Jacobs and Owen with much favor. One man particularly "has it in" for them. This is the original of the "night watchman" in one of Jacobs' most famous books. Owen drew him to the life not long ago, and the picture was bought by "Punch," in which it was published to illustrate a joke. The sailor resented the publicity and denied responsibility for the joke. Moreover, he says if he can ever get either Jacobs or Owen into his boat, he intends to "teach 'em." He has invited them once or twice, but they have so far proved callous to his blandishments. Perhaps they don't want to be "taught." It is hard lines indeed for authors in these days when their characters' go round gunning for them.

It has been suggested that "interesting types" should get together and have themselves copyrighted so that no one could put them in a book without their consent. Perhaps, however, the copyrighted laws need amendment in so many other directions that it will be a long time before reform along the lines suggested will be introduced.

Jacobs, when not prowling for types, lives on a delightful "home-made" farm which he runs. It is a neat English forest, in Essex. He and Arthur Morrison—author of "Tales of Mean Streets," and other famous books—dwell quite close together, each having more or less extensive "plantations." Morrison's hobby is beautiful Japanese screens and paintings on which he is an authority. For many months he issued a publication entirely devoted to painters of Japan. Jacobs and

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Caffin—Child's Guide to Pictures.
Fortesque—Story of a Red Deer.
Jameson—Pendleton Twins.
Moore—Brown, a Story of Waterloo.

Patting—Clive of Clair College.
Saddler—Heroes of History.
St. Nicholas—Stories of the Great Lakes.

Tomlinson—Boy Soldiers of 1812.
Tomlinson—Boys with Old Hickory.
Tomlinson—Tocumseh's Young Braves.

JAPANESE WATER POWER.

Large Electrical Development Possibilities—Practical Need.

Consul-Henry B. Miller, of Yokohama, invites attention to the following report of an electrical expert on the possibilities of development of electrical power in Japan:

In the case of one power site on the Tashiragawa, the construction of a tunnel 3 1/2 miles long would, it is stated, secure about 65,000 horsepower, and at another power site by means of about 10 miles of tunnel and a certain amount of open canal construction 150,000 horsepower could, it is reported, be secured. In the first instance there is a good reservoir site for storage, while in the second instance advantage would be taken of natural lakes. Additional sources of power are near Nikko, where Lake Chuzenji would form the large reservoir, and where with 4 miles of tunneling a fall of 2,000 feet could be secured; also in the Lake Inawashiro district, where the construction of 4 miles of tunneling would provide upward of 50,000 horsepower. An inspection of the principal sites and a study of the rainfall statistics over many years point to the probability of the initial plants giving even during periods of drought, 30,000 horsepower.

A favorable feature of the scheme is that the power sites provisionally selected are located within a comparatively short distance of Tokyo, where at the outset the bulk of the power would be taken. Between the capital and the sites referred to there is a minimum transmission distance of 80 miles and a maximum of 150 miles. It is estimated that the present requirements of Tokyo represent 45,000 horsepower, and that plants which will call for an additional 20,000 horsepower are in process of erection. These figures do not, however, include the electric power of the old capital, Kyoto, and Osaka, the Manchester of Japan, is only 160 miles distant. It is believed with the growth of the interurban tramway systems in Japan there would be an immense field for cheap water power. Owing to the high price of coal the cost of steam is high, and the utilization of water power should prove an important factor in the industrial development of Japan.



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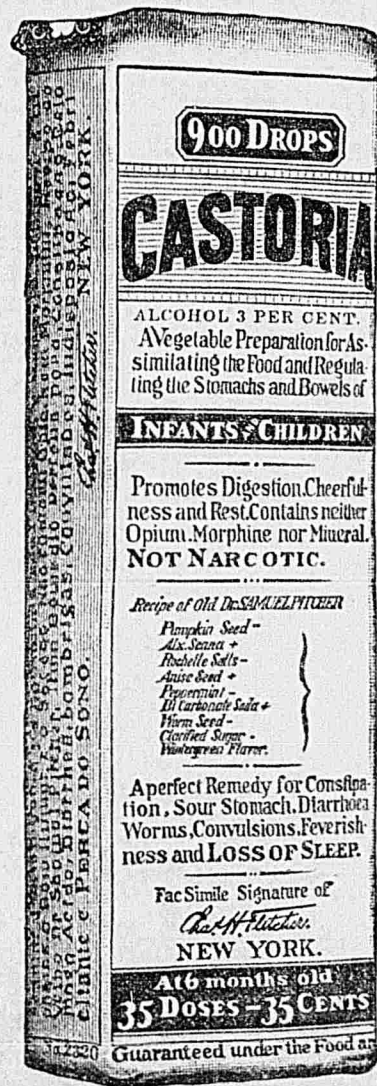
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