

# LITERATURE

## POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

### BIRTHRIGHT.

We who go a-wondering  
Up and down the year,  
Come to trace the path of Spring  
By her blossoms near—  
Hush to hear  
Far and clear,  
How the winds her challenge bring.

We have secrets with the sun,  
All the summer through;  
Scent of grass when day is done  
Holds a hidden clue,  
Stirs anew  
Dreams half true—  
Count them over, one by one.

Well we know the sudden thrill  
Of the autumn air—  
"Onward!" spurring, "Winter's chill  
Calls for men who dare!"  
Everywhere  
Boughs hang bare—  
And we seek for meaning still!

Ye who dwell with Certainty,  
Dull and hard and gray,  
Asking naught of sky or sea—  
Take your chosen way,  
While we stray  
Who can say:  
"Soul and spirit, fare you free!"  
—Alfred Dunbar in January Ainslee's.

### NOTES

London does not often initiate this country in its reading taste, but by coincidence the first and second best selling books in London for the past month were published in America. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Garden of Letters" and Robert Hichens' "A Spirit in Prison," both September publications of the Messrs. Harper.

Mr. Charles Frohman has secured the rights, both American and English, to a dramatization of Arsene Lupin, a French detective story which belongs to the school of "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Amateur Crackman," and was introduced in translation into this country last fall by the Harpers. The French premier of the play takes place next week in Paris, and the dramatic note is struck in a night meeting between Lupin and a woman, both of them thieves, who are led to abandon crime through their love for each other. Arsene Lupin himself is remembered as a brilliant burglar and a quite irresistible French gentleman whom it would be a pleasure to meet at stage distance. The author of the story is Maurice Leblanc.

Out of a hoax the humorous hit of the present century. The first one of the "Letters of Jennie Allen," which Small, Maynard & Co. have just published, was a joke epistle sent by Miss Grace Donworth to the Rev. Mr. Francis, a committee of Providence, R. I. It requested with quaint humor and archaic spelling that a certain garment should be returned to "Jennie Allen," whose address was given. The communication was so laughably funny, and apparently sincere, that copies of it were made and circulated for the amusement of friends of the committee. One of them came eventually into the hands of Mark Twain, who, supposing it genuine, used it as subject-matter for more or less serious discourse, and even quoted it at length in a speech before the Associated Press. Finally, the Simplified Spelling society actually issued a copy of it in a leaflet. Meantime, however, an answer which had been written in reply to the original letter was returned from the dead letter office, and members of the committee, whose suspicions had already been aroused, accused Miss Donworth, one of her associates, of the authorship. She at once pleaded guilty, and thereupon amused herself and her friends by adding to the communications until she had a complete story describing the trials and tribulations of the Allen family. Some of the letters were published serially in the "Leslies' Home Journal," and now for the first time with many further additions have been issued in book form by the Boston publishers, Small, Maynard & Co. The book is a masterpiece of wit and humor, and has made a great strike with the "The Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

Margaret Spaulding Gerry, who has written "The Toy-Shop," a story-study of Lincoln which appeared first in Harper's Magazine, and is published now as a book, has been a privileged guest of the Lincoln centennial committee. She is a resident of Washington, and was engaged in writing an article on the historic associations of a little Washington shop when the personality of Lincoln as one of its visitors overshadowed all others, and led to "The Toy-Shop" in fictional form instead of the intended article. It was during the course of her search for Lincoln memorabilia that Mrs. Gerry met Col. William Crook, the author of reminiscences of Presidents Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Grant, and Hayes, which have appeared in Harper's or in the Century, and an intimate of the White House since the days of Lincoln. Afterward Mrs. Gerry assisted in preparing Col. Crook's memoirs for publication.

The People's Magazine for January, strikes a fine individual note in its cover design. The picture represents the world-famous "Great White Square," looking south from the Times Square, the dazling effect of the electric signs, the bewildering array of theaters and notable cars, and the thin wedge of the Times building, which looms up in the background, its top a sharp triangle, dividing the vast current of traffic, are most realistically painted. Turning the leaf, the eye is at once attracted by the exquisite color-plate, a portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt, as she appeared in the original painting by Louis Loe, and is one of a series of notable women upon the stage which the People's magazine monthly, a series of portraits, exquisitely executed upon fine enameled paper, and possessing the charm and delicacy of the original, the 22-page section of stage photographs, are particularly attractive this month. The theatrical season is in full tide, and this issue shows a great diversity of scenes from the popular plays now running, and is accompanied by an excellent dramatic critique in another part of the magazine.

Smith's for January contains an especially interesting and informing article by Rupert Hughes on "The Beginnings of Romantic Opera," in which the author writes:

"It is a strange fact that Beethoven, for all his breadth of glory, wrote very little in the most popular forms of music, song and opera. Hardly half a dozen of Beethoven's lyrics have ever had the least popularity, and none of these shows any special originality; even his 'Adelaide' is only a sublime romantic ballad of a hackneyed type. It remained for his humble and neglected fellow townsman, Schubert, to revolutionize song."

"An opera song represents Beethoven's whole contribution. And that came perilously near oblivion. It was produced in three different versions with three different librettos and four different overtures before it was finally established on this side of the Atlantic. There is a noble lesson for perseverance in these stories of immortal opera, and at the same time a discour-

aging proof of the element of luck. "Alzant wrote his 'Marriage of Figaro' in about a month, and it had an instantaneous success, but it lasted only a short while; for it was soon crowded off the stage, and the second city where it was played would none of it. It had its first night in Vienna in 1786; it reached Paris seven years later, London in 1812, and New York in 1832. Since then it has been heard everywhere in intervals.

"Beethoven was 10 years writing his one opera, 'Fidelio.' It was produced in 1805 in Vienna, and withdrawn after three performances, was produced again in 1806, and withdrawn after two performances. It was produced a third time in 1814. It succeeded then, but did not reach London till 1832. Paris did not hear it till 1869, four years later even than New York."

Gunter's magazine, following its policy of publishing the best stories embodying the undying spirit of romance, which the soul of fiction begins in the January number a new American novel, "The Adirondack Comedy," by Olin L. Lyman. It is full of adventure, humor, fantasy, or life in the Adirondack region, and is a third time in 1914. It succeeded then, but did not reach London till 1832. Paris did not hear it till 1869, four years later even than New York."

It is announced that Eden Phillips will return in his next novel to the field with his new story, "The Daintier Country," which is to be published early next year, is said to be a big, serious story in the style of "Children of the Mist."

In the holiday season most American women, if possessed of sense of humor, are likely to appreciate this whimsical from the dead letter office, and members of the committee, whose suspicions had already been aroused, accused Miss Donworth, one of her associates, of the authorship. She at once pleaded guilty, and thereupon amused herself and her friends by adding to the communications until she had a complete story describing the trials and tribulations of the Allen family. Some of the letters were published serially in the "Leslies' Home Journal," and now for the first time with many further additions have been issued in book form by the Boston publishers, Small, Maynard & Co. The book is a masterpiece of wit and humor, and has made a great strike with the "The Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

One of the many tribulations of being a popular author is hinted at in a personal letter from Maximilian Foster to his publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Boston. In acknowledging a blank page volume of his novel of mystery just published, Mr. Foster wrote: "I received the dummy copy of 'Cordelia' yesterday. It has already proved a seasonable because I have lent it twice to persons who thought to compliment me by borrowing a copy of my book."

Considerable success is being achieved in the project for a memorial edition of the poems of the late Arthur Upson, author of "The Tides of Spring," whose untimely death in Minnesota last summer removed one of the most talented of the young generation of American poets. It is proposed to turn the proceeds from the sale of the new volume over to Mr. Upson's mother, who is a widow and childless. Dr. Richard Barry, the well-known literary man of Minneapolis, has been one of the prime movers in the matter.

A psychological research book which will be availed with great interest in this country is by Prof. Cesare Lombroso, the distinguished Italian criminologist, who for a number of years has been experimenting and observing in the department of science. He has made a special study of the case of the celebrated medium Eusapia Paladino, who also figures prominently in "Mysteries of the Psychic Forces," by G. de Paulis. The French astronomer, Signor Lombroso's American publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, have just received through the savant's son-in-law, Prof. Guglielmo Perrotti, who is lecturing in this country, the last installment of manuscript for the new book, which will be translated and published early in 1909. In view of Prof. Lombroso's brilliant style and long standing interest in psychic matters, it is believed that his work will be among the most significant of those thus far published in an exceedingly interesting department of literature.

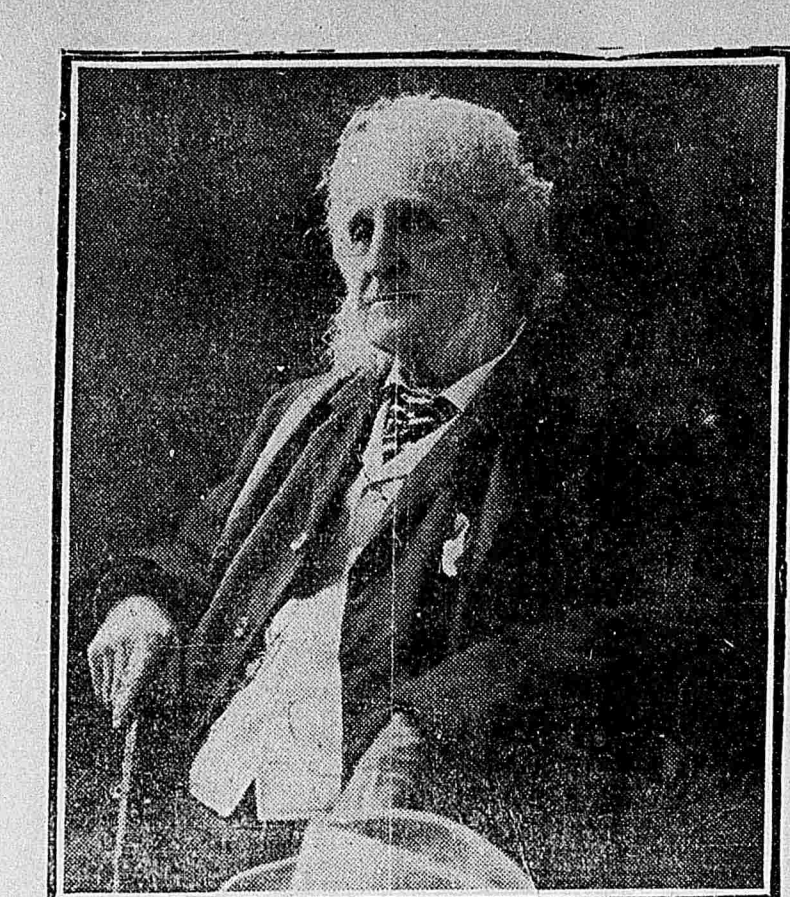
Holman Day, author of "King Spruce" and "The Eagle Badge," was recently called to Washington by President Roosevelt to discuss the subject of forest preservation which is touched upon in his book, and to give information in regard to other subjects in which the president is interested.

Charles H. Haswell, the famous civil engineer who years ago wrote for the Harpers that none of information about old New York, "The Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," was far more than an octogenarian when he died. Almost to the last, his erect, dignified figure arrayed in formal frock coat with the favorable emanation in the buttonhole, was familiar to observing New Yorkers. One day, a short time before his death, a gentleman who had just boarded an Eighth avenue car saw Mr. Haswell in the act of getting off. Without waiting for the car to stop the old gentleman swung to the street. The spectator was shocked and proceeded to remonstrate with the conductor.

"Do you know," who that old man was?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the conductor, "I know that was Mr. Haswell."

"Well," continued his passenger, with some indignation, "you ought not to let a man of his age jump off a car in that fashion. That man's almost a hundred years old!"



DONALD MITCHELL.

Few, if any Americans will fail to recognize the accompanying portrait of the venerable and dearly beloved "Ik Marvel." He was, long before he became such a literary lion, that outlined and predicted our present American social system, and this as far back as 1863. Among his best known books is "Reveries of a Bachelor."

"I know it," said the conductor, "I've warned him and I've watched him, but he's like a kitten. I don't even worry about him any more, she should conceal the fact from her devoted family. When her governess entered her nursery, accompanied by the child's mother, the infant drew herself up to her full height and delivered herself as follows:

"Don't speak to me; don't look at me; don't touch me. I want you to understand that I won't talk to a single person who does not know me, and the baby and Miss Jordan."

Miss Elizabeth Jordan, author of "May Iverson," and the new novel "Many Kingdoms," just published by the Harpers, has acted as godmother to many infants whose mothers and fathers were her friends. One of these godchildren, aged 5, recently paid Miss Jordan the following high tribute: "The child awoke in a bad humor one morning, and being a temperamental youngster, did not see why she should conceal the fact from her devoted family. When her governess entered her nursery, accompanied by the child's mother, the infant drew herself up to her full height and delivered herself as follows:

"Don't speak to me; don't look at me; don't touch me. I want you to understand that I won't talk to a single person who does not know me, and the baby and Miss Jordan."

Octave Thane's thoughts about men and women as lovers have proved irresistible to many a reader. His humorous essays, which have a way of remembering phrases, are quoting some of her more intimate words with a pleasure distinctly feminine. Men, always more interested in the impersonal saying, are likely to remember the brief and general truth of one of Miss Thane's sentences in a recent number of Harper's Bazar. In commenting upon the old platitudes "All the world loves a lover," the writer added, "the older half no less than the younger. But the younger loves with imitation—and with faith."

Australia's demand for "Gilbert Neal," the new novel by Will N. Harben, forced the Harpers to send it into a special edition. No one at first thought would associate Australia with a particular interest in novels of our own south, and yet Mr. Harben's audience in Australia has been remarked upon before this, and his novels, are all best sellers. The Georgia native recognizes as local. A foreign audience for the local novel is always a compliment to the author, providing that while the local features may give color, they are subordinate to some truth that is bigger than the place which contains it.

Hamlin Garland and Holman Day, authors belonging to west and down east, respectively, have been recently in New York, each on his own literary mission. Mr. Garland is often summoned from Chicago to fulfill some engagement to read or lecture. Besides this, it is expected that whenever an author publishes a new book, as Mr. Garland has done in "The Shadow World," publishers' managers usually have some direct call for him, and this last is true also of Mr. Day, author of "King Spruce," who has just published through the Harpers a story for young readers, "The Eagle Badge," which came down after a strenuous campaign in Maine in which he had active part.

Doth Tarkington has now two new books before his publisher. One of these is a rather uncommon feature of a literary career. One is "The Guest of Queensway," the other "The Man From Home," the former a novel, the latter a play, which has become a book through the agency of the Harpers, and in which Mr. Tarkington shares his title of author with Harry Leon Wilson. The dramatic side of Mr. Tarkington's talent rather took the public by surprise, so accustomed had it become to associating such stories as "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "The Conquest of Canaan" with the author's fame, but now "The Man From Home" begins to look almost like his rival.

## English Peer Sells Library To Pay off Debt of Honor

London Literary Letter

LONDON, Dec. 15.—Just over two years ago book collectors all over the world were astonished by the announcement that the magnificent library of Lord Amherst of Hackney, one of the finest in the world, would be sold at public auction. When the most inquisitive looked around for a reason for this extraordinary action on the part of the famous English peer who had devoted the best years of his life and a considerable part of his great fortune to the collection of his library, they were told that the noble lord was compelled to realize immediately a sum approaching \$500,000 to cover a debt of honor incurred through the dishonesty of his solicitor. And although the announcement of the sale was premature, events of the past few days have proved that Dame Gossip spoke the truth regarding the cause, but grossly underestimated the amount. A recent action against Lord Amherst in the English courts brought forth the official announcement that the amount which he had lost was not a mere \$500,000 but more than \$1,250,000, and the sale of his books took place last week at Sotheby's. Although Lord Amherst is known to



LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY.

be an immensely wealthy man, owning as he does a large and juicy slice of

Hackney, a suburb of London, the fact that he was compelled to sell his beloved library to meet his obligations has occasioned little or no surprise in England. There are few Englishmen, even among the richest, who would have to do a deal of chasing around and scraping to raise \$1,250,000. Most of them owe their wealth to enormous landed interests and, entailed and tied up as they are, it is not surprising that the English law, they would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible to convert any part of it into gold. So it was with Lord Amherst and although it was much like parting with his life's blood he was compelled to take a last fond look at his almost priceless Caxtons and his first folio Shakespeares, lovingly handle for the last time his historical bindings, and tearfully send them off to the auction room to be eagerly bid for by representatives of all the great collectors of the world.

Lord Amherst began his collection half a century ago, before the multimillionaire American purchaser with the bottomless purse entered the field. Thus he was able to buy at extraordinarily low prices, and it is probable that the sale of last week realized for him several times the amount of his original outlay. To enumerate the unique books that composed the collection is a task beyond the writer's power. His 17 famous Caxtons formed but one item on the long list. The collection of books and tracts on the Reformation and the Church of England had no equal in the British museum, including as it did Queen Elizabeth's copy of the 1568 Bishop's Bible and Charles I's copy of the "Authorized Version." One of the Caxtons is reputed to be the only copy in existence of the first book printed in the English language.

Evidently Lord Amherst felt that it was necessary to pay the debt incurred through his solicitor's dishonesty, for if he had had a few years grace he could undoubtedly have liquidated them without sacrificing his library. His home is commonly and openly quoted at \$500,000 a year and for many years past he has probably lived up to it, entertaining lavishly at his Norfolk estate, Dillington Hall. Both he and his wife, however, have eschewed the so-called "Smart Set." He has no son, but no less than six daughters and his title will go by special remainder to the eldest, Lady William Cecil. Although there is not much likelihood of their being called to do so, each of the daughters is able to go out into the world and earn her own living, having learned some useful profession. For instance, Lady William Cecil is interested in horticulture; one of her sisters has taken up bookbinding, another is successful in poultry farming; and so on.

Lord Amherst was raised to the peerage as a baron in 1889, and Lord Salisbury. He is not to be confused with Earl Amherst.

### How Famous Books Were Written.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—People seem as much interested these days in how books come to be written as in the books themselves, "only more so," perhaps. At a recent conversation at the rooms of the Royal Society of Arts, many interesting facts were mentioned as to the incidents—often minute themselves—which led to the bringing of famous books into the world. Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was inspired by the sight of a girl's face, as the novelist was walking down a lane in West Dorset. The author only obtained one glance of her countenance, and never saw her again, but that moment, his brain started to weave the web of his greatest novel.

Tennyson wrote his "Charge of the Light Brigade" from reading the line "Someone had a horse that fell" in a Times dispatch, describing the battle. This one line kept running through his head all day after reading it at the breakfast table, and by nightfall, he had got the poem well started on its way to at least "half a league" or so, no doubt. The rest was easy.

Robert Burns, too, wrote his world-famous poem "To a Field Mouse" simply from happening to plough up a furrow in which a mouse had built a home. George Eliot's "Adam Bede" grew out of an anecdote told to her by her aunt, and concerned a visit which the lady once paid to a condemned woman. The aunt remained with the woman all night praying and afterwards accompanied her to the place of execution. George Eliot began to write the story, and Blackwood gave her \$4,000 for the copyright for four years. The author received another \$4,000 before the end of the first year, when 15,000 copies had been sold.

### GEORGE ELIOT REVIVAL.

George Eliot, by the way, seems to be undergoing another of those strange "revivals" which spread so mysteriously over the literary world. It is really difficult to account for them. A bookkeeper who was one of the largest shops in Charing Cross had tried to explain this phenomenon. "Publishers are acting very cautiously just now," he said, "and no one is willing to risk much money in books written by new authors. If I can't get hold of an author with an established reputation they would rather bring out one of the non-copyright books which already commands a certain sale. In dealing with a 'new' author, all sorts of risks have to be run, and then the chances are that the terms demanded by the writer will prohibit a publisher from making a very large profit. With the old favorites, however, it is different, and the chances of at least getting one's money back are even."

### SLEMP IN BOOKS.

"In England just now," he continued, "there is a sad slump in the publishing line. Frankly, people will not buy books even when offered to them at one-third of the price I feel almost like adopting the grim suggestion made by a novelist recently. He said that a law should be passed whereby people could be committed to prison if they did not buy a reasonable number of books; especially those by new authors. Once in jail, they could bail themselves out by buying books. Otherwise I don't see much show for the new men, just now."

"Another thing which militates against the publisher in England," continued by informant, "is the large number of societies that bring out books on their own account. This refers particularly to the more serious books, such as those treating social problems. So many propagandists are at work distributing these books, most giving them away, that the private publisher who invests in them needs considerable courage. He comes into competition with various 'faddists' who, or similar works at a low price, and no one can be sure of getting a book for nothing."

Another book business selling stated: "The thing is in the air. There are and then govern every day a book. Eng sell."

But it is just here that the Jesuitical "mental reservation" comes in. Authors with common sense are "rare birds," and hence the making of books goes on as merrily as ever. Private books are one thing; but the getting of good "paying" contracts quite different. Only the "chosen few" are doing well, and it is the fortunes which these have made that induce the rest to flicker into the lime-light. In most cases, the exterior darkness is much safer.

### "BOOK STREET."

Speaking of Charing Cross Road, in London, reminds me that a new "Book-seller's Row" has sprung up in the metropolis. American book-lovers will remember the quaint little street which used to run just parallel with the Strand, in what is now Kingsway. When modern improvements swept the little book stalls away they scattered for some years to the four winds, or to the suburbs, which is the same thing. For some years, London was without a characteristic "book street," but within the last year or two, Charing Cross Road has blossomed out as an old book emporium, particularly the lower portion near the National Gallery. Many of the old denizens of the Strand "Booksellers' Row" have returned, and the new street is a very comfortable location. For many years, Paternoster row held its own as a rival to the Strand for old books, but that also has lost its character, so to speak. Paternoster row has been almost entirely captured by books of the religious "turn of mind." It is true that there is one shop there run by a man of delights in so-called "Atheistical literature," but he stands a small shop among the gaily fraternizing, and his little shop only exists on sufferance. Several of the religious booksellers, or, rather, persons who handle religious books as a business—have tried to "buy him out," but he has a lease on the premises, and is thus able to carry on the warfare in the enemy's country.

It is true that the semi-mysterious author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has all but finished another novel, of which the scenes are to be placed in rural England. Most of the London literary set know the author's name, and a few know the charming author, too, though she most likely keeps aloof. But for personal reasons she chooses to keep a veil over her identity, so far as the public is concerned. Suffice it to say that she is an Englishwoman who bears a high and ancient continental title. For the last few months, however, she has been living in the south of England. J. C. Smith, to whom the public has been looking for a successor to the "Brooke of Covenand," has now come out with a novel more on the lines of "Brooke of Covenand," but he has written between whites. It is to be entitled "Araminta" and is to appear in book form in England and America early next spring. CHARLES OGDEN.

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