

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

"Oh! Is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes o' Dee,
They roved her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatman hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley, (1819-1875).

LIFE.

Night-refuge set aloft this traveled hill,
T'is deemed by many a lodger but an inn;
Others look round them better and more full
Their first cup ere its mystery begin.
And they are led by some divine desire
Where, midstmost of an inner room, there hends
Clear flame on golden altar, to which fire
A wide-eyed vestal changelessly attends.
And most, so led, have joy to serve that light
And with the jealous priestess vigil keep;
But woe to any wearying neophyte,
And woe to him who serves with eyes of sleep:
To such she is more bitter than to those
On whom, until, her gates forever close.

Arthur Upson.

SKIDDOO.

Str Lipton's building Shamrock IV
To beat our yacht; but we
Will make him think the yacht he's built
Is Shamrock XXIII.

Woman's Home Companion.

NOTES.

The high estimation in which one of the American periodicals is held in England was amusingly and unintentionally shown by an English lady this afternoon in conversation with an American visitor to London. The lady told those who read the best books and magazines and read with appreciation, and so the American was much surprised to hear her declare that English magazines are superior to those of America. In this point, at least, he thought his own country superior and he insisted.

But the English lady held unreservedly to her opinion. "No; the English are by far the best," she said. "But to which of the English periodicals would you give such high place?" asked the American.

"Well, first of all, to Harper's Monthly," came the delightfully unexpected reply.

She knew the Harper's only in its English edition, and had never suspected it to be an American periodical.

Mrs. Mary Johnston, who has been in critical health for many months, has fully recovered. She will spend the winter in Richmond.

Dr. Minot J. Savage, who some time ago, retired from his active duties in New York city, is at the home of his son-in-law, Rev. Minot Rogers, of Cleveland, suffering from an extreme case of nervous prostration.

Jack London has been busy at work on his new book, in which he started in October with his wife and her uncle for a leisurely cruise around the world. The boat is to be 45 feet long, and would have been shorter, Mr. London says, had it not been impossible to express in a bathroom in less space. The boat carries what is known as a "cabin-boy," which will be managed entirely by the author and the uncle, a pair of some 60 years. An Asiatic cook will have no part in the sailing. The first port of call will be Hawaii, whence the course will be through the Sea of Japan, India, through the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, and around the Horn to San Francisco.

The appearance of a new book by William Dean Howells a few days ago, has been a surprise to the English and the American public so steadily and for so long a time. It is nearly 25 years since "Mr. Isaacs" was published. Since that time scarcely a year has passed without a story from Mr. Howells, and his popularity has grown steadily until today no author follows. The new Howells novel, "A Lady of Rome," is in certain respects a return to the scene and style of his earlier books. Indeed, it is said to be more like "The Heart of Rome" than any other of his novels of the last half dozen years.

That a man is often recognized when he does not expect to be was realized by Mr. William Dean Howells a few days ago. He was hurrying to the railway station to catch a train, but stopped at American Review, whereupon the boy handed him, not the latest copy, but a copy of "Mr. Isaacs" which he had been carrying. Mr. Howells, merely supposing that some one had given him one of those old copies which could be foisted off by the Review, turned it over to the boy. But instead of instantly handing him the current number, the boy unexpectedly said, with the reverent intonation of one who feels he has given what is the one thing he wants: "Oh, but this is the one new piece in it."

BOOKS.

Eleanor Gates' new romance of the prairie, "The Plover-Woman" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), comes from the west, inspired by the west as an authentic and real "historical novel" in the best sense of the word—though it is history of only thirty years ago. But it is refreshing to get a picture of real Indians, real plainsmen, not necessarily "cow-boys" and settlers, and to experience a thrill of excitement over situations that are the result of real conditions, vouched for by those who have gone through them rather than melodramatic clap-trap evolved in the wilds of a great city.

The heroine of "The Plover-Woman," a southern girl and the first daughter of the story are laid in western Texas. Later the scene shifts to the Dakotas. Miss Gates, who is used to handling characters close to the ground, has given us a study of a splendid girl who rises above the shifting conditions that result from a cross-grained father and an accident, and who proves her right to her lover's designation "The Rose of the South."

Though it may be said that in this working girl, one finds rather the hardy wild rose of the fields than the hot-house variety. The family life in a one-room log-and-mud shack, but the tale is by no means a sordid one. It breathes hope, self-reliance and cheer, and in the exciting turns of the plot holds the reader's interest to a happy end.

Eleanor Gates, author of "The Plover-Woman" is a Dakota product. Her father, W. C. Gates, with his wife and family settled in 1877 upon a government quarter section of land in section 26, Humboldt township, Minnehaha county, South Dakota. She spent all her early years

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS



MRS. EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.
How the Well Known Poetess Looked in 1867.

The above is a picture of the late Mrs. Emily Hill Woodmansee, taken, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1867. Upon the back of the portrait from which the "News" reproduction was made is the stamp of Ottiger and Savage, Great Salt Lake City, and the sitting was in a building upon the identical ground where the art bazar of C. R. Savage yet stands.

In the Vermilion valley upon this homestead, assisting as early at the age of four in the herding and duties about the farm. Later she went to California and completed her education at Stanford university and the University of California. "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," her first book, with Dakota as a setting, met with instant success, and her second, "The Plover-Woman," deals with the same territory during the latter years of her life.

Unusual interest has been manifested in one of Little, Brown & Co.'s fall books, entitled "Mars and its Mystery," by Edward S. Morse, a naturalist of international reputation. Professor Morse, who is a member of the National Academy of Science, and many other scientific societies, spent thirty-four consecutive nights at the famous Lowell observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, 7,000 feet above sea-level, observing the markings on the canals of Mars. The interpretation of these lines by one who is so familiar with the surface features of our own planet is of great value, and Professor Morse has presented the result of his observations in concise, popular form. His comment on the attitude of astronomers towards the canals on Mars is likely to provoke a considerable discussion.

The Tarbell Guide is designed for use by both teachers and pupils. Its five hundred pages contain scholarly comments on word and phrase; suggestive quotations from writers on Bible lands and people; a sound method of teaching the Bible; a valuable summary of the meaning and contents of each lesson; illuminative discussions of geography—in short, all that the Bible student and teacher want to know.

Other Sunday school commentaries are so advanced that they are capable of affording help only to students of Bible classes. But the Tarbell Guide, while giving to advanced students more assistance than any other single book, is adapted also to the lower grades of classes. It is so complete that it is in itself an education in Bible culture. It is so simple that all can understand it. And it is so well arranged that it is perfect for ready reference.

The special features for Tarbell for 1907 are sixteen full page illustrations, many of them made from the famous paintings of J. J. Tissot, for the use of which express permission has been obtained. There are also a large number of reproductions of celebrated pictures of the life of the people of Bible lands and times, ancient inscriptions, Egyptian and Assyrian wall-paintings and other original sources.

The new volume contains even more is lighter and more ready handled—Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

MAGAZINES.

Magazine readers will recall the "hit" that was made by the Reader a little over a year ago with the serial publication of "The House of the Thousand Candles." Meredith Nicholson has now written a new story, which begins in the Reader's November number, under the title of "The Port of Missing Men." The first installment contains the elements that should make a charming story.

There are other good things about the November Reader, as well. Albert Hale's second article on the South American situation, "Treaties of 'The United States of Brazil,'" and it is safe to say that it contains more real, valuable information concerning our giant sister republic than has ever before appeared in an American periodical. The article is lavishly illustrated. Harriet Quick writes graphically of "Cummins of Iowa," the article being given the subtitle, "Rayd-Fire Sketch of the Governor Who is Both a Good Fellow and a Good Fighter." The statistical exposition of "Why Our Lives are Growing Shorter" is by Dr. John V. Shoemaker, professor of the faculty of the Medical-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. It reaches an eloquent climax in the text, "Don't Worry." "The Stage His Own Master" is the title of a pointed of the month's featured play, "The Endowed Theater," the author pays his respects to "art for art's sake" and to those that spurn the "commercialized drama." Besides the serials, there are three striking short stories: "The Pledge," "King Arthur in Michigan" and "The Vineyard of Naboth." The latter is featured by the Reader equal the text. Keller's scene from Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," in which the ghostly figure of the Headless Horseman is remembered, is "Elizabeth Ann and Autumn," also by Riley, reproduced in color and decorated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, are among the conspicuous things. "The Dramatic Novel" is considered by John Bell Newman in "The Reader's Study," while the editorial department, "Our Own Times," is able and interesting. This feature of the Reader sets it apart from its competitors if nothing else does.

In fiction, special articles and departments, the Home Magazine for November is of particular timeliness. "The Left Guard's Pass" by Elliott Walker, "The Creation and Jane," by Charlotte Wilson, and "The Ring and the Girl," by Zella Armstrong, are a trio of genuinely entertaining fiction which is splendidly illustrated by Harrison Fisher, W. H. D. Koerner and Worth Brehm. In addition to the work of these illustrators is the charming cover

design, "A Thanksgiving Walk in the Woods," by Howard Chandler Christy. Catherine Frances Cavanaugh contributes a delightfully interesting article, "At the Tables of Presidents," which deals with the history of White House dinners, public and private, and proves the immense humanness of our chief executives. A notable article on "Woman as a Designer," by Stella Roda, bothers, is accompanied by nearly a score of photographs of those who have achieved unusual distinction in this vocation. The plot of her piece, "When Knights Were Bred," is more or less original as modern comedies go. It circles round the love affair of a man and a maid. In the first act, a very twentieth century one, the hero, despite the pronounced encouragement of the heroine, falls to screw up his courage to the proposing point. When alone he can declare his love manfully enough, but in the maid's presence he becomes as shy as an early Victorian school miss. As the curtain falls he writes himself down an ass, takes a big drink, smokes a cigarette and—drums. Act 2 represents the dream. It is the medieval age—the age of chivalry, of bold, bad barons and gallant knights. An ancestor of the hero is one of these latter. His love story is depicted vividly. There is nothing laudatorial about the love making. The bold knight finally wins the girl in his arms, and ties her off bodily to the altar in the

The November number of Dress makes its appearance in a remarkably beautiful cover in color by de Peure of Paris, a colorist of rare talent and remarkable power. His Japanese figure on the cover of Dress shows a daring but exquisite handling of colors. Dress is credited with having set a new standard of artistic and mechanical excellence in magazine making—a reputation which it has certainly sustained in this November issue. The winter wardrobe is its theme, emphasis being given to dress for the evening. The correct appointments for the opera, exquisite jewelry, evening costume and hair ornament, are illustrated. There are also illustrations, including La Perriere, are certainly ravishingly beautiful. The fashions in furs are also comprehensively illustrated. Jacket, Granvadt, Redfern, Ramillon, Revillon Freres, etc., contribute their best work, which illustrates not only the mode in coats and gowns, but muffs, hats and small pieces. The new gown of the evening is charming. The gown worn by Bernard is charming. The model in walking suits is shown in the models by Callot Soeurs and Drecol. The winter hats are by the leading milliners in Paris.

The corset being the foundation of correct gowning, the mode in corsetry is illustrated and described in an article on the subject, and the newest ideas in lingerie are likewise shown. There are illustrated articles on evening footwear, the correct hose and slippers, excellent suggestions for the dressing table and the latest fashions in handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. The illustrations are well illustrated. The Editor's letter, the articles on the current mode and the forecast of the fashions to come are good.

The illustrations by "Pall" and Travels are both excellent, the latter, "The Opening Night at the Opera," gives this artist an opportunity that he has used well to show beautiful gowns and beautiful women. The illustrations are charmingly reproduced in octavo—black and brown. The exquisite colored engravings make it a brilliant magazine.

The following thirty books will be added to the public library Monday morning, Nov. 5, 1906:

MISCELLANEOUS.
Bede—Ecclesiastical History.
Calderon—Eight Dramas.
Dante—Divine Comedy.
Drake—Myths and Fables of Today.
Fitzgerald—Euphorion.
Giles, Ed.—Six Old English Chronicles.
Huffman—Modern Magic.
Lamar—Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, 2 vol.
Lane, Mrs. John—Secret Life.
Mineral Industry, 1905.
Rogers of Vendover—Flowers of History, vol. 1.
Specimens of Less Known British Poets, 3 vol.
Tissot—Jules—Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. 4.
Trombetakoy—Augustine the Monk.
William of Malmsbury—Chronicle of the Kings of England.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Ray—Teddy Her Book.
Ray—Teddy Her Daughter.
Ray—Phebe Her Profession.
Reppel—Book of Famous Verse.
Sunder—Children's Book (reference).
Sweet—Littlest the Brown.

POSTMASTER ROBBED.
G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at Riverton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; when my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters, which cured me and have kept me well for eleven years." Sure cure for Biliousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful tonic. At 25c. M. J. drug dept. 112-114 So. Main St., Drug store, 60 cents.

Reappearance of Heroine of Literary Mystery.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Oct. 25.—After many years of silence Miss Harriet Jay has just emerged once more into the light of publicity. Twenty years ago, in her early teens, she awoke to find herself one of the literary heroines of London. Miss Jay has had a remarkable career. She has just written and helped produce in the provinces a comedy, "When Knights Were Bred." She is the sister of Mary Jay, the deceased wife of the late Robert Buchanan.

Harriet Jay first dawned upon the literary world with an anonymous novel, "My Cousin's Cousin." This was attributed to Charles Reade. He afterwards spoke of the attribution as "The greatest compliment ever paid to me by the critical press." The other novels, both published anonymously followed. They were "The Priest's Blessing" and "Two Men and a Maid." Then the secret leaked out and Miss Jay became famous in a moment. For a long while, however, she was not believed to be the author. It was not until she had written a number of books could produce such books.

Miss Jay forsook the pen for the stage and created the part of Lady Jane Grey in Buchanan's tragedy, "A Nine Days' Queen." Then she created the heroine in the Drury Lane drama, "A Sailor and His Lass." The hero was played by the late Sir Augustus Harris. It was his last appearance as an actor on his own stage.

After this the authoress left the footlights to collaborate with her brother-in-law in several plays. The most notable was "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." This ran for 18 months at the Vaudeville and Terry's theaters. On the death of her sister and her brother-in-law she definitely retired, but evidently the desire to write more plays proved too strong to be resisted.

The plot of her piece "When Knights Were Bred" is more or less original as modern comedies go. It circles round the love affair of a man and a maid. In the first act, a very twentieth century one, the hero, despite the pronounced encouragement of the heroine, falls to screw up his courage to the proposing point. When alone he can declare his love manfully enough, but in the maid's presence he becomes as shy as an early Victorian school miss. As the curtain falls he writes himself down an ass, takes a big drink, smokes a cigarette and—drums. Act 2 represents the dream. It is the medieval age—the age of chivalry, of bold, bad barons and gallant knights. An ancestor of the hero is one of these latter. His love story is depicted vividly. There is nothing laudatorial about the love making. The bold knight finally wins the girl in his arms, and ties her off bodily to the altar in the

face of strenuous opposition. In act 3 the twentieth century again appears. The hero wakes up and follows so far as modernity will let him the example of his ancestor shown him in the second act.

Cruising in the Mediterranean on a steam yacht is a delightful occupation, but when two noted novelists go together as companions de voyage it may mean something beyond the whiling away of a few idle weeks. Anthony Hope Hawkins and Maurice Hewitt have just started together on a cruise to Naples, Greece and Constantinople. The result will be a collaboration novel. At present the matter is a secret, even among the publishers, but a definite announcement in a month or so may be expected. The book ought to be a fascinating one with two such authors.

Important on both sides of the Atlantic is the announcement just made that "The Life of Mrs. Craigie" will be published as soon as the material can be worked up. Mrs. Craigie's father, John Morgan Richards, is gathering her letters and the various threads of her doings and sayings. Like many other clever women, notably Mrs. Browning and George Sand, Mrs. Craigie wrote the most charming little notes to her intimate friends. The late Lady Curzon was one of her dearest friends and Lord Curzon has been asked to assist in furnishing what may prove to be the most interesting part of the volume. It certainly promises to be one of the most delightful of biographies of a woman.

Has any one stopped to note that this fall is a season of biographies and autobiographies? It should go down in literary history as the season of biographical years. To name a few takes up quite a lot of space. There are the Gen. Andre reminiscences, the Hohenzollern memoirs, Lord Acton, Lord Randolph Churchill, Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, Henry Irving, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rousseau, Joseph Jefferson, Admiral Togo, the Earl of Lytton, the Empress Eugenie, Rossetti, Watteau, Capt. Gambier and other important ones yet to come.

To the United States has just come a \$10,000 book bound in rough calf and to the uninitiated looking more fit for the scrap heap than the treasure library of a millionaire. It is a 1812 copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" which once belonged to James Merriam, a religious poet and classical and biblical scholar of Oxford university. He died in 1749 and bequeathed the book with others to his friend, John Loveday, great-grandfather of the Mr. Loveday who has just sold it to an American collector.

CHARLES OGDENS.

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