DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904.



GRANDMOTHER'S WAY.

Tell you, gran mother's a queer one, shore-Makes yer heart go pitty-pat! If the wind jest happens to open a door, She'll say there's "a sign" in that! An' if one ain't in a rockin' chair An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, my! I'm afraid 'at somebody is going to die !" An' she makes me cry-She makes me cry!

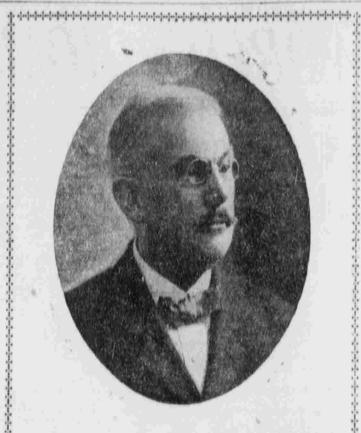
Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light On our tall chimney top, An' screamed an' screamed in the dead o' night, An' nuthin' could make it stop ! An' gran'ma-she uncovered her head An' almos' frightened me out of bed : Oh, dear! Oh, my! I'm certain 'at someone is goin' to die!" An' she made me cry-She made me cry!

Jest let a cow lean over the gate An' bellow, an' gran'ma-she Will say her prayers, if it's soon or late, An' shake her finger at me! An' then, an' then you'll hear her say: "It's a sign w'en the cattle act that way! Oh, dear! Oh, my! I'm certain 'at somebody's going to die!" An' she makes me cry-She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen! Always a-huntin' fer "si gns;" Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean, If the wind jes shakes the vines! I always feel skeery w'en gran'ma aroun'---An' think 'at I see things, a n' jump at each soun'; Oh. dear! Oh, my! I'm certain 'at somebody's going to die!" An' she makes me cry----She makes me cry! FRANK L. STANTON.

THE CRY OF THE WORKERS.

The babblers in the temple made with hands Sat talking, talking, talking, all the day, Of rectitude and justice, and the way The world should walk, obeying their commands And while the glass recorded golden sands, And shadows lengthened in the busy street, There came a sound of swift, determined feet, And blows upon the portal's brazen bands, And then a voice, relentless and elate: "We care not for your arguments and creeds, We care not for your pity or your hate, We clamor not for theories, but deeds; Then give us of the heart, and not the head, Then give us for our toil, not stones, but bread!" HERBERT MULLER HOPKINS.



<mark>չի բերկոն հետկակակակ հետկակակ հետկակակ հետկակ հետկակ հետկակակակ հետկակակ հետկակ հետկակ հետկակ հե</mark>տկակ հետկակ հետկ DANIEL Y. WHEELER. Western Traveling Man Author of the "Ambassador of Commerce."

Among the new books to be issued next spring by an eastern publishing house, will be one entitled "The Ambassador of Commerce, or Thirty Years a Commercial Traveler." This work is being written by Daniel Y. Wheeler, who is well known in the drug trade all over the country, and especially in Salt Lake City, where he has been selling goods for 25 years. Mr. Wheeler's book will be filinstrated by Steele, the Denver artist, and among the subjects treated will be; "Some Reasons Why This Book Was Written, Origin and Evolution of the Species, A Protest Against the Many Unjust and Malicious Criticisms of Commercial Travelers as a Class; A Poem, by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "The Commercial Traveler as I Have Found Him;" Church and State, The Black Sheep of the Tribe, Railroads and Hotels, Salaries vs. Commissions, Insurance, The Travelor as a Credit Man, Trade Journals, Home Life of the Traveler, Short Stories as Heard in Hotel Rotundas and in the Liars' Room of the Pullman.

This will be a unique book, from the fact that a book treating on these subjects has never before been written from the point of view of the commercial traveler. Mr. Wheeler is a college graduate, and has for years been correspondent of drug trade journals in the east.

settled down into refirement. He has | in French, is rare in English literature been the most sympathetic and sucbeen the most hympithetic and successful interpreter of Japanese life and thought and ideals to western civiliza-tion. His death of heart trouble the day after he passed by cable the final proofs of the hast chapter of "Japan: A Attempt at Interpretation" was a dra-matic close to a life numerally full of matic close to a life unusually full of dramatic incident.

A gentleman from Kansas, having sent to McClure-Phillips for a copy of Wagner's "The Simple Life," wrote back that he was not pleased with it because the book was not finished, the rages not having been cut. He went on to argue, "Would you like to have your sheemaker send you a pair of shoes with nails sticking up in them, or your tailor send you a coat with-out sleeves. Let us try to practise a little Christianity. The Macmilian Pub-lishing company has played me the same trick, and hereafter I will have to specify that I want a finished book, or I don't want it at all." Though this comes from Kapsas, it is shoes with nails sticking up in them,

Though this comes from Kansas, it is ripe with suggestion; and this voice from the plains of the west is heard with pleasure on the question of the machine-made closely cropped book vs the uncut book with its pleasantly irregular edges. ... A new book by Rider Haggard is always a promise of exciting reading. The far off and unusual is Mr. Haggard's favorite theme. His new book, "The Brethren," (McClure Phillips)' is quite in line with his old ones in this regard. It is a story of the crusades, in which a young English girl, related to Saladin is captured by his emissaries, carried to Palestine, and rescued by two noble knights who are both in love with her. Mr. Haggard has sprinkled his pages thickly with the kind of adventure. mystery and romance which has brought him his tremendous following. He gives very good pletures of the days of chivalry in England and the pomp and pageantry of the Oriental camp. Marion Hill is enjoying the trials, as well as the pleasures, of literary fame brought by her bright little story in the October McClure's, "A Fruit of the Fair." She has been beseiged by re-Fair." porters at her home in Cleveland, de-manding interviews. The first request she innocently granted, but when the published article appeared it was so full of things she never said, never was o had never done that, she writes, it ac-tually made her ill. When other reporters called she hid. This October story is the first of a series of stories of childhood, which McClure's has accept. ed from her pen. Frederick S. Isham, author of "Black Friday," is a native of Detroit, After he was graduated from the High school he devoted himself to travel abroad, settling down at the end of that migratory period to student life in Mu-The old Bavarian town was then tich. the center of attraction for American artists, and among the choice and con-vivial spirits 12 months and more were spent. Bohemian London became his next place of abode. For two years he attended the Royal Academy of Music in Hanover square, not profiling greatly by his tuition there, however, being more especially concerned, as he says, is sundry inconsequential literary feats-or defeats. From this fraternal Mr. and artistic atmosphere Ishah came home to the busy life of news-paperdom. He served in various capa-cities on the Detroit Free Press and other papers, and withdrew only when his literary and business interests be-Black Friday, Frederick S. Isham'r ew novel is one that cannot fail to incame too insistent in their demands on terest the best judges and readers of fiction. - The story is laid in New his time fiction. - The story is laid in New York, the panicky times following the civil war, and the reader is introduced Mr. Isham's previous novels, "The Strollers" and "Under the Rose," were both extraordinarily successful, and "Black Friday' seems destined to an equal popularity. The author prepar-ed himself for the work with greatest personally to noted people of the time in all walks of life. There is a simple love story running through the book which weaves together the main inclcare. He not only familiarized himself dents and the whole is altogether exwith the Wall street of our fathers by going through the files of newspapers cellent. September 23, was the 35th anniverfor three years, but he studied the his-tory of the street from the earliest time. sary of Black Friday; and the previous Tuesday was the 25th anniversary of This required many months of labor, and Mr. Isham's note books would furthe panic day of 1869, a day of many interesting associations for those in nish abundant material for future his Wall street who remember the gold torians of "the street." The actual writing of "Black Friday" was done in a villa overlooking the sea on the north coast of France. Trailing shad-By Merrill company sent out on the Bona-the first set of advance sheets of "Black Friday," the new novel by Frederick S. Isham. As has already ows, waving curtains, strange silences or stranger noises, combined to create that ideal atmosphere the artist craves been announced, and as indicated by its title, the book concerns the attempt for his work. True and genuine fiction, founded on by several well known financiers to cor-ner the gold supply in the fall of '69. the life of the stage, though plentiful Among the celebrated characters that appear in the book are Jim Fisk, Jay AFTER SICKNESS ould and General Grant, who took part in the episode. The New York Sun, of September, 23, Has weakened your system and left you

Miss Viola Roseboro's short stories of the stage, soon to be issued by the MacMilian company under the title of "Players and Vagabonds," are tales of human beings who happen to be actors and actresses, not studies of the stage They are sincere, of emotional interest and, more than anything else, human.

The new book by Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, will be pub-lished in November by the MacMillan company. Its full title is "The Chris-tlan Opportunity: Being Sermons and Speeches delivered in America.

Mr. Orlando J. Smith, president of the American Press association, and author of "Eternalism," has chosen a striking title for his new book, 'Balance, the Fundamental Verity," which will be ublished early in October by Hough-on, Miffiln & Co.

The theory advanced by Mr. Smith is that Religion and science stand on the same rock Several well-known authorities have

read the volume during its preparation, among others Mr. Edwin Markham, whosays: "It is a notable volume, one that will be highly interesting to all who take a serious view of life and its fateful issues. It treats of the deepest concerns of our destiny, here and here-after, and reveals some of the grounds and evidences of a scientific religion. a religion as firmly fixed as the foundation of nature itself. The book is written in a style at once lucid and simple;

planned to make their disappearance through Wall street, appeared in Brond street and told the mob that Fisk was escaping by the rear way, intending by this subterfuge to clear the front en-trance for flight. The mob reached the Wall street exit just in time. A carthe head of the stalrway leading to the sidewalk. Hestuting but an instant, Fisk, a man of great bulk, leaped from the top of the steps into the middle of the mob, scattering men like tenpins, percent the steps of the steps which are reached the carriage and was whisked away through William Street."

"Sweet Peggy" is a summer idyl, with love, music and nature for its themes. The hero of this summer idyl falls in a marvellous voice with. guessing that it belongs to the bright and altractive daughter of a neighbor-ing farmer. The heroine, Peggy, is charming, fresh, and unconventional, with a genuing love for song. The country neighbors with their peculiari-tics give touches of both humor and rathes to this appealing story. Each

rathos to this appealing story. Each chapter of this romance is headed by a few bars of appropriate music Linnie Sarah Harris, the author of "Sweet Peggy," one of the lightest and brightest examples of adult fic-tion published this foll, is a Maine wo-man who has spent her entire life, with the exception of short visits to Braton man who has spent her entire life, with the exception of short visits to Boston and New York, in the Pine Tree state. The Harris family is of good New Eng-land stock, and the author's father, Jo-riah Harris, has been engaged in busi-ness in his section of the state for over 50 years. Miss Harris contributed a short story for a local paper at the short story for a local paper at the age of sixteen, and she has contributed age of sixteen, and she has contributed to the periodical press frequently since that time. Before "Sweet Peggy" was brought out, she had written but two books "Bertha's Summer Boarders" and "The Young Capitalist," both ju-veniles.-Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Two in a Zoo," is an entertaining child's book by Curtis Dunham and Oli-ver Herford. Profusely illustrated by Ver Herford. Fromkely index ated by Oilver Herford. Between the menial world of animals is a zoological park and the master world of men stands a little limping boy named Toots. The iron on his leg makes him kindred to the menial people, who have to wear irons too, and this sympathy enables him to interpret their sayings to his rich little girl friend, the "Princess," Each chapter centers in some inci-dent of importance in the animal's dent of importance in the minimale lives and memories as they impart it to the eager ear of Toots-the con-spiracy to give the jungle roar in the Zoo, arranged by Pwit-pwit the spar-row, news-gatherer and gossip in chief; the humiliation of the monkey who claimed relationship and equality with men; the giant elephant's encounter with a red hot stove, and so on. There is a rich humor everywhere- Deseret News book store.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

"Business is Business" is the moral of diverting story entitled "Days and Dollars," contributed to the Youth's Companion for Oct. 20 by Carroli Wat-son Rankin. The amiable employer, whose charming stenographer made the claims of the office yield to the exac-tions of society, at last brought himself administer a reproof, and it was thoroughly effectual.

A most interesting article by Overton W. Price on "How a Forest Grows" is published in the Youth's Companion for Oct. 20. To most readers of the Companion the facts presented will be new, and will reveal a fresh world for ex-

ploration. In the Youth's Companion for Oct. 20 Frank Lillie Pollock tells how a torna-do, bent on wiping out villages and oth-er obstacles in its path, ran afoul of a wagon filled with nitro-glyperine, used to torpedo oil wells. The tornado was blown to atoms—and the wagonload of other describes the other of the second of

office, unaware that the beseiged had ; not the smart wit that is so often dished up to children and which they can never digest, but their own playful and imaginative humor, with its counterpart in occasional pathos. To this comedy effect the inimitable illustrations of Mr. Herford contribute

much. He is working here in his best wein and it would be difficult to figure out just how much of the fun is due to his delicious pencil and how much to Mr. Dunham's delightful pen.—The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. "Susan Ciegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner, has just been published book form by the Little

been published book form by the Little Brown Co., Boston. It contains the abort stories which have appeared in the Century Magazine for some time past, and which have made Susan Clegg as distinct a literary creation as the wonderful Mrs. Wiggs. The sketches are indescribable, only a perusal of the original characterization Susan, and her friend as portrayed in Susan's convulsing monologues being able to give an adequate sense of the charm of the book. On sale at Descret News book store.

"Air, Food and Exercise" is by Dr. Rabagliata, an eminent physician con-nected with several London medical institutions. The carlier editions of this book were written for the medical profession primarily, but the last revision the author has concluded that revision the author has concluded that the sub-ject is of sufficient interest to the in-telligent public to make the book valu-able to them. He has, accordingly, written the book in a manner that any well educated person can comprehend and from the criginality of the author and from the originality of the subject and treatment, the book is sure to be of the greatest interest. It deals with various diseases, their cause, preven-tion and cure, and will doubtless at-tract many readers. William Wood & Co, are the publishers, New York, N. Y.

"Nature's Invitation" is another de-"Nature's invitation" is another de-lightful volume of out-door stud-ies by Bradford Torrey that whi enchant all nature lovers. The reflections and observations of a natur-alist, who has always succeeded in winning the affections of all nature-lovers by his descriptions of familiar hundre and part with he familiar lovers by his descriptions of latiniar haunts and new fields will be found in it. From Moosilauke, Mt. Washington, and Bald mountain, Mr. Torrey pro-ceeds to Ormond and the Everglades, where he is both the successful birdgazer and the genial philosopher. He describes his travels through Texas and Arizona, recording the sights and sounds in the appreciative spirit of a can always happy guest who Wordsworth "On Nature's invitation do

The volume should be a welcome gift book, as it deals with nature in widely separate, but always attractive localities .- Houghton-Mifflin Co. On sale at

Russla" gives glimpses of the Russian capital in swar time, and "Loyally in Love and in War," a Japanese story, discloses the springs of Japanese power n the vast conflict now raging in Manchuria.

Mr. Chappel discourses of the world's fair, of politics, of the Grand Army encampment in Boston, and other pubencampment in Boston, and other pas-lic matters—his letter being lavishly illustrated with new and taking photo-graphs—portraits and snapshots—to be found nowhere but in the National. Taken all in all, a warm and genial humanity alternates with a gay and sprightly humor in the pages of the Na-based of October of warming and tional for October-a magazine not wholly unworthy the distinction which Mr. Blumenthal claims for it in his novel cover design-"The Voice of the Nation.'

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

21

A FATAL ERROR

A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. Els breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested,"

SOZODONT

Is essential to one whose breath is not pure and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices, it doodorizes, sweetens and purifies them, and makes you feel genteel and olean-out.

3 FORMS, LIQUID, POWDER PASTE.

the world, concerned only to save their own souls: and thousands of hard-llving, greasy-handed meat porters unloading the frozen carcasses of cat-tle that are sent to London from all maris of the earth "lest the street-bre-mople die"-what a contrast that offer etwean the spirit of the past and that

the present! The church, the priory that is no more The church, the priory that is no more and the great hospital of St. Bartholos-mew's were all founded by Rathero, at favorite of Henry I., in 1.121. He want the pace according to the fashion of those old times, but becoming satisfied with the vanities and follies of the court he betook himself to Rome to seek absolution for his sine and make a fresh start in life. At Rome, so runs the story, he fell sick, and vowed that if he recovered he would found a hos-pital on his return to England. He did recover and more than kept his vow, for, the legend states, St. Bartholomew for, the legend states, St. Bartholomew oppeared to him in a vision and told him that he would take special care of him if he enlarged his beneficient lans to include also a church and monastery.

The monastery continued to flourish and expand until another Henry-Henry VIII-quarreled with the popover the question of his right to marry and behead as many wives as he pleased, and set up for a pope on his own account. He routed out the monks and for a triffe over a thousand pounds turned over their preperty to his at-torney general. Sir Richard Rich, who subsequently became lord chancellor. He was a thorough-going villain and

He was a thorough-going villain and bistory records how he perjured away the lives of the great Sir Thomas More and the good Bishop Fisher. But to this day the property Henry VIII stole from the monks and sold to him dirt cheap still makes his descendants rich. Great changes occurred after its plous occupant had been set adrift. Riot and revelry took place of plous meditation and prayer. One old chron-icler, writing of the once sacred clois-ters says: "This is not an ark, which received the clean and unclean. Only unclean beasts enter this ark and such as have the devil'e livery on their as have the devil's livery on their backs."

At one time where the grounds of the old priory had stretched was a favor-ite residential district of the aristo-cracy. Then the tide of fushion swept westward and slums and shambles are superiors had dwelt stood where gay courtiers had dwelt. The old cloisters were gradually ab-sorbed. The use of it as a stable alone seems to have preserved the remnant seems to have preserved the remnant that remains from destruction. In the sixtles there was another big clearing out to make way for the present huge meat market so typical of the changed conditions by which modern London had developed from old London. But through all the changes spared by the great fire the old church has persist-ed and in the sanctuary beneath a rich concerv renoess the effory of its founder. canopy reposes the effigy of its founder. Rahere, and not far distant the great hospital testifies that the good work ho An for the more strictly literary gos-

sip with which this letter ordinarily deals, there is at this moment a dearth, with contracts closed for an autumn ket with novels good, bad and indiffer-ent, mostly the latter. It is estimated that no less than 150 new novels will be published in London this month and the next despite the fact that the book trade has been bad for a year. There has not been a season for six years at least, when there have been so few buyers of novels costing \$1,50, the stanlard price in England. One result has been an increase in the number of novelists who publish at their own ex-

NOTES.

HERE have been many comments on a suggested plot for a story made but never completed by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, writes Walter Jerrold in The Academy. Mr Aldrich supposed the world cleared t all human beings except one, and hat one sitting in a house on the third fourth day, and then hearing the for bell ring. The "last man" has twice made the theme of verse by iomas Campbell and by Thomas Bod, but the same solitary has by no ans been neglected by writers of the Indeed, something like the efand in Mrs. Shelley's novel, "The 2 Man"-less widely known than uskenstein," but scarcely less imhe-and also in Mr. M. P. Shiel's Purple Cloud," published a few It is many years since I had Mrs. Shelley's romance, but I have my vivid recollection of the immion made upon me by the account the last man suddenly confronting which takes to be another human beis only to find that it is his own re on in a locking-glass. The hero of Mr. Shiel's story had something of a in experience. His loneliness was men by a laugh, his imagination mabled (as was Robinson Crusce's) by heisst man he was not the last of hu-

Hallis Erminic Rives, the Virginia winggous tells this characteristic ory of the South:

Georgia Missouri, the dusky maid to waves the peacock flybrush at sal times in our dining room, had just one from the wedding of a friend. the was teiling us about it.

You oughter bin dar, Miss Hallle, said. Th was the lubliest weddin', was and bridesmaids all dressed up white, and de bes' man lookin' fine a fiddle, and de church all full of

A PERFECT FOOD Preserves Health - Prolongs Life. Waller Baker & Co.s Breakfast OCOa. THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. OCK POR TH TRADE NARS Costs less than one cent a cup 41 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA Walter Baker & Co.1td. manilabed 1780. Dorchester, Mass.

peepul a-waitin', and de bride in her 'ange wreath

"But Georgia Missouri,' I interrupt-ed, 'what about the bridegroom? You haven't said a word about him.' ''Georgia Missouri rolled her eyes they looked pretty much all untilwhites.

'Law, Miss Hallie,' said she; 'would yer b'lieve it, dat black nigger, he nebber showed up a-tall!

The statement has been made in several quarters that the scene of Miss Gwendolin Overton's new story, "Cap-tains of the World," is laid in Pittsburg, and that the strike described in it is the Homestead Strike of '92. Miss Overton states positively, through her publishers, The Macmillan company, that she has not described any one -that the scene of her story conglomerate of many places and of pure imagination. Also, anyone who knows the great Homestead Strike at all will know that nothing in the strike "Captains of the World" is quite like The basis and cause of the strike itself are totally different. In this case too, there are bits of numerous strikes and the rest is pure invention. Miss Overton has not copied any event in our industrial history. The Macmillan company will publish Miss Overton's novel on Oct. 12.

. . . Mr. Hope's new book Double Harness (McClure Phillips) is a story of mar-ried Londoners: quite fitting in subject, since Mr. Hope himself has recently become both a husband and a father As a bachelor he was one of the most sought-after-men in London's society

* * *

and even now anchored by the posses-sion of a very beautiful wife and a baby daughter, he is no less in demand. Many speculated somewhat as to the esults of marriage upon one who one of the most distinguished and inevitable persons at first night theater parties, smart studio teas, luncheons, cotiliions and dinners. But London hostesses are not bereft. Mr. Hope is safe to society, and his American wife is, if anything, the more popular of the two. Her triumphs, the undisguised admiration she excites by her pretty wit and frank, cordial manner seems a source of never-ending satis-faction to her scholarly husband.

> Lafcadio Hearn, who died in Tokyo the other day, was born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, in 1850. His father was an Irish officer who, while stationed there, won the love of a beautiful Greek girl of the Ionian Isles, and Lafcadio was their second son. His early years were passed in Wales, Ireland, England and France, and he was educated at a private school and at various Roman Catholic institutions, including a French convent. He was left destitute by the death of his relatives, and came to Cincinnati in 1869. After trying var-lous kinds of work he became a reporter on one of the city dailies; and almost immediately, so superb were his arti-cles in style and tinish and symmetry. his work became the standard by which that of every other newspaper man in the city was measured. He drifted to New Orleans, where he tried keeping a restaurant, until his partner ran away with the funds and the cook. Mean-while he wrote mystical essays, studied deeply into metempsychosis and voodooisin; also, he lived with the Creoles, and long before Cable wrote his stories he had recreated their folklore for American readers. The literary sult of his journey to the West Indies in 1887 was a remarkable book portraythe tropical atmosphere and civing the tropical atmosphere and civ-ilization. Early in the nineties he went to Japan; where, after teaching English in various coast towns, he became Professor of English literature Tokyo University, took out naturaliza-

tion papers, married a Japanese, and

almost helpless you will find a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters very beneficial. It is the sick man's friend and for over 50 years has given complete satisfaction. It is without an equal for restoring strength, inducing sound sleep and building up solid flesh Then it also cures Indigestion, Dyspep. Costiveness, Heartburn, Bloating, Malaria or Female Complaints. Try a bottle.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

direct as a singing bullet." Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, has been taking a birdseye view of the British nation and the result is a depressing

pleture of its degeneration. In lecturing to an audience atLeeds the poet said that were it his business to report to the educational department the result of his own observations he should say that he had noted a marked deterioration in good manners, a strik-ing diminution of the sense of reverence and an unfitting of many scholars for one career in life without fitting them for any other. He was free to avow that the gospel of "get on" in this world, so universally and sedulously preached, was a somewhat dangerous doctrine

Among the grave omissions in primary education was the total absence of inculcation by teachers of a love of country and of readiness to fight in its The books widely read by boys and girls were of a demoralizing character. He looked in vain for progress in this direction. On the contra he saw a deplorable deterioration. On the contrary was not the highest poetry alone, it was

the higher prose literature as well that was being neglected for the works of a glaringly inferior kind. He had been astonished to find young people of both sexes among what were loosely called "uneducated classes" avow that they were had read a single people for the never had read a single page, for instance, of such works as Gibbon's "His-tory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Sometimes there was heard a confession that they were unacquainted with them even by name, though novels of the most revolting character could be enumerated.

Did we then progress? Their grandfathers and grandmothers, their fathers and mothers read sounder and nobler works than these,

≈B99KS.≈

strange coincidence the Bobbs-

sitro-glycerine shared its fate. It is a Anecdotes of Josiah Quincy, once

resident of Harvard college, Lord Charles Beresford, the English sailor and Charles Kingsley's wife will be found in the Youth's Companion for Oct. 20, besides one or two character sketches and the usual excellent selection of miscellany.

"A Square Deal for Every Man"-29 pages of epigrams culled from Presi-dent Roosevelt's state papers and pubhe addresses-is the unique feature of the National Magazine for October, Acthe National Magazine for October, Ac-quired at the last moment, too late for inclusion in the body of the magazine, it was tucked away in the advertising section, with a full-page portrait of Robert J. Thompson, the compiler, and another of the president and his four sons. Nowhere else has Rooseveltism been so bolied down to its essences. The result is truly, what Mr. Thomp-son calls it, "a self-delineation of his on calls it. character and ideals."

character and ideals." The number opens with a frontispiece showing Messrs, Parker and Davis "looking pleasant" for the National's photographer, Mr. G. V. Buck-a very jolly and attractive picture of the Dem-ocratic nominees. Frank Putnam dis-cusses the national campaign and the problem of negro disfranchisement. "Senator Hoar at Home" is a delight.

ful, timely account of a visit by Mary Caroline Crawford to the grand old man of the United States senate, among his beloved books, pictures and historic relics at Worcester, Mass.

The special articles range from "Ber-lin's Unique Printing Telegraph" to Mr. Lanc's discussion of the Bible in the light of scientific inquiry, and from "Departing Guests," an out-of-door pa-per, to "Beauties of the American Stage"-three portraits with pithy ographic sketches. "Behind the Vell in I

The following 35 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morn-ing, Oct. 31:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Acton-Cambridge Modern History (vol 8-French Revolution). Anon-As a Chinaman Saw Us. Bigelow-German Struggle for Liber-

Clark-Problem of Monopoly. Corbett-England in the Mediterran-Creighton-Historical Lectures and

Addresses. Dexter-History of Education in the

United States. Duff-Spinoza's Political and Ethical Philosoph

Farrar-Lives of the Fathers (2 vols). Gleaves-James Lawrence. Herrick-Commercial Education.

Joline-Diversions of a Booklover

Julicher-Introduction to the New l'estament. Molee-Tutonish

Monteflore-Religion of the Ancient Hebrews. Nelson-Scientific Aspects of Mor-

nonism (references), Pinnington—Sir Henry Raeburn,

Shakespeare-Love's Labor Lost (Vaforum edition). Stephens-Hobbes,

Walpole-History of Twenty-five Years (2 vols).

FICTION.

Bell-At Home with the Jardine/ Crawford-Whoever Shall Offend. Harben-Georgians. Lorimer-Old Gorgon Graham. McCutcheon-Beverly of Graustark. Overton-Captains of the World. Reed-Master's Violin. Roberts-Prisoner of Mademoiselle.

Twain-Dog's Tale. Watson-Bethany,

ty (3 vols).

ean (2 vols).

Where Lived the Literary Lights of Long Years Ago.

SOUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

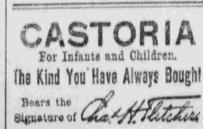
ONDON, Oct. 19 .- Of much greater interest for the story that altaches to it than any of the score

or more of new books that have been turned out this week, is the recovery from centuries of desecration of a portion of the old cloisters of St. Bartholomew's church, Smithfield, As

with the exception of the chapel of the Tower, it is the oldest church in London, St. Bartholomew's is a favorite place of pilgrimage for American visitors and they will rejoice in the opportunity soon to be afforded them of seeing this relic of old London, near which once lived Benjamin Franklin, while he was working as a printer in London, and that other famous Ameri-

can, the gentle Washington Irving. At a much earlier period Milton had his home in this neighborhood. All that is left of the old cloisters that once stretched so far has for many

years been used as a stable. A curious blending of the present and the past is seen. Outside the door there is a yard full of rubbish and carts and



men's voices: inside as one enters the doorway, which is a fifteenth century archway, the gloomy light falls equally on the wooden sides of the horseboxes and the crumbling ceiling, on five point-ed arches of the Fourteneth century, tracenble through the woodwork and whitewash, and on the upper end of fine rounded Norman doorway, whi used to communicate with the churc and formed its west door. The floo on which sandalled feet of the monk used to pace slowly to and fro, has b the accretions of three and a half ce turies, now grown so high that it is over seven feet above the level of the church. Not till it is leveled to its orig-inal depth will the Norman doorway be seen in its full beauty, nor communica-tion be possible with the church. Th stable is only 30 feet long, but it holds all that is left of the once famous overrched walks of the mediaeval monks and it is worth something to snatched so much from decay and destruction

Difficult it Difficult it is when standing amid the rush and turmoll of Smlthfield market, jostled by loug-voiced porters and blue-aproned butchers to arry the imagination back to a time when the whole modern parish enclosed great monastery living under the rule

of St. Augustine. Cloisters and clois-tered virtues; the tinkling bells of matin and prime, angelus and com-pline; crowds of slient monks moving amid the religious quiet of a great mediaeval priory-that is a picture hard to conjure up again in one of the most unlovely and sordid parts of the great human beehive, but it is worth

The old monks living the quiet, studious life avoiding the distractions of Miss Ellen Glasgow, the American novelist whose latest book, "The Deli-verance," has been published on this side, is staying in London for a time after traveling on the Continent for the whole of the summer. She will proba-bly return to her home in New York and Richmond, Va., about the first of November.

George Meredith, about whose health

George Merediih, about whose health there were alarming reports a few months ago, has returned from a stay at the seaside to his home in Box Hill greatly improved in condition. Henry Newbolt has resigned from the editorship of a monthly magazine over those destinies he has presided ever since that periodical was started three or four years ago. He is a poet and a man of letters whose work com-mands high respect in Great Britain. It is said that he will be succeeded by Charles Hanbury Williams. J. B.

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prints an interesting anecdote by Hen-ry Clews, an eye-witness of the attampt to lynch Fisk on Black Friday: "I witnessed the escape of Fisk from the mob that gathered in Broad asreet at the entrance to the old Matthews building, all ready with a rope to lynch this arch manipulator. The Mattnews building stood on the site now occupied by the Mills building of the present day, occupying also the site of this oth-

er building to the rear, has a minor en-trance in Wall street, corresponding to the avenue by which Fisk hoped to es-cape from the lynchers awaiting him in Broad street. A boy from Fisk's