

GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S DEN

The Author of "Ben Hur" Has Just Completed the Finest Studio in the World.

The most beautiful author's studio in the world has just been completed by Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," which is about to be dramatized at the Broadway theater, New York, says Geo. T. B. Davis in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. For the past three years Gen. Wallace has found his recreation in superintending the erection of his palatial workshop. The edifice is a dream of oriental beauty and luxury. Its style of architecture is a combination of the portico pure Greek, the body of the building Byzantine, with copper roof; the towers of Romanesque design. Rose-colored vitrified brick and stone are the materials from which the walls are built. The structure stands in the center of the wooded grounds surrounding the author's home here.

It is nearly surrounded by a moat, and suggests simultaneously a medieval castle and an oriental mosque. The interior is one great room, with the exception of an entrance corridor and a mechanical apartment in the rear. The immense study room is flooded by day with mellow light, which enters only at the dome; at night is brilliant with a score of electric lamps of many varieties. The ceiling of the dome is frescoed in imitation of ivory, the walls down to the book cases are finished in a silver green; or, as Gen. Wallace expresses it, the color of the under side of an olive leaf. On the book shelves, filled with the author's working library, are busts of "Ben Hur," his sister, the "Princess of India," and "Princess Irene," the heroine of the writer's last romance. Numerous engravings, paintings, bits of statuary and oriental relics increase the artistic flavor of the room. By nature Gen. Wallace is an artist as well as a warrior, statesman, poet, novelist. Several of the paintings are the product of his own brush. In the center of the room stands a big mahogany table littered with letters, books and manuscript. Large and small rugs partially cover the cement floor.

The building is heated by a furnace in the basement, which is kept going day and night in winter. The basement comprises several cemented damp-proof rooms, including a wine cellar and a kitchen with a stove for preparing hot collations to visiting friends.

In this dreamlike structure, which only the imagination of a romancer could have designed, and only an author whose books had sold by the million could have transformed into cold reality, sits Gen. Wallace day after day hard at work on a new novel, which he hopes will duplicate the success of "Ben Hur."

The other morning I called upon the general to learn how he creates the immortal characters of his romances. I found him in the studio sitting in an armchair, in which he does all his literary work, near the huge open fireplace. He welcomed me in his hearty fashion and said he had no objections to telling me about his method of work. He was clad in a sack coat, with a belt hanging loose. He is of medium height, solidly built, with iron gray hair and beard, and keen, penetrating eyes. His bearing is courteous, dignified and soldierly. He moves about with precision and alacrity. He is ruddy and straight, a picture of robust health, and yet is 72 years of age.

In reply to questions the general told

"What do you consider the sublimest poetry in the world, Gen. Wallace?"
"You will find it in the Psalms and Job in Homer, in Milton and in Shakespeare."
"Who, in your judgment, are the three greatest warriors the world has produced?"
"Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon."
"What were some of the greatest battles in the world's history?"
"The battle of Thermopylae, which saved Greece from being overthrown by Persia; the battle of Tours, which saved Europe from being overpowered by the Mohammedans; the battle of Waterloo, resulting in the defeat of Napoleon, who was seeking a universal dominion. Lastly, I would name Gettysburg, which saved the Union, upon which everything pertinent to the Western Hemisphere depends, not to speak of the overthrow of slavery."
"Who, in your opinion, general, were the greatest American statesmen?" I asked in conclusion.
"George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, Alexander Hamilton is, in my judgment, the father of the American Constitution. But that Constitution would never have been adopted save for the support given it by the great name of George Washington."

In speaking of the probable trend of

literature in the twentieth century, Gen. Wallace said:
"To begin with, the novel of the next century will reflect the life of that age, unless the society is so barren and devoid of interest that writers will be compelled to seek material in former eras. Certain authors will always follow the latter course, but an increasing number will ground their narratives in the activities of the day."
"And what of the poetry of the future?" I asked.
"Modern poetry," he replied, "I am in the habit of calling the poetry of adjectives. The abnormal predominance of this form of speech in the poetry of today I consider its chief curse. It renders the thought obscure and hazy. In Browning we see the climax of this fact. The finest poetry ever written is found in the Book of Job, and you will notice that it contains very few adjectives."

So saying, Gen. Wallace moved over to his study table, opened a large Bible lying thereon and turned to the Psalms, read several verses, throwing in numerous adjectives as he did so. The effect was most ludicrous. The sublimity of the sentiment was degraded into sounding brass. The grandeur of the thought effaced into poetic effusions. His auditor was forced to roar with laughter.
"Another fault of modern poetry," he continued, "is its monotonousness. It

is all pitched in the same key. This is opposed to the entire course of nature, and it soon wearies the reader. The working up to a climax is well-nigh unknown. As there are mountains and plains, as the wind blows soft and fierce, so the poet should sometimes pause before a sweeping passage of eloquence. The secret of grand poetry lies in this single line, Great thoughts expressed in simple words."
On rising to leave I asked the general what, in a word, he considered the secret of his success. In answer he said:
"Work! and, as an author, the doing it myself with my own hand, not by means of a typewriter or amanuensis or stenographer. To work I would add universal reading."

THE OFFICIAL MATRIMONIAL SEAL

When Mayor Van Wyck, of New York, is out of town Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer, president of the municipal council, is the acting mayor. Mr. Guggenheimer has recently announced that whenever it falls to him as acting mayor to perform the marriage ceremony "the official seal" of the transaction is to be a kiss imprinted by his lips upon those of the bride. Inasmuch as the mayor of New York is often called upon to perform this ceremony, Mr. Guggenheimer is

likely to have a good time, if he can prevail on mayor Van Wyck to take frequent vacations. Inquiries by the New York World show that there is a difference of opinion among mayors as to their right to kiss the brides for whom they have performed the marriage ceremony. Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, doesn't "think much of the kissing practice," and says he "gets all the kissing he wants without kissing other men's wives." Mayor Gilmore, of Springfield, Mass., doesn't "think it just right to kiss them," and Mayor Tafel, of Cincinnati, thinks "the proposition is ridiculous." On the other hand, Mayor Preston, of Hartford, Conn., thinks it "not only the prerogative, but the duty, of the mayor to kiss a bride" under the circumstances indicated. Mayor Diehl, of Buffalo, never misses a chance, and Mayor Ziegenhagen, of St. Louis, approves the custom. Mayor Taylor, of Richmond, Va., has never performed the marriage ceremony, although it is one of his prerogatives, but he is quoted as saying that he thinks "a kiss from his lips would be a splendid seal for a matrimonial union," and that whenever an opportunity arises he will "try it without consulting Mrs. Taylor."

The mayor of Baltimore has no authority to perform the marriage ceremony, but now that we have a handsome bachelor in the mayor's chair it would seem an opportune time to change the law and give our city executive a chance to enjoy the sweets that pertain to the office in other cities. We have no doubt that Mr. Hayes would be immensely popular as a tier of matrimonial knots, and that in kissing the brides he would display his customary energy and public spirit, and would soon hold the record in that line. In amending the law so as to authorize the mayor to perform marriage ceremonies, it ought to be provided that in case of his absence the president of the second branch of the city council should act in his stead. This would prevent a monopoly on the part of Mr. Hayes and would afford an opportunity to Mr. Skipwith Wilmer for graceful and gallant demonstrations.—Baltimore Sun.

POOR JOHN.

Not that he is altogether perfect; some faults may be found even in a Chinaman, fewer though than in most people, as he is less human than some others. First, his skin; it is of color, for so says the Constitution of the United States, the black and white shall inherit but not the yellow. Then he is a great liar, wasteful even with his lie, not having with all his centuries of thought and storehouses of learning reached the true economies of mendacity. He has no soul, at least none as yet discovered; and hence no conscience, nor any moral attributes. He sometimes steals, but rarely, and if not cornered he seldom kills. He is a machine, good only for work, but very good for that; for American society and citizenship better material can be found. There are no such things as public life and politics in China, and he wants none when he goes abroad. Mandarins are paid to do the ruling, just as girls are paid to do the dancing; why then trouble? For certain industries he is the best implement, and manufacturers who have to compete with all the world should have good tools. If a merchant, he is fairly honorable; if an official in China, he is honest; acting, we to his lights, and if honest true, for all true officialism there is bribery and corruption. He is just to whatever degree desired, for whenever he wants justice he buys it.—Bancroft, The New Pacific.

OLD VIRGINIA BREAKFASTS.

A few old Virginians, scarce a quorum, are left:
But we all hold one opinion:
The best breakfasts the world ever saw
Were served in the Old Dominion.

Somewhere in the forties, some time before
The cooking-stove came to save labor,
When the spit was turned before breakfast
That gave everything a flavor.
But first, when "the rising bell" sent the still air
With summons stern and emphatic,
The great tall glass of "old peach" and crushed ice,
Crowned with green herb aromatic
Went the rounds for "just one little sip."
Ere sleep had wholly left us—
"Just a sip, with the Colonel's compliments."
To "pick us up for our breakfast."
Trellis-roses looked in at the breakfast-room door,
Myocorypha and multiforma,
Blending an essence subtle and rare
With the Mocha's fine aroma.
The polished mahogany, glistening wet,
The great Sheffield dish and its cover,
Reflected again and again some shadow
Of kinsman, of friend, or lover.
Of the Colonel himself—standing grave and erect—
Casting his kind eyes o'er us;
And we hushed our hearts as he offered his own
In thanks for the blessing before us.
And a breeze had been born in the heart of the hills—
The blue hills over the river—
Its whispering answer is whispering still.
Of a love that slumbers never:
The breakfast had waited "for the better to come,"
Churned in the cool of the morning;
And now, like a maiden-queen, high-enthroned,
It stood with a rose for its crown.
And Agnes, with jasmine stuck in her belt,
A sunbonnet over her curls,
Ran in from the privet hedge with the eggs.
"Just laid," and translucent as pearls.
In spring time and summer the crystal bowls
Held figs and peaches and berries,
And globes just bursting with beauty and bloom
Of luscious ox heart cherries.
We had small game chickens broiled over the coals,
(No coarse-grained Shanghai horrid)
That plebeian immigrant was naturalized
Along with the English sparrow.)
But, whatever the fish from river or sea,
The Colonel would chide our error
If we failed to begin our breakfast with
rope
Of North Carolina herring.
"Spots, mullets and perch," he acknowledged were "fine."
But the fish of historic glory
Was the "roasted herring" of Bobby Burns
In his Tam O'Shanter story:
But the bread—the thistle-down things we called "bread!"
Why, we scarce dared whisper of sneeze,
For the rolls were so light, the waives so thin
They might float away on the breeze!
Fancy muffins, and Sally Lunn, bread and cakes!
And waffles, ye gods! made of rice, flour, butter, cream, eggs—all whipped to a froth,
Baked crisp! As for charms that etic.
Cleopatra's Calypso's, Helen's were
—it—
They had only wit and beauty,
While waffles! Only to think of them makes
A poor rhymist forget her duty.
—Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November.

A STRIKING LIKENESS OF SENATOR MARK HANNA.



The attention of our readers is directed to the artistic qualities of the above half-tone illustration due to Leslie's Improved stereotype half-tone process controlled exclusively in this city by this newspaper.
Here is a new and excellent portrait of Senator Hanna, something regarding whom is printed in our news columns almost every day. Great curiosity has always possessed the public mind to study the features of this prominent man and the above picture enables our readers to make the acquaintance of Mr. Hanna by photographic proxy. The repeated reports regarding the retirement of Mark Hanna from leading Republican councils are positively denied.

NOTICE!

No Tickets or Stamps
on
These Prices.

GREAT

MAMMOTH UNDERWEAR SALE!

Continued at the NEW YORK CASH STORE, 175 South Main Street, Salt Lake City.

For One Week From Saturday, Dec. 2nd. TO MAKE ROOM FOR HOLIDAY GOODS.

10 doz. Boy's and Misses Pants, Vests and Drawers in Gray Merino winter weight, price 25c, 25c, 30c; this week, each— 19c	20 doz. Ladies' Gray or Cream Jersey fleeced Pants, sizes 4 to 6; cheap at 50c, this sale— 19c	15 doz. Ladies' fine Cream Mace Cotton Jersey fleeced Vests and Drawers, silk finish, extra large sizes, 42, 44 and 46, 75c. value; this sale each— 57c	5 doz. Ladies' heavy Silver-gray Jersey ribbed wool Union Suits, perfect fitting, button over bust, all large sizes, \$1.35 value; this sale, suit— \$1.13	Ladies' 75c trimmed outing flannel Night Gowns. This sale— 59c	Twenty-six dozen men's fine grey Jersey wool, fleeced shirts or drawers, size 34 to 44, 75c value. This sale— 57c	Twenty-five dozen men's cream, very fine heavy Jersey, silk fleeced underwear, silk finish front, the warmest to be had, all sizes, \$1.65 value. This sale each— \$1.25
25 doz. Grey Jersey fleeced Union Suits; age 4 to 12. Drop seat; this sale, suit— 25c	15 doz. Ladies' Heavy Gray Jersey Vests and Drawers, fleeced, Vests' silk lace and tape trimmed neck and front, sizes 4 to 6; 45c. value; this sale— 29c	15 doz. Ladies' Yeager's fine ribbed wool Underwear, silk finish, Vests and Pants, size 4 to 6, 55c. value; this sale, each— 69c	10 doz. Ladies' fine Jersey wool, light silver-gray Union Suits, deep lap over bust, silk finish, sizes 3 to 6, \$1.50 value; this sale, suit— \$1.19	Ladies' plain fine colored outing flannel gowns, braid and lace trimmed, \$1.40 value. This sale each— 85c	Twenty-nine dozen men's fine grey natural Union Suits, ribbed bottom and silk braid finish, all sizes, 85c value. This sale each— 67½c	Twenty dozen men's scarlet, pure wool California underwear, all sizes, \$1.25 value. This sale each— 97½c
40 doz. Ladies' Grey Jersey fleeced Union Suits, sizes 4 to 6, 45c value, per suit— 29c	14 doz. Ladies' extra fine and weight in Gray or Cream, Jersey ribbed, fleeced Vests and Drawers, sizes 4 to 6 and 65c. value Vests, silk trimmed; this week— 45c	Children's fine tan lamb's wool Underwear— 30c and up.	15 doz. heavy fine all wool Melba style, Gray Union Suits, size 4 to 6, \$2.50 value; this week, suit— \$1.98	Ladies' light stripe Jersey ribbed fleeced underwear, 40c value. This sale each— 25c	Nineteen dozen men's heavy wool tan, ribbed underwear, satin front, pearl buttons, all sizes, \$1 value. This sale each— 75c	Twenty-five dozen men's extra heavy red or blue all wool California underwear, all sizes, \$1.35 value. This sale each— \$1.32
15 doz. Boy's Yeager's Jersey ribbed fleeced Shirts or Drawers, sizes 34 to 34, this week, each— 25c	19 doz. Ladies' Mixed Hygiene flat heavy fleeced Shirts and Drawers, silk finish, ribbed bottom, sizes 22 to 44 and 75c. value; this sale, each— 50c	12 doz. Ladies' fine natural Gray fleeced lined Union Suits, button over chest, seamless shoulders, silk finish, 95c. value; this sale, each— 69c	Twenty-five dozen children's grey Jersey fleeced vests and pants— 10c and up.	Men's fine tan shirts and drawers, 65c value. This week— 45c	Fifteen dozen men's all wool camel's hair underwear, good weight, ribbed bottom, silk braid trimmed shirts, pearl buttons, \$1.25 value. This sale each— 95c	Twenty-five dozen men's heavy blue, maroon or black sweaters, all sizes. This sale each— 67c
16 doz. Boy's Sanitary gray fine Jersey heavy fleeced Shirts and Drawers, sizes 24 to 34; this week each— 27½c	11 doz. Ladies' Cream Jersey fleeced Union Suits, silk finish, size 4 to 6, 50c. value; this sale— 37c	4 doz. Ladies' heavy Cream balbriggan fleeced Union Suits, button over bust, silk finish, seamless shoulder, size 3 to 6, \$1.00 value; this sale, each— 83c	Nine dozen Ladies' fine all wool Scarlet Medicated Underwear shirts and pants, 34 to 48, \$1 value. This sale each— 83c	Twenty-five dozen men's heavy flat tan mixed, fleeced lined, underwear, silk braid trimmed. This sale each— 47½c	Twenty-five dozen men's tan heavy all wool, ribbed underwear, silk finish and pearl button front, all sizes, \$1.35 value. This sale each— \$1.00	Nine dozen men's fine all wool tan, green and purple and black sweaters, all sizes, \$1.50 value. This sale each— \$1.18
Children's natural gray underwear— 15c and up.			Fifteen dozen Ladies' fine flat all wool Grey underwear, silk finish vests, size 32 to 42, \$1.25 value. This sale each— 98c			Ten dozen men's heavy flannel lined duck coats— \$1.25 up.

NEW YORK CASH STORE

175 South Main Street, - - - - -

Salt Lake City, Utah.