

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

SONG: TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Today and tomorrow, and the days that come after,
Springtime and summer and two seasons more,
The light fall of tears and the day full of laughter,
And dreams that come in and go out of the door.
O time that is fleeting too fast for our capture,
While the heart of our dreams beholds it pass by—
The yearning and burning, the desire and the rapture,
Till we home to the earth and we home to the sky.

O harvest of dreams! when the sowing is over
And fulfillment of growth gives over all playing,
Ah, down the long sunset of life the heart over
Turns (wistful to weeping and darkness to sighing,
We gather the harvest of dreams and we store them
Deep down in our hearts for the hunger that craves
When springtime and summer, the laughter that bore them,
Sails away like a ship that we watch on the waves.

SONG OF THE NOON-DAY.

Over the world hangs the splendor of noonday,
The winds fold their robes away in the offing;
Up the long coast is a murmur of laughter,
Where the little foam-wave and the sand lute play.
Here far away from man's halting and seething,
Time leads the sun home to the house of his dreams.

This is the way of the world in a vision—
Hope that's alluring, and desires that follow;
Tears that are eloquent, laughter that's hollow;
Beauty forever pursuing her mission,
But I care not for this—when the seas call low
Time leads the sun home to the house of his dreams.

Graviness of dawn cannot dull the moon's brightness,
Shadows of even cannot mask it and darken;
Men of the world may pass through it, nor harken
To its pulses that make the stars signless,
Triumphing out of the pause that is flightless,
Time leads the sun home to the house of his dreams.

This is the joy of man's heart in its dreaming—
The midmost heaven of all his desire—
Further than noon, for the sun mounts no higher,
And love in man's life is his noon-sun a-burning,
Clouds full of silence, and the sky full of fire—
Time leads the sun home to the house of his dreams.

—Selected.

NOTES.

The publisher, is always on the look-out for saleable books, but his judgment is not infallible. "Only recently," remarks the Bookman, "a novel was rejected by more than half a dozen publishers, including nearly all the leading lights of the trade." When the book did at last appear, it was at once hailed by the press and public as a notable accession to contemporary fiction, and only the other day it attained the distinction of a sixpenny reprint. What was the book?

John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and poet, author of that fine poem, "My Own Shall Come to Me" (loves to tell a story which led to do with a friend of his named Orr.

On one of his trips Mr. Burroughs happened to be in the town where Mr. Orr lives. Meeting him in the street, Mr. Burroughs insisted that his friend should accompany him to the hotel for luncheon. As they were eating, Mr. Burroughs inquired if his friend was not interested in any specialty.

"I think," said the naturalist, "every man ought to have a collection of some kind. It adds zest to life."

"Oh, yes," said his friend, "I have quite a collection. I am interested in flowers. Come home with me, and I'll show them to you."

As they approached the Orr home, the fine, healthy children, playing on the lawn, ran to meet their father.

"These," said Mr. Orr, with a twinkle in his eye, "form my collection of orchids. Are they not grand specimens?"

Mr. Burroughs agreed that the collection of Orr kids was the finest he had ever seen.

Karl Edwin Harriman, whose clever bit of fiction "The Girl and the Deal," proved so popular last year, has just brought out another love story entitled "The Girl Out There." This is said to be a tale of country life, breathing the freedom and freshness of the open, and bringing in some of the best known types of rural characters, such as the country store-keeper, the village doctor, the wild old miser, the bluff but kind-hearted farmer, the village postmaster.

Rudyard Kipling tells the following incident, which occurred a year or two ago, when he was revising the proofs of "Traffic and Discoveries."

His little daughter Elsie was seated in a chair in the same room, and rudely Mr. Kipling began to sing "On the Road to Mandalay." His daughter looked up in surprise. His father kept on singing.

Suddenly the girl interrupted Kipling, saying: "Father, didn't you write that song?"

"Yes," was the reply.

BOOKS.

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& **Cocoa**

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A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

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Established 1780, DOVER, ENGLAND.
45 Highest Avenues
in Europe and America

Who does not read William A. White's collection of sketches in his recent volume entitled "In Our Town," misses one of the literary treats of the season. This delicious bit of character sketching, the glimpses of social and political life in a little town, the aroma of the newspaper office with its distinctive atmosphere are all entrancing in their naturalness, their distinctive humor and pathos, and make rich entertainment for the appreciative reader. It is all done with the precision and skill of an artist, and brings new laurels to the author's palm.

It will be a genuine surprise to those who know Arthur Stringer chiefly by his poetry, which is always of the subtlest and somewhat ethereal, to find in his recent novel "The Wire Tappers" a story of realism so complete as to surprise them. Realism is perhaps not just the word a true author steps into realms of romance which will put the modern writers of sensation to their mettle to rival. The story takes an uncommon setting, that of the atmosphere of telegraphy and in it

EVA BOOTH SERIOUSLY ILL.



Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army in America was to have sailed for England a few days ago to visit her father, but she was stricken ill and the trip was postponed. Miss Booth is confined to bed and has cancelled all engagements. The young commander, who has been actively directing the relief work for the San Francisco sufferers, traveling extensively and sparing herself no fatigue, is believed to be suffering from a nervous collapse.

places incidents and people new to the reading public, while into them all weaves the inevitable love story which enhances all. The Pearl Diamond episode would do credit to the genius of a Balzac and yet as it is in the novel domain of the world of telegraphy with its possibility for interception and intrigue makes a new contribution to the literature of the partially submerged tenth. Mr. Stringer will be admired for his versatility which has produced a work in such diametric direction to his general friend, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston are the publishers.

MAGAZINES.

The first issue of the People's Magazine—a new publication by Street & Smith—has made its appearance. The People's for July is a magazine of 192 pages, quite filled from cover to cover with a great number of different articles, stories, poems, etc. Of the best alone, there is a generous supply of high quality, a leading serial by Mrs. C. N. Williamson—the well-known author of "The Lightning Conductor." "My Friend, the Chauffeur," etc.—being an attractive feature. Another serial is "The Girl in Waiting," by Archibald Eyre, an unusually engrossing story told in a sprightly manner. The People's is following the style of giving long installments in its serials, so that each installment is of itself an interesting and practically complete serial. The People's will sell for 10 cents.

Famous French Poet Builds His Own Tomb.

Our London Literary Letter.

LONDON, July 13.—Frederic Mistral, the great French poet, is busily engaged, at present, in superintending the construction of his own tomb. A literary acquaintance of mine, who has just returned from France, paid a visit to Mistral and found him hard at work on the designs for his last resting place, which is to be of marble, and is being made under his direction by one of the most skillful sculptors in the Provence district.

Not that Frederic Mistral is expecting a speedy release. On the contrary, though now nearly 80, the distinguished comrade of Daudet and Lamartine is surprisingly active. "Still, I shall require a tomb some day," he said to my friend, "and it is my desire to have an imposing one. After all, the tomb is the house in which we remain longest, and it should be as beautiful as possible." So Mistral is having his mausoleum copied from the famous "Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne" at Baux—though with some variations, which have occurred to him—and when finished it will be put up in the cemetery of Maitland, near his house. Meanwhile the extraordinary pains he is taking with it are the wonder and admiration of all the surrounding peasantry.

Mistral, however, is not so busy with his tomb that he cannot find time to write, and he confided to his caller that his long-promised "Memoirs" were finished, and would be published in a few weeks. Last year, it will be remembered, he shared the Nobel prize for literature with Echegaray, the Spanish writer, and since that time, besides completing his reminiscences and translating the book of Genesis into Provençal, he has written two long poems which will also be published shortly.

Mistral was born—as writers on literature soon will be recalling—in 1830 in the same village at the foot of the Alpilles, where he now resides, and at 17 was sent to Aix to study law. His father, however, seems to have been liberal minded, for when Mistral had taken his diploma the Vau was told to choose his own career, and the poet himself has recorded how he "threw his lawyer's gowns to the winds" and gave himself up to the contemplation of his native Provence. Moreover, he hoped into fame practically at a bound, for his poem, "Miréio," which he wrote at 25, was the talk of all France, and caused him to be described by Lamartine as "a true Homeric poet in our own time." Soon after, Mistral went to Paris, intending to make the capital his home, but nostalgia soon overtook him, and he returned to the scenes which he has never quitted since.

The companion from boyhood of Alphonse Daudet, with whom he had many a youthful escapade, Mistral kept in close touch with the author of "Sapho," and it is not too much to say that the revival of the Provençal language as a literary medium grew out of their acquaintance. It is needless to enumerate Mistral's works—many of which have been "crowned" by the French Academy, but all lovers of poetry will hope that the handsomely done he is preparing for himself will not have to be used for many a day.

Speaking of the French academy reminds me that Cardinal Mathieu, who succeeds to the vacant chair of that illustrious assembly, is reported not to be persona grata at the Vatican for two reasons. It happened at the last convocation that the cardinal sat next to a stranger who spoke no French—a language which he was, as a rule, expected to know. "You do not speak French," therefore, you are not eligible," he was told, and Cardinal Mathieu in Latin to his neighbor, who replied in the same language. "It is true, eminent domine, I am not eligible. God be thanked! (Deo gratias.) But the stranger who returned this answer is now Pius X., and is said to resent intensely the affront thus put upon him. Moreover, Cardinal Mathieu, who has been elected to the Academy for his literary ability alone, wrote for the Revue des Deux Mondes about two years ago, an article on the Conclave, in which he denounced the Austrian interference with the election, and declared, in no measured terms, that the choice of the conclave should have fallen upon Cardinal Rambolla.

Oddly enough, there seems to be a Gallic tinge to most of this week's literary gossip, for bookish folk in London have just learned for the first time that Robert Browning, besides being the author of some notable poetic work, once wrote a French grammar. This fact is revealed by Miss Agnes Adams

in the English Bookman, and it seems that even the late Dr. Garrett, whose knowledge of literature was encyclopaedic, had not heard of this early venture of the poet's. His surprise was great. Miss Adams says, when a reference to the work in question by Browning himself was pointed out to him. It occurs on page 203 of the first volume of Browning's letters to his wife: "Thus in more than one of the reviews and magazines that laughed my 'Paracelsus' to scorn 10 years ago—in the same column often of these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book, on a new plan, which I did for my old French master, and he published—that was really a useful work."

"Returned with Thanks" is the novel and suggestive title of a collection of short stories which is being issued this week by a London publisher.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

Phones Are Toning the Voice.

Is the telephone changing the character of the American voice? An eminent teacher of elocution in the east declares that such is the case. He goes on to state that the different pitch of tone required, the ability to gauge the voice so that the uttered words shall carry distinctly, the clear enunciation, and the use of the chest tones all tend to soften and broaden the nasality of tone inherited from our Puritan ancestors.

Most people in telephoning speak altogether too loud. It is a common error to suppose that because you cannot see the auditor, you must speak to be heard. This is a mistake. Watch a skillful operator at her end of the line. Standing but a few feet away from her you cannot distinguish a word of her low-toned conversation. She speaks directly into the mouthpiece, her tone is a pitch scarcely above a whisper, and her conversation is begun, carried on and ended without the slightest hindrance or difficulty. That operator has learned her business. She knows how to attain the maximum results with a minimum of effort. A celebrated singing teacher has said that many of the vocal and breathing exercises given by her are identical in form with those employed by a good telephone operator, and as the singing voice changes and broadens and develops under trained guidance, so the voice of the telephoner is gradually changing and rounding out to meet the conditions forced upon it by the needs of correct telephoning.

The Superstitions of Sailor Men.

All sailors are superstitious, and the legends of the sea are legion, ranging from phantom ships to spectral lights suddenly gleaming from yardarms and mastsheads, says the English Illustrated Magazine. That many of these legends are very ancient may be proved by the fact that sea harpies are described by Homer and Hesiod, while, according to Virgil, they plundered Aeneas during his voyage to Italy. The beautiful strains, too, are of classic origin.

Weird, indeed, are the tales of haunting specters, fit to send one's nerves quivering after a hearty supper, well suited for Christmas time ghost stories. There are four Goblins of Dunter's Ness, not ghosts, but evil water spirits, who appear twice a year, only in mid-winter, but bring bad luck in a very short time to the ship from which they are sighted.

We must mention Adamaster, the dreaded Ghost of the Cape, that used to be seen in a halo of cloud and mist over Good Hope, and also the silent man of Warford harbor, the wandering soul of the Dutch skipper who lost his smack on his way to Dublin some three centuries ago.

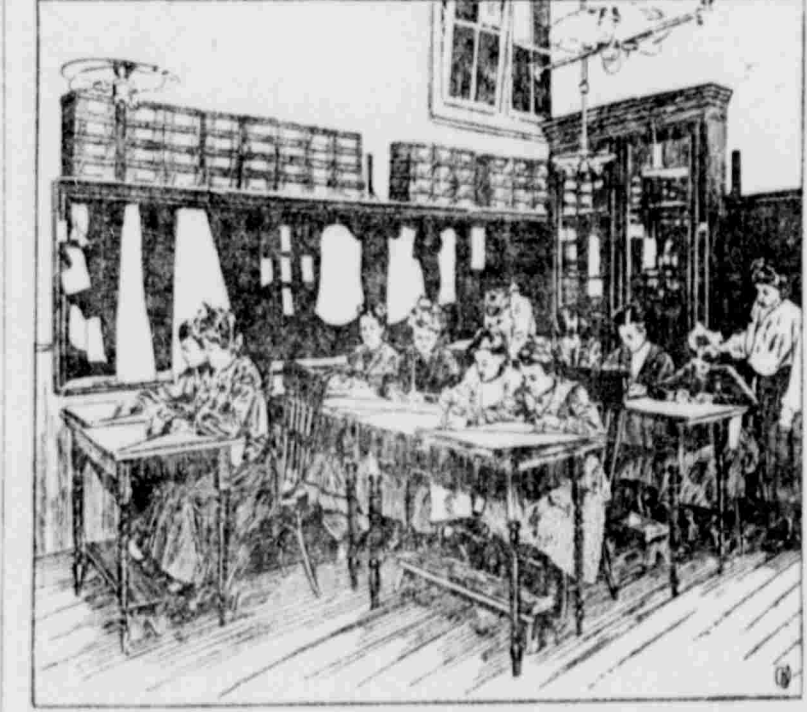
Ghostly apparitions are not, however, the only ones to be feared at sea. In the case of St. Elmo's fire these apparitions take the shape of spectral lights suddenly gleaming from yardarms or mastsheads. It was known by ancient navigators as Castor and Pollux—the best omen if seen double, but a signal of danger if seen single.

Jack has a score of well-known superstitions, many of which are of very long descent, such as the presence of figureheads, the blessing of ships and the "crossing of the line." And it will be remembered that the Prince and Princess of Wales both paid tribute to old Neptune while on their journey to Australia.



In many of the larger American cities trained nurses are employed to look after the physical welfare of the pupils. Children are not only under the special supervision of these competent assistants while at school, but in some instances are visited at their homes when it is not possible or expedient for them to attend school. The picture shows how cordially one of these expert nurses is received by the children of a large city.

LEARNING HOW TO MAKE PATTERNS.



Many of the public schools of the country, especially in the larger cities, have established facilities for technical instruction in various directions. The cut shows a class of high school girls learning to make patterns. This is only one of the ways in which pupils are taught practically how to make a living while they are still in school.

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The book herewith pictured was once the property of Mary, queen of Scots. It is a magnificent copy of Ptolemy's geography. It was bound by Nicholas Eve, a famous workman



In leather and has been in the British museum for twenty years, loaned by its owner, who has sold it recently to Quaritch, the noted collector.

MAKING AN EXAMINATION.

In some of the larger cities great attention is now being paid to the physical condition of the pupils. One of the most important steps in this direction is the examination of the eyes



of all children applying for entrance, especially in the primary and kindergarten departments. The cut shows a trained nurse making an examination of the eyes of a kindergarten applicant.

"Doctor," said the man who several weeks before had been operated on for appendicitis, "I'm all right now except for a heavy feeling in the pit of my stomach and a slight metallic rattling when I walk." "There!" exclaimed the M. D., snapping his thigh. "I knew that case of surgical instruments would turn up eventually. Will you pay me for them and keep them, or shall I remove them? The cost will be about the same."—Houston Post.

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