

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

THE GARDEN OF MY SOUL.

I water with my tears each night
The garden of my soul,
And tend with care the flowers white.
I water with my tears each night,
Transplanting from the wrong the right
Transfiguring the whole.
I water with my tears each night
The garden of my soul.
A. B. in Gunter's Magazine for December.

CONTENTMENT.

A THANKSGIVING VERSE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A little bird sat on a tree,
And sang this song right merrily:
"I'm glad, as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate, who wandered night:
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower,
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power:
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful Summer breeze
Blew o'er the fields and stirred the trees,
And whispered to each one of these:
"Don't you wish you could be a breeze?"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,
With rumping dog and rattling toy,
Cried out, with shouts of keenest joy,
"It's jolly fine to be a boy."

—Donald A. Fraser, in the November Bellineator

NOTES

Some curiosity has resulted from the fact that in discussing Mrs. Ward's latest novel, "The Silver Butterfly," the critics are spelling the hero's name in two different ways, some writing Marsham and others Markham. This discrepancy is easily accounted for. The spelling used in the serial in Harper's Magazine, was Markham, and the book was changed to s at the request of Mrs. Ward, although not until the reviewers' copies had reproduced the magazine form. One is still left to wonder, however, what were Mrs. Ward's own reasons for preferring Marsham over Markham.

O. Henry, author of "The Four Million," "The Voice of the City," and other stories of New York City, which the McClure company publish, has finished the play on which he has been working for some months, and it will be produced by Lieber & Co. The play will appear in New York soon, and it might be a winner, said Campbell McCullough of the theatrical firm, in an interview. "It is in the well known O. Henry vein of humor, tragedy and philosophy, and it is to be called 'The World and the Door.' The play introduces several well known city characters drawn to the life, such as the rounder, the down-and-out bum, the hustling young reporter, the capitalist, and the adventures."

The following note will be of interest to prospective playwrights: "Usually, when plays are sent direct to managers with no paying of the play, the producer is turned over to a producing manager for an opinion; and the opinion of readers has sent many a good play to the scrap-heap, and many a bad one to the stage, then to the storehouse. The producer managers are fallible, as all men are fallible, and frequently they err when their subordinates might have stumbled into the light. One of the greatest dramatic triumphs of decades ago was secured by a producing manager who said: "The man who wrote that is crazy!" "Another manager took the play with misgivings, holding the author responsible in part for any possible losses. The critics all went to a play opening with an air of finality which presaged utter doom for the production in point. It was a success—a triumph—a landslide—a mint for the producers and author! There you are, and make the most of it."

Jack London has been shipwrecked. We hasten to add that apparently the consequences were not serious, though the experience had its effect on him. It all happened in August in the Solomon Islands, which are so far from civilization that the news has only just arrived. In a letter to a friend in New York Mrs. London describes the experience:

"We are on a recruiting trip around the cannibal head-hunting island of Malaita, an ex-yacht, the Minota, whose former captain, McKendree, was murdered by the savages last December at the bay of Langa Langa, and the vessel completely looted. We are going over the same ground that he covered, and times are exciting with us. Of course, we are young and without the teeth, and with the exception of the missionary women, who carry no arms. I am the first white woman, probably, who has gone into these dangerous bays."

"Saturday, Aug. 22, 1908. "Since the foregoing, we have been properly shipwrecked, the Minota going on the reef in a little bay called Malu, on Malaita, as we were trying to beat out through the reef-entrance. We were fortunately in a fairly safe place, as regards the savages, who were kept off the Minota without much trouble. The schooner Eugene, only a few miles away in another bay, was murdered by the savages last December, and was two days before the Minota was in deep water again. She is not seriously injured, being built mainly of teak."

BOOKS

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, author of "The Silver Butterfly," is not fond of photographers, and thereby hangs a tale.

At the famous Mark Twain dinner two years ago, nearly every literary celebrity of the country was present. After the dinner, the guests were assembled and photographed in groups.

Mrs. Woodrow, who had gone to the dinner under the escort of W. J. Lampton, was in one of these groups. If other photographers had been unjust to her, this one did them. And when the photograph was printed, as they all were, Mrs. Woodrow was the recipient of dozens of letters, typical of which came the following, from Life:

"Dear Madam—After seeing your picture in this week's Harper's Weekly, we are compelled to inform you that no more contributions from your pen are even in disorder here. We regret to take this course, but, under the circumstances, no other course is open to us. In heartfelt sympathy, we beg to remain, THE EDITORS."

This was bad enough, but even Mr. Lampton had his fling in his own characteristic way. He was moved to poetry:

"O Nancy Wilson Woodrow,
Hear me as I declare,
If you look like that picture,
I didn't take that there."

"The Melting Pot," the play which Israel Zangwill came to this country to produce a few weeks ago, is to be published in book form by the Macmillan. It is dedicated, by special permission, to President Roosevelt.

One of the things that amuses Mrs. Wilson Woodrow most—among the things she has a very active sense of humor—is the assumption on the part of "good guessers" that she is the wife of Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton university, and that she has turned her name around as a literary pleasantry, or an evasion of direct responsibility. Mrs. Woodrow's new story of New York society, "The Silver Butterfly," has gone into its third large printing within a month of publication.

In the illustrations by Alonzo Kimball for "The Right Man" is used for the first time the very elaborate process known as color-photogravure. The effect is bizarre in the extreme.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wheelock's "Stories of the Wagons," which have been adopted for the public school libraries of Rochester, N. Y.

Over half a million copies have been circulated of Raymond M. Alden's story, "Why the Chimes Rang." This is generally regarded as the best kindergarten story ever published.

"Japan averages about three earthquakes a day, and the American visitor to the sensitive little island, after experiencing a few mild 'tremors,' involuntarily calls to mind the old legend that the land rests on a big live fish."

writes Frederic S. Isham, author of "The Lady of the Mount."

"The different brands of 'tremors' form an interesting topic of conversation for the newcomer to Tokyo, and 'old settlers' never weary of discussing them."

It was at the Imperial hotel, just before fleet week, the novelist first encountered a few members of the earthquake club, and experiences were in order. "What I'm going to tell you happened during one of those right-and-left, or left-and-right quakes," said a charter member, as he learned more confidently against the refreshment counter. "They're the worst sort, most confusing, for you never know where you're at, when they're over."

In this case I was sleeping in the east room of my Japanese villa, and my wife and children were in the west room, the sliding screens or doors being open between. About midnight came one of those right-to-left and left-to-right shocks; it disturbed us some, but as it soon became calm and quiet once more, we didn't bother, but went to sleep again. And now comes the part I'm leading up to: When I awoke in the morning, I found I wasn't in the west room, while the wife and kiddies were in the east one."

The author of "King Spruce," Holman Day, has written another story of his favorite Maine woods, this time for young people, "The Eagle Badge," takes a young hero into the forest wilds, in the midst of the lawlessness which the woods invite by their nearness to the Canadian border, where smuggling and counterfeiting are opposed by the honesty and good-will of the genuine woodsmen. The lad is elected "Mayor of the Woods," which always means excitement, and has plenty of adventures in the mixed company of outlaws and guardians of the law, powerful drivers of the logs and gay-hearted French Canadians. It is a story of outdoor life breathing the fragrance and mystery of the woods, full of incident and suspense—a fresh tale which will no doubt attract an enthusiastic train of readers among young folk of twelve years or over. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

Do the dead speak to the living? Is there any way to find out whether they do? In "The Shadow World," where he faces such questions, Hamlin Garland has written a book which is a logical result of this two-fold experience—



MLLE. RENEE DUCLOS, DANSEUSE.

Mlle Renee has all Paris at her feet, and is the toast of the artistic set at the gay French capital. Her new dances, just introduced at the Folies Bergere, have created a sensation. Arrangements are under way whereby she is to give her repertoire before King Edward of England.

A serious psychical investigator, and as a practical writer of narrative, Mr. Garland for literary purposes has shown this book into the form of fiction, creating a circle of characters and inventing their dialogue; but it is far from being fiction, since it faithfully reproduces actual facts of experience. Beyond question, it presents a fascinating solution of the mediumistic theory, and its insistence upon "unexplored human biology" is reasonable and sane. The reader will rejoice that the book is neither an essay nor a tract, but a story, and a charming one, concerted with the most entertaining of men and women. Moreover, it promises to remove a good deal of foolish misunderstanding on the actions of the dead, and so-called messages from the dead. Mr. Garland has treated an old subject in a new way—a way which is not unlikely to interest men of science, as well as of letters. It is a serious study, and a serious study, and a serious study.

It is with an art as perfect, a touch as sure, a sympathy as penetrating and beautiful, that she breathes into her new story, "The Better Treasure," the very essence of the Christmas spirit. All the immortal legendary charm of Christmas is in about it. Somehow, it is imprisoned in these pages, to be released at any reader's "Open Sesame," the beauty and mystery of the holy night, the night of children's joy, the greatest of men in England; Old Piper, Nelson's one-time foreman; and above all, young Kit Caryll. The whole thing is over in three days, but a lifetime of fighting and adventure crowded into those days. Mr. Ollivant deals with elemental things, and deals with them in a big way. The book has qualities that belong only to real literature. It is not unlikely that "The Gentleman" will long be known as one of the best romances of fighting and the sea.

The "Better Treasure" is a new book by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, author of "The Perfect Tribute." With a frontispiece and marginal decorations by H. M. Bunker. The Bobbs-Merrill company. "The Perfect Tribute" has endeared Mrs. Andrews to the American heart. It crystallized the national feeling for Lincoln, the sense of the pathos and nobility of his life, the abounding admiration of the great heart of the greatest American. It is with an art as perfect, a touch as sure, a sympathy as penetrating and beautiful, that she breathes into her new story, "The Better Treasure," the very essence of the Christmas spirit. All the immortal legendary charm of Christmas is in about it. Somehow, it is imprisoned in these pages, to be released at any reader's "Open Sesame," the beauty and mystery of the holy night, the night of children's joy, the greatest of men in England; Old Piper, Nelson's one-time foreman; and above all, young Kit Caryll. The whole thing is over in three days, but a lifetime of fighting and adventure crowded into those days. Mr. Ollivant deals with elemental things, and deals with them in a big way. The book has qualities that belong only to real literature. It is not unlikely that "The Gentleman" will long be known as one of the best romances of fighting and the sea.

A sanguine inventor was once talking to a prominent South American. "My motor," he whispered impressively, "will make fifty revolutions a second." "That's nothing," retorted the other, laughingly, "look at my country!" But it is no joke to many Americans. We are certainly interested in the stability of government and a sane, progressive development of the natural resources of South America. So both the business man and the lover of our race are naturally interested in Latin-American character and conditions. The curious mixture of races—the courtly, warm, crafty aristocracy, the half-breed, the half-breed, and the recent North American immigrant—is not less worthy of the attention than the charm of the country itself, with its moonlit seas, and clean cut mountains. Everything is strange, the colors of flora and fauna beautiful, the Indian relics veiled with the mystery and mystery, the deadly insect life sudden and terrible. All of these seen through the eyes of a genuine-hearted and fanciful American girl of the most charming type, form the delightful background for a recent book by Mary Boardman Sheldon. The plot is developed from the rivalry of a blue-blooded Spaniard and a modern New Yorker, the daughter of the heroine. But the principal attractiveness of "Coffee and a Love Affair" (Stokes) proceeds from the unconscious self-revelation of the heroine, a kind of "American" or woman instinctively loves, whether she is seen in real life or in fiction.

MAGAZINES.

During the coming year The Century will publish a number of papers in a field unacknowledged in the magazines. Since Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot" no prominent series of these character has appeared. Mr. Schaffer, though his name is German, is only partly German in heredity. He writes with a poet's and musician's sympathy and enthusiasm of Dante, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Schlegel, Schelling, Popsdam, Brunswick, Leipzig, Meissen, Dresden, Hildesheim, and other German cities. While the descriptions will appeal to all who are interested in "abroad," they will have a special attraction for that large class of our population having German antecedents. The pictures are by some of the best of the younger German painters, and form a highly important part of the publication. Among the artists are Hans Herrmann, Alfred Scherers, Charles Vetter, Gertrud Vurnab, and Karl O'Lanch von Town.

Mr. William Bayard Hale, of the New York Times, staff, whose vivid account in that paper of the daily life of President Roosevelt attracted great attention, was particularly fortunate, during the past summer, in securing the German emperor and hearing him discuss subjects of current interest. Mr. Hale visited the emperor on his yacht, related to topics of current public interest, but was of the frankest and sincerest sort. An authoritative record of much that was said by the emperor will appear as a feature of an early number of The Century and it will be found to have extraordinary interest.

Probably the season will not bring a more exciting romance than "The Gentleman," the new book by Alfred Ollivant. Here at last he is thoroughly at home. "The Gentleman" is the story of a plot that was laid by the French to capture Lord Nelson on his last visit to England, only a few weeks before the battle of Trafalgar. The head and front of the plot is the Gentleman himself—by that name he is known to friends and enemies alike—a handsome young dare-devil Irishman in the French service, a poet and a mad fighter. Opposed to The Gentleman and his followers are a little group of faithful Englishmen—the fighting Captain of the Tremendous; Parson Harry

joy, of earth's peace, of man's reconciliation and God's great gift. Out of the simplest elements (Is it not always so?) is built this story of almost universal appeal; for hard, indeed, must be the heart that remains untouched by it. The notion of having lovely children steal out to the stable on Christmas eve in order to hear the horses talk according to the old legend, and of having the degenerate man, who had intended to commit a crime, diverted from his purpose by the spell of their innocent faith—that is a simple notion, indeed, but it is made one of the finest things imaginable. There is not a trace of false, or pinkish, or overstrained sentiment to mar its goodness, truth and beauty.

Mr. Bunker, the illustrator and decorator, has worked in complete accord with Mrs. Andrews. His drawings, at once simple and symbolic, are printed in a soft brown tone, as satisfying altogether an ideal Christmas gift, as it is novel.

The new volume of St. Nicholas, which begins with the November number, offers to its young readers a most attractive list of serials and features. One of these will be a unique and wonderfully illustrated series of humorous

rhymes entitled "When I Grow Up," by W. W. Denslow. The series will set forth in amusing form the "day dreams" of an American youngster, as to the wonderful things which he will achieve in his grown up days, as an admiral, or a soldier, or an orator, or a hunter, etc., and each "day dream" will be illustrated, not only with two full-page pictures in color, but in addition to these, with numerous clever Denslow drawings in black and white. The text is natural, boylike, and amusing, and the pictures are inimitable in fun and of surpassing merit artistically. Of all the artists who have made illustrations for young folk, there is probably no other who combines in equal degree with Mr. Denslow the gifts of abounding humor, bold and masterly skill in drawing, and a genius for decorative effect. His fame was long ago established by his drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," and his color books for children, such as "Father Goose," "The House that Jack Built," "Humpty Dumpty," etc. But this series, as he himself declares, represents the best work that he has ever done, and therefore justifies his heavy expense involved, and the great outlay which the publishers have bestowed upon it. It cannot fail to win wide popularity.

C. A. P. is supposed to retire some distance into the rear and sit down. As soon as Lord Northcliffe found himself fully installed in the Times, he held a conference with one of the largest American book-sellers—Brentano—to his exact—whose diplomacy brought the book war to an end, and restored to the Times the large amount of publishers' advertisements which had been lost owing to the wasteful struggle. And now the "little bird who sits up aloft" occupies his time in rumor-catching, has it that Brentano and Lord Northcliffe are hatching a big enterprise that will soon be launched in connection with the Times and the book publishers in America.

JOURNALISTS' LUXURY.

The Academy, a journal of many vicissitudes, is again in new hands. At least it now appears to be owned by Lord Alfred Douglas, instead of being merely edited by him. It is said that Sir Charles Tennant, its last proprietor, has made a present of the paper to Lord Alfred, saying: "Here, take the Academy, and here is some capital on which to run it." The Academy has seldom paid its way, and as a property it is somewhat of a luxury. It is to be anticipated that the assistant editor, who is Mr. W. H. Crossland, of "Un-speakable Scot," "Lovely Woman," and other fame, will have a still more free hand now. He has already succeeded in transforming the character of the paper considerably, for at first under Lord Alfred Douglas' sole editorship it had a decidedly ecclesiastical flavor; and, as has been remarked, Mr. Crossland wears the biretta with singular pleasure.

Whatever may be said of Crossland, there is no doubt of his originality. He is a man of remarkable personality, being "a great big fellow," with an insatiable desire for the financial rewards of literature, rather than the glory which is supposed to follow the pursuit of letters. In a recent interview "with himself" in one of the magazines, the following passage occurred:

"And now, Mr. Crossland," said the interviewer, with great deference, and evident awe at my literary reputation, will you tell me whom you consider your best friend?"

"The money-lender," was my prompt response.

Crossland is a virile writer, with a magnificent hatred of his enemies. His books have won him hosts of haters in return—a situation in which he positively glories.

BOOK WHICH WENT ASTRAY. The latest literary story here may perhaps be considered to convey a useful warning to journalists. Frank Harris, a well known author-editor, who is at present conducting a social weekly, was hunting with the editor of a great half-penny morning journal, and surprised to find that this editor had not read any of his books, promised to send him a volume of his short stories—which are very good and some years ago made quite a hit. The volume entitled "Elder Conklin" was duly sent to the editor's office, but unhappily went astray into a pile of books for review. One of the half-penny daily's "young men" who was really a young man, for this paper is noted for cat-tailing its staff young men, reviewed the book as a new one, praising it with patronizing moderation and encouraging the author to continue the pursuit of literature. When the notice appeared, the author-editor, who is a fiery Celt, was even more unreasoned in his language than his own.

CHARLES OGDENS.

End of Times Book War Opens Purses of London Publishers

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Now that the Times Book club war is definitely settled to nobody's satisfaction in particular—many book producers are beginning to spend money on advertising their wares. The latest evidence of this fact is a huge poster of a book called "John Silence." Advertising the novel by means of the poster is a new departure in England; the fact that one publisher has begun it, will have a stimulating effect on the others. It may not be altogether correct to describe the "poster" of novels as an altogether new departure, for Fisher Unwin once employed Aubrey Beardsley in this capacity and Heinemann ordered a poster from Nicholson; but it was a long time ago, and, apparently, the attempt in those days was not a success. However, the revival has begun, and several London publishers are thinking out striking ideas with which to hypnotize the public who have money to spend on books.

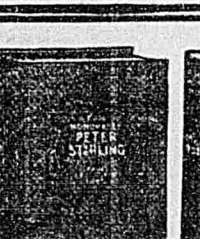
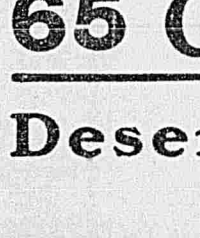
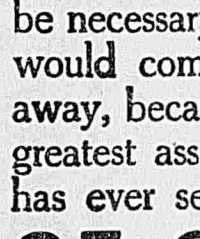
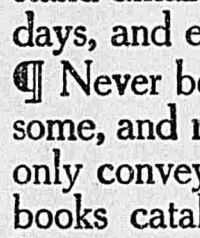
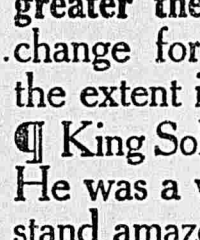
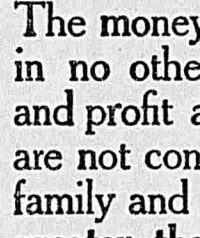
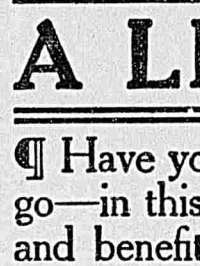
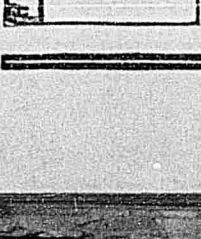
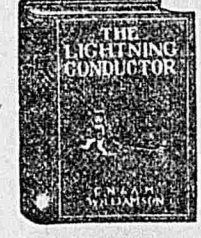
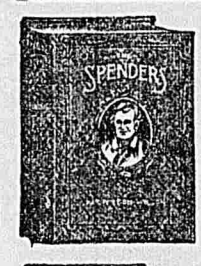
The "John Silence" poster simply portrays a man standing at a window looking out into the night. His position is somewhat curious, as he is looking away from the audience, as it were, and has his back turned to the public. The poster is said to have sold a good many copies of the book. Merchants are contemplating a poster for the book, "The Great Miss Driver," which might be said in passing, that, through some inexplicable cause, the London Times still yields an enormous influence, despite its fossilized condition and its prohibitive cost of 6 cents per copy. Well, among the people most mentioned in their congratulations to Pearson was his great rival the Daily Mail, with Lord Northcliffe—otherwise Alfred Harmsworth—among the principal wealth-thrivers. As soon as the first excitement is over, however, Northcliffe himself bows to the public as the actual owner of the Times, and

SOME INSIDE HISTORY.

There is a somewhat peculiar "inside history" of the conclusion of this Times book war which throws a slight lurid light on British diplomacy. It will be recalled that it was announced to the world some time ago that C. Arthur Pearson had bought the Times. This was considered one of the greatest journalistic coups on record, and Pearson was congratulated on his magnificent luck in acquiring the "Thunderer." It might be said in passing, that, through some inexplicable cause, the London Times still yields an enormous influence, despite its fossilized condition and its prohibitive cost of 6 cents per copy. Well, among the people most mentioned in their congratulations to Pearson was his great rival the Daily Mail, with Lord Northcliffe—otherwise Alfred Harmsworth—among the principal wealth-thrivers. As soon as the first excitement is over, however, Northcliffe himself bows to the public as the actual owner of the Times, and

BOOK CLUB WAR.

Concerning the great "Book Club War," enquiry among booksellers reveals the fact that they are anything but satisfied at the outcome of the struggle. Nor does it seem possible to deny that they have a very real grievance remaining. Their position is this: "The publishers have won a victory over the Times in the matter of net price, but the case of the six-shilling \$1.50 novel is still going against the bookseller. There is nothing to prevent the Times Book club, after three months, from publication of a novel, putting its copies into the 4s. box, if it wishes to do so. This hits the bookseller, small, large or medium-sized, for the \$1.50 novel is one of his great mainstays. In spite of all that is said about people not buying books. They do buy high-priced novels; and, of course, they will not pay the bookseller \$1.50 which is the English cash price for a \$1.50 book if by waiting a little they can purchase from the Times at, say, 30 cents or thereabouts. The booksellers complain that the publishers have been seduced by the book club's enticing promise of a big "first order" for new works into agreeing to a settlement which is unjust to the bookselling community."



A LITTLE BOOK TALK

Have you ever stopped to consider how far a little money will go—in this great progressive age—and how much real pleasure and benefit it will purchase, if judiciously invested in Books? The money paid for books is not merely spent, it is invested, and in no other way will it bring to you such dividends in pleasure and profit as are to be derived from good books, and these benefits are not confined to the buyer alone, but are to be shared by his family and friends, and the more they are shared by others, the greater they become. Is there anything else obtainable in exchange for money which will grow in value in proportion to the extent it is shared by others?

King Solomon said "of the making of books there is no end." He was a wise man, with a prophetic soul; but he would surely stand amazed at the wealth of our literature in these 20th Century days, and especially at the "little prices."

Never before has it been possible to purchase such fine, handsome, and really good books for a little money, and if we could only convey to you some adequate idea of the real value of the books catalogued on the reverse side of this sheet, it would not be necessary to invite you to come in and look them over. You would come without being asked. We could not keep you away, because we are offering—while the stock holds out—the greatest assortment of fine high class copyright fiction the world has ever seen, formerly published at \$1.50, for

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