

Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

"HE CARETH."

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the grief I bear,
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And the strong glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untroubled by any strife.
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be.
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-long changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid:
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Savior—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain:
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Exchange.

NOTES.

A human document by an unnamed writer is about to be brought out by the Century company. It will be called "The Long Day," and is said truthfully and accurately to relate the experiences of the author, who came to New York not long ago, a young girl, absolutely without training, experience or friends. She describes her uphill struggle during her first few months in the big city, not merely to gain a footing, but even to escape starvation.

Prof. Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, author of "The Star of Bethlehem," a Christmas play founded on old miracle plays and "Imagines," and published by Fox, Dunfield & Co., is United States delegate to the international congress on the reproduction of manuscripts to meet at Brussels this summer. Prof. Gayley is preparing for Fox, Dunfield & Co. a book on the history of some English miracles and legends of which "Everyman" is now so familiar an example.

In O. Henry's "An Unfinished Story," in the August No. 1 of the humorist, there is a very definite allusion to the art with which close observers have long known him to be gifted. Under a veil of coarse metaphor and slangy colloquial expressions of his style—stands as definite a story as it is strong, of the often irresistible temptation offered to a New York shop girl. The mystery of subtle suggestion, under the appearance of careless humor, brings this piece of his work seriously near some of the classic short stories.

The "Unfinished Story" was a stinging lash at the cruel employers of girl labor at starvation wages. Whether the author had any deeper motive in writing his tale than the compelling force of the tragedy, the conditions suggest only O. Henry knows, but doubtless, the author's native state, the chief organ of the State Federation of Labor lifted the story bodily from the magazine and accompanied it with an editorial giving it direct application to

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in Europe and America

some department store owners whom they accuse by name.

Prince Kropotkin, whose book, "Russian Literature," shows how prevalent socialistic and democratic tendencies have been among Russian writers, is himself both an author of distinction and a democrat in exile. In a recent letter on the present situation in Russia, he complains that there are "so many nurses and doctresses among the younger readers. The relationship of these men has not been as familiar a fact as it is commonly the case with literary families, which is all the more unusual because of the remarkable kinship of the son's curious turn of humor with quaint imaginative unpretentiousness that made the fascination of 'Days and the Goblins'."

Few of those who have enjoyed the whimsicalities of "Far From the Madding Crowd," the last book of the late Guy Weymouth Carr, know that its author was the son of that Charles Carr, who wrote "Days and the Goblins" and other children's tales are well known to younger readers. The relationship of these men has not been as familiar a fact as it is commonly the case with literary families, which is all the more unusual because of the remarkable kinship of the son's curious turn of humor with quaint imaginative unpretentiousness that made the fascination of "Days and the Goblins."

Mrs. Isabel Strong, whose "Girl from Home" is making its way largely because of its vividly-written descriptions of life in Hawaii, has had singular opportunities to observe life under picturesque conditions. There was, of course, the time spent in Samoa, as amanuensis for her stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson; there was the time in the early '80s when she writes in the "Girl from Home," and there was also a sojourn of some length in Australia. It is interesting to know that the tragedy of the conditions suggested only O. Henry knows, but doubtless, the author's native state, the chief organ of the State Federation of Labor lifted the story bodily from the magazine and accompanied it with an editorial giving it direct application to

To Prince Kropotkin, whose latest book, "Russian Literature," is forced often to deal with the bigotry and rigidity of Russian political influence, it must be some satisfaction to be able to say of present developments: "The absolute rule of the Russian monarchy is tumbling to pieces, the old forms of life totter and the new break away through the barriers of ages, manifesting the power of construction and upbuilding of the new life among educated workers as among the peasantry."

Tolstoy does not take nearly so optimistic view. He feels the Russian liberals, although opposed to war, to be nevertheless on the wrong track, and to a visitor who tried to interest him in some of the social progress plans connected with the liberal movement, he would not listen but declared vehemently: "I am not in that camp."

The sales of individual books in Scribner's new Biondini relation Editor of Robert Louis Stevenson give an interesting indication of the comparative popularity of his various writings. The most remarkable fact is the evenness of the sales of his better known stories. Among the first books published in this edition were "Kidnaped," "David Balfour," and "New Arabian Nights." The sales of these three books has kept up at about the same rate, with "Kidnaped" slightly in the lead. Of the later volumes, which include "Treasure Island," "Prince Otto," "Island Nights Entertainment," "The Black Arrow," "The Master of Ballantrae," "An In-

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR.
From a Photo Taken in England in the Early Sixties.

land Voyage" and "Treasure Island," the one that easily beats the list is "Treasure Island," which promises soon to outdo in point of sales all the other books in the series.

One of the favorite picture post cards in Norway is a portrait of Henrik Ibsen, whose genius and peculiar personality have long made him a national figure. The great dramatist has been silent on the subject of Norway's secession from Sweden, but in his collected letters, the English translation of which Fox, Dunfield & Co. are to issue in the fall, he makes in general short work of his views on the Norwegians and their politics. "The Norwegians of the present age," he says in a letter to Riksmann from Rome, "have clearly no more relation to their past than the Greek states of today have to the race that sailed against Troy and was helped by the gods."

Miss Beulah Mary Dix, the author of "The Making of Christopher Columbus," has written a new novel, which will appear early in the autumn. Its scene is laid in England at the period of the Cromwellian wars. Miss Dix has this distinction among modern novelists: She applies the realistic method to historical romance, to the end of writing love stories at once simple, genuine, true to the life of their age, and true to human nature.

A jolly little story by Jeanette Cooper in the September issue of Appleton's Booklovers Magazine is entitled "The Hold-Up." It demonstrates that in even such unusual pursuits as highwayman-ship youth is a great help to success. It requires the weight of years to make a very profound impression.

This autumn announcement list contains accounts of the chief books which the Macmillan company will publish between midsummer and Christmas, including such titles as "The Making of Christopher Columbus," a new history of the world by Mr. Owen Winter, Mr. Emerson Hough, Mr. Charles Major, Mr. Marion Crawford, and Miss Beulah Mary Dix; Mr. Crawford's long-promised novel, "The Venice," with Joseph Pennell's illustrations.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The September number of the Reader Magazine opens with an article by Robert Hunter, whose book, "Poverty," called forth such widespread comment and aroused a discussion that has resulted in far-reaching reforms in the work of organized charity over the entire United States. The article, which bears the title, "The Heritage of the Hungry," is a statistical essay upon hunger and poverty, which brings out the effects of a lack of food upon the body and brain of the child, and the tremendous influence of evil which exists in the establishment of families, the heads of which are men and women whose childhood has been one long battle with poverty, against starvation.

The article is written in a lucid, convincing style, and discusses in a straightforward manner a failure in our social educational system that to many students besides Mr. Hunter appears a menace to the entire system. An attractive and unusual feature of the current Reader is "Ten Tales of Life and Love," by ten of America's best-known writers, offering not the slightest similarity in plot, style or handling; this collection of stories affords an excellent example of the work of some of the best of the magazine fiction. The stories, which are written by Margaret Burdette Shipp, Virginia Woodward Cloud, J. V. Z. Baldwin, May McHenry, Katharine M. Ford, Cornelia Kane, Louise Forslund, Florence Olmstead, Nora Archibald Smith, and Alma Marilyn Stalbrook are illustrated by Franklin Smith.

The continuation of Meredith Nicholson's "The House of a Thousand Candles" increases the story's interest, and the installment leaves the reader in a condition of delightful bewilderment as to the developments that will come in the succeeding chapters. A paper on "Silverado," the California mountain-side, where Robert Louis Stevenson and his bride spent their honeymoon, is written by Arthur Colton; the illustrations being from photographs taken by the author.

The September number of "The Arena" contains a rich and varied table of contents. Those interested in the present ethical awakening along political-economic lines will be especially attracted by the bold and circumstantial

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fact that so few errors of this sort occur in the heat of composition or pass unchallenged in revision. The wonder must always be, not that they happen, but that they happen so rarely. Least of all should linguistic students make their appearance, if they do appear, a matter of reproach, when we find a similar confusion about the use of the two verbs in, however common in conversation that it is liable at any time to appear in print. The only thing remarkable about the example just given is that it should occur where it does—Professor V. R. Levensky in Harper's Magazine.

Sir William Richmond on Dead Level of Mediocrity.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—Sir William B. Richmond, the distinguished royal academician, has been giving an interview some radical views on education and things in general. According to Sir William our much-vaunted twentieth century progress does not amount to much. The multiplication of art schools affords him little satisfaction. He thinks their tendency is to stifle the individuality of the student rather than to promote it, and the result is a "dead level of mediocrity." The modern system of education he finds equally disappointing.

"Of course," he says, "I am in favor of education for the people in general, but I have little faith in mere book learning apart from practical life. If the teaching lay with me, I would turn all the technical schools into board schools and vice versa. You may call it my creed—that the hand and the brain are meant to be of mutual service to each other, but that is not the matter. The brain cannot be doing its work unless the hand is occupied. I would like to see the education of the masses of the children—reduced to the simplest possible form—three, three, three, drawing, singing and above all the observation of nature. You know 'school' fables of the Engineers. Those eighteenth century men, what splendid education of character. They didn't like 'high' of knowledge—there was no educational dead-drinking in those days. They did their day's work and then they drank deep draughts of intellectual life. Well, we have had enough of our modern system of education to me have the result is turning out. Has it proved, is it producing such strong, independent individualities as was the case beforehand in what we call less advantageous times?"

He foresees an increase in the labor members of the house of commons "as a counterpoise to the interested, rich, selfish middle classes—especially of the present, who are now making legislative halls their happy hunting ground, the stronghold of vested interests." Perhaps recalling some severe criticisms that have been passed upon him for his share in the administration of the Chantry bequest, he expresses the opinion that "true artists" are not properly appreciated in England, and are "better understood" by Italians and Greeks. "The creative power of the artist has to them," he says, "to this day, something of the supernatural commanding respect. The very faculty of being able to sketch makes them your friends. I was once captured by brigands in Greece and proved it to their satisfaction, they apologized and released me."

This incident admits of another explanation which is not so flattering either to Sir William or the brigands. It is that experience has taught them that artists were generally poor devils and not worth holding for ransom.

A London newspaper has recognized the advent of the "dilly season" by starting a discussion on the question whether home life in England is decaying and has succeeded in drawing Sir William on the subject. "Could a house-to-house visitation be made, and the amount of happiness in the quiet homes all about us be weighed and measured," writes the author of the "Heavenly Twins," "I am sure it would be found that, far from having diminished, it has greatly increased since the days of depression and drink of a degraded proletariat and an abject middle class. In no other country in the world is to be found such a high average of domestic prosperity as is here vouchsafed for everywhere by the rows and rows of decent, comfortable small houses, bursting with life in the garden and the polished window-panes, the tidy blinds, the spotless carpets, and in the loving care bestowed upon the tiny gardens, or the tranquil home-life of a self-respecting people."

There is a suggestion of wearisome monotony about this picture calculated to all the average man who is subjected to such conditions with a fierce yearning at times to enter Calcutta somewhere, there to be relieved to learn from Madam Sarah that a change of some kind is impending. "The conditions of life," she states, "are changing rapidly. We are in a state of transition, in unsettled state, passing from one phase to another. It is very much a question whether we shall rise a step higher in the scale of being or fall back into the black and be no more, as all the other nations, yielding to the evil that was in them, have done in turn. The signs of the times are heavily veiled in favor of the former possibility. Progress favors the theory that we are doomed to decline, but modern developments make for progress."

It is Mr. Horning who has put the finishing touches to the final series of "Raffles" stories, which have appeared serially in the "Punch."

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of his lectures on the English language he speaks of a person giving "a cluck with his mouth not unlike the note of a setting hen. One would naturally suppose that a linguistic scholar, who was in addition a stern critic of usage, ought to know sooner than anyone else that, though anybody can set a hen, the hen herself sets. The confusion of the two verbs is, however, so common in conversation that it is liable at any time to appear in print. The only thing remarkable about the example just given is that it should occur where it does—Professor V. R. Levensky in Harper's Magazine.



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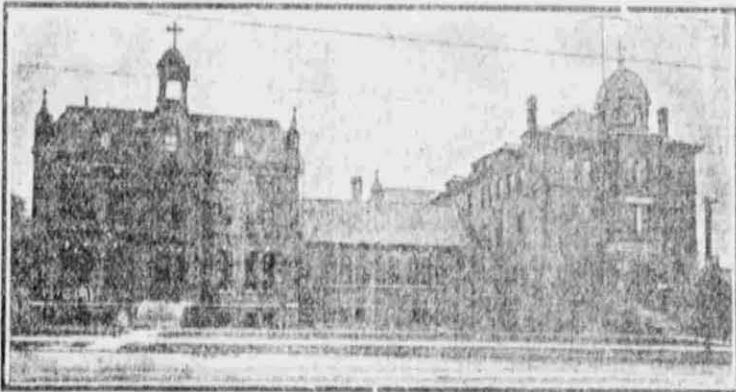
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Deposits are taken, and may be next year. He has never seen his play, founded on some of the "Harp" stories. Arrangements are being made for its production in England and U.S. It has proved as popular as I suspected. Mr. Horning will be tempted away from book-writing altogether, presently.

M. R.

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