LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

CARVING A NAME.

I wrote my name upon the sand
And trusted it would stand for aye;
But soon, alas, the refluent sea
Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood
And after years returned again.
I missed the shadow of the tree
That stretched of old upon the plain.

To solid marble next my name
I gave as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base,
And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these have failed. In wiser mood
I turn and ask myself, "What then?
If I could have my name endure,
I'll write it on the hearts of men.

In characters of living light,
Of kindly deeds and actions wrought.
And these, beyond the touch of time,
Shall live immortal as my thought.

—Horatio Alger, Jr.

RESURGAS.

(To the Living Soul in the City of San Francisco.)

Thou shalt arise—our City of the Sun!
For, ever in a fiery death like thine,
Ere scarce the flames be fled.
A recreation is begun:
Even as in Arabia the Divine,
A plumed and centuried life was shed
Only anew to greet the skies,
Winging through the day and night
To Heliopolis its mystic journey bright;
So, pheonix both, and goal of phoenix flight—
Our Heliopolis, where last the day beam lies—
So, thou again shalt rise!

Thou shalt arise (but late Red Autumn's spoil!)
Shalt bloom with vigor greater than of old:
As when a fire has swept some virgin soil
Whose clods wild Flora's unguessed germins hold,
Springs there new growth miraculous to mortal eyes—
So, thou again shalt rise.

—Edith M. Thomas in New York Sun.

NOTES.

The concluding chapter of Gelett Burgess' novel, "A Little Sister of Destiny," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., on April 14, contains an account of the "New York & Arcadia Railroad," which is reminiscent of an unsuccessful practical joke at the expense of the postoffice authorities in New York last year. Mr. Burgess and his whilom collaborator, Mr. Will Irwin of the Sun, both enthusiastic Californimaniacs, diverted their leasure hours with a toy railroad which they named the "San Francisco & Arcadia." A company was duly organized, and stock was sold by the promoters at 25 cents per share. Several prominent writers and publishers invested. It was planned finally to circularize the company's friends, who were requested to send in their subscriptions on a certain day. The city editor of one of the New York dailies was then to "tip off" the secret service agents, who were expected to bite, and to investigate the suspected "get-rich-quick" scheme being worked by the Californians. At the raid, they were to be shown the "F. F. & A. R. R." in operation. A federal court's reporter is supposed to have given the plot away. At any rate, a good joke failed to come off, though stock in the "S. F. & A." is still sold—at a premium.

* * *

The news that tool room wire tappers in New York City cleaned up more than $50,000 was published on the day that Arthur Stringer's new novel, "The Wire Tappers" went to press. The modus operandi of wire-tapping, by which it is possible for a skilled telegrapher to select from a network of wires the one containing the desired information, and to withhold for a time that information from the ones for whom it is intended, or perhaps substitute misinformation, is one of the features of Mr. Stringer's rather daring novel. In fact "The Wire Tappers," besides being a strong romance, is said to include a remarkably vivid and intimate study of this phase of criminal life. Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

* * *

Charlotte Perkins Gilman approves heartily of Mr. John Spargo's "The Bitter Cry of the Children." "It is a most important and valuable book," she writes. "Talk of race suicide! This tells of social infanticide, a much, much more dangerous process; painful, expensive, brutalizing, and incredibly foolish. I hope it will be read widely and help reach the heart and head of the human mother. She could mend all this if she would."

* * *

Socialism is so much before the public at the present time that a volume setting forth its aims has undoubted pertinence and value. Mr. John Spargo, who wrote that heart-rending book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," and who is contributing a series of articles to one of the leading magazines on the child labor situation, is seeing through the press his book on "Socialism," which The Macmillan company expects to publish before summer.

* * *

The two days' sale of the library, literary correspondence and original cartoons of the late Thomas Nast, in the auction rooms of the Merwin-Clayton Sales company, closed yesterday afternoon. Although the prices realized were high, in many instances, the sale, judged as a whole, was disappointing. The library, comprising 224 catalogue numbers, included only two or three items of interest; about a dozen of the 139 autographic items possessed historic or literary interest, the remaining lots having no importance whatever, and the cartoons original drawings, etc., which filled about one-half of the catalogue, did not represent Mr. Nast's finest work. If the latter department had contained several of the powerful cartoons which made the late artist's fame in the Tweed days, the highest price of the sale would have been $250 or in place of the $65 valuation of one of the fanciful drawings in the collection, which was the largest amount paid or any single item during the two sessions. The cartoons and drawings, as a matter of fact, included little of Nast's earliest and best productions; for the most part they comprised his later work, executed about 15 years ago for the short-lived Illustrated American and the equally unfortunate New York Gazette, which he edited and published for a few weeks, together with a large quantity of material which appeared, in numerous cases, to be the first draughts of cartoons later elaborated by the artist in other forms.

Sixty-five dollars, the highest price of the two days' sale for a single item, was given by "L. N. C." for an original drawing in India ink, representing the Savior. It was a highly imaginative drawing, measuring 27 by 22 inches. The second highest price was $63, paid for "P. C." for an original drawing in pen and ink, representing full-length portraits of Grant and Lee, both in uniform, shaking hands. It bore the inscription: "April 9, 1865." In size it measured 25 by 21¾ inches.

KATE DENIN WILSON.
As She Looked 25 Years Ago.

This well known actress began coming to Salt Lake when she was Kate Denin, about 25 years ago. She has returned many times since, and is always welcomed by her old friends. This picture was taken about 25 years ago, when she was playing an extended engagement here.

BOOKS.

"Blue Eyes" is the title of a new romance of the "plains" by Ogal Alla and stands for the name of the heroine of the story, if story it may be called. The book is rather a collection of incidents, adventures, and sketches, of ranch life in the "west," introducing a number of natural characters and scenes illustrating the rough and uncertain life of the great ranching centers of the country. The style is simple and convincing and the book will doubtless interest a large number of readers. Irwin Hodson company of Portland, Ore., are the publishers.

* * *

A brilliant novel of contemporary American life, "The Mayor of Warwick," by Herbert M. Hopkins, was published about the middle of April. The mysterious threads of this genuine love story give rise to some very dramatic situations, and various types of American citizenship are strongly and effectively portrayed. Mr. Hopkins is the author of "The Fighting Bishop" and one or two other successful novels. His latest book has an attractive frontispiece illustration in color by Henry Hutt.

Herbert Muller Hopkins, author of "The Mayor of Warwick," was born at Hannibal, Mo., in 1870. His father was a clergyman, and his grandfather was the first Episcopal bishop of Vermont. Mr. Hopkins graduated from Columbia university in 1892, and took the degree of Ph. D. at Harvard university in 1895. He was instructor in Latin in the University of California from 1898 to 1901, and professor of Latin at Trinity college, Hartford, from 1901 to 1905. He is now a member of the staff of Grace church, New York City. He has already published two sucessful novels, and has contributed poems to Harper's Monthly and The Bookman. In 1899 he married Miss Pauline B. Mackie, herself an author.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Youth's Companion for this week is a Decoration day number and is embellished with a picture cover representing a Grany Army veteran relating something to two boys, the expression on the three faces almost telling the story. The fiction is mostly patriotic in theme, and the special article is by Rider Haggard and is on Thebes.

* * *

The cover design of The Reader's June number by Worth Brehm, picturing a barefoot boy trudging along a road flecked with patches of Junetime sunshine and shade, is a first-class introduction to a first-class number of The Reader.

"The New Pacific Coast" is the title of the introductory article, whitten by Arthur I. Street. It tells the story of the "development" of the west, and sounds the passing bell for the land of romance and of untamed nature. The article which is profusely illustrated, is of peculiar interest in view of the recent calamity that has turned the eyes of the world toward what was, until a half-dozen years ago, the far West.

A new Serial, by a new writer, begins in the June Reader. Its title is "Blindfolded," and in its initial installment the hero is led into traps and entanglements from which it seems, to the ordinary reader, that he can not possibly escape—although one knows that somehow or other he will. Earle Ashley Walcott is the author's name, and in "Blindfolded" he has written what promises to be one of the most thoroughly readable and exciting tales that has ever appeared in any magazine. Illustrations are by Alice Barber Stephens.

There is a continuation of the series "At the Foot of the Ladder," in which the writer, Francis Hackett, relates some of his experiences as a "cub" reporter on a yellow journal," incidentally telling numerous interesting details as to how news is made to fit the ideas of those who run the "yellows." The paper, as a record of events that occurred during Mr. Hackett's term of employment on one of the best known of the "yellows," adds the value of actual fact to the story on that always interesting topic, newspaper work. No one who has not had the real experience could have written as Mr. Hackett has done in this article, and his article forms one of the most valuable as well as entertaining and enlightening, discussions of the methods employed by "yellow" newspapers that has appeared in many years.

David Graham Phillips' story, "The Fortune Hunter," reaches its conclusion in the June Reader, and after carrying Hilda, his heroine, through a terrible and, to the reader, wholly unexpected climax, the writer works out for her a logical and heroic reparation. There the three striking pictures by E. M. Ashe.

The short fiction includes stories by Duncan Milles, Broughton, Prandenburg, Eliza Wallace Durbin and Louise Betts Edwards.

Frances Wilson has a description of a journey by a slow-going "mixed" local train on an unimportant little railway in the southwest. She calls it "By Way of Ozark," and it is deliciously worth reading.

The offering of The Reader's Study is a paper on "The Rise of Romantic Fiction" by Professor Ashley H. Thorndike, of Northwestern University. It treats of the historical novel in English literature, and is a scholarly, well-written and interesting paper.

Among the poets represented in The Reader's June number are Bliss Carman, Margaret Steel Anderson, Witter Bynner, Emma Pitytter Seabury, Jennie Pendleton Ewing, Tom Masson, and others. The editorial deparment, "Our Own Times," is liberally illustrated and attractively interesting, as usual.

Sunstroke, it is pointed out, is due to the chemical and not to the heat rays. The active rays penetrate anything except a color screen, and an Egyptian army officer has effectively protected himself by lining his helmet and coat with yellow.

O. HENRY.

O. Henry has spent four years loafing in New York with his "weather eye peeled" for the "real thing" in New York life. "The Four Million" is the result of this loafing and a complete justification of it. Condensed into the score of storiettes is the real soul of the rushing metropolis on Manhattan isle. By his "Cabbages and Kings," dealing chiefly with Central America, Mr. Henry established himself as one of our best tellers of humorous stories. He is a humorist still in "The Four Million," but has added a deeper note in these brief narratives. They disclose now and again a pathos and a sense of the grimness of the struggle, again a touch of the bizarre or extravagant, that rank them with the tales of Poe or de Maupassant.

The title "The Four Million" seems self-explanatory, since nowhere in this country, except in New York, are there four million people gathered together.

H G WELLS

H. J. WELLS SAYS AMERICA WILL PRODUCE A SHAKESPEARE.

H. G. Wells, the English novelist who is now making a tour of the United States to collect material for a series of articles on "The Future in America" has been telling of some of the impressions he has gained in a scientific observation of this country. Among his most interesting reflections is his statement that America will shortly produce a Shakespeare and a Dickens.

"Frank Danby" Wroth Against British Critics.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 22.—Mrs. Julia Frankau, author of "Pigs in Clover," and better known as "Frank Danby," is no doubt waiting eagerly for American reviews of her new book, "The Sphinx's Lawyer," which was published in this country recently, and in the United States a little later. She must be curious to see if the American critics are in league with the wicked English ones, who, she says, formed a deliberate conspiracy against her new novel. In this, Mrs. Frankau sought among other things, to arouse pity for the fate of the late Oscar Wilde, and she declares that this purpose of hers made her novel "anathema" in the eyes of vindictive British book-whackers.

She is firmly convinced that the critics here are jealous of Wilde's fame, and that that is why they have one and all "slated" her book in such vigorous terms. At least Mrs. Frankau says she is convinced of this, and she has the following dark statement to make in support of her belief. "This abuse does not surprise me," she says, "for I heard within 24 hours of the advance copies going out that the ukase had been issued from what one may call the center of London literary club land—the Savile, the Savage and the Whitefriars—and that my book was to be slaughtered."

"Slaughtered," "The Sphinx's Lawyer" certainly has been. To quote its indignant authoress again, "Of the 127 reviews that my novel has received, all, without exception, have been unfavorable, uniformly insulting, and sweeping in condemnation." And this is the more annoying to Mrs. Frankau because, as she says, the book took her two years to write, "two years of hard and continuous work. And when," the authoress adds, "in February, at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, I put 'Finis' on the last page, I was conscious of a glow of pride that nothing I have ever before accomplished had awakened in me."

"Frank Danby" declares that the British public is falling over itself to buy her book. All the same it riles her tremendously to think that the British press should have done its best to keep the book from succeeding, and this supposed action she stigmatizes as the "backwash of the wave of repulsion—compound of jealousy, hypocrisy and ignorance—that signalized the conviction of one of the most notable men of letters of our day." She also regards it as a sign of conspiracy against her that the press here declined to give her defenders a hearing. "Several well-known literary men and women," she says, "to my knowledge, wrote letters of protest as this or the other insulting review appeared. In no one case has their letter been published."

Well, this may be so, but the authoress is probably mistaken in imagining that the universal condemnation of her book on the part of critics here has been due to any spite against the memory of Oscar Wilde. On the contrary, hardly a single reviewer failed to speak sympathetically of the gifted original of Mrs. Frankau's "Algernon Haseltine." No, her book was slated because of the persistency—and apparent gusto—with which it dabbled in depravity, and not, as Mrs. Frankau asserts, "because literary London, which suffered from Mr. Wilde's competition when alive, and which suffers by comparison with him since his death, finds it impossible to forgive me for asking pity for his fate."

* * *

Within a few weeks a statue of Dumas "fils" is to be unveiled in the Place Malesherbes, Paris. The elder Dumas will be similarly honored—Dumas "grandpere," the general who was a friend of Bonaparte. When that happens the Place Malesherbes will take unto itself another name—the Place des Trois Dumas. The grand old man of the drama, Victorien Sardou, will preside at the inauguration of the statue of Dumas "fils" and will make a speech. That alone will suffice to make the event one of unique interest. Sardou, though in private conversation one of the most eloquent of men, and capable, as he has shown, of masterpieces of oratory, can rarely be induced to speak in public. That he will rise to the hight of the occasion is certain. Paul Bourget, the novelist, is also to speak at the unveiling. This is a hustling age, and Dumas "fils" has achieved posthumous glory in effigy rapidly. The immeasurably greater Balzac had to wait 50 years for his commemoration in stone in the Avenue Friedland.

* * *

A statue of Alfred de Musset is soon to be unveiled at Neuilly, the English residential district, on the confines of the Bois. It is to be placed at the angle of the Rue de Chartres and the Rue de la Revolte. At this spot was killed in a carriage accident the Duc d'Orleans, son of Louis Philippe. The poet and the young prince played together as boys with the freedom from pride that belonged to a king who sent his sons to the Lycee. Paris already possesses a statue of Alfred close to the Comedie Francaise. As there depicted he presents anything but an inspiring figure. He is seated on a bench, and over him leans the muse. Some one has said his attitude suggests the "fight out." The bard has lost his hat, and the lady has evidently spoken to him without the formality of an introduction. The new statue shows him as he was in his earlier days, somewhat haughty and disdainful aspect. He wears gloves and hat in marble, and across his shoulders is a Venetian mantle.

* * *

What an amount of difference a printer's error can make! Quite a lot of excitement was aroused in London literary circles the other day by a publisher's announcement of a new work called "The Black Cuirassier" by R. L. Stevenson—and it was not discovered for several days that the author's name should have been given as "Philip Stevenson"—which is another story! Only a day or two afterwards, moreover, a review of "Side Whispers on Society" made the second work "Whiskers" and all London chuckled at the slip. So it is probable that some pretty careful proof reading will be done in connection with the advertisements of Leonard Merricks' new novel, which, I see, is to be called "Whispers About Women."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 33 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, June 4, 1906.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ballou—Primitive Christianity, 3 vol.
Lane—Champagne Standard.
Mann—Evolution of a Great Literature.
Martin—Elder Faiths of Ireland, 2 vol.
Merzbacher — Central Tian-Shan Mountains.
Newman—Poems.
N. Y. Co-operative Society—Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Jews in the United States.
Nicoll and Wise—Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century, 2 vol.
Strong and Schafer—Government of the American People.
Tennyson—In Memoriam, with the Author's Notes.
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture—Report on Irrigation in Utah.
Williams—Specimens of Elizabethan Drama.
Winslow—Elements of Applied Microscopy.

FICTION.

Grant—Lawbreakers.
Green—Woman in the Alcove.
Merejkowski—Peter and Alexis.
Moore—Ester Waters.
Shute—Letters to Beany.
Sinclair—Tysons.
Taylor—Eleanor—Teller of Tales.
Wright—The Tower.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Abbott—Captain Kid and Story of Peter the Great.
Church—Young Macedonian.
Henty—Beric the Briton.
Jenks—Captain Myles Standish.
Mann—Lady Dear.
Martineau—Peasant and the Prince.
Rankin—Girls of Gardenville.
Seelye—Story of Columbus.
Slocum—Sailing Alone Around the World.

60 Years Old

and generally played out, when I commenced to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," writes S. L. Young, of Hiram, Ohio. "For years I have suffered with inflammation and constant pain in the bladder and kidneys, and have gradually grown worse and expected at any time that passing urine by nature's effort would cease. Besides I have had rheumatic pain in every muscle and joint, and have suffered intensely, but I must say I have not in five years felt as well as I do now. Have improved daily since I began the use of

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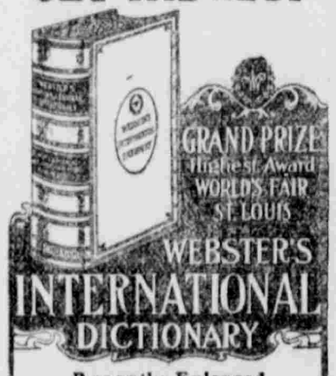

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