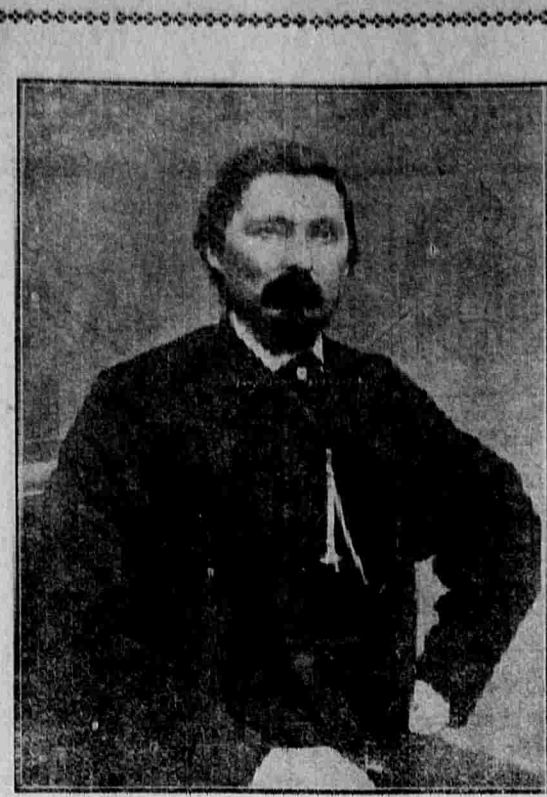


LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



ABRAM HATCH.

As He Looked in 1886 When He Was Arrested in Ireland on Suspicion of Being "Head Center" Stevens, the Fenian Agitator.

The above picture of Hon. Abram Hatch, for many years president of the Wasatch stake, was taken in 1886, when he was performing a mission to the British Isles. Before coming home Mr. Hatch, with Messrs. W. W. Ritter and Heber John Richards, visited Ireland, and upon landing at Dublin he was placed under arrest, being mistaken for the Irish agitator "Head Center" Stevens. The Fenian excitement was at its height, and after Mr. Hatch had convinced his captors that it was a case of mistaken identity, he and his companions narrowly escaped violence from an angry mob on the way from the jail to their hotel, whither they were accompanied by a large force of police. Two days in Ireland, under such conditions, were sufficient for the tourists. The photo from which the reproduction is made is in a collection belonging to Mr. Ritter.

of the blood, is like every other author who wins really world-wide success, in receipt of great numbers of letters from all sorts of people. To a certain extent, such letter-writing is pleasant, for it indicates a highly desirable popularity. But facing the alternative of answering the huge number of volunteer correspondents or else of appearing to be discourteous has elements which Mr. Hichens finds, naturally enough, to be not altogether a thing of joy.

Mr. Hichens, too, not only receives letters from admirers and from literary aspirants, many of them asking for advice or help, but, as he actively studied music before turning upon literary work, he actually receives numerous letters from poets who, enclosing their verses, ask him to write music for them.

In addition to the editions already issued, American, English, Canadian and Australian, Mr. Hichens's recent great success, Ann Boyd, the Harpers are just issuing another edition for Australia.

Renewed interest has naturally been aroused, too, in his earlier works, and a new edition of his Western life is being issued.

BOOKS.

A novel published by the Robbs-Merrill company is "The Brass Bowl" by Louis Joseph Vance and is one of the best stories ever published by that firm in its special line of romance. It is a tale of mystery, intrigue, and to end and not a line in it that does not bristle with interest of the breathless sort that keeps one up past midnight to see the development and finish of its entrancing situations. It is bright from beginning to end, and one closes the book with a feeling of personal loss in the close of the story, so skillfully and realistically pictured. It ranks with the best volumes published by that firm, whose name on the cover insures that nothing tame nor commonplace is within. It is, if anything, more delightful than "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The Port of Missing Men," two romantic novels which have made the name of the author. The novel is on sale at the Deseret News book store.

It was certain that when such a book as "The White Cat" was written, that the firm which has put into print the most fascinating American romances of the day should be the publishers. In Gelett Burgess's fascinating story by that name the Robbs-Merrill company produced one of the cleverest occult romances recently issued. The author has previously proved his talent for fanciful fiction in "The Reign of Queen Isis" and "Vivette" with numerous minor productions. His latest romance, Mr. Burgess has gone a long way beyond his other work. The story is delightfully conceived and carried out with a realistic touch that lends down the unusual theme and incidents in a matter of fact way that keeps the story strictly in the realm of the probable. Indeed, such cases as the dual nature of the heroine are not

unknown to metaphysical science. The depiction of the two natures are exquisitely shaded, and half the author's credit is in this delicate portrayal of one personality including characters of widely dissimilar traits.

Novel in idea, incident and treatment Mr. Burgess's story will prove a treat to many minds jaded with sameness of fictional motive or otherwise, and we look to see the volume reprinted over and over again. On sale at the Deseret News book store.

A dainty volume and one which will receive more than passing interest locally is "Indian Love Letters," by Mariah Ellis Ryan designed and illustrated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, copies of which are on sale at the Deseret News book store. A Hopi Indian lad returns to the land of his fathers from a college in the east, whither he has been sent by the "Agency" to be educated into the ways and beliefs of the white man. He had learned the civilized man's life, but all the time in his heart he kept to the ancient faith. He has one sentiment too deeply rooted in his primitive consciousness to be easily subdued—that the white man's God and his mode of worship are not for the Indian, and that the latter's simple appeal to the sun, the moon, the rain, the twilight is enough. The letters are very touching, and give a new and more personal meaning to the red man's spiritual preferences. Mrs. Ryan will have a large audience for this very curious and moving little book, for the letters are delightful from many standpoints, as showing the Indian heart touched by the influences of civilization, yet sensing the difference of nature, instinctive differences which separate him from the other race, one of whose women has won his love. The very atmosphere and soul of the desert race is in the line of the book, and the author has won laurels that will long be unfading in her true conception and picturing of her chosen theme.

"Spots" is the magnetic title to a practical little volume of 202 cleaners compiled by Charles T. Courvoisier. Its general appearance, as to binding and typography, is as alluring as to suggest the gift book, yet it is eminently a book for use. As such it opens up immediate vistas to the individual who (in the past) has struggled with the spot that would not out. Any who has not? It is most conveniently arranged in classified groups and is provided with an adequate index for hasty reference.

Here, indeed, is a friend in need; resourceful in emergency, quick to advise, and ever ready with brilliant suggestion for the lighting of the housekeeper's confounding "Spots." In the house, stains of all kinds—grease, ink, blood, iodine, or wine—will evaporate into thin air; the furniture will look brighter, the floors smoother, the cover-kettles will begin to shine, the glassware to glisten, and even the old plaster casts will assume a fresher and more cheerful color.

"Spots" makes its appearance in oblong format, brightly rubricated and bound in flexible watered buckram. Price, 75 cents net.—Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco and New York.

Alas, Poor America!
We are a Sorry Lot.

Our London Literary Letter.

LONDON, March 28.—Most English reviewers apparently passed over in silence a book recently published here, and perhaps its interest to American readers would have been overlooked altogether if it had not been for a paragraph in this week's Academy giving the novelist called "Rita" a candid expression of its opinion of her for what she had written about Americans. It seemed best to get a copy of the book called "Personal Opinions Publicly Expressed" and see what the lady had been saying. The result was interesting. Rita is a young American lady. I venture to assert that it will take centuries of "fining" and of educating before an American—even one of the ultra-civilized four hundred—can claim equality with the English upper or middle classes.

Self-advertisement seems the first law of nature to an American. He can never rest on his own merits, and allow other people to find out what he is, or what he does. He must immediately shout and advertise it. Not content with their own remarkable achievements, they are obstinately bent on foisting some of their atrocities on us. They have installed the noble art of bragging into our newspaper columns, and boomed unutterable trash as literature. (1) . . . An American has no refined instincts, no refined feelings, and assuredly no refinement of manners. "The American delights to be criticized—unfavorably. Flattery and praise

he will swallow for a lifetime, but an adverse opinion rises him beyond forgiveness. . . . America has no inner life and no rest; no art, and little literature worth the name. It tramples rough-shod on all the finer flowers of civilization, and cultivates rough-and-ready weeds in their place. It considers substitutes as far "cuter" than any genuine produce. To business an American brings little or no honorable feeling. He is impatient of steady and honest methods. He would sooner make one dollar by a trick than earn a hundred by fair dealing.

"Looked at dispassionately, the amazing American is more an object for contempt than admiration; of wonder than of example. . . . The American is the quintessence of all that is loud, lavish, and extravagant. To his life is a vast, yeast, frothy tumult, for ever throwing up new combinations of success and new schemes for wealth and aggrandizement. . . . There is no beauty so short-lived as that of the American girl. No physique at once so fascinating and so feeble. The bringing-up of the American child is altogether faulty and irrational, and in no way tends to render it robust or healthy. Its youth is as exotic as brief, for at 30 or even sooner the American man or woman is a prey to dyspepsia and insomnia, and suffers other ills—and so on ad infinitum ad nauseam. . . . The academy calls this "a violent and unmanly attack upon Americans, delivered without inspiration and without wit," and expresses the view that Americans are not likely to take "Rita" as an authorized exponent of English opinion, and that everyone in England who knows American men

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE APRIL BOY.

As I went through the April-world
To watch my violets blow,
I met a child I long had loved
Whose heart was clean as snow.

"Come hither, little White-of-Soul,
Now tell me how you fare!"
He ran to me, he sprang at me,
The sun was in his hair.

His eyes were laughing like his lips,
He had an April look.
His feet were wet as ocean shells
From wading in the brook.

And Nature, too, became a child;
As far as eye could see
The earth was one big romping-ground
For Earth, the Boy, and Me!

I quite forgot my violets,
His eyes were both so blue,
His merry lips that pressed my own
Were mayflowers moist with dew;

And as we took the road to town,
The little lad and I,
He seemed to hold the whole of Spring
And brush the Winter by.

The birds all knew him, that I'm sure,
They never sang thus for me;
The budding branches seemed to reach
To kiss each dimpled knee.

And when I left him near his home,
"Good-bye, big man," he said;
"Good-bye, Sir April," I returned—
He shouted, laughed and fled.

—Selected.

SUCCESS.

The word unbreathed, whose temper true
From the heart's fire was sent,
The goal I never reached, whereto
My spirit's strength was bent,
All—all I longed and failed to do
Is full accomplishment.

And somewhere, in the fields whereon
The ungarnered harvests be,
My sheaves lie ripening in the sun
That warms eternally,
And filled with food myself hath sown
This furnished soil shall be.

—Grace Ellery Channing.

NOTES.

Arrangements have been concluded by Klaw & Erlanger for the presentation, during the coming autumn, of a play founded upon Sir Gilbert Parker's great novel, *The Right of Way*. The story has been dramatized by Eugene Prebrev, and he and Sir Gilbert Parker have signed a contract with the theatrical firm.

Has it ever been noticed what a great proportion of present-day novelists are Canadian by birth?

Most notable, of course, is Sir Gilbert Parker, whose novel, *The Weavers*, is now appearing serially, and who won some fame with *The Right of Way* and other books.

Then there is Basil King who imitated Gilbert Parker not only by being born in Canada, but by marrying an American wife. He is about to publish a new novel entitled *The Giant's Strength*.

Ellnor Kyn, too—whose most recent novel is *Beyond the Rockies*, and who is well known for her *Vicissitudes* of Evangeline and *Reflections of Ambrosine*—is Canadian by birth, her father being the late Douglas Sutherland, of Toronto.

Norman Duncan, also, whose new novel will shortly be published by the Harpers, is a Canadian, having been born at Brantford in 1871.

Other prominent names might be added, and it is a point of great additional interest that the Canadian literary workers do not all go to England or all to the United States, but that while some, like Ellnor Kyn and Sir Gilbert Parker, are fascinated by London, others, like Norman Duncan and Basil King, are more strongly attracted by what, outside of our own borders, is often denominated "the States."

Novelists find a perennial supply of admirable titles for their books in Shakespeare; if a complete list were to be compiled it would show hundreds of distinguished books which have their names from that inspired source.

Latest of all is that important book by Basil King, published this month by the Harpers and entitled *The Giant's Strength*—it being a story of the richest of all Americans, a wonderful personality, and of the rivalry for his daughter's love between a likable Eng-

Hishman and a young American. The title is from *Measure for Measure*.

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

There is a most entertaining story in regard to how it came about that Henry James began to practise dictation in his writing.

It was not so very long ago that he adopted dictation; but he took to it with ease and readiness, and, as he has his copy typewritten out with wide spaces between the lines, and then with pen in hand, goes over every word and phrase with the most exacting care, he finds that dictation has made his work easier without in the least doing injury to his style.

And here is the explanation of how the change came:

When he was in the United States recently, preparing his book, *The American Scene*, he met his old friend William Dean Howells.

To Mr. Howells he told that he had changed his method of composition. "I have begun to use dictation," he said.

Mr. Howells was interested, but not interested in precisely the way that Mr. James expected.

"You know why I did it, don't you?" said Mr. James.

"Why, no," replied Mr. Howells. "I don't believe I do."

"I did it just because I learned that you yourself had taken up dictation," said Mr. James.

Mr. Howells looked at him in quizzical astonishment. He smiled, and Mr. James began to understand, and he, too, smiled.

"If I never use and never have used dictation!" said Mr. Howells.

And Mr. James was greatly amused to think that he had made such an important change through the influence of a false report regarding his old friend.

William Dean Howells, who has just passed his seventieth birthday—he was born on March 1, 1837, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio—feels deeply touched by the great number of congratulatory letters full of kindness and good wishes, which he has received in regard to his passing of this important milestone.

He was quite ill for some days recently, so that, to his deep regret, he was unable even to be at the Longfellow Centenary dinner at Boston, on Feb. 27.

He has quite recovered now, however, and among other tasks is facing the pleasant but lengthy one of answering those who have so cordially written to him in regard to his birthday. His only fear is that some will think that he has slighted them, or is indifferent to their kind wishes, whereas, on the contrary, he deeply prizes these evidences of good will.

Increased attention has been attracted to Rex Beach by the dramatization of *The Spoilers*, and its appearance in the cities of the east. It is now being presented in New York.

It is seldom that success comes so rapidly to any man as it came to Rex Beach.

The acceptance of his novel as a serial, its acceptance for publication in book form, and the acceptance of the proposition to have it dramatized, all came to him within barely more than a week, and when all this was done the novel was not much more than half written. But, of course, it was one of those rare novels which infallibly indicate success even before they are complete.

Naturally, too, before its final acceptance, the author was asked to outline the part of his story still unwritten. He had not planned it in advance, but on the spur of the moment swiftly outlined a conclusion. That swift inspiration was, as it turned out, just what he needed, for he found that the story naturally completed itself along the very line that thus came to him.

Roberts Hichens, author of *The Cat*

and women will promptly condemn such writing as this.

"Rita" is a Mrs. Humphreys. She has written a good many novels, and the trouble seems to be that she could not get them published in America, although they were offered far and wide.

Over the recent illness of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle much secrecy was maintained, but it is understood that at one stage the life of the famous author of "Sherlock Holmes" was almost despaired of. Since then, however, the welcome news has come that he is well on the road to recovery and this is now confirmed by the announcement that he will preside at a literary dinner to be given in London on April 22. The gathering will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," and will be given by the Society of Somerset men in London, of which "Doctor" Doyle is one of the most prominent and enthusiastic members.

Literary aspirants were never so numerous as at present. For every young man who dreams of some day becoming a millionaire, there are a hundred who say nothing of the kind, but who indulge in visions of fame to be gained by authorship. So large is their number that authors have discovered a good sale awaits any book which purports to tell them how they may realize some measure, at least of their ambition. Arnold Bennett who wrote "Anna of the Five Towns," published for their benefit "How To Be An Author," with results that were at all events eminent by satisfactory so far as concerns his own pocket. And now Barry Pain, one of the most successful of English humorous story writers, is about to reap a harvest in the same profitable field by publishing a little book on story-writing for beginners—a class which in the British Isles alone probably fosters up a round million. No doubt they may obtain some valuable hints from Barry Pain's work. His own inexhaustible fertility in inventing plots will lend a peculiar interest to his chapter "How to Think of It." But to think of it and to do it are two very different things. It is that which makes Barry Pain well aware that however hard he may have striven to give away his secrets no serious increase in the number of his own rivals will result therefrom.

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