

LITERATURE



THE CAMPAIGN BUTTON.

We have heard the thrilling story
Of the man behind the gun;
We've applauded him and marveled
At the wonders he has done;
But the fearless hero's glory
Is forgotten—put away—
And the man behind the button
Is in evidence today.

Let us candidly acknowledge
The enormous debt we owe
To that patient, plodding toiler,
The good man behind the hoe;
Let us give due praise and credit
To the man behind the plow,
But the man behind the button
Comes to save the nation now.

Oh, the hero's help is needed
When the clouds of war descend,
And upon the sturdy soldier
Both our arms and our depend;
But how long, O friend and brother,
Could our institutions stand
If the man behind the button
Were not rampant in the land?
—S. E. KISER.

THE CHURCH AND CHINAMAN.

"Twas a saffron-hued Chinese
Hit his pipe and slipped his tea.
He was a Missionary,
Savvy and sanctimonious, very;
Chanced to meet one pleasant day,
Or in China, far away,
"John," the Christian thus began,
"You're a most benighted man,
And if you can spare a few
Minutes I would plead with you."

For an hour, or maybe two,
Spoke that Missionary. Do
You desire I should repeat
All the details of the sweet,
Kindly, solemn discourse he
Showered upon that mild Chinese?
No; suffice it that he spread
Christian talk upon the head
Of the heathen, till he had
Proved to him his life was bad,
That his Joss was good for naught,
That from all which he'd been taught
He should (from that instant) turn,
Banish, loathe, forget, unlearn.
Oh, this adept at the trick
Laid it on, and laid it thick!

He convinced the Chink, in short,
That the only proper sort
Of religion on which to count
Came from a single fount,
Plunged in in bad Pekin,
No; the fount located in
His fair country, far away—
That is, Boston, U. S. A.

Then that erstwhile Heathen boy
Smiled a smile of godly joy.
"Oh," said he, and wiped his eye,
"Mellikan man, he make me cly.
Mr. poor heathen Chinese man,
You so leally mean I can

Go to Heaven, blight and blue,
When I die, along of you?
Play the help in heavenly ban?
All same like Mellikan man?

Wear your halo, blight and pure?
"Sure," said the Missionary, "sure!
John, you are one of us! Henceforth!
Christian is Christian; south or north,
East or west, whenever he came,
Christian's a Christian, fact and name.
And if Heaven will take in me,
John, you'll be welcome, also. See?"
Once again the heathen child
Lifted up his face and smiled.
"Now," said he, "I know
I'm welcomed in that land,
Lullaby place you call your land!
I'm Christian, so I can,
Go to that United State,
And enjoy its merrier glads,
I'm Christian, and I'm bound
Slaughteraway for Boston town!"

Then that white man's face to view
Would have been a treat to you!
"Cease!" cried he, "Benighted child,
Let your fancies not run wild.
Just imagine that you may
To my country journey? Say,
John, you find a stack of gates
Up in the United States
If you tried to pass the shore,
No, my yellow friend, give over
Your ideas. From dreams pray swerve,
Shan-yed you, you've got a nerve!"

Honestly, you should have seen
What a change o'erspread the mien
Of that vexed and puzzled Chink.
"He" he faltered, "let me think.
Chinese men all light can go
To your Heaven. You tell me so.
Why not god all his name, then,
For the land of Mellikan man?
Mission feller, tell me that!"
More and more turned away his eye,
Thinking of a good reply.
But the best that came to hand
Was, "Oh, you can't understand!"

Calmly rose the heathen kid,
Up he rolled his head and did
What was very wrong, no doubt—
Threw that Missionary out.
Like a stone or stick of wood—
Threw him hard, and far, and good!
Saying, with an accent bland,
"Oh, no; no understand!"
Poor, misguided Heathen one!
You must pay for what you've done.
For your deed of dreadful force,
You must reason why, of course
You must yield to their demand,
Heathen, "You don't understand!"
—Paul West in Life.

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How did Sir Walter Scott happen to call his famous books the "Waverley Novels"? It has often been said that he derived the title from the English abbey of that name through reading the "Annals Waverleyensis." The Rev. C. C. S. Lang, a Hampshire rector, says that Scott visited his grandfather, Robert Lang, the then owner of Moor Park, Farnham, early in this century, and it is a well authenticated fact in his family. As Moor Park, the home of Sir William Temple, and the scene of some of Jonathan Swift's work, is not a mile from Waverley abbey, this almost conclusively shows that Sir Walter Scott must have seen and known a good deal about the abbey.

One competent writer—not a historian, however—is on his way to China. This is Pierre Loti, who goes as aid-de-camp to Admiral Potier.

A new edition of Balzac is announced by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., with introductions by Prof. W. P. Trent of Columbia University.

BOOKS.

The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, have been publishing some of the best-selling books of the year, and in "The Hoops of Steel," by Florence Finch Kelly, the company have undoubtedly added another to their list of notably popular publications. The author is new in the field of fiction though she had experience in journalistic lines, having been for some time connected with the Los Angeles Times as literary editor, her husband, Allen Kelly, being executive editor of the same journal. One finds it hard to realize in reading the book that it is written by woman. The types of character, scenes, and episodes of the story being wholly to the rugged western ranchman species, and are depicted with such skill as to make it seem impossible that any save a man's living in the scene and breathing the atmosphere described could so clearly depict it.

The plot is worked out in harmonious scenery. Though New Mexican cattle ranches, rugged mountain ranges, and prickly cactus scenes form the background, out of this rise the figures of the three friends, figures of heroic proportions, stout of heart and strong of muscle, with eyes that aim true, and hands that never waver. There is shooting and profanity on every page almost. Guns, bullets, whizz, and great mouth-filling oaths resound continually, but in spite of the noise, only the ranchmen are mortally wounded, and only those deserving to be sworn at are seriously hurt. No one has satisfactorily explained the attractiveness of bluff, rude, word-explosive, ranchmen. Every one admits there is something undeniably enticing about large, hearty, out-of-doors men, in spite of their swearing proclivities. Perhaps we unconsciously associate big hearts with big bodies, generous emotions with generous physical proportions, and impulsive action with fluency of speech. Be that as it may, and be the reader's preference what they will, these three merry fellows, Tuttle, Elkhorn, and Mead, are sure to be well received.

Sweet Margaret Delarue, and pretty Amanda Garcia, divide honors with the ranchmen. Elkhorn describes Miss Delarue as a "regular royal dach," and declares "there ain't another girl can stack up with her in the whole territory." He calls Amanda Garcia "the cutest and prettiest little piece of calico you ever laid eyes on." These descriptions would not be marked by a school of rhetoric but they are convincing, which is more than can be said of many more elegant definitions.

Chapter fourteen contains a splendid piece of writing. Wellies, an exceedingly well-drawn character, by the way, has been enticed into the desert by two ranchmen, is tied there and left by them while they go on a prospecting tour. He manages to release himself and makes his way, more dead than alive, to Mead's cabin. The following is a selection from the chapter:

"The sun was well up in the sky and the desert glowed like an oven. Hot winds began to blow across it—light, valuable winds, rushing now and then and now that. They made little whirls that picked up the sand, carried it some distance, and then dropped it and died away. Wellies saw one of these sand clouds dancing across the plain not far away, and instantly the hopeful thought flashed upon him that it was the dust raised by some horsemen. He ran toward it, shouting and waving his hat. It turned and whirled along the sandy levels in another direction, and he turned, too, and ran toward a point at which he thought he would intercept it. Presently it vanished into the heated air and he stopped, bewildered, and for a moment dazed, that no horsemen came galloping out of the cloud. He looked helplessly about him and saw another, a high, round column, that reached to mid-sky, swirling across the plain, then he knew that he had been chasing a 'dust devil'."

The trembling, the shuddering fear that seizes him, and the awfulness of the heat, the loneliness, the isolation of it, all are graphically given. A panic possesses him. He runs wildly in different directions. He pants and swoons with the exertion, and then again he renews his journey.

"He tramped on, and on, the sun blazed down from a cloudless sky and beat upon the level plain, and the sand, filled with heat, threw back the rays into the scorching air. The heat seemed to fill the plain, and it was a deep, transparent lake of some hot, shimmering liquid. At a little distance every object loomed through the heat-haze distorted, elongated and wavering. The hot sand burned Wellies's feet through his boots. The notion seized him that if he touched his body anywhere it would blister his fingers. Even the blood in his veins felt fiery hot and as if it were ready to burst through its channels. The sun seemed to follow him and to blaze down upon him with malicious persecution of a personal enemy. He

U. S. SENATOR SEWELL OF NEW JERSEY.



Hamlin Garland has recently completed the novel which is regarded as the strongest and most important literary work that he has yet done. The title is "The Eagle's Heart," and the story is said to present an epic of the West, wherein the hero with "the eagle's heart" goes westward and enters upon the strange and picturesque life of the plains. The novel offers vivid pictures of cattle ranching and other phases of western life. There is an interaction between the middle west and the far west, which is admirably depicted, and the variety of the artistic and the realistic points of view. The power, Mr. Garland has been engaged upon this romance for some years, and it embodies his most earnest treatment of a theme which has appealed especially to him, both from the artistic and the realistic points of view. "The Eagle's Heart" will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

A rumor that Richard Le Gallienne had, for literary effect, "Frenchified" for himself the prosaic name of "Gallien" probably had its origin in a fact which he explains in "M. A. P." He says that his grandfather was of Guernsey origin, and spelled his name exactly as the name appears on the island. His father, however, dropped the prefix, as, in his opinion, cumbersome for business purposes. Did this progenitor write the name Gallien, after all?

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DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well laid in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms.



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

And, no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Enfieldtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

scriptions are coming in at a rate of a thousand a day. Again, its ten new presses have just been installed in its new eight-story building, which, together with its old facilities, give it the largest and most complete periodical plant in the world.

This is a letter to the equipment of the Curtis Publishing company, with the luxury of a specially designed for the Saturday Evening Post, the whole involving an outlay of half a million dollars, will enable it to lessen the mechanical cost of the magazine, and to print the edition of 500,000 weekly toward which it is rapidly growing. And this cheapening of cost and increase of circulation will permit the publishers to make permanent the price which, under old conditions, they were able to put out only as a special and limited offer—a year's subscription to the Saturday Evening Post, fifty-two numbers, including the regular monthly double numbers and the special holiday issues, for one dollar.

MAGAZINES.

The November Atlantic brings forward Miss Jewett as a historical novelist, with the fortunes of the New England loyalists for her subject. Her story, "The Tory Lover," will be continued through six numbers, and when complete will partly fill the gap between the little group of Wentworth novels and poems and the modern fiction of Dr. Holmes and Mr. Aldrich. The Piscataqua has been a lucky river in being celebrated by writers of eminence, but not a title of its legends is yet pre-empted, and Miss Jewett's tale of "The Ranger and his exploits on foreign shores" will fill the new, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin will begin "Penelope's Irish Experiences" in the same number, and will continue them through six numbers, and she will take her heroine through all four provinces, and there is a wild prophecy about as to Salem's possible marriage to an Irishman, whose national lack of imagination would enable him to enter into such an alliance without fear, however an American might dread marriage with a woman both wise and witty. "Miranda Harlow's Mortgage," a short story by Mr. Henry B. Fuller, "Edward Fitzgerald, a Man of Taste," by Mr. Bradford Torrey, and "The Gentleman," by Mr. Edmund Spenser, will also constitute part of the literary half of the magazine. Politics will be represented by "A Defense of American Parties," by Mr. William Carroll Brown, and "Russia as a World Power," by Mr. Edmund Spenser. The educational article for which teachers have earned to look will be "New Ideals of Musical Education," by Mr. Waldo S. Pratt.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION OF 1901.

The ends of the earth will be laid under tribute for the 1901 volume of the Youth's Companion. Statesmen, diplomats, travelers, trappers, Indian fighters, cow-punchers and self-made men and women of many vocations will contribute to the entertainment of young and old in Companion homes. Theodore Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Herodotus." The secretary of the treasury will answer the question, "What is Money?" Frank T. Bullen, the old sailor who spins fascinating yarns of life at sea, will contribute a story. W. D. Howells will describe the relations between "Young Contributors and Editors." Paul Leicester Ford will write about "The Man of the Dictionary"—Noah Webster. There is not space here to begin to tell of the good things already provided for readers of the new volume of The Youth's Companion—interesting, instructive, inspiring—from the pens of famous men and women.

Illustrated announcements of the 1901 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free to any address. All new subscribers who send in their subscriptions now will receive not only the 62 issues of The Companion for 1901, but also all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of the subscription, besides the beautiful "Picture Book" calendar for 1901, illustrated in 12 colors and gold. —The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life. Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Granville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so had the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many remedies, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets serious. There is no danger in giving this remedy, for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult."

SALVATION FOR THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. Sermon by Elder Charles W. Penrose. Just printed in pamphlet form by the Deseret News. A valuable document to send abroad. Price, 5c; 2 for 10c; 4 for 20c.

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B. H. ROBERTS' NEW BOOKS

Which have been in course of preparation for several months will soon be ready for delivery.

"THE RISE AND FALL OF NAUVOO"

Will be on sale by the DESERET NEWS on or about November 10, 1900.

"MISSOURI PERSECUTIONS,"

The first supply of which was exhausted, is again on sale by the NEWS. Price of each volume \$1.25. Special prices to Classes, Quorums, Sunday Schools and Mutual Improvement Associations.

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