



POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

OF William Wordsworth, poet laureate of England, Lord Macaulay said: "In the 'Lyrical Ballads' and 'The Excursion' Mr. Wordsworth appeared as the high priest of a worship of which nature was the idol. No poem has ever indicated so exquisitely a perception of the beauty of the outer world or so passionately a lover and reverence for that beauty. He has accustomed himself to gaze on nature with the eye of a lover, to dwell on every feature and to mark every change of aspect. Those beauties which strike the most negligent observer and those which only a close attention discovers are equally familiar to him and are equally prominent in his poetry."

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else above her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawns
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see the eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel-light.

—William Wordsworth.

"SUCCESS."

If He could doubt on his triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! why hast thou forgotten me?
—William Dean Howells.

NOTES.

In the great salon of the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles there sat 21 of the most distinguished women of Paris—Mesdames Juliette Adam, Arvede Barine, Th. Bentzon, Jean Berthier, Pierre de Coubertin, Alphonse Daudet, Delaunay-Mardrus, Dieulafoy (the woman explorer), Claude Ferval, Judith Gautier, Lucie Goussu (daughter of the late President Felix Faure), Daniel Levert, Marie, Comtesse de Noailles, Cécile Mende, Georges de Peyrebrune, Poradowska, Gabrielle Reval, Severine, Marcelle Timony and C. de Broutelles—artists of celebrity, and a number of writers and many of them wives of famous writers. In solemn convalescence they discussed and voted on a literary matter of importance. What woman writer, during the past year, had published the best book in France?

They had been reading. They praised the "Broken Wings" of Madame Jacques Frelhet, the "Shadow in the House" of Madame Ivan Stranicki; the "Choice of Life" of Gertrude Leblanc (Madame Maeterlinck); the "Sibyl Woman" of Tony d'Ulm; the "Lands of Light" of Yvonne Verron; the "Heroes and Gods" of Nicolette Hennequin; and "The Flames of Life" of Jeanne Sienkiewicz (daughter of the author of "Quai Vadou").

But when the final vote was made—each lady writing her choice secretly upon a slip of paper—it was seen that their judgment had been all but unanimous. The Comtesse de Noailles took paper after paper from the urn and read: "Myriam Harry—The Conquest of Jerusalem."—Myriam Harry—"The Conquest of Jerusalem." There were two votes for "The Broken Wings" and two for "The Shadow in the House"—and then "The Conquest of Jerusalem."

Their vote carried with it 5,000 francs cash and a lot of glory because these 21 ladies formed no ordinary literary club; apart from their distinguished social and literary place, they constitute a new thing in the life of Paris. You have heard of the Goncourt Brothers' Writers and patrons of writers during their lives, Goncourt academy, in which 10 literary men, enjoying life pensions of 6,000 francs each, voted an annual Goncourt prize of 6,000 francs to the writer of the best book of the year.

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



ELDER BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR.

Son of President Brigham Young of the "Mormon" Church as He Looked on One of His First Missions to England.

appones of their matter; and "The Conquest of Jerusalem" has been indeed summed up as showing pictorially the forces of life in struggle with the spirit of discipline, with fear, and with restriction. "My books are from life," she repeated. "They are not written particularly for young persons; and if parents and guardians wish to prevent them from knowing life, they should not let them read my books. Yet there is nothing in them to trouble an Anglo-Saxon public—the Westminster Gazette translated pages and pages of them."

Harold MacGrath's gay romance of Washington, "The Man on the Box," is going faster and faster, like its own "Admirable Jehu," on its memorable ride. Every month since its publication it has sold better than the month before. The only exception was last December when the book was in extraordinary demand even for the holiday season and the record for this month is still at the top, though apparently not destined to stay there long. "The Man on the Box" has achieved the feat of all successes—a cumulative popularity.

Miss Grace Livingston Furness, who some years ago made a great hit with her dramatization of "The Pride of Jennion," has turned "The Man on the Box" into a delightful comedy. The production of the play will be made early in the fall, but the name of the star cannot yet be announced.

Harold MacGrath, the author of "The Man on the Box," was recently at a dinner when a young man, much the worse for wear, presented him very solemnly with a copy of "Tristram Shandy."

"Mac," kept this I'll book 's a momentum if my 'steem."

"Keep it yourself, my boy," said MacGrath, "you'll need it to get home with."

McClure's children have been many and famous. There were William Allen White's boys, Josephine Dodge Jackson's Philip, Emmy Lou, George Madden Martin's little girl, and a troop of less remembered boys and girls. In the current number Rhoda, a dear little girl, the creator of Florence Thayer Cox, a new writer, appears for the second time. She is to be permanently adopted.

Upton Sinclair, the author of "Mansanas," is now working upon a story entitled "The Jungle," which is appearing in the Appeal to Reason, a Socialist paper published at Girard, Kansas, and having a circulation of 300,000. "The Jungle" is a story of the Chicago stockyards, and it is said to be a somber and terrible picture of life in Parkington from the point of view of the workman.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston and his wife, Katharine, of Boston, who have been in Italy for some time, have returned to London to attend rehearsals of their play, "John Chilton, M. P.," a dramatization by Mr. Thurston of his wife's novel, "The Masquerader," which was published in England under the same title as the play. Mr. Thurston at first endeavored to avoid the difficulty of finding two men of similar appearance by never permitting the two characters, Chilton and Leder, to appear on the stage at the same time. But Mr. George Alexander, who will play the part of John Leder at the St. James' theater, decided that the strength of the drama would be lessened by this method. Therefore, the scene in which the exchange of personalities is effected will take place in view of the audience. Mr. W. J. Thordell, the London editor and manager of the Times, having been selected to play the part because of his resemblance to Mr. Alexander. The play will be produced in a few weeks.

This week the Macmillan company publish volume 1 of Prof. Edward Channing's "History of the United States." Prof. Percy Gardner's "Grammar of Greek Art," H. G. Wells' "The World of Tomorrow," and Henry L. Abbott's "Problems of the Panama Canal." Prof. John A. Fairlie's "National Administration of the United States," Mr. Jackson's "The War of the Classes," and the paper-bound edition of Mr. W. J. Ghent's "Mass and Class."

Gertrude Atherton, since her return from Europe last November, has been living in seclusion at the Tavern of Tamalpais, Mount Tamalpais, Cal., engaged in writing a novella for the Smart Set. The story will be entitled "The Traveling Thirde" and deals with the adventures of a party of Americans and an English captain who travel third-class through Spain so that they may come in closer contact with the people. In order to get personal impressions.

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

riest Vase Bates, was born in Boston in December, 1853. Inheriting the taste for letters on both sides, he has been all his life equally devoted to literature and to outdoor sports. In the former he has given much attention to the medieval Latin poets, and in the latter to yachting. For two summers he lived with his father on a yacht, and he has been thoroughly familiar with the coast of Maine all his life. Two other summers he has spent abroad; the first traveling in England, France, and Holland; the second in Italy. He left Boston in February with the Pompeii Archeological expedition for prehistoric excavation in Turin. Mr. Bates is in his fourth year at Harvard, having leave of absence for the remainder of the year. The places, both in this country and abroad, in which he has lived the scenes of "A Madcap Cruise" are familiar to him by personal experience. The book contains a great scope for romance, but the author controls himself admirably—or otherwise in this respect, and the events are all within the bounds of credibility. The book strikes a note of change in the deluge of historical, political and sensational fiction, and is more than readable throughout, especially to those acquainted with shipboard life.—Houghton, Mifflin are the publishers.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

Jack London's story, "Demetrius Coker," one of his series of "Tales of the Fish Patrol," occupies the front page of the Youth's Companion, this week, and there are two or three other interesting short stories and the usual entertaining material in the department. There is an Aster day song on the children's page with words and music adapted to child voices—Perry Mason Co., Boston.

Caleb Powers brings the dramatic story of his trials to a close in the Reader Magazine for May, the final installment of "My Own Story" taking the narrative down to the present time. Incidents in the last trial of Powers on the charge of complicity in the murder of Senator Goebel, of Kentucky, are told in a plain, straightforward manner that convinces by its very simplicity.

David Graham Phillips, author of "The Cost," "The Plum Tree," etc., contributes a scholarly article, his subject being "Is Business Degrading Us?" The paper is a refutation of the statements of those writers who profess to believe the commercial world is going to the "demolition house-works" by reason of what they consider the new developments of business as viciousness and corruption in commercial practice.

A character study of Peter Niedermeier, Harvey Van Dine and Gustav Marx, the Chicago car-bomb bandits, is a strong psychological consideration of

Mr. Adams, whose books on the life of the true cowboy have won unstinted praise, both as accurate pictures and as good fiction, has just completed a new volume under the title of "The Outlaw" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It describes the struggle of the cattlemen to find a market for the enormous herds that had been accumulating in the vast grazing lands of Texas during and after the Civil war.

That interesting cowpuncher, Tom Quirk, now in the employ of Don Lovell, has charge of the exciting drive from Texas to Fort Buford, on a government beef contract, the account of which reads more like a novel than an account of daily work. There is more action and less minute description of detail, so that it is even more entertaining than "The Log of a Cowboy," while just as circumstantial and veracious in its picture of the drive. Any one who loves men with the back on a government beef contract, the account of which reads more like a novel than an account of daily work. There is more action and less minute description of detail, so that it is even more entertaining than "The Log of a Cowboy," while just as circumstantial and veracious in its picture of the drive. Any one who loves men with the back on a government beef contract, the account of which reads more like a novel than an account of daily work.

The spirited illustrations by Mr. E. Boyd Smith are as successful as those in the two previous books by Mr. Adams.

J. J. Bell has in the Reader Magazine for May a story, "James Carnahan—Bookkeeper," which is one of the best things the author of "Wee MacGregor" has done. Another of Elliott Flower's stories, "An Incidental Failure," "The Tale of the Tangled Telegram," by William D. Nesbit, and Ovid Butler's story, "The Widow at Zero," make up the short fiction; while the conclusion of Gouverneur Morris' story, "Bobby's Return," and a strong installment of "The Man of the Hour," by Octave Thanet, are given. James Whitcomb Riley, Pax Hibben, Allan Updegraff, Richard Burton, Carolyn Wells and others contribute verses, while George Brehm, A. MacDonald, Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock, Clyde Squires and other well-known names are signed to the numerous excellent illustrations. The Reader's Study has papers on Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the usual excellent reviews of new books complete the current number.

The striking cover design is by Howard Chandler Christy and is an excellent example of this famous illustrator's work at its best.

As a whole the Reader Magazine for May compares favorably with any of the month's publications.

The Idea of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 29.—Writing in a French literary journal, Adolphe Brisson has just made the interesting announcement that Jules Verne was indebted to George Sand for the idea of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Proof of this assertion is furnished by Brisson in the shape of a letter addressed by the author of "Consuelo" to Jules Verne. In this Madame Sand writes to thank her fellow craftsman for the relief which she

has derived from his romances at a time of trouble. "I have only one regret," she says, "that I have finished them, and that there are not dozens more for me to read." And she adds: "I hope you will presently conduct us to the depths of the sea, making your characters travel in such a way as to reveal as your knowledge combined with your imagination will enable you to invent." Evidently Verne lost no time in taking the hint and the result was his great story of Captain Nemo, which has almost every American boy has read.

Roger Pocock, whose books, "The Frontiersman" and "Curly," were mostly written from his own experiences in the far west, is secretary and one of the leading spirits of a so-called "Legion of Frontiersmen," which has just formed in London. This body, which is intended to be useful to the British empire in case of war, will be much on the lines of the American "Tough Riders," the chief qualification for membership being experience either in shooting, riding or prospecting. The idea originated with Pocock, who has succeeded in interesting a lot of important men in it, including the duke, Sir Gilbert Parker, the Earl of Meath, and Sir H. Seton-Karr, the big game hunter. The first meeting was held at Lord Londesborough's town house the day before yesterday. It is Pocock's idea that in the time of peace the legion shall be simply a union of sportsmen for organized amusement.

Matilde Serao, the Italian author and editor whose novels, "The Conquest of Rome" and "The Land of Cockayne," found so many English and American readers, is now hard at work on her first play, which has been commissioned by Eleonora Duse. It is called "After the Pardon," and consists of only four characters, a husband and wife and their friends, an engaged couple. The husband and the betrothed girl fall deeply in love with each other and disappear one day, leaving great anguish behind them. Three years pass at the end of which the runaway pair are miserable. They have separated two or three times and then been reunited, but there is no more hope, love being dead. So they separate definitely and return to those who wait for them. The husband is forgiven, and the fiancée is married by the man she deserted. But the pardon extended cannot be forgotten; the husband sees a reproach in each unfinished sentence of his wife's, while the girl sees the condemnation of forgiveness in her husband's carresses as well as in his restraint. They endure until tension becomes too great and their reaction comes, and the lovers reunite, coldly, however, and without love, merely because the other life was an inferno, because they prefer existence without passion to forgiveness which cannot be forgotten. Madame Serao has great hopes of this play, with which Duse fell in love as soon as the scenario was read to her. Before she commenced novel writing, the author helped her husband to found two Italian newspapers, the "Courier" and the "Mattino," both published in Naples, which is Madame Serao's home.

It seems that in this country at least, the family Bible is "out." Henry Frowde, who is the head of the Oxford University press, said the other day that whereas, from 1875 the yearly sale of Bibles in general had risen from 200,000 to 1,000,000, his association was now selling only one family Bible for every 10 sold 20 or 40 years ago. Folk who read Bibles prefer the smaller book with large print to the former heavy volume of holy writ. The official registration of births, marriages and deaths has also dealt a heavy blow to the sale of the family Bible in which these events used to be so conscientiously recorded by humble folk.

By the way, one of the newest curiosities in biblical publications is the edition of the New Testament in Scotch dialect. Here is a sample of the text: "Then said the kingdom of heaven be like to 30 maidens, taken like an her."

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aim, and gain out to meet the bridegroom.

Appropos of the movement to erect an adequate monument over the grave of "Fanny Hursey," some interesting details have just been published regarding the prices which the authoress received for her books. It seems that on the whole Madame d'Arbigny evened things up very well, for although her best story "Evelina" brought her only \$150, she got at least \$7,500 for "The Wanderer," which is probably the dullest book in this or any other language ever written by an author with so brightly an early record as "Evelina." Within six months 3,000 copies of "The Wanderer" were sold and paid for at the price—books cost something less—of \$10 a piece. For "Cecilia," the authoress got only \$120, though it was a good story—on the other hand "Camilla" brought her in 3,000 guineas or \$15,000, though it was decidedly poor stuff. This makes a total of something like \$25,000 for the four novels.

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