DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JUNE 26 1909



THE CARAVAN,

come a slow, weaky caravan along the desert's bitter way. And many hearts grew sick and yearned for promise of a sweeter day: Then lo, the minage sprang to birth, city of iridescent dreams, whose rosy light, from Beauty's sun, through walls of flowers sifts and gleams

"Tis but the desent's he!" some cried. The wiser answered: "Nay! Not so! "Tis the reflection, snatched afar, from genuine scenes that truly glow,"

Came a slow, tired carovan along the desert ways of sorrow: Then lo, a minage sprang to birth, bright picturing Heaven's promised morrom.

"Tis but reliion's lie," some cried, The wiser answered: "Nay! Know ye-"Tis but religion's lie," some cried. The from Immortality!" -Clinton Dangerfield in April Ainslee's.

ON THE WAY.

win life-not death. Hearts need fond words to help them on their way: Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy. Caresses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day. Then heard them not until they useless be: In life-not death, speak kindly, Living hearts need sympathy. -Exchange.

James Montgomery Flagg's clever 600 pages, it covers a period of no

exploration shaft should be sunk to the utmost possible depth in a thorough in-vestigation of the crust of our planet. This pit, he says, should be 200 or 200 yards in diameter, cased with a mas-sive iron ring. The heat increases at an average rate of one centigrade degree for every 108 feet, and the tem-perature of boiling water might be ex-pected at a little less than 200 miles, but the boring should go much deeper. The Landes in France, as well as cer-The Landes in France, as well as cer-tain plains of Belgium, Holland, and Roumania should have favorable spots for excavation. Such an undertaking would offer unknown possibilities of practical and scientific results, geological and palæontological curiosities, iron mines, copper mines, precious metals, veins of gold, platinum, silver, radium,

. . . Readers of Mrs. Alma Martin Esta-brook's delightful story of western life, "The Rule of Three," published this spring by Small, Manard & Co., will hardly credit that the professional situ-ation could ever have been as serious in her household as is indicated in an an-redote which she contributed a short time ago to Lippincott's Magazine. "Apropos of homing storles," she says, "my husband and I have been traveling for the past year in California and the southwest, and at one of our halting "One point on the field of human southwest, and at one of our halting places in the desert we were fortunate in making the acquaintance of McKinley, an Indian lad, who can errands for us with refreshing cheerfulness and in-terest. One morning the squaw mother peered through the slats of our front gate at me, as I sat writing on the tiny front porch. Her eyes were plainly bewildered.

You heap write um,' she observed.

'My boy, McKinley, he say you all time write um, Monday write um, Tues-day write um, Wednesday write um, all time write um. Letters plenty big. He mail

performers and spectators, reproduc-tions of posters, panoramic views of crowds, etc., etc., reproduced by a new and telling process. and telling process. The book is at once a contribution to sociology and a volume of delightful reading, with many illustrations and decorations by have the author. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1 Park street, Boston, Eighty-fifth ave-nue, New York.

"The Hand-Made Gentleman," by Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Hol-den," follows Mr. Bacheller's favorite style, treating of rural types and abounding in local dialect, grim wit, and group wetweet because and good-natured hunor-better than anything he has done before. "The Hand-Made Gentleman" con-

anything he has done before. "The Hand-Made Gentleman" (on-ceives a plan for combining railway lines, which he submits to Commodore Vanderbilt, and, his idea being ap-proved, he has an interview with "a man of the name of Andrew Carnegse." All sorts and conditions of people, front a "railway king" to a hired man too bashful to propose to his sweetheart, appear. The story, indeed, forms a romance of the wonderful industrial development of the past half-century in New York. And there is a wonder-fully beautiful love story. MACAZINES. Dr. Ellwood Worcester, rector off the Emmanuel church, has written for the July Century and importan state-ment concerning "The Emmanuel Movement," in large part a reply to the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley's article on "Dangers of the Emmanuel Move-ment," Dr. Worcester asserts in this

article, "is the result of bringing to a focus and practically applying some of the most potent spiritual and intel-lectual tendencles of our time." He state.' tells also about the somewhat chang-ed methods now used at Einmanuel. Walter Prichard Eaton, author of

Walter Prichard Eaton, author of "The American Stage of Today," has written an article in the June Munsey's Ma⁻¹ne, regarding the present de of great actors, judged by the great actors of the past, whom Mr. Eaton pictures and discusses, He takes the ground that their greatness was developed by the important parts they played, and that the lack of significant parts in modern drama is responsible for the present low status of acting for the present low status of acting,

that even lovers do not live to them-selves runs through all English fiction. I do not praise or condemn; I merely ARDENT "FEMINIST."

M. Prevost, whose female characters are almost as finely drawn as those of George Meredith, is one of the most ardent "feminists" in France, Speaking on his favorite subject, he said:

"I think the tendencies are more and Think the tendencies are more and more towards the equality of the sexes, but the basis of everything is the pos-session of suffrage. Every reform must come from that People often forget, in a controversy of this kind, the es-sential truth of the principle of the modification of the milieu. Woman does not charge in position and middles without entailing a corresponding without entailing a corresponding change on the part of man. He will regard the sex differently when the sex is different. The seventeenth-century woman would be insupportable to us today, particular, and the princhemith contoday, perhaps even the nineteenth-cen-tury woman." and the novelist kaughed a pleasant little laugh. "Our ideas change with our milieu. I repeat."

AUTHORS WHO WRITE ADS.

Are authors nowadays ever their own advertisement-writers? The question cannot be answered here, though it has become fairly common to see a novel or other work "reviewed" by its literary parent. If, however, there be any modern romancer who "does" his own "ads" he now may point to a distin-guished precedent in the case of Victor Hugo. It appears that the great Hugo. It appears that the great Frenchman used invariably to draft the advertisements of his own books instead of leaving the task to his publishers His correspondence with his Belgian publishers on this subject has just been published in one of the French maga-zines, and the following example of the ovelist's advertising style may prov-

interesting: "After the middle ages, the present time: Such is the subject of Victor Hugo's double study. What he did for Gothic art' in 'Notre Dame de Paris' that he has done for the mod-ern world in 'Les Miserables." The two books figure in his scheme of work as the misers reflecting the whole of hu two mirrors reflecting the whole of hu-man life."

harmed by their constant attention to The foregoing is an encouraging exthe proprieties. In works of art we have a right to say certain things; we should not use a mask. It is not wrong to describe passion in terms of reality; ample to those young authors who are uncertain how much modesty is en-joined by the best literary traditions. NELSON'S LOVE LETTERS.

to describe passion in terms of reality, but of course it must be passion with-out libertinage, which is a very dif-ferent thing. The one is wholesome and natural, the other is not. One does not always write for the young girl, you know; nor should one be re-quired to. In this matter I am con-vinced that we French are right; at the Interest in Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton does not seem to wane as time goes on, and there is expected to be keen rivalry for the possession of a series of letters addressed by the admiral and his lady-love to the form-er's family solicitor and executor, Wilquired to. In this matter I am con-vinced that we French are right; at the same time, I deplore any exaggeration there may be. liam Haslewood, which are to be sold by auction in London this week. Nel-son's letters in this series number 24 "The great distinction between the English novel and the French is that and relate to the purchase of Merton Abbey, its furnishing, and to Lady whilst the English novel does not oc-

oupy itself enough with love in its physical aspects, which, of course, are of great importance as the base of life, Hamilton. The lady is represented by 14 autoa short time of Nelson's death and in it pays great attention—I do not say too great—to the social consequences of its manifestations. The writer never imthem she discusses the provision made for her in his will and complains bit-terly of the first Earl Nelson's conduct



E. DANA DURAND.

The new director of the U. S. Census, succeeding Simon N. D. North,

ure that every expressed wish of the late Lord Nelson regarding the inter-ests of his family were duly communi-NEW LIBRARY BOOKS. The following 26 volumes will be addcated to the gracious sovereign in whose service he so gloriously fell has been instantly and liberally granted by ed to the public library Monday morning, June 18, 1909: the generous bounty of our king and country, I am naturally induced to con-Allen-Evolution in Italian Art. Channing-History of the United States, two volumes. Drummond-Great Fight. sider as equally certain that the same mode of conveying his last humble re-quest in favor of the infant be received Graves-History of Education Marble-Heralds of American Literawith the proportionate degree of atten-tion. I have, therefore, to require, not only on my own behalf, but as guardian of the said infant, by virtue of his late ure Schlewinger-Workers in the Vinelordship's will and the codicil partic-ularly expressive of that request, that you will have the goodness immediately to assist me in regularly carrying into effect the evident intention of the

illustrious testator.' The first will of Lord Nelson will also figure in this sale. It is drawn up on 18 sheets and is the original will, dated Dec. 28, 1802, afterwards used as a draft for the will dated May 10, 1803 (proved Dec. 23, 1805, with seven codicils), and shows the various alterations embodied in the later will. It is signed by Nelson and the witnesses on every that matter. In one of them she rites: "Having seen with unspeakable pleas-" been removed or damaged. HAYDEN CHURCH. Jackson—Three Graces at College. Norton—Heart of Oak Books, seven volumes.

Tyler-Growth and Education. Watt-Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy. FICTION. Altsheler-Recovery. Davis-White Mice. Lincoln-Our Village Crozy-Gates of Kamt. Rideout-Dragon's Blood. Wilson-Lady in the White Veil.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Beach-Annapolis Plebe. Blaisdell-Child Life in Many Lands.

agines, as the novelist over here does, that an act can be isolated without having its repercussion on society. I in that matter. In one of them she writes: think there is exaggeration in both cases, but that constant remembrance

THE MOST VITAL of MAGAZINES

"Cut Its Pages and It Bleeds"

HAT'S one man's striking way of expressing his conviction that OSMOPOLITAN Magazine is not a lifeless, inorganic, spineless thing of mere ink and paper, made just to sell, but the living, breathing, pulsating embodiment of all that is nearest the heart and most welcome to the mind of the American people.

(OSMOPOLITAN contains within its always charming covers, something for every member of the family. And that something is the best of its kind in every case. The magazine's great

James Montgomery Flagg's clever book of laughable pictures and verse, entitled "All in the Same Bort." is a favorite parting gift for friends sailing for Europe. Camille Flammarion, author of "My-sterious Psychical Forces," is out with a new project for unearthing mysteries of the world. Recognizing that engi-neers have probed the erust of the globe only to a depth of about 6,500 feet below the surface, he has lately re-newed an old suggestion that a great exploration shaft should be sunk to the utnost possible depth in a thorough in-vestigation of the crust of our planet. This pi, the says, should be 200 or 200 yards in diameter, cased with a mas-(Special Correspondence,) ONDON, June 9 .- After a while, one thinks, aspirants to jobs in the civil services of England and France will have to state whether or no they possess literary endencies. And if the answer is in the affirmative they will be advised to pur-sue them and let department work alone, for, of a surety, if they enter the government service it will be only the government of the second as opportunity of-fers, in favor of the cult of letters. The rule scarcely ever fulls. Austin Dobson, W. W. Jacobs, the late Henry her publishers, and Mr. Andrew Seton Merriman, Barry Pain and ever so many other British writers started out as "civil servants;" only to resign Lang in his graceful introduction, have unquestionably rendered a considerable service to English literature."

An incurable boy all his life, the memoirs overflow, as Mr. Lang says, with Dumas' joy in life, but they con-tain, in addition, an inexhaustible mine of information for the student of a past age. The whole of hotheaded, visionary, enthusiastic Paris passes be-fore us in these pages, with their pro-fusion of anecdotes, their narratives of dramatic triumphs and failures, politifusion of anecdotes, their narratives of drainatic triumphs and failures, politi-cal plots and riots, friendships and hatred, the whole tunniltuous, rich, fascinating life of a young genius mounting rapidly to his great fame. And if these volumes are invaluable to the student, to the average Anglo-Sayon reader they will once a new

"One point on the field of human nature is located; at that point one subject is treated, in the treatment

one movement is directed toward one climax."

Adhering rapidly to this complete ar-tistic unity, Mr. Allen has treated of a theme vital to the America of today. "A Gentleman From Mississippi,"

founded upon the popular play of the same name by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise. It is a pleasure to read a book founded upon a successful play, where-in the novelizer has sufficient grasp and knowledge of his subject to present to the reader an evenly written narrative that retains the central idea and action of the play, but which, at the same time, gives the reader a truthful portrayal of the background upon which that action is founded. Senator Langdon is picked out by dishonest men in Washington to be used as their tool in the senate. But the "tool" proves to be sharp at both ands and cuts the men who mean to

as soon as they had found a profitable market for their literary wares, and the same holds true across the chan-nel. One of the most illustrious of the French writers who began by working for the state is Marcel Prevost, the lat-est addition to the French academy of est addition to the French academy of

est addition to the French academy of immortals. Prevost, who is best known in America and England for his "Mon-sieur and Madame Malvet," originally studied tobacco making, which, of course, is a government monopoly in France. The victor over M. Dumont in the recent academy election graduated from the Ecolo Boltcerbulgue and so from the Ecole Polytechnique and so was given a position in one of the state tobacco factories at Chateauroux at the lordly salary of \$4 a week.

> ZOLA HIS SPONSOR. In the evening he wrote. No publishin the evening he wrote. No publish-er could be found for the first three novels which he thus composed "out of hours," but their young author final-ly managed to "place" them as serials with two of the leading French daily newspapers—the Figuro and Gil Elas. Newspapers—the Fighto and Gh Faxs, One of their readers was the late Emile Zola, who promptly became Prevost's literary sponsor and the road to fame was easy thenceforth. Prevost "ar-rived" definitely with his "Letters to Francois" and entered into a lengthy agreement with the Fighto which is said to pay a thumping sum for its

agreement with the Figaro which is said to pay a thumping sum for its weekly article from his pen. Technically, M. Prevost is on a pro-longed vacation. Some time after the appearance of his first scrials, the government promoted him to a berth in the ministry of finance, but his lit-erary work had grown so heavy that he almost immediately applied for leave of absence. It was granted and still is running, for the writer never formally resigned his appointment nor has he been "given the sack," though his salary has been suspended. Prevost lives in a queer corner of Paris, close to the Trocadero. An Eng-lish interviewer who called on him on the day following his election as an "Immortal" got some interesting opin-ions from the author regarding French and English literature of today.

interesting: Government Jobs as Stepping Stones to Literary Success London Literary Letter

"'Yes,' said I, encouragingly. "'By and by, maybe so ten sleeps, he say me bring um back. Monday bring um, Tuesday bring um, Wednesday bring un, all time bring um back Let-ters pleater big. Lediance are What ters plenty big. Indian no sabe. What

And it was as hard to convince her of the sense of the process as 't has been various editors."

Writing in the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, George Selbel discusses the an-nouncement that a new novel by James Lane Allen is forthcoming." He says:

"The most important literary an-nouncement for some time has just been made—that a new novel by James Lane Allen is to be published next month. It is important not only be-cause all of Mr. Allen's work is of a quality commanding the highest re-spect, but also because of Mr. Allen's personal qualities. He is not only one of our artists of the first rank, but also the true arisiserat of American latters the true aristocrat of American letters. Mr. Allen has no press agents. We nover hear what fountain pen he uses, never hear what fountain pen he uses, what breakfast food he cats, what color he prefers in necklies, nor how he came to be a novelist instead of a truck-driver. He is never interviewed upon the subjects of race suicide, the boll weevil or the duty on paper pulp. He has never run for governor nor de-nounced the Standard Oil company. He buys no palazzos in Italy and never circumnavigated the globe in a tow-boat. You do not hear that he is spend-ing the summer at Askosh, working ing the summer at Ashkosh, working on a new masterpiece. James Lane Allen was in Pittsburg for a week, a year or two ago, and no one knew it. His name on the hotel ergister was signed simply 'J. L. Allen,' and those who saw it little suspected that a great novelist, perhaps the greatest of living novelists in America, was in the city. He exhibits the same dignified reserve everywhere. He doesn't talk shop, doesn't have his picture taken in 17 different poses doesn't roar and shake

different poses, doesn't roar and shake his mane at convocations of women's clubs. He is content to let his work speak for him. 'It speaks in no uncertain tones

"A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath" Are already classics; their rich humor Are already classics; their rich humor and pathos and poetry enshrine them securely among the books that will live. "Flute and Violin" contains some of the best short stories ever written. "The Choir Invisible" is one of the no-blest of books. "The Mettle of the Pasture" is one of the most dramatic. "The Reign of Law" and "Summer in Arcady" are full of truth and tender-ness. And these, with the exception of a volume in "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," represent all the wri-ings of Mr. Allen. He does not pro-duce a new novel or two every year. It Ings of Mr. Allen. He does not pro-duce a new novel or two every year. It is, in fact, six years since "The Mettle of the Pasture" was published. During that time, by way of comparison, we have had nine books from David Gra-ham Phillips, eight from Robert W. chambers and 12 from Jack London. "When Mr. Allen's new book is pub-

"When Mr. Allen's new book is pub-lished, we will know that six years of mature thought, of loving literary la-bor, of lofty artistic purpose have gone into its making. And we know it will be worth while."

* * * The last volume of the "Memoirs of Alexander Dumas" is published this week, (June 9), by the Macmillan com-

heat the people. Honesty attracts honesty, and Langheat the people. don, the honest man, draws to his side as his secretary, "Bud" Haines, one who is as shrewd as the dishonest senators who planned to use the plant-· Langdon.

One of Senator Langdon's daughters. in love with one of the conspirators, tries to blacken the name of her father and his secretary. But the plot fails, and Langdon, the good-natured man from Mississippi, proves more than a match for all the rascality in Wasa-ington. ington.

Just how Langdon accomplishes his ends is one of the most interesting parts of the book—and even Langdon himself doesn't know how he is going to win out until the last moment-then e wins by simple honesty Needless to say there is the love story

throughout the book of "Bud" Haines the secretary, and the senator's daugh-

The story is one of American ideas, American interest, American politics, and American honesty. It is amusing, full of laughter and sentiment beginning to end, but above all instructive.

Cloth bound, with eight full-page illustrations, 60 cents, J. S. Og Publishing company, New York. Ogilvie

"Jane Hamilton's Recipes" is the ti-tle of a volume of recipes of delicacies from the old Dominion, preserved and compiled by her great-nlece, Charlotte Mason Poindexter, This work is at once a cookery book and a plea that change does not mean progress and change does not mean progress, and that the "good old days" have not been bettered. For these recipes are four generations old, the garnered culinary wisdom of the Masons, an historic family of Fredericksburg, Virginia, And the housewife who follows them in the cooking of staple dishes as well as in the characteristic southern dishes, will find her results distinctly above all contemporary efforts. The author is the wife of Lieut. F. L. Poindexter, U. S. A., and the recipes here given have been tried and enthusiastically received in army circles McClurg & Co., Publishers, Chi-

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cago.

"The People at Play," is the title of a story by Rollin Lynde Hart. The author of this unusual book is well known as an essayist and brilliant journalist, and has been for many years a curious student of the life of the people. He has spent many days and nights in the close and genial study of their amusements-the melodrama, the skating rink, the amuse-ment park, the baseball game, the ball, the moving picture show, etc., etc., he writes of the results of his observation with a wit and humor and a human-understanding of the minds and hearts of the neople that grade the book as

of the people that make the book as delightful as it is instructive. It is illustrated by the author in a very atpany. Although a book of more than I tractive manner, with sketches of the

PREVOST'S OPINIONS.

At the outset, Prevost testified to a At the outset, Prevost testified to a profound admiration for the late George Meredith. "I have him all in my library," he said. "He was the greatest of contemporary writers. Our own Paul Hervieu reminds me of him. Hervieu is especially Meredithian in 'L'Armature;" yet he had certainly not read Meredith when he wrote that. There is the same irony and harsh-ness of style; but, of course, it is a little difficult for a foreigner to ap-preciate the exact shades of meaning in another's tongue. "English novels are becoming wide-

'English novels are becoming wide ly read in France just now," Prevost continued, "owing largely to the prac-tise of the Temps and other journals to publish them in feuilleton form. To such an extent is this done that the publication is often simultaneous in the wo languages. This is so in the case of Wrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which is to be published in La Revue des Deux Mondes at the moment of its appearance in London.

CONTRASTS DRAWN.

Contrasting English and American writers with their French brethren, M. Prevost asserted that the former too much bound by conventior vere and that their work suffered in conse quence Take for instance, the novels by

Dickens," he said; "they are positively **HIGHEST IN HONORS**



prestige and purchasing power enable it to command the best work of all the most popular and highly paid writers and artists-not merely now and then, but twelve months in the year.

Its special articles are always unusually vivid and readable studies of the most significant of contemporary men and movements, prepared by the ablest writers, at great expense and only after months and often years of expert, first-hand investigation.

Its short fiction is representative of the most popular short-story wizards of the day and runs the whole scale from grave to gay, with such especial emphasis on the note of humor that all lovers of a good laugh have come to look upon OSMOPOLITAN as peculiarly their magazine. Its continued stories are invariably by master novelists, full of color, packed with movement, breathless in interest-the "novels of the year."

COSMOPOLITAN is famous for its cover designs-the most striking on the newsstands, month after month. Its illustrations are the best work of the greatest magazine artists, and its monthly series of theatrical portraits, always uniquely presented, is one of its most perennially popular features. In poetry, it has published some of the most notable work of recent years. Its trenchant, critical articles and briefer notes on literary folk and phrases are, without exception, the ablest in magazinedom.

All in all, OSMOPOLITAN is the most universally interesting, the most sanely all-round magazine of them all-and at the same time the most refreshingly individual. Wherever anything is read, OSMOPOLITAN will be read with delight.

As an advertising medium, OSMOPOLITAN is among the greatest of the great. Just now it is riding the crest of the wave. In volume of advertising it has stood first among all the popular monthly magazines twice during the last few months. Its February number not only headed the list in its class, but showed the greatest gain in advertising of all the monthlies over the corresponding issue a year ago-namely, 30 pages. Its April number-out March 1stcarries more net cash advertising than any previous number in the history of the magazine. And this in spite of our firm conviction that the pre-panic numbers established a high-water mark that would not soon be touched again. " (OSMOPOLITAN-ward the Empire of Advertising Takes Its Way."

