DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904.



a week and the set 南北

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

Reproduced From the Deseret News World's Fair Portfolio.

A universal exposition cannot be disassociated from the sentiment of peace and good will to all men. A Scottish Neuk finds fitting place in the world's fair. The replica of the historic cottage on the Doon, where Robert Burns was born is most appropriately the fea ture of the Neuk. Scotchmen planned, in the beginning of the pre-exposition period, the reproduction. The movement spread from St. Louis to other parts of the United States, to Canada and to Scotland. Not only is the cottage in exterior appearance true to the original. The contents suggest the lowly origin of the poet. They include many things to revive Scottish memory and to stimulate Scottish pride. "The Burns Cottage," it is familiarly called. It is more than a reminiscence to visiting Scotchmen. It is a shrine for those of all nations whose hearts beat to the measures of:

"For a' that and a' that, It's comin' yet for a' that, That man to man, the world o'er. Shall brithers be for a' that."

The Burns cottage has a conspicuous location among the buildings in the Palace of Nations,

made and people will vote for Mr. Winston Churchill for Parliament un-der the impression that he is the author of "The Crossing,"

The scene of Stanley Weyman's last book, "The Long Night," is laid in Geneva during the early days of Cal-vinism. Mr. Weyman seems to have incurred the evenlasting gratitude of the Genevans, and they have sent him an illuminated address in which occurs the statement that the foundation and inspiration of his art are intimately connected with the life and teachings Calvin. There may be some doubt as to the truth of this statement, but there is no doubt that the frank admiration of

the Genevans, which couples Mr. Wey-man's name with their notable man, Calvin, is a great honor for Mr. Weyman. * * *

Gelett Burgess, co-author with Will Itwin of "The Picaroons" and "The Reign of Queen Isyl," who has been spending the summer at Scituate, Mass., has employed his leisure mo-ments in characteristic style. In a corner of an adjacent orchard he has built a hitle bouse composed entirely of packing cases. This building, which he has named the "Goop Hotel," con-sists of four rooms, two stories and a stairway, piazza, doors and windows stairway, plazza, doors and windows complete, the whole ground plan cover-ing an area of only six by eight feet. The rooms are high enough for a child of four to stand erect, and the explora-tion of the residence, to an adult, is achieved with considerable difficulty.

mirable Tinker," like many other Britishers, had some years of wandering before he finally settled upon life-work. He did not get as far as America, but spent a very exciting three years in the West Indies as the tutor to a rich young Englishman.

≈BOOKS.≈

No more absolute success in a given line of literature has been achieved than by L. Frank Baum in his books of fic-tion for young readers. "The Master Key" and others of his books caught the popular fancy at once, and recently his "Wonderful Wizard of Oz" has become famous both through the book it-self and through the rendition of its main incidents and characters into an opera which has been played through-out the country with telling success. At At the pressing demand of a thousand lit-the pressing demand of a thousand lit-the readers who constantly assalled him with verbal and written petitions for a continuance of the adventures of his chief characters in "The Wizard of Oz" Mr. Baum has written a second volume entitled "The Marvellous Land of Oz," in which he has resurrected both the "tin woodman" and the "scarecrow" of "tin woodman" and the "scarecrow" of the former adventures and brought them into new complications which will hold the interest of every boy and girl fortunate enough to come into touch with their clever recital. The book is built interested by John B. Neill with their clever recital. The book is lavishly illustrated by John R. Neill, and promises to rival even the success of the story to which it is a sequel.-The Reilly & Britton Co., publishers, Chicago,

Mrs.Florence Morse Kingsley's breezy story, "The Singular Miss Smith," has been accepted as the typical bright, entertaining summer novel of 1904; the book of the year which comes the nearbook of the year which comes the heat-est to an ideal volume for the hotel plazza, the train, or a hot afternoon in a hammock. Miss smith, Boston bred, heiress to millions, thinks the lofty speeches of the Ontological club lofty speeches of the Ontological club about their relations with the Cosmos rather silly, and proposes to find out for herself why girls of the poorer classes would rather work in factories than in homes. She has an amusing time of it in finding out, and her ex-periences lead her to think that per-haps the trouble is often not so much with the American domestic as with the American mistress. Incidentally she plays good angel in a very pretty for plays good angel in a very pretty ro-mance, and comes across a person of the opposite sex doing a little investimance, and comes across a period of the opposite sex doing a little investi-gating on his own account. Miss Smith is not really singular—except in that whe has more common sense and a more piquant way of doing things for herself than most of her sisters. This very bright and humorous and witty story was written by a woman. Mrs. Kingsley pokes a little fun at the sol-emn doings of women's clubs; but brief-ly she tells a charming love story of the old fashioned sort. There is something underneath the book's merriment; it is being read and laughed over, and care-fully considered by thousands of Amen-ican women on account of its really good hints as to the management of servants. Yet it is pure romance, almservants. Yet it is pure romance, sim-ple, tender, lively, entertaining and de-liciously humorous.—The Macmillan Co., publishers, New York.

curred, and fell from the bridge to the | them different manifestations of some brink of the water, where the reeds informing life, though inhabing the universe in such various "Here," continues Mr. Haggard in his forms. W. T. Stead, the editor of the Review of Reviews, who is an authority on ghosts and psychic phenomena, says that he has never heard of an instance in which an animal, living or dead, has

connection with li-

ours, in the scheme

Mrs. Campbell Proved, whose story "Nyria" has created such a stir in the psychical world, accepts Mr. Haggard's narrative and deductions without any

reservation. She says that even as a child, when wandering among the gum trees in the Australian bush, she was a firm believer in an after life for ani-mals and all she has learned and ob-

served since has only strengthened that 'It seems to me," she says, "that a

ove like that of a dog-a love that is capable of sacrifice-must have its re-ward in the achievement of an after

ife-possibly in reincarnation, who mows? I feel that all life is intercom.

municative-that even the trees and the dowers have a life that is, after all never destroyed, and has its part, like ours, in the scheme of the Creator."

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HAYDEN CHURCH.

here, continues Mr. Haggard in his narrative, 'if it were still living, and although the veterinary thinks that death was practically instantaneous, its life may perhaps have lingered for a few minutes, it must have sufficiented and sunk, undergoing. I imagine, much the same sensations as I did in much been able to communicate telepathic-ally with a human, being, and puts forth this theory to account for Mr. Haggard's experience: the same sensations as I did in my dream, and in very similar surround-ings to those that I saw therein-name-"It seems more probable," he says, "that while Mr, Haggard himself way askep, his subconsciousness—his other self which never sleeps—found itself where the deg hey dying and was able to impress its physical consciousness with a sense of sufferentian or drowning in connection with h."

ly, amongst a scrubby growth at the edge of water. "Both in a judicial and a private ca-pacity I have been accustomed all my life to the investigation of cyldence, life to the investigation of evidence, and, if we may put uside our familiar friend, the long arm of coincidence. which in this case would surely be strained to dislocation, I confess that that available upon this matter forces me to the following conclusions:

"The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after 1 in the morning, or, as it seems more prob-able, about three hours after that event able, about three hours after that event did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever periton of my being is capa-ble of receiving such impulses when enchained by sleep, into its own terri-ble position. That subsequently, ns that chain of sleep was being broken by the voice of my wife calling me back to a normal condition of our human ex-istence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was Intence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was being withdrawn from it (it will be re-membered that in the dream I seemed to rise from the dog), it spoke to me, first trying to make use of my own tongue, and, failing therein, by some subtle means of communication where-of Lhave no knowledge telling me that

of I have no knowledge, telling me that it was dying, for I saw no blood or wounds which would suggest this to ny mind.

"I recognized further, that, if its dis-"I recognized further, that, if its dis-solution took place at the moment when I dreamt, this communication must have been a form of that tele-pathy which is now very generally ac-knowledged to occur between human beings from time to time and under special circumstances but which I have special circumstances, but which I have never heard of as occurring between a human being and one of the lower and

mals. "If, on the other hand, that dissolution happened, as I believe, over three hours previously—what am I to say? Then it would seem that it must have been some non-bodily but surviving part of the life or spirit of the dog which, so soon as my deep sleep gave it an opportunity, reproduced those things in my mind, as they had already occurred. I presume, to advise me of the manner of its end or to bid me

(arewell. 'It does seem to suggest," adds Mr. Haggard in conclusion, 'that there is a more intimate ghostly connection be-tween all members of the animal world, including man, than has hitherto been believed, at any rate by Western peobelieved, at any rate by Western peo-ples, that they may be, in short, all of



FISH, CURED MEATS, POULTRY, ETC.

19

sell books. It is a genuine bit of hu-Here is an extract: mor. "8:30-Ate breakfast with difficulty. Have no appetite.

Russell, and passed into the hands of Harper & Brothers with the other Rus-

'8:35-Ate Kitten's breakfast. "8:36-An affair with the cat (the Kittens' mother). But I soon leave her,

as the coward does not fight fair, us-ing claws." And a part of the next day's diary

follows: ^{19:00}—Washed by Mary. A hateful business. Put into a tub, and rubbed all over with filthy, soapy water, the cathsome cat looking on all the while.

ind sneering in her dashed superior way. I don't know, I am sure, why the hussy should be so conceited. She has to clean herself. I keep a servant to clean me," etc. . . .

Will N. Harben, author of Abner Daniel, has completed a new novel, which Harper & Brothers will publish in the fall. Mr. Harbin is now at Dalton, Georgia, his birthplace, which is his summer headquarters. From there he and Mrs. Harben make fre-quent excursions to other cities. Mr. Harben writes that the southern sum mer has been delightfully cool. and hat he has been gathering literary material by living in all sorts of ways, from tent-life with a railroad surveying party in the mountains to the "giddy whirl of the southern summer-resort here!"

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton likes Munich so well that she has decided to remain there another year. She is at present devoting herself to a study of German. It is quite probable that her next novel will be writte e written during her residence in h. Rulers of Kings remains one of the hest-selling books of the year. . . .

A blind lady is having printed at her wn expense, in raised letters for the bilnd, an edition of six favorite short stories. The edition is to be presented to the blind department of the State library at Albany. The Harpers have received a request for permission to in-clude in the collection Mrs. Mary E. Willcins Freeman's famous story Humble Romance, and Owen Wister's Twenty Minutes for Refreshments.



It is announced that the English memorial to R. D. Blackmore, author of Lorna Doone (Harpers), has not only been fully paid for by the sub-scriptions, but the committee reports a surplus of £20, which has been pre-sented to the pension fund of the Au-thor's societ! As memorial funds are prone to run short of rather than to exceed the resulted sum, the popular. exceed the required sum, the popularity of the nomerial is evident.

A handy little biography of Whistler is the latest issue in Bells Miniature Series of Painters, published in this country by the Macmillar company. Mrs. Arthur Bell is the suthor of this volume, which is illustrated with repro-ductions of some of Whistler's best pictures. . . .

Mr. Francis Lynde, whose new novel, Mr. Francis Lynde, whose new novel, The Grafters, is destined, according to Life, to please more American read-ers than any book of the season, was bent on being an author from very early years. But a strong common sense which characterizes all his ac-tions told him that the way to write was first to live. So he lived half a life-time in the most active occupa-tion he could find, quite largely for the purpose of gathering material for his present calling. Not in any one of his present calling. Not in any one of his business years did he jose sight of his ideal, which was to settle down with a pen and a pad of paper, in a home of his own, in a study of his own. The

ourpose has been exactly carried out as planned. Character-drawings is Mr. Lynde' particular forte. In this he has studied as no great number of his fellow-crafts-men have dared to study. He can walk men have dared to study. He can walk along a street where he knows no one personally and read the character of nine men out of ten in passing, by scanning their faces. A Sherlock Holme's glft, you say with a smile? Not at all. It is the result of long and hard study. And Mr. Lynde can carry if to a degree which his folgation of the it to a degree which his friends say is positively uncanny, This is how he learned it. For years

he was a traveling passenger agent. In his territory there were four or five hundred ticket agents whom he was supposed to kn w well enough to make them of full value to the railroad company. Hhis visits to these men were momentary, and he studied physiog-nomy till he could meet a man in interval of train-stopping and almost tell how many children he had;-this in the first interview. Those who have been fortunate

enough to read the stirring pages of The Grafters know that Mr. Lynde is not only an expert judge but an a not only an expert judge but an expert portrayer of character. His figures stand out with a distinctness, an individuality, possessed by few per-sonages in modern American fiction. "Governor Bucks" in The Grafters is little short of a masterplece.

. . . According to the lists published in The Academy the two novels that are having the largest sale in England at

Deving the largest sale in England at present are Mr. Hewlett's "Queen's Quair" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "The Crossing." Of the former I have already written, says Mr. Alden in the New York Times Saturday Review. Last week I noticed the first adverse review of the book that has so far been nublished. With this excention, the published. With this exception, the praise that the book has received has published. been unanimous. Mr. Churchill's book is also highly praised. The reviews that have so far been published are alone a sufficient answer to the absurd charge that there is a prejudice here

on the part of critics against American bcoks. Had the book in question been written by the other Mr. Churchill, the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, it could not have been more warmly received. Possibly it is true that some persons buy "The Crossing" because they believe that it is written by the English Churchill, but judging from the way in which the press has spoken of the book, the time is not far distant when, instead of confounding the American Churchtll with the English Churchill, the opposite mistake will be

three feet square, and here Mr. Burgess has spent hours of seclusion in writing. The house is an object of interest to children for miles about, and has been the scene of numerous tea-parties,

upper chamber

Who is the original of the Singular Who is the original of the Singular Miss Smith, the heroine of Mrs. Kings-ley's new novel? The young heiress occupied, we are told, "the great Smith mansion on Beacon street." Now, of course, there is only one Beacon street, and that is in Boston. Also, there are very good reasons for thinking that Miss Smith may have been a Vassar graduate, on account of the interest graduate, on account of the interest which graduates of that institution have always taken in the problem of Domestic service.

Miss Gwendolen Overton's "Captains Miss Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the World" will be one of the first and also one of the most important novels which the MacMillan company will publish in the autumn. The hero-ine of this story of labor and capital is the daughter of a capitalist who is forced by her father into an engage-ment with a degenerate foreign prince. The hero is an honest, hard-working la bor-leader.

. . . Miss Miriam Michelson, the author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," has been spending her summer at beautiful Lake Tahoe, in northern California. After she had been there a few days, she began to be startled by the peculiar ac-tions of the other cottagers. They avoided her studiously, crossing to the other side of the road in haste when they saw her approach. The men whom she met fingered their watches and but-

she met ingered their watches and but-toned their coats; the women kept a watchful eye upon their jewelry; the children gazed up at her with mingled dread and admiration. Miss Michelson, who is an ex-newspaper woman and has a fine appreciation of the pictur-esque in life, rather enjoyed the novelty of the situation, and for some time of the situation, and for some time made no endeavor to find out what the matter was. She smilingly took it for granted that the community had gone lunatic. But one day the mystery was sclved-it developed that a romantic and somewhat misinformed summer girl was the cause of it all. She had passed the word at Lake Tahoe that the adventures of Nance Olden, the the adventures of Nance Olden, the clever girl thief of "In the Bishop's Carriage." were autobiographical! In California every one is reading Miss Michelson's book. During a sin-gle day at the Mechanics Library of San Francisco, there were 140 calls for

. . . R. E. Young's book, "Sally of Missourt," has been making a great success in England. The Englishmen are no eleverer at divining the sex behind the young author's initials, R. E., than were the American reviewers; and one critic says in concluding his review

"This young American author should be very proud of his work." Edgar Jepson, the author of "The Ad-



mnia and Try a bottle.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Popular Magazine for September maintains its usual high standard of adventure fiction. There is a complete novel by Seward W. Hopkins entitled, "Fighting Both Sides," which relates the stirring adventures of an American the surring accentres of an American mining engineer in Panama, and the first installment of a serial by Hugh H. Lusk, "The Mystery of Woodoonga," an Australian story of considerable strength and interest. Allen Sangres, the baseball expert, contributes a num-ber of really interesting enacdotes of well-known baseball players, and there are personal reminiscences of stage life by Willis T. Sweatnam, James T. Powers, Herbert Kelcey, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Lillian. In addition there are half a dozen good short stories and the installments of five serials .- Street & Smith, New York, 10 cents.

Ainslee's for September continues the steady progress in quality which is a remarkable feature of this magazine during the current year. A new depar-ture is the beginning of a serial, and the publishers have been fortunate in inaugurating this novelty in having a story by Agnes and Egerton Castle, which has all of the characteristic charm of these delightful writers. It is called "The Heart of Lady Anne." The

Special Correspondence.

volve

consciousness answered to it, or so

other, so much so that my hand was

complete novelette has not, however, been sacrificed. The one for this month is "Her Brother's Tutor," by Caroline Duer. The magazine also shows its determination to keep abreast of the times by offering to its readers a new story by Margaret Suiton Brisco, en-titled "Philanderings," the character of which is such as to make it a feature which is such as to make it a feature. Humorous fiction is represented by exceptionally good stories by Joseph C. Lincoln, who contributes "The Boojoo Man," and Himan F. Day, whose story, "For the Hand of the Widow Judson," is a lifelike sketch of the down east is a lifel'ke sketch of the down east Yankce. Other stories equally good are "Letters of an Outsider," by Felicia Goddard: "The Winged Harp," by Kate Masterson; "The Little Blush Rose," by Edith MacVane, a new writer of great promise; "The Duffer," by Frank Savile; "Mrs. Lawrence's New Maid," by Anne O'Hagan, and "The Metamor-phosis of Colin." by Rafael Sabatini. The poetry is contributed by Arthur The poetry is contributed by Arthur Stringer, Robert Loveman, Arthur Ketchum, John Vance Cheney, Theo-dore Roberts and W. D. Nesbit.

complete novelette has not, however

The fourth of the series on social life in American cities is as interesting as its predecessors. It is "The Social Side of Philadelphia,"-Ainslee Magazine Company, New York.

Haggard's Weird Dream Arouses Much Interest.

#OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.#

against its head, which was lifted up at ONDON, Aug. 17 .-- Although, when an unnatural angle.

Rider Haggard wrote to the Times "In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmited to my mind in an unde-fined fashion the knowledge that it was Then everything vanished and I woke to hear my wife asking me why on earth I was making those hor-rible noises. I replied that I had had a nightmare about a fearful struggle and that I had dreamed that old Bob it, little disposition has been shown to treat the novelist's narrative lightly. Nor to deride his somewhat startling was in a dreadful way and was trying to talk to me and tell me about it." suggestion that it tends to prove that animals survive after death, and may Mr. Haggard told other members of then communicate with human beings. his family of his dream at breakfast next morning, but it was not until that Sunday night he discovered the dog was missing. Enquiries were set on foot Monday morning to ascertain what Indeed, the account has been accepted generally as opening up an interesting field for scientific investigation, which may lead to an entire reversal of the had become of him. The results Mr. Haggard sets forth at great length in the form of signed statements by va-rious witnesses. They seem to prove conclusively that the dog, while on an popular view which denies a future ife to dumb animals. Briefly this is Mr. Haggard's story. He went to bed at 12:30 one Saturday night recently and suffered from what open work railway bridge near the he took to be a nightmare from which he was awakened by his wife. house was run over by a train, either at 10:25 or shortly after 11 o'clock on "As I awoke," he says, "the night-mare itself, which had been long and vivid, faded from my brain. All I could remember of it was a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified strugging for life the Saturday night that the dream oc-

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Acid and grit, deadliest enemies of the terrified struggling for life, such as the act of drowning would probably inteeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfumes do not make fine dentifrices. Your "But between the time that I heard teeth deserve better of you than to be offered my wife's voice and the time that my up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

"I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of SOZODONT

named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water. "My own personality in some mys-ferious way seemed to me to be aris-ing from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them: the Powder gives a bright and polished surface.

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the other day about his queer dream concerning a dog and the dream's surprising sequel, he said that he rather expected to be ridiculed about