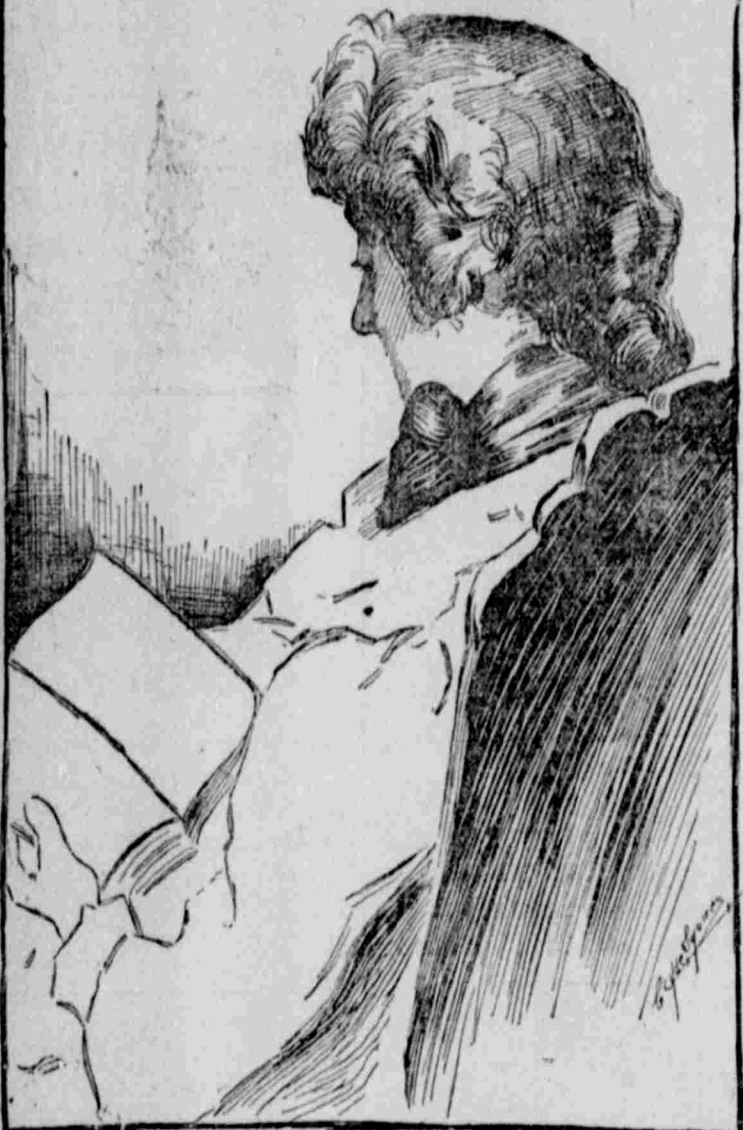


LITERATURE



SIMILAR CASES.

There was once a little animal
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpy old Dinoceros
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus
"I am going to be a horse!"
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen feet high
On the psychologic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceros was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go and view his father's bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be.
What! be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! you'd have to change your na-
ture!"

Said the Loxolophodon,
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene,
That was the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher;
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Ape
He laughed and he sneered,
They tried to catch that boastful one
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit,
And they pelted him with coconuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.

And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
This thing cannot be done!
And second, if it could be,
It would not be any fun!
And third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled, then, triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Ape.

There was once a Neolithic man,
An enterprising wretch,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright.
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful mammoths
To his chopping cave.

To his Neolithic neighbors
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to take the earth, and
take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of
stuff
Outside our natural skins!
We are going to have diseases!
And accomplishments!! and sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!"
"Utopian!" Aboard!
Said another, "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter human nature!
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic mind!

NOTES.

When any scheme for an economic and social system founded upon the principles of human brotherhood has been propounded, it has been met with an argument which to the minds of those who have advanced it contains logic conclusive enough to annihilate forever the idea that advancement to a higher plane of living than that which exists at present is absolutely impossible of achievement. The argument is

most powerful of American short stories.

More lately Mrs. Stetson has revised and enlarged the remarkable book of verse which had already appeared in California in two informal pamphlet editions, but which is now for the first time published in this country in an adequate form. Curiously enough, however, an edition has been on the English market for some time. Lately, too, Mrs. Stetson has completed her study of the relations of women to society, a book which fixes the attention from the first page and is not to be forgotten with the last.

One may get from this list of titles—the pamphlet on labor, the brilliant short story, the volume of verse, the sociological study—how wide the scope of Mrs. Stetson's activities has been. But this is not all. She has had a weekly paper in San Francisco; she has spoken with rare success all through the West and East, and in Great Britain during her visit in 1896; she has lived in Social Settlements in Chicago; and her work in and before various clubs for women has been almost continuous for years.

Yet with all this devotion to the serious side of life, Mrs. Stetson is distinctly not a "New Woman." She is a woman of a talent so vivid and rich, and a temperament and character so open and frank, that she has walked forward, hardly aware of the old prejudices and superstitions, but quite simply and naturally, in the path of development marked out by the "pioneers"—the women who first asked for an equal opportunity for their sex. Indeed, Mrs. Stetson is that rarest of persons, a reformer with a sense of humor; a preacher who is never dull; and a satirist who is still essentially a poet.

The poem, "Similar Cases," is probably the most widely quoted poem that has appeared in the last three decades. Not since Lowell with his witty poetic diatribes against black slavery and its supporters, kept the country in an uproar of applause, has a piece of poetic sarcasm met with such appreciative and widespread recognition.

The poem was followed by others from her pen, a number appearing in the leading magazines of the country, and all of which have recently been gathered in one volume and published in book form under the title "In This Our World." It is filled with poems ranging in nature from the humorous and satirical to those bracing the tenderest sympathy and deepest reverence.

Not a line in any one of them is commonplace, and the most of them are of a texture that will make them as "War cries of a cause at last to be clad in the garb of deeds."

long outline the conditions to which they owe their inspiration. William Dean Howells has called Mrs. Stetson's verse the best civic satire which America has produced since the Biglow papers. Certainly the vigor, the verve, the deep moral earnestness and the delightful humor and extraordinary talent for satire which she displays in these poems have hardly been surpassed. The volume is divided into three parts. The first, entitled, "The World," ranges in subject from "Similar Cases" and "An Obstacle" to name only two of those satirical pieces which Mrs. Stetson has been hitherto best known to lyrics of nature remarkable for their tender sympathy and loving observation.

The subject of the second section is woman, and the third part, called "The March," deals with the "forward movement" of human brotherhood which has always been so dear to the author's heart.

The poem which next to "Similar Cases" has been the most widely quoted is given below:

AN OBSTACLE.
I was climbing up a mountain path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's too.

When I ran against a prejudice
That quite cut off the view,
My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed.

My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load;
And there that hulking prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.

He smiled, but as for moving!
He didn't even try.
And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule:

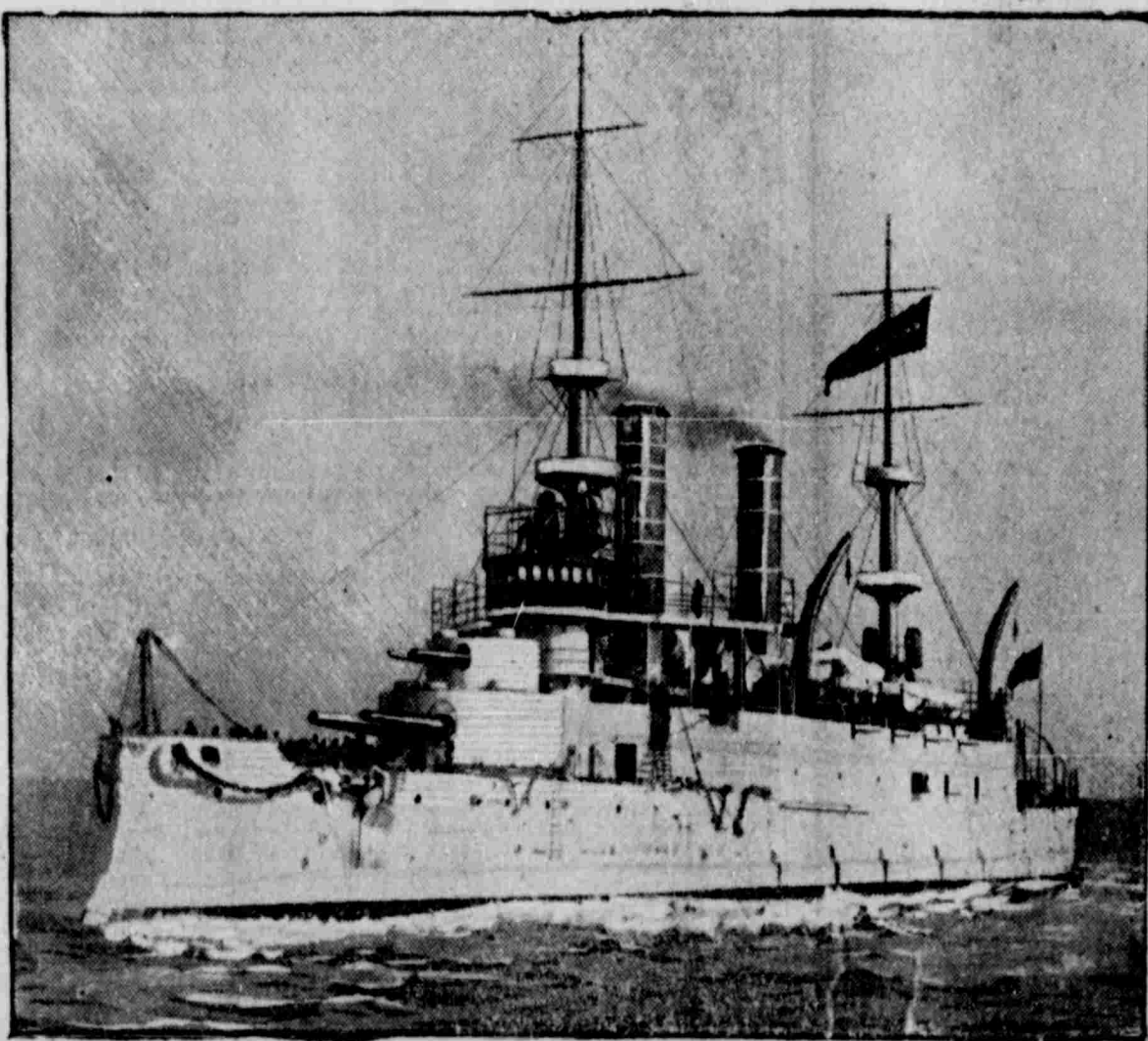
My time was short—no other path—
And other people's too cool.
I argued like a Solomon;
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced, and howled and swore,
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore;

He got as mad as I did—
But he sat there as before.
And then I begged him on my knees;
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate hill!

As well in with the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!
So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe—

THE GREAT BATTLESHIP, KENTUCKY.



The recent trial trip of this magnificent warship has served to bring her prominently into public notice. With the exception of her twin sister, the Kearsarge, the Kentucky is the most powerful vessel in the United States Navy. She cost \$4,000,000, and displaces 11,525 tons. A peculiarity of her construction is the arrangement of the turrets, which are on the double-deck plan.

The mountain mists were rising fast.
The sun was sinking slow—
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there!

'One of the shorter poems in the section entitled "The World," is the following:

A MAN MUST LIVE.

A man must live! We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high;
A little vote for a little gold
To a whole sonnet bought and sold,
By that self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
A man must live?

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine for a battle-cry,
From soldiers, with a sword to hold,
From soldiers, with the flag unrolled,
This coward's whim, this liar's lie—
A man must live!

The section dedicated to "Woman" opens with a bit of poetic prophecy of the new time dawning for the sight of the sex long hedged and hampered by prejudice, custom and self-wrought blindness.

SHE WALKETH VEILED AND SLEEPING.

She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power;
She obeyeth but the pleading
Of her heart and the high leading
Of her soul unto this hour.
Slow advancing, halting, creeping,
Comes the woman to the hour!
She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power.

Another of like prophetic tenor is this:

SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one Beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that en-
foldeth

The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high
beauty

That comes of perfect use is built there-
of.

A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;

A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise
and tender.

No longer blind and dumb;
A human being, of an unknown splen-
dor.

Is she who is to come.

Of Mrs. Stetson's important prose work, "Women and Economics," of which the world in general is talking just now, the author has the following to say in regard to its motive and purpose:

"This book is written to offer a simple and natural explanation of one of the most common and most perplexing problems of human life—a problem which presents itself to almost every individual for practical solution, and which demands the most serious attention of the moralist, the physician and the sociologist.

"To show how some of the worst evils under which we suffer, evils long supposed to be inherent and ineradicable in our nature, are but the result of certain arbitrary conditions of our own adoption, and how by removing those conditions, we may remove the evils resultant.

"To point out how far we have already gone in the path of improvement, and how irresistibly the social forces of today are compelling us further, even without our knowledge and against our violent opposition—an advance which may be greatly quickened by our recognition and assistance.

"To reach in especial the thinking women of today, and urge upon them a new sense, not only of their social responsibility as individuals, but of their measureless racial importance as makers of men."

The idea most dominantly emphasized by Mrs. Stetson's book is that woman is the only type in nature who depends for livelihood upon the male of her species, and is restricted from the fields of activity and development open to his privilege and will.

That man under the advantage of a wider environment, has had opportunity to develop capacities inherent in both sexes alike, but paralyzed in one from lack of incentive and exercise. That man has been free to seize upon the materials which the various and larger interests of the world supply him, and that woman has merely looked out at the broader world in which he moves from the windows of a single sphere.

That this dependence and restriction have produced important modifications in race development, since the son as well as the daughter inherits qualities and characteristics from both parents.

"Hereditarily has a salic law," Mrs. Stetson exclaims, and argues that the crippled mentality, effort and action of the one sex produces its result in the race.

What the effect of opportunities for wider thought, aims and activities for the sex would have upon the generations is suggested by Mrs. Stetson in deductions drawn with scientific fidelity to sociologic facts. Mrs. Stetson's idea

of existing conditions is expressed in the following satiric verse:

WEDDED BLISS.

"O come and be my mate," said the Eagle to the Hen;
I love to soar, but then
I want my mate to rest
Forever in the nest!"

Said the Hen, "I cannot fly,
I have no wish to try,
But I joy to see my mate careering
Through the sky!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is love
my own!"

And the Hen sat, the Eagle soared,
alone.

"O come and be my mate," said the Lion to the Sheep;
"My love for you is deep!
I slay, a lion should,
But you are mild and good!"

Said the Sheep, "I'll do no ill—
Could not, had I the will—
But I joy to see my mate pursue, de-
vour, and kill!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is love,
my own!"

And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled,
alone.

"O come and be my mate," said the Salmon to the Clam;
I know sea and stream as well;
You know nothing but your shell."

Said the Clam, "I'm slow of motion,
But my love is all devotion,
And I joy to have my mate traverse
Lake and stream and ocean!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is love
my own!"

And the Clam sucked, and the Salmon swam,
alone.

Whether the world becomes converted wholly to the opinions expressed in Mrs. Stetson's book remains to be seen. That its philosophy will tinge the economic thought and effort of the coming century to measurable extent may be safely predicted. The world seems ready for change from the old economic systems, and as the age seems to be undeniably the "Woman's" it can hardly be doubted that change and advancement will mark the conditions of her future existence "in this our world."

Those who agree and disagree as to the soundness of Mrs. Stetson's philosophy, however, have no difference of opinion as to the interest and excellence of her book. It is one which either class may read with profit, and the three editions which are a speaking testimony of its popularity, will undoubtedly merge into a much larger number before the world is done with it.

MAGAZINES.

The December Woman's Home Companion is bright with Christmas cheer and full of new and practical Christmas ideas. The spirit of the approaching holidays pervades the Christmas stories and verse contributed by Francis Lynde, Hester Caldwell Oakley Ward, Lewis E. MacBryne, Clinton Scollard and Margaret E. Sangster, while John Kendrick Bangs in the "Idiot at Home" captures a decided stand for the myth of Santa Claus. The illustrated accounts of "An American Christmas at Blenheim Palace," by Edward Page Gaston, and "When Santa Claus Comes to the White House," by Mary Nimmo Moore, describe the generous gift-making of two American women, Mrs. McKinley and the Duchess of Marlborough. Aside from the purely holiday features there is an abundance of good reading touching upon every phase of home and social life—Springfield, Ohio.

In the Magazine of Art for December, Mr. W. Roberts reviews the art sales of the season and refers especially to the Italian pictures that have come into the market. Mr. Arthur Fish writes upon the coming career of Mr. C. Napier Henry, A. R. A., and Mr. Frederic S. Robinson has resumed his interesting article on the Queen's Art Treasures, and in this number of the magazine appears the first paper on the Buckingham Palace collection—Cassell & Co., New York.

A new "Life of Christ," to be written by some of the greatest living Christian divines, will form an important feature of the new volume of "The Quiver," the opening number of which, C. Napier Henry, A. R. A., and Mr. Frederic S. Robinson, who deals with the "Birth and Infancy of Jesus Christ"—Cassell & Co., New York.

The explanation of the term "Holy-wood" is given in the course of an article in the December number of Cassell's Little Folks. "Father," said Eric, as they turned homewards, "why do they call it Holywood?" "Ask Auntie, my boy, she's sure to know," said the doctor, turning to his sister with a smile. "Is she not, Auntie Meg, laughing. 'Well, Eric, there's a pretty story about the founding of the old Abbey. It is said that David I, of Scotland, when out hunting, was attacked by a fierce stag, and might have been killed had not the creature been frightened away by a bright cross which suddenly shone in the sky. Out of gratitude the king built the abbey and called it the Church of the Holy Rood. Rood means cross, you know, Eric. Part of the abbey still stands, but the building was enlarged by other kings, who made it a royal palace."

The complete novel in the December new Lippincott under the striking title of "The Whistling Maid," is a romance of the Middle Ages, and a world beauty. Of almost equal importance with the longer novel is a brief one by William D. Howells, called "The Magic of a Voice," a bright tale of upper New York State. "The Perfume of the Rose," by Flora Annie Steel, describes the "state of an Englishman and his sweetheart to a distiller of roses in India, where they seek the 'secret' of the perfume. A Christmas paper on "The Real Star of Bethlehem" by Julia MacNair Wright, is accompanied by a frontispiece from beautiful painting of the "Star," by Henry R. Poore. "The Return of William Penn," in December, 1699, by William Perrine, "Washington's Death and the Doctors," by Solomon Solis Cohen, M. D., and a talk about "Alphonse Daudet and his intimates," written by one of the latter, Jean Francois Riffault, Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe," contributes a poem entitled "The End of the Century."

A young man operating under the name of "Myron West" is securing subscriptions to McClure's Magazine in various parts of the country, on the pretense that he is a poor, virtuous person who is ambitious for a college education; and that when he has obtained 1,000 subscriptions he is to be rewarded by us with a college scholarship. In some instances, perhaps, in all, he gives a receipt, made out on a printed blank, and signed "McClure Publishing Co., per Myron West," and all of this signature being in print except his own name, which he writes in. Printed across the end of the receipt is this: "McClure's Building, 4th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y." This man is an impostor and a fraud—He is not our agent, and has no power over us, and any money collected by him. There is no such building as a "McClure's Building," either at 3th St. and 5th Avenue, or anywhere else in New York. There is no such corporation as the McClure Publishing Co., The S. S. McClure Co., Publishers of McClure's Magazine have no agents, Postmasters, newsmen and subscription agents will act as agents for subscribers or intending subscribers, but all persons must use judgment in selecting their own agents. No person is authorized to collect and receipt for money in our name. In short, "Myron West" is simply victimizing people, and we hope he may soon be apprehended and brought to justice.

The S. S. McClure Co.,
141-155 East 25th Street, N. Y. City,
Publishers of McClure's Magazine.

MAYO

The Great English Healer AND Lecturer

THE MAYO PHYSICIANS could not wait upon the people in the last thirty days; 2,984 called to see the doctors, and out of that number 846 were rejected as incurable.

Owing to the large number of patients unable to take advantage of the special offer made last week, MAYO has kindly consented to

Continue His Free Consultation Seven Days More,

to all patients applying at MAYO'S office, KENYON HOTEL, Salt Lake City, for seven days only.



NO OTHERS WORK SUCH CURES.

The New Treatment of the Mayo Physicians, the Perfected Results of Their Years of Training, the Crown of Their Professional Lives, Attracting the Attention of the Whole Country.

SUCH CURES HAVE NEVER BEEN KNOWN.

"Such cures as these have never been known before." All over this great city, all over its surrounding cities, all through the State, all through the nation, wherever the metropolitan newspapers are carried, this is said.

And as the volume of this wonderful testimony increases, voices drowning other voices, witnesses supplanting witnesses, proof piling upon proof until individual instances, however remarkable, are lost sight of, the confidence of the people in the New Treatment is shown by such thronging crowds of sick ones as has never before been witnessed in the history of any medical practice even in the Mayo offices.

They come, not from Salt Lake City alone, but from far distant cities, they come believing, for they know that the New Treatment is the result of that superb skill for which no life has ever yet been spoken.

This is the testimony of the faith of the people in the new method which the Mayo's physicians have given the world after a lifetime of experience in the largest practice ever known.

That the New Treatment is the crowning glory of their years of public work, the perfection and culmination of all their efforts to cure diseases; that their formulation and application of it has introduced a new era in medicine, is now generally admitted, in view of the testimony, even by those who at first insinuated that the new methods were but an advertising scheme of a bait for the credulous.

Miss Rock Says It Is Like Heaven to Have Mother Well Again.

MRS. EMMA ROCK of West North Temple Street has been afflicted with Asthma for years, and for eighteen months unable to lie down; applies to MAYO and, to the astonishment of all, is completely cured in twelve days.

FRANK RIDDLE, 23 South Ninth East, born with ASTHMA—His mother says he has had Asthma all his life, and doctor after doctor failed to cure, but MAYO'S wonderful Asthmatic Specific was given him in full view of the audience and the effect was magical, and he is now sound and well.

Mayo's Wonderful Tapeworm Remedy!

Mr. A. C. Lee, 664 S. State St., has had a tapeworm for six years and has tried several times to be relieved, but without avail. Friday evening, MAYO'S TAPEWORM REMEDY was given to him and to the astonishment of everybody in 60 minutes the tapeworm came, head and all. On examination it proved to be eighty feet in length. Mr. A. C. Lee went home the happiest man in the district, having suffered no inconvenience after taking the Tapeworm Remedy or after the worm was removed. The Tapeworm can be seen at the office of the Hotel Kenyon.

JOHN WATSON, 536 S. Third W.—His little girl had a tapeworm for two years. Mayo's Tapeworm Remedy removed it.

MR. A. PELKEY, 374 W. Temple, went home the happiest man in Salt Lake. A night long to be remembered by the inhabitants of Salt Lake.

Mr. N. J. Gronlund, 275 West Fifth North Street, had rheumatism and kidney troubles of fifteen years' standing, unable to walk without a cane for more than a year.

Michael Ungers, aged 63, sciatic rheumatism; bedridden for six weeks; unable to walk without crutches.

Mrs. Kelso, aged 63, rheumatism in hip and ankle; limbs stiff, and unable to bear weight.

Mrs. Kelso, aged 63, rheumatism in knee and foot, limb swollen.

CANCERS CURED.

CURED LAST YEAR—NO KNIFE, NO PAIN.

John V. Hirt, Portland, Ore.—Cancer removed.

Edwin D. C. Miller, Pleasant Valley—Cancer of face of 27 years' standing.

J. G. Hestrom, Lake Washington—Cancer of the ear, six years' standing.

Mrs. Minnie Benton, Occidental Hotel—Cancer of the breast, four years' standing.

N. E. Nesmith, Brunswick Hotel—Cancer of lip, one year's standing.

M. N. Worthington, Cherry and Third—Cancer on neck, fourteen years' standing.

Mrs. J. J. Nordoff, Tacoma—Cancer of breast.

Francis Manor, St. James Hotel—Cancer on shoulder, eight years' standing.

W. A. Berry of Delano, Cal., was cured of cancer of face by Chief of Staff over one year ago. Write him and see.

John Jones of Mesa, Ariz., cured over a year ago of cancer of lower lip. Write him and see what he says.

Mayo has an office in the Hotel Kenyon, where he is assisted by eminent physicians, giving advice and treatment to all sufferers. They guarantee to cure every case they take in hand and give a written contract to that effect. They cure all diseases, such as Rheumatism, Paralysis, Nervousness, Weakness, Cancer, Rupture, Varicose, Impotency, also Hydrocele, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture and Syphilis in all stages positively and forever. Cures Dizziness, Fits, Piles, Deafness, Catarrh, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Disorders. They have quick special treatments for all diseases of men and ailments peculiar to women, such as Female Weakness, Falling of the Womb, Backache, etc. Mayo has many secrets not generally known to physicians, which enable him to make extraordinary cures.

THE MAYO PHYSICIANS Can be Consulted at the Kenyon Hotel, Salt Lake City.

Office Hours—10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.