

LITERATURE



THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

"How far away is the Temple of Fame?"  
Said a youth at the dawn of day;  
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless name;  
But the hours went by and the evening came,  
That left him feeble, and old, and lame,  
To plod on his cheerless way.

For the path to Fame is a weary climb  
Up a mountain steep and high,  
There are many who start in their youthful prime;  
But in the battle with fate and time,  
For one who reaches those heights sublime  
Are thousands who fall and die.

The youth who had failed could never guess  
The reason his quest was vain;  
But he sought no other to help or bless;  
He followed the glittering prize, Success,  
Up the narrow pathway of selfishness,  
And this had been his bane.

"How far away is the Temple of Good?"  
Said a youth at the dawn of day;  
And he strove, in a spirit of brotherhood,  
To help and succor, as best he could,  
The poor and unfortunate multitude  
On their hard and dreary way.

He was careless alike of praise or blame;  
But after his work was done,  
An angel of glory from heaven came  
And wrote on his immortal name,  
Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple of Fame  
And Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that history  
Has taught since the world began;  
That those whose memories never die,  
Who shine like stars in our human sky,  
And brighter grow as the years roll by,  
Are men who have lived for Man.

—Denver News.

NOTES.

The first literary review ever published was the Journal des Sçavans, which appeared in Paris in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The century dominated by Louis XIV. Up to that time the reading public north of Italy had very few ways of finding out about the new books which were being published in the various countries. The principal source of information was the catalogues published annually at the Frankfurt book fairs and the other principal book marts. Beckmann states in his History of Inventions that "George Willer, whom some improperly call Viller, and other Walter, who kept a large shop and frequented the Frankfurt fairs, first fell upon the plan of causing to be printed every fair a catalogue of all new books, in which the sign and printer's name were marked." These catalogues were published in 1554 or 1556, and were simply sale lists of books, giving the title pages.

Another method of gaining information of current literature was by the correspondence of scholars among themselves during the sixteenth century and their successors in the seventeenth century. This method is considered by Sainte Beuve, as the true beginning of literary journals.

The author, Francis W. Bourdillon, was an Oxford scholar and poet. Several volumes from his pen have been published in London, and recently in this country, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have bought out, at \$1, The Night has a Thousand Eyes, and other poems. It is upon this immortal lyric, as it is called, that Bourdillon's fame chiefly rests, but he has written as well other lyrics of rare grace and melody. The famous poem is as follows:

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies,  
With the dying sun;  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the reason of the whole life dies,  
When love is done.

—Lewis Carroll, author of Alice in Wonderland, told with great relish of a book given him by a little girl who knew him only as a learned mathematician. "Have you ever read Through the Looking Glass?" he asked her, expecting an outburst of delight. "Oh, dear, yes," she replied. "It is even more stupid than Alice in Wonderland. Don't you think so?"

The new forces in Norway are little comprehended outside that country. Ibsen we know, and Bjornson; if we have studied Norway a little closely we know Jonas Lie. Norway, however, has not been at a standstill during the five and twenty years since the message of these three great men to their country became patent. They were imitated, attacked and competed with by a race of younger men from the seventies onward. These young men were extremely attracted to realism, to the "naturalism" of Zola; they were absorbed in the discussion of what was called "problems," in untying knots in the social, sexual and political life of the moment. It is an interesting fact that during this period (1875-1887) the practice of verse almost entirely ceased in Norway. There was a universal con-

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which a Jew had asked them to inspect. Among other gems was a pearl necklace of exquisite beauty, every pearl being like every other one in size and lustre. It was valued at \$2,000, and Mr. Ford, after admiring it for a few moments, said: "I know a girl who can wear this necklace and give it to me for a present." When they asked him the maiden was, he being presumed to be fancy free, Mr. Ford replied, "It is Janice." And then they knew the girl, the dear, the girl who had been the subject of the book, Janice Meredith, then unpublished.

The New York Sun tells a good story about one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' characters. The character of some visitors to East Gloucester last summer paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of her famous story, A Madonna of the Tubs. Mrs. Phelps' summer home is in East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander, with a self-evident capacity for taking care of herself. "So you are the Madonna of the Tubs?" said the visitors. "I am," said the New Englander. "And these pearls and diamonds?" "She did." "Did you ever meet Mrs. Ward?" "I have. After she'd wrote that story she came round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see the victrola I had." "How interesting!" murmured the visitors, "and what did you do?" "Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tubs, "What did I do? I sassed her well for writin' such a story as that about me. Such a pack of lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. An' she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did."

Looking forward in the domain of letters, the Washington Post sees some literary giants appearing in the West. It says:

The East must beware of the literary Lochinvar of the West. The West has been passing through its transition period. The battle against Nature has been fought and won. The wilderness, the prairie, and the desert have been conquered. The struggle has not been without its effort, and the East has brought forth a race of giants, strong, alert and exultant. The energies thus developed will be directed into the field of literature. The West has been written about in the past, but the writers have come from the East and elsewhere. Hereafter it can take care of itself. We predict that writers from this section will be characterized by a virile power and originality such as has not been seen in American literature for a third of a century.

An interesting indication of the success of the Young Woman's Journal is offered in the fact that the January edition of the book, The Young Woman's Journal, has reached a demand and an extra edition had to be printed. It is always gratifying to learn of the prosperity of the home journals and the "News" extends its congratulations.

BOOKS.

"Child Life in Colonial Days" is the title of a new book by Alice Morse Earle.

In writing this delightful book, Earle has drawn upon material the very opposite of that which the journals of mothers of today would afford. Nearly every conscious trace of the demure little men and women who brightened the world in colonial days was kept down, put away and, as far as possible, lost sight of. Nevertheless, children did live, and they were the same enchanting little souls they are today, radiant with light and the Adamantine temper of childhood.

The book opens with the little folks who accompanied the Pilgrims and formed the infant contingent of the first settlement of Massachusetts. The life of these children was in all respects almost as strenuous as that of the adults. But their strength was not equal and "they died singly and in little groups, and in vast companies." The chapter on "School and School Life" records the following record in 1719: "Richard Sears out high 12 pair of shoes a year. He brought 12 hankers with him and they have all been lost long ago; and I have bought him \$3 or 4 more at a time. His coat was a knotty at one end and beat by boys with their hands, and then to lose them, and he cares not a bit what I will say to him." Very evidently boy nature has not degenerated in our own day! In educating their girls the colonists suffered from a narrow, narrow, narrow life of women. The education of a girl in book learning was deemed of vastly less importance than the instruction in housewifery.

The range of "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions and Protectorates" from the Caribbean to the far Pacific, has led its author, Mr. Charles Skinner, into more serious study than he has engaged in before, for we are brought here to the consideration of a vast range of mythology. Skinner says by rooting out everything that disagreed with his religion, has obliterated much of the aboriginal lore of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines. Their myths have not survived extermination, and he points out, in the very tales and symbolic narratives have been studiously preserved, and they present many striking and even startling features, especially in their resemblances. Their often seemingly identical, with the traditions of widely separated peoples. Mr. Skinner particularizes some of these resemblances, but for the most part they are left for the reader to detect.

We have in "America Today," by Wm. Archer, the rather unusual spectacle of an English critic who finds much to admire in New York city, and intimates with engaging frankness that preceding Englishmen mentioning one by name, have abominably lied to the American metropolis. Mr. Archer writes frankly and pleasantly. He tells some good stories, makes some acute observations, glances at many different aspects of life, and praises and chides with equal pen. He points out the facts of everyday life which are not generally appreciated from their commonness, and suggests many comparisons that are illuminating.

"Brief History of the City of New York" is a volume recently written by C. B. Todd.

This little book is a marvel of condensation. Its three hundred and odd pages present an accurate and comprehensive account of the rise and growth of New York from the purchase of the island by Minit in 1624 to the adoption of the charter by which the various outlying municipalities were consolidated into one great metropolis. Mr. Todd weaves into his narrative details of the life of the people, their dress, manners, customs and fete days, with quotations from accounts of visiting travelers. The book is embellished with nearly one hundred engravings and is printed and bound in good style.

The edition de luxe of the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas a Kempis, which is C. B. Todd's, is limited to one sale in the United States. The illustrations, title-page and initial letters are designed by Lawrence Houseman and engraved on wood by Miss Clarence Houseman. The printing is done in red and black on hand-made paper and the binding is vellum parchment.

Browning, Poet and Man: A Survey. By Elizabeth Luther Cary, has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author has been writing in her earlier volume on "Tennyson, His Homes, His Friends and His Works" that she could judiciously mingle personal with letters on the work of her author. In Browning she has found a theme well adapted to her methods

of literary gossiping. She has a gift for quotations and her pages embrace citations from Browning himself, from his friends and from his critics, which serve, taken together, to give the reader exactly what the title of the book indicates, a survey of the poet and the man who wrote the pearls and diamonds which are all printed in fine photographs. These include eight portraits of Browning, portraits of his wife, of Tennyson and Carlyle, and pictures of places with which the narrative has some relation.

Prose and Verse for Children, by Katharine Pyle, is a little volume collected with the special object of awakening the imagination and interest of young readers. The selections deal with the little incidents of child life, and tell of the doings of animals that have come under the author's notice, and from which lessons may be inferred into the child's mind. The selections are classified according to the months, beginning with September.—American Book Company, Chicago.

Songs of All Lands, by W. S. B. Mathews, is the title of an excellent collection of music, sacred and secular, compiled by an eminent educator and critic. There are selections from Bohemia, Russia, Norwegian, and Danish sources which hitherto have been neglected. The book has been prepared especially for schools and social gatherings and contains many English part songs and glees. The music is in three or four parts and many of the English selections have piano-forte accompaniments.—American Book Company, Chicago.

"Beyond the Veil" is the title of a little volume lately published by Little, Brown and Company, which deals with life in the afterworld, depicting in a convincingly realistic way scenes which are supposed to meet the vision of one suddenly separated from the world below and entered into his after existence. Though the idea is not new, the selection of material and presentation are original and of fascinating interest, much of the advanced thought of the day being introduced into the spiritualistic and occultic romance. There are excellent passages in the book, a few of which we quote.

"I looked at the three men before me. Their eyes were full of a gentle regret. One of them answered my unspoken inquiry. 'The gateways of Heaven and Hell are here. When the thoughts and desires of a man are proved and shown to him, he will seek his own place. We are sent unto you by the Highest, whose presence you cannot now bear. Neither have we come to judge you, O man, but to teach you a higher law—of love, of mercy, of kindness, and the unfailing witness against himself. Therefore memory and understanding must show you your own deeds.'"

"Memory never dies—it is only dormant. Its records are graven on tablets more lasting than the pyramids, though the veil of forgetfulness for a time, obscure them. Now all the strength of this faculty arose, far beyond my control. Scene after scene, long forgotten or skillfully smothered, rose before me; and worst of all, I became fully aware that I could not possibly violate to my companions. I seemed to stand aside as a spectator, and in these pictures watch myself as I had formerly watched and judged the actions of others. Neither was there any lethe of forgetfulness, and I could not escape the faults less hateful—the silence of death as one scene succeeded another in this terrible panorama, always faithfully justified in every way by my own aroused recollection. The little meaningless things, the trifling hours that I thought secure from light, the workings of hate, jealousy and envy, the conceits that rendered me so absurd in my own eyes now—all the cancerous processes of sin, wherever they had touched my body, rose before me, and sank into or upon my former face, and the wings of Truth and felt her awful presence." "What I might have been, seemed standing near with grave reproachful eyes, and no one could appeal, and I had put aside my power and gone into voluntary slavery." The book contains many discussions on problems of life and freedom of will and will prove interesting to all readers.

MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine for February opens with a second installment of "The Life of the Second Empire" by the Rev. John Watson (Jan MacLaren), illustrated with four of Mr. Linson's paintings, reproduced in the colors of the originals, and a number of drawings in black and white. Other noteworthy features of the number are Walter Weyl's account of his experiences in his last year's Arctic expedition; Governor Boutwell's reminiscences of the Grant Administration under which he himself was a member of the cabinet; Mr. Alayne Ireland's exposition of the relative strength of the great powers in colonial territory, population, and resources; Cleveland Moffett's account of the naval discoveries and speculations regarding the composition of the interior of the earth, as unfolded in conversations with the great earthquake expert, Professor John Milne; and Ray Stannard Baker's intimate biographical sketch of the new governor of Cuba. The fiction of the number includes a story of mining life, a yachting and love story of the Georgia coast, a story of English prison life, and a railroad story.—The S. S. McClure Co., New York.

"The Little Clay Image" is the title of a pretty love story of two young Italian artists in the Youth's Companion of this week. Costanza is a pretty young girl with a talent for making clay images, and her young betrothed is an artist whom the rich lord of the place sends and puts in prison in order to get him out of the way so that he may win Costanza. The story tells of the young girl's clever device for aiding Filippo to escape, and is charmingly told. Hon. Lyman J. Gage contributes an article entitled "Character, Credit, Capital," and "Kit and Aunt Perina," and "Enter on the Trolley" are two more interesting stories that appear in the number.

In the February number of the New Lippincott, the complete novel is Louis Zangwill's "Siren from Bath." The story is a tale of the sea, and is as stupid as most of the fake literature of its class. "The Squire" is a story of a city election, by Francis Churchill Williams. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, the wife of the noted general, contributes an article on "The British Militia Regiment," by Herbert Hudson, a late militia subaltern, written with spirit and inner knowledge. Miss F. C. M. Fox contributes a sonnet called "Rainbows," and "The Little Clay Image," by Clarence Urmey, is a quaint thought in couplet form.

The contents of Self Culture for February are varied in character and of such interest that all classes of readers must find within its covers something which appeals particularly to their individual tastes. Of its eighteen principal articles twelve deal with the subject of the human mind. The illustrated articles describe and depict "The Manufacture of American Tea," "Scenes in the Philippines," "Amalfi and Its Strange Disaster," "Tess," an Educated Chimpanzee," "The Man who Wrote

COMMON SENSE TALK WITH WOMEN.



If a person is ill and needs a medicine is it not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This is very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good. Take for instance,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years its record has been an unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are really harmful; when on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

We have thousands like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham:

Monthly Suffering Backache and Bearing-down Pains always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered untold agony every month, could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."—Miss Jole Saul, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhea, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in highest terms to all sick women."—Miss Rosa Helden, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O.

Another Case of Kidney, Womb and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble, and my back was so stiff and sore. Theright ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills, and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommended your Compound to every one."—Mrs. Mary Vaughan, Trimble, Pulaski Co., Ky.

A Letter Which Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Weakness.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right away, and am well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never have gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—Mary A. Stahl, Watstown, Pa.

There are painters who never touch canvas. Musicians who never are still. Who have not the gift of expression. Lack adequate training and skill. There are men with the dreams of the masters. Who never are known unto fame; Whose spirits are filled with a music And beauty they never can name.

There are orators doomed to be silent, And singers who never are heard; There are actors untired and unnoted, Who with the grand passion are stirred; There are millions who struggle unconscious.

Of wonderful powers they possess, Whose spirits are ravished by glimpses And thoughts they can never express.

There are poems unsung and unspoken, That transcend the limits of art; There are unpaired visions that linger In the innermost realms of the heart; There are writers who never have written.

And sculptors who delve not in stone, There are spirits who thrill with a message, Yet strive on in silence, alone.

Mayhap there's fruition and answer Somewhere in the vastness of space, In worlds that are yet undiscovered, For unfulfilled longings in this. At last they may find their lost visions, The ones who fall short of expression And yet who are artists in soul.

To the Ladies of Salt Lake City:

Every package of Maravilla, Ceylon Tea, Spices, etc., sold with the SEAL on it is an absolute guarantee of purity. The advertising solicitors are now in Salt Lake City and a trial order given them will convince you the above statement is true.

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