

## The Boy Saving Problem At Canyon Crest Farm.

THE boy problem in Salt Lake is a very small one compared with the proportions it assumes in the larger centers of population. But it is a sign that Salt Lake is growing, that the bad boys are also becoming numerous enough to present at least the beginning of a problem.

A lucky item in the city's assets has been its ability to profit by the experience of other cities and to adopt for its regulation the latest ideas worked out with great labor and difficulty in the older cities of class and size. The juvenile court idea came from such a source, and from such a source also comes the Canyon Crest farm, which the mothers of the state, as represented in organized strength by the various women's clubs, have donated to the general service of boys.

Many an interesting tale comes down from the ranch, which is to be a permanent headquarters for the boy who has lost his home anchorage and is looking for someone to whom he can say, "Give me another chance, and I'll make good."

The idea of having such a farm is only a year old. It began with a lecture by Judge Willis Brown before the women's clubs, and the second step following right after was the appointment of a ranch committee. The selection of the Canyon Crest ranch was soon made, and occupancy followed in the spring, with such utilities as could be hastily gathered together.

### WHERE FARM IS.

The ranch is above Bountiful, and its purchase price was \$10,000 in easy payments, running over ten years at 6 per cent. In June the boys were moved up there, and after a little experience with a hired superintendent, they organized a republic for their own discipline, with a full corps of officers. With the ranch came animals in plenty, and the boys found they had cows to milk, horses to tend, pigs to feed, as well as land to plant. After six months, the farm is proven to be no longer an experiment. The latest reports from there are that the boys are enjoying themselves, and are happy while they have accumulated considerable money through the sales from the farm, and money earned working for other farms.

No effort has been made to break down individuality of ownership and each youngster has been given the financial rewards of his own toil.

The theory on which the promoters worked was that the average boy needs expression, needs a chance to gain satisfaction through achievement, and this opportunity has been what the ranch has tried to offer. The kind of boy most wanted is that between the juvenile court influence and the reform school. Such a boy when given responsibility and treated well often comes out from under the repressive life he has led into a useful boyhood aimed at a manhood of clean, intelligent service.

### THE RANCH SCHOOL.

The schooling at the ranch has not been overlooked. A teacher is employed, and three grades are taught. Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Rice furnishing the financial backing to make this feature a success, as they have to make many other features operative. Finances, however, are still needed to make the equipment complete. Cottages are wanted, a school house, a carpenter shop and blacksmith shop. With this equipment the raising of crops is counted on to take care of the rest of the problems in the financial

field, as it is the intention to make the farm an independent community entirely self-supporting.

### MRS. PARK'S REPORT.

Undoubtedly the two women who have taken more interest in the ranch and what it stands for than any others are Mrs. Hugh Park and Mrs. McMahon. They have a home of their own at the farm so that they can be near their young wards and see to it that they are not neglected in any way and that they are properly directed and taught. It would be an eye-witness to many a Salt Lake if they could visit the farm and see for themselves how these two earnest and conscientious women are working out the boy problem, which is commanding the attention of some of the best thinking people of the area. In a report to the officers of the association, Mrs. Park said recently these and other similar stories illustrative of the conditions that exist on the farm.

From the beginning about 30 boys were received and cared for on the ranch. Some of these boys have been returned to relatives, some sent to special training schools, some remaining at the farm. Hereafter, the plan is to have the association to adopt families of eight boys in a cottage, boys of similar age and tastes, and who will stay until they have accumulated enough to begin for themselves, or better still, in a few years be the leaders for the various branches of industries upon the ranch.

Many amusing and pathetic stories could be told of these Canyon Crest boys. Showing the need of just such a place to idle boys over, one of a street newsboy is sufficient illustration:

"See, missus, are you one of them ladies who are interested in Canyon Crest ranch cause? If you are, I want to say I approve of it—yes, I do. You see I have earned my own way on the streets ever since I was six years old, and I've took pretty good care of myself. But, lady, honest, now, I—I ain't as good as I oughter be, yer can't be when yer on the streets and yer ain't got folks what cares for yer, or no-body to teach yer nothin'." Here, the man-boy had to turn his back to hide his emotion, as the long, hard years of his barren life came before him. To be sure, he had managed to sustain life and clothe his thin, stunted body by his own efforts, but at it he sensed how much it takes to make and fit a boy to meet his life than mere food and clothes. So, he continued: "I hope the farm for boys goes through. I knowe kids what are too good to go through what I have. I want to see them learn something; to be somebody. No, lady, I don't want no nickel for this paper, it's got a Canyon Crest notice in it."

### THE FIRST BLESSING.

All were seated at the long table in the farm house kitchen. Eight tired, hot boys, the housekeeper, one director who was visiting that day, and at the foot of the table the colored gardener, who once upon a time had been a preacher.

It had come about that to have things right, and as one boy tersely put it, "not to be like the pigs," the meal must begin with a blessing. This was not so easy as it seemed, for while the colored gardener was more than ready to perform the ceremony, the boys would come struggling in late, and scuff their feet and the chair legs on the floor, making much noise and confusion. This day, the weather was particularly hot, the flies bothered the tempting piles of good, home-cooked food was particularly appetizing, and the colored preacher holding forth at



CANYON CREST HOPEFULS.

unusual length. He prayed for everything and for everybody and always wound up with, "O, Lord, we thank Thee for having fed us from our younges up to this present time," etc. It may have been the heat, or the flies, or the proverbial "last straw," but to the astonishment of all, the police officer of the ranch said with decision born of long suffering from long graces, "Fellows, we are going to ask the blessing ourselves; we may not always have folks here who can; anyway, we ought to do it."

"We ought, we ought," chorused the family. "Begin today, Mr. Police Officer, and show us how."

"O, Gee!" said Police Officer. However, being grumpy, he seized his knife in one hand, his fork in the other, and planted his closed fists upon the table; with white face and tightly closed eyes, he began in trembling voice and finished the blessing with a barely audible amen.

"Amen!" said the director, decidedly. "Amen, amen, amen!" said eight choking voices around the table.

"Amen!" precious Jesus!" said the colored preacher with regret.

The meal disappeared in silence. Later in a quiet corner of the orchard the police officer came up, shamefacedly to the director and said:

"Say, Little Mother, didn't that blessing of mine sound awfully bad?"

### THE FIRST CAMP.

The first camp of seven boys went wild with delight at the wood things that crossed their paths. The gophers were chased into their holes, the squirrels up the trees, and the water snakes had their necks broken. The big Jersey bull was dared, the chicken hawk was fired at; and at the very moment when all were grouped to have their "pictures took," upon the knoll pick-

ed out for their first cottage, they spied a coyote slinking up the ravine, and they were off like a pack of bloodhounds before the photographer could say "Jack Robinson."

Heretofore, Canyon Crest has been entirely a stock farm. Now, before this restless youthful energy, the peaceful cow will have to hunt her sustenance farther and farther up the hillsides, ruminating as she chews her cud, upon the good old days when she was monarch of all she surveyed. As the commercial value of potatoes and melons down on the juvenile mounds—not to mention the feasts to the workers, becoming almost realities—these young farmers begrudge every acre of arable land to the cows. They talk to the superintendent of "our melons," "our garden patch," "our hens and chickens," etc. One enterprising youth has undertaken to furnish a leading restaurant with squabs as his contribution to the general fund. Another raises ducks. A more savage spirit has contracted to rid the place of gophers, with a 22 rifle and a rat terrier dog at his heels. He declares, and makes good that "no measly gopher ain't goin' to eat up our stuff." An easy mark offered a cent for every gopher tail, also a cent for every head. She was a sadder and wiser woman when she learned that "a head," and "a tail," came off the same gopher. Gopher tails were the currency among the boys at one time on the ranch. They bought and sold—as the Indians used to do in merchandise—11 gopher tails and a snakeskin purchased a knife; a bunch of sago lilies and a rabbit's foot, an air-gun, and so on.

The cows to the ordinary boy, are not an inspiration. They suggest, rather, the barnyard and milking time, the butter making and the cream separating. It is only when seated at the supper table, after a hard day's labor and tramping, that the boy appreciates his valuable friend, the cow. The Jersey bull and the young calves are more to his liking; the one inspires him with daring and fear, the calves with fun and frolic. Best of all are the horses. A boy loves a horse and a horse loves a boy. The twain are great chums and seem to have a mutual understanding of each other's needs. The present management believes that the raising of the smaller fruits, manual training, the care of chickens, pigeons, and the lesser animals will be more fitting to boys and far more attractive. The initial step in this direction entails the expenditure of a considerable amount of money. Nevertheless, five years with good guidance should make good the outlay many times over, and we must never forget that while we are raising fruit, we are also raising boys. That we have started an enterprise for the reclamation and character-building; set in motion activities, the harvest of which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

### THAT'S IT!

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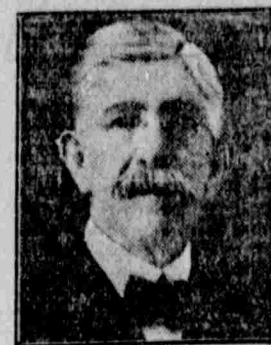


QUADRUPLT CALVES.

Four Interesting Wyoming Bovines That Are Attracting Considerable Attention in the Livestock World.

There are very few cases on record of any of the mammals whose young are usually born one at a time, where the number has increased beyond the point of triplets. Above, however, is an authenticated picture of a cow with four calves, all born at the same time, and following the precedent established recently in the case of a man who issued a mountain lion in southern Utah, this instance is backed up by testimony of neighbors and friends of the cow's owner.

The cow belongs to Charles E. Gomm, of Smoot, Uinta county, Wyoming, and in a note sent to the Deseret News with the picture, he says that the "cattle are all alive and doing well." An affidavit made before George Osmond, notary public, sets forth that the signers are well acquainted with Charles E. Gomm, and know that he is the owner of a Jersey-Holstein cow which on June 23, 1906, gave birth to four calves. The signers are Arthur Roberts, G. W. West, M. D.; D. U. Keeney, and E. A. Gardner. The picture shows Mr. Gomm standing beside the mother cow with her four young ones.



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