SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Many anxious theatrical eyes during the week have been turned on Columbus and Cincinnati, O., where the first performance of Noel Royle's new play, "These Are My People," have been given. The papers thus far at hand indicate that the play is still going through a process of revision and trimming. All accounts agree that it has some superb dramatic situations, but that it needs cutting down. The Cincinnati Enquirer says Mr. Royle is making changes every night, eliminating anything and everything that tends to retard the action and the swift approach to the great situation at the end of the third act. The cast is agreed on as being ideal, and by the time the play reaches Broadway, which we are all in hopes will be early in the winter, it ought to be in shape to stand the severest fire of the Broadway critics.

* * *

Last Tuesday eve at mission headquarters the Mutual Improvement association was organized for the winter, President Charles H. Owen being chosen president with Miss Maggie Hull as first counselor, and Elder Charles Dinwoody as second counselor. Miss Burns will act as secretary, the amusement committee will be composed of Elders Owen, Dinwoody and Gustaveson, and in all probability, the committee will write the ministers of different denominations throughout the city to give a lecture once a month during the winters' session, which will give an interest to the regular programes and call out the saints in greater numbers than they have always responded nobly to the Mutual since it was first established by President J. G. McQuarrie several years ago. The outline this year, provides great and good things in the line of instruction in church history, together with the regular course adopted by the Mutual Improvement associations throughout the land.

At the opening meeting President Rich and Elder L. E. Young addressed the people; the greatest attention was given to both speakers and those who furnished the music. Everyone has entered into the spirit of the work and a good time is anticipated.

* * *

Last week, Mrs. Nellie C. Taylor and her son, Elder Le Roy Taylor, who has filled a two years' mission in England, arrived on the Cedric and stayed for a few days in this city, taking their departure the end of the week. Mrs. Taylor has been doing genealogical work in England, having gone over there 12 months ago; she had many relatives to visit which has made her trip an enjoyable one.

* * *

At the home of Mrs. Gladys Edwards, daughter of the late James S. and Louise Young Ferguson, on South Boulevard, Miss Catherine Meehan, familiarly known to the family and her friends as "Mama Kate," died Sunday last of a stroke of apoplexy, passing away within five hours after receiving the shock. "Mama Kate" had been an inmate of the Ferguson household for 30 years, faithful and devoted, and her death makes the third in the family within 14 months, Mrs. Ferguson, her son Dale, and now the trusted friend and servant. Young Alan Ferguson lives with his sister, Mrs. Edwards and her family; the once happy circle is fast diminishing, only the brother and sister now being left.

* * *

Monday evening last Elder George Ogden and wife, and Elder Ross Beatie were guests of Mr. John W. Young at dinner at his home on West Tenth street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Early have as their guests this week, Mr. and Mrs. Hempstead of Yonkers, who will be with them several days. Mr. Hempstead is a railroad man and well known in the city.

* * *

Mrs. Dewey Richards's uncle, Mr. Sells, is a guest at the Richards home for a few days. Mr. Sells has been west and was in Salt Lake at the time of Mr. Joseph T. Richards's funeral. Mr. Dewey Richards is still in Salt Lake, but is expected here within a week or two.

* * *

The home of Mrs. C. F. Fisher and her daughter, Sallie, at Port Washington, Long Island, has two new hostesses for a short time; Mrs. R. C. Easton and her niece, Miss Afton Young, have been in possession for a week and will remain another 10 days; Mrs. Fisher has moved a great many of her things to their new home, "Wasatch," in Songo-Lock-Maine, on Lake Sebago, where she has gone for the winter, and where she will supervise the building and furnishing of the new prima donna with the "Goddess of Liberty" company until May, next, but may spend holiday week at Songo-Lock, as companies are often laid off during that week; a Christmas spent among the Maine woods would be a delightful and novel experience for anyone who lives a city life so many months in the year. In the meantime Mrs. Fisher very graciously loaned her house to her two lady friends for two weeks, and they are having a delightful time; the country around about is ideal, the sunshiny days and crisp cool nights with big log fires and beautiful and cosy rooms, make it a desirable place for friends to run down from the city for a day's vacation. JANET.

THE DEAL LAMBS GET

The late Francis H. Leggett, New York's largest wholesale grocer, had a contempt for the morals of the average Wall-street man.

Mr. Leggett often used to say:

"I once hired an errand boy who, after I discharged him, no doubt went on the street. There he should be doing well.

"The boy was from the country. He worked for me only about two days. The last day he was with me, I sent him out for $4 worth of stamps, giving him a $5 bill.

"When he came back with the stamps, he didn't offer me any change.

"'Well,' I said impatiently, 'where's the change, Alfred?'

"'There ain't any, sir,' said he. 'Stamps has riz.'"

MR. PARSLEY'S REBELLION

A Really Humorous Tale by Albert E. Bull.

HE had read all about it in a book, so he knew that it must work out all right. Then, again, he had talked it over with Thomas Whelk, and checked all the points seriatim, with the same result.

"You see, it's this way," he observed to Thomas, as he sat in that worthy's summerhouse and smoked the pipe of peace with him. "I came upon the whole thing—a case just like mine, written up in a story, and a rare pretty story it was, too. What the man did in that case was just to wait till his missus went away for a few days, and then he pitched out all her fal-de-lals, and made the sittingroom just so's he could smoke in it—just the same as he did 'fore he married her."

"Ay, ay," replied Whelk. "And what then, James?"

"Oh, the missus comes back all a-nagging, as usual. Why wasn't he at the station to meet her? Why didn't he write while she was away? Did he call the brass plate clean? and all that, just as he expected."

"And what then, James?"

"Oh, he stood up, same as I'm going to do, and he says to her—just the same as I shall—'Madam,' says he, 'we've had about enough of this nonsense. I gave you your ring, and you took it. Now I'm going to have mine. In future, madam,' he says, 'there's going to be one head to this house, and that's me!' What do you think of that?"

"Sounds all right," assented Thomas, nodding his head approvingly and looking wisely into the bowl of his pipe. "What did the missus say to that—in this story book?"

"Oh, she carried on a bit. But what was the use? He squatted down in his chair, and fixed her with his eye. 'Madam,' he says, speaking gruff, 'when you've finished your talkin', you get me my tea, 'cause I'm going down to the club.'"

"I s'pose she hadn't allowed him to go to the club?" suggested Whelk.

"That she hadn't," assented Parsley; "no more than my missus allows me to go to the Institoot; but, anyhow, this man in the story, he simply glares at her when he says it, and puts his eye full on her. Ah, Thomas, it's the power of the eye that does it. Have you noticed my eye lately?"

"No. Which one?"

"Either one. It don't matter which," retorted Parsley a little pettishly. "Have you noticed my eye, I say?"

"Can't say that I have! What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing the matter—only I'm training."

"Training? What for?"

"Oh, nothing," replied James Parsley hastily. "If you haven't noticed it doesn't matter. Well, anyway, this here man in the story book, he fixed his wife with his eye, and she suddenly stops her nagging.

"'It's no use, my lass,' he says, speaking kind but firm. 'It's no use. Your reign is over. I'm the new king.' And, to make a long story short, she felt the power of his eye, and she just crumbles up."

"Sounds all right," said Thomas Whelk. "Did he go to the club?"

"The story doesn't say."

"Now listen to me," James Parsley went on. "Things ain't all nuts and May over to my house, as you know."

Whelk shook his head solemnly.

"You ain't the man you was, James," he assented. "You'm never at the Institute evenings, and if I calls over to see you I'm never asked in, while you hardly looks me up once a fortnight. When I met your missus the other day I almost tole her that my old garden seems scarcely wot it was, with you only dropping in once or twice a month."

"You didn't tell her that?" cried James in alarm.

"No, but I nearly did."

"But you mustn't. You see, she don't know."

"How do you mean, James?"

"I mean—why, I thought I told you. Well, it's like this. I'm not supposed to come here at all."

"Eh! Indeed! Not good enough for the likes of you?"

"Tain't that, Thomas. Jane Esther thinks you don't do me any good. Of course, I don't agree with her. That's partly why I'm planning my little surprise."

And then the guileless Thomas Whelk began to realise that James Parsley was right. Such tyranny, such ignorance, must be promptly made to recognize authority.

So the two hatched their plans. Jane Esther Parsley was going away for a week. It was agreed that her return would be a suitable time for the explosion of the mine.

* * *

Ten days later, James Parsley burst in upon the village philosopher like a motor-car with a leaking valve.

Thomas Whelk was gardening, and dropped his trowel.

"What's wrong, James?" he asked soothingly, as his visitor sank into a rustic seat.

But James Parsley only groaned.

"What's the matter?" inquired Whelk again. "You look harried and flustered. Tell me all about it. Didn't your little plan work?"

"Work! By gum! How I'm alive I don't know. You see, I learned up all the speech in the book, and trained up with my eye, same as I said I would. I couldn't alter the room much, so the parlor was much as usual when she came. And then she'd got her sister with her, who had come to spend a few days. You never met her sister, Mrs. Toler, did you?"

"I've heard you speak of her."

"Ah! but it isn't for me to say all I thinks about my wife's relations. Mrs. Toler's a widow woman, and—and—well, when I tell you I married Jane Esther to stop Mrs. Toler marrying me willy-nilly, you'll see what I thinks of her."

"So she was there too?"

"Yes. But I'd made up my mind, so I fixed Jane Esther with my eye, like it said in the book, and I gave her the first speech. 'Madam,' I says, 'we've had enough of this nonsense. I gave you your ring, and you took it. Now I'm going to have mine. In future, madam, there's going to be one head to this house, and that's me.'"

"That sounds all right," said Whelk. "How did she take it?"

But Parsley buried his head in his hands.

"Didn't notice it at all," he groaned. "She and her sister kept up such a clatter of talk about the train being late, and there being no tea, of course, that they didn't hear more than three words. Then, when I started again, Jane Esther gives me a whole armful of bonnets and cloaks, that almost buried me, and says, 'There, put them in the bedroom, and don't idle the time away. If you can't help, don't hinder.'"

"Ha!" said Whelk.

"So, of course, I had to wait till after tea," continued Parsley. "Once, while we were busy eating, I thought I'd try the power of the eye—you know, quell her by a look. I nearly did it, too, when Mrs. Toler broke in. 'There, sister Jane,' she says, 'I always did say that your James squints, the same as my first did.'"

"I suppose that spoilt the eye game," said Whelk, with a chuckle.

"For the time," replied Parsley. "But I was only waiting. I knew my chance would come sooner or later. After tea I went out in the hall and put on my hat and coat. My eye! you should have seen Jane Esther.

"'James,' she says, 'where are you going?'

"'Down with the Institoot,' I says.

"'Eh? What?' says she.

"Then I saw my chance. I made that speech again. She listened that time, an' she looks at her sister. But I knew I mustn't lose time, so I rattles off the other one in the story.

"'It's no use, my lass; it's no use. Your reign is over. I'm the new king.'"

"And what did she say?" asked Whelk.

"She hadn't time to say anything. Mrs. Toler put her oar in.

"'Is he often took like this?' she says.

"'Never knew such a thing 'appen before,' says Jane, all puzzled like.

"'Then,' says Mrs. Toler, 'you'd better put him off to bed at once and put a hot plaster on his chest. My Edward was took that way just three weeks before he died. It's took 'im in the brain—it always goes for the weakest spot.'

"An' would you believe it?" continued Parsley. "Them two women forced me right into bed, and took turns all night dosing me with gruel. Oh, it's horrible."

"'Oh, he's a very vulgar man,' says now," said Whelk with a grin.

"Yes. But here's the strangest part of it. What do you think she says this morning?"

"I give it up."

"She says, 'It's the poor man's spirits that is all gone wrong, Jane Esther. You must brighten him. He mustn't be allowed to mope around the house and let 's mind all get rusty. He must have company. You keeps him too close, and no wonder the poor fellow gets down. Sister Jane', she goes on, 'he wants company, he does. Now, isn't there a nice, pleasant gentleman I've heard of, a retired newsagent, living here, what gardens and lives on his money, called Whelk or something?'"

"That's me," said Whelk proudly.

"'Oh, he's a very vulgar man,' says my missus. Mind, I'm only telling you what took place. Anyhow, they argues and argues, and at last they sends me off to come and talk to you, 'cause Mrs. Toler thinks I want bright company.'"

"It's very kind of her," said Whelk, a little grimly, remembering Jane Esther's optolon.

* * *

But, on the whole, James Parsley found some good come of his rebellion. Mrs. Toller was firmly of the opinion that good company was the only thing that would keep his mind from absolute collapse.

So the old laws were relaxed. James Parsley, the invalid, could gossip all day, and openly, to Thomas Whelk, and spend his evenings, if he wrapped up well, at "the Institoot."

But Mrs. Toler regarded his case as serious. Her visit lengthened out into months; she would not leave sister Jane Esther alone with such a responsibility.

Sometimes she would accompany the invalid. Sometimes she would keep him in the house. On these occasions "bright company" was everything, and Mr. Whelk found himself in constant request, till at last the Parsleys' parlor was as much his center of interest as his own garden.

Then came the inevitable.

Mrs. Toler took a third.

She and Thomas Whelk were married with due solemnity, and the "invalid" henceforward was allowed to nurse himself.

* * *

"James," said Thomas Whelk three months after the wedding, "what did you do with that story-book you once told me about—you know, about the ——?"

"I knows," said James. "'Twasn't any good. I burnt it."

"Pity you did that," said Thomas Whelk reflectively. "I believe the idea was right, somehow. It must have been the way you done it that was wrong."

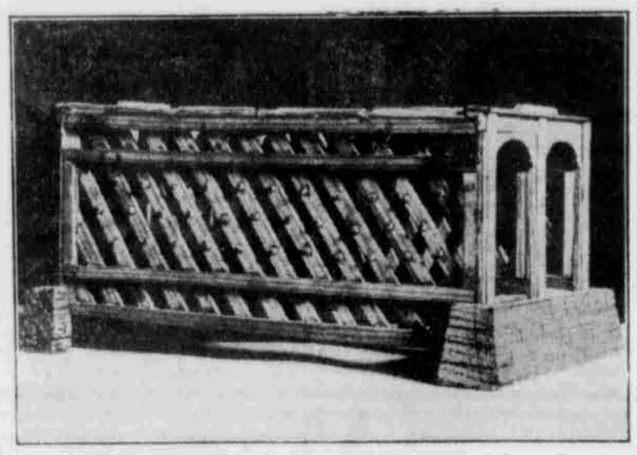

Photo by W. B. Ellerbeck.

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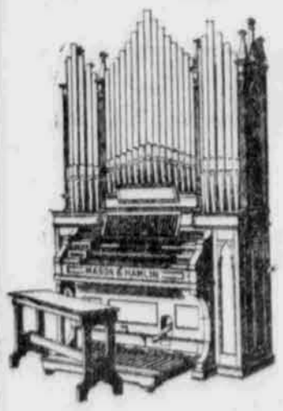

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