

## SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Emma Lucy Gates Sings for Clara Louise Kellogg Strakosch—Bob Easton Sings "O My Father" in a Louisville Church.

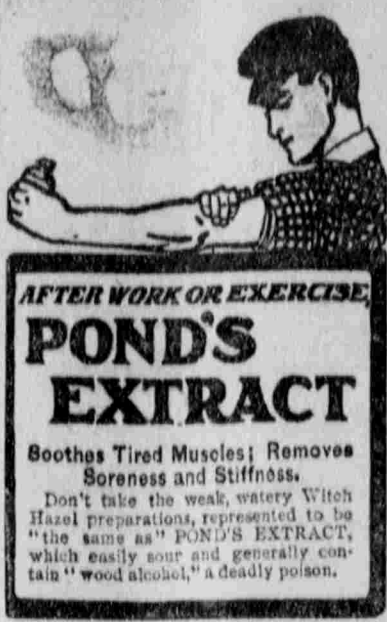
Special Correspondence.

New York, Feb. 3, 1902.—Mrs. Susie Young Gates and Miss Emma Lucy Gates are guests of Major and Mrs. Pond at their most artistic and hospitable home. One day last week they happened to be in the major's office in the Everett House, and on the major's suggestion they made a call upon the once famous singer, Clara Louise Kellogg Strakosch, who was a guest at the Everett. Adolf Glose, who is Miss Gates' accompanist, being present.

asked her to sing for Mrs. Strakosch. Mr. Glose is an old friend of the lady, having accompanied her in days gone by, as well as Patti, Emma Thurbay, Emma Nevada, and many other celebrities. Madame Strakosch listened very attentively, the two offered some suggestions, but finished by telling the major that his protegee would be successful on the operatic stage, and that if she wasn't it would be solely for lack of working for it, as, said she, she possesses the three most essential qualifications—"temperament,

absolute pitch, and artistic ability"—very sweet words from such a famous woman. Madame Strakosch is wealthy, having saved from her professional career over \$250,000.

Reports of a number of changes in the presiding authorities of our mission are flying about. So happy and contented are we all that it will be with genuine regret that we part with those who are in charge. Pres. McQuarrie with his counselors, Elders Goff and Porter, the latter in charge of the Sunday school, are three able men whose places it will be hard to fill. Under their wise and gentle, but firm administration, our colony is constantly growing. About two years ago that grand man, William H. Smart, gathered this little handful of Saints together, and in a bond of love and unity cemented a friendship between Saint and convert never known in this conference before. President McQuarrie came here unheralded, no blast of trumpets proclaimed that he would work a revolution in the Eastern States mission. He came quietly, set all in motion, and before we were aware that a new hand was guiding the helm, all fell into harness, were doing their part, quite unconscious that we were following a



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master mind, and that he was directing here, managing there, seeing this little "rift in the lute," making a change here and there where needed, and bringing perfect harmony into all quarters, without offending or hurting the feelings of dignity of Elder or parishioner; it's a rare gift to be endowed with such tact as President McQuarrie has in reserve, and with the wisdom he has shown, in the most trying and unpleasant positions, which of necessity he has at times been forced to meet. If we must part with him, we will say, happy will be the community where he presides, and may his lot be cast among those who are able to appreciate him, as much as do the Saints of the Brooklyn conference.

The Relief Society of the Latter-day Saints held its monthly meeting, at the home of Mrs. Laine and Mrs. Davis last Sunday evening. The night being stormy, a full attendance was hardly expected, but these meetings are so delightful, and the means of navigation so perfect in New York, that excursions are rare, and well were all repaid for going. Miss Ruth Wilson read the paper, the topic being "Character," a very broad one—each member responding to her name with a sentiment bearing on the subject. President McQuarrie and Goff, and Elder Nebeker each spoke for a few moments, then Mrs. Laine invited Mrs. Susie Young Gates, who was present with her daughter, Lulu, to give us a little "talk" on Relief Society work, and "folks at home." So interesting was it, that we all felt happy to have braved the snow and rain in listening to such good advice, and hearty encouragement from our Salt Lake visitor. Miss Lulu Gates was tired to give us a solo, but she bore a strong testimony to her knowledge of the Gospel; a good spirit was manifest throughout the meeting, and regrets were expressed by one and all, when the time was announced for dismissal.

The 24th and 25th of January, found the "Bonnie Brier Bush" company playing in Louisville, Kentucky. Two hours after the arrival of the company, the "Robert Burns" committee, waited on R. C. Eanton, to ask him to sing for them, that evening after the performance at a large entertainment being given by the society. Of course, they were all "Scottish" together and they had a royal time. The president of the "Burns" society urged Mr. Eanton to sing the next morning in his church; not having any other sacred music with him, he gave them "O My Father" in his very best style; he wrote that they were very enthusiastic over the hymn, and that his own reception was all he could have hoped for.

There is a young man in our colony who is doing a good missionary work. I may say, there are two young men who are doing great work, and neither of them is on a mission. I refer to John Sharp and Ralph Richards. In a very short time, Mr. Richards may sign M. D. to his name, but Mr. Sharp is still new in the mysteries of medical science; if he doesn't take out a diploma soon as a doctor, he will surely be entitled to one as a first class nurse, for his services have been much in demand of late. "The poor, the sick, and the afflicted," never call in vain on John Sharp, and the readiness with which these two young men respond to all calls, is so praiseworthy that the entire conference think of decorating them with "Victoria crosses," and "ribbons of honor" on our own responsibility.

Among Salt Lake arrivals this week is one of our old friends from the Eighteenth ward, James Saville, who is here in the interest of Z. C. M. I. Mr. Saville arrived from Pittsburgh two days ago, looking and feeling well and bringing good reports from relatives and friends in Zion. He is always a welcome visitor to our little branch. Two more missionaries have also been added to the New York conference, Elders E. H. Nye and Lawrence Taylor of Ogden.

Mrs. Lindsey of Salt Lake, who is here keeping house for her son, in Harlem, has been obliged to undergo another operation, at the Presbyterian hospital, but is progressing favorably; she expects to return home this week.

Through the courtesy of Major Pond, and in company with Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Gates, Miss Lulu Gates, Miss Sara Alexander and Miss Lisle Leigh, we were given tickets to the Waldorf Astoria, one morning last week to see and hear an illustrated lecture, given by Mrs. Rhodes, on Wagner and Beethoven. It was by far the finest thing of its kind ever seen in New York. A well known pianist, an enthusiast on Wagner, played during the lecture from his well known organ, and four solo were sung from "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Die Valkyrie," and "Tristan," by a tenor and baritone, from the Metropolitan forces. Altogether it was the "cycle" condensed, with other gems thrown in, and a rare treat one would not wish to hear. JANET.

HERE ARE THE PROMINENT GERMANS WHO WILL OFFICIALLY ENTERTAIN PRINCE HENRY DURING HIS STAY IN WASHINGTON.



During his visit to this country Prince Henry's official address will, of course, be the German Embassy at Washington. There he will be lavishly entertained by the German diplomatic representatives. The above combination shows the principal members of the German Embassy at Washington. They are Herr Von Holleben, the Ambassador; Count Albert Von Quadt Wykradt Taus, First Secretary and Counsel of the Embassy; the Countess Quadt, who will banquet the Prince, and Lieutenant Commander Von Reuber Paschwitz, Naval attaché and his wife, the Vice-Chattaine of the Embassy.

## SALUBRIOUS MADEIRA.

A Paradise for Invalids in Eternal June—Lazy, Clean, Picturesque and Silent—Villas to Rent at Prices Absurdly Small—Making Social Calls in a Hammock.

QUAINTLY picturesque as this place appears at first sight, it improves on closer acquaintance. As one becomes familiar with its labyrinthine, cow-path streets, winding steeply up hill and down he discovers many objects of interest that make him forget its lack of architectural beauty. No where else in the world is there a city so well built, from the standpoint of "the eternal fitness," in which architectural art has been so entirely ignored; nowhere one so cleanly and prosperous, where the lazy people seem to live without work. The houses are all plain and pure, generally two-storied, stuccoed and white-washed outside, with green jalousies, behind which Portuguese girls sit fanning themselves and smiling at passers-by. Many of the buildings have queer little balconies in the second stories, where the families receive their evening guests; their gay Portuguese chatter, light laughter, songs and guitar music plainly audible in the street below. All this, combined with the extreme friendliness of the people and the loveliest climate outside of Paradise, produces a most agreeable impression on the visitor, and is no doubt an important aid in the cure of invalids—hundreds of whom come here from all parts of Europe in successful search of health.

If art has accomplished little in Funchal, nature has done her best to atone for the omission. The vegetation of two zones seems to be equally at home here—the palm and the pine, the cypress and magnolia, the apple and coffee tree, bananas, walnuts, guavas, elms, almonds, intertwining their various shades of perennial verdure; while corn and cane fields lend the landscape tints of green and yellow, pomegranate blossoms flush the hillsides, vines and roses clamber over every wall and trellis, and flowers of every hue and spicy odor grow wild in untold profusion.

The city of Funchal shows evidences of good taste, as well as of wealth and comfort. The central square, (Praça, in Portuguese), occupies the middle of the main street, at one end of which stands the quaint old fort with its antique guns and small peaked turrets; and the other end is terminated by an ancient cathedral with altars, doors and ceiling of juniper wood, beautifully carved by the monks of long ago. Passing up this principal street from the landing, under a shady arch of sycamore trees, set in double rows on either side, and through the Praça, of course on foot—you find the hotels at the farther limit of the town, on the northern slopes of the steep hillsides. By the way, you need fear no hardships in Madeira in the way of accommodations. The hotels are comfortable, and their charges are remarkably low, calculated in English money at the rate of from eight to fifteen shillings a day. All have beautiful gardens attached, and command glorious views of sea and mountains, and cleanliness is a cardinal virtue among the islanders. You may have your choice between the "Royal Edinburgh," the "Hotel Horatia," the "Santa Ana" and a dozen others, and be disappointed in none of them. We chose the first named, because of its homely sound, after long wandering on the African continent. It turns out to be not half so grand as its high-sounding title would lead one to imagine—more like an English cottage than the leading hotel in a city of thirty thousand residents and half as many "transients" during the northern winter. The Royal Edinburgh stands in the middle of a big garden, which, like all the other island estates, is surrounded by enormously thick walls, twelve feet high and topped by all the glass bottles which its English frequenters have been emptying during the last decade—and that is saying a great deal for the quantity of a glass a-top. The whole garden is roofed with bowery trellis work, overgrown with passion vine and clematis, beneath which wonderful roses bloom and eucalyptus and other flowers perfume the air. The

low ceiling dining room, with its wide open folding doors, overlooks a paved courtyard, extending along the back of the hotel, and the sea wall, again with the Atlantic softy surges. The courtyard, like the garden is a perfect bower, formed by skillfully interlacing the branches of the trees, from which hang cages of tropical birds. Bright little lizards flash over the sunny walls like flying jewels, and wicker chairs, set in shaded places amid clumps of ferns invite the lounge. This is not a hotel advertisement, please understand; for we are assured that the Royal Edinburgh is not a bit more attractive than the other inns. We minimize its charms merely to show what may be expected by the traveler in Madeira. The air is simply perfect; never hot, though eternal summer reigns, but like early June in New England. Just now is the height of the season, which begins in October and ends in May. The house is crowded with English guests—beefy, cold-eyed men who talk of "joints," "sang-wiches," "alf and 'alf" and "shooting," with their reedy but beautifully complexioned daughters and stately, flat-footed spouses. Every boat brings fresh recruits of invalids; and it is delightful to watch the quick transformation which takes place—the miracle wrought upon the weakest by the balmy atmosphere. The consumptive, whom you see today stretched out on a reclining chair, too nearly lifeless to do more than breathe, will tomorrow be carried about town in a hammock; the day after he will try sledding, and next week you may meet him coasting down hill like a gale of wind, or scampering over the heights on donkey-back, cheeks showing a tinge of pink, eyes bright, but not with fever, and cough forgotten.

Hammock riding is carried to perfection in Funchal. You may hire one, with its bearers, anywhere on the street, as you would hire a hack in a northern city. The hammock is covered at one end with a canopy of pink or blue cambric, with a broad and very becoming frill of the same depending from the two edges, concealing or partially concealing the recumbent form of the occupant. Each hammock has its mattress and pillows, and you may be sure that the novel carry-all is in great demand in this land of laziness—not only for ladies and invalids, but for great stout six-footers of the stronger sex. One often sees robust business men returning to their dinners, luxuriously reclining in hammocks, reading their mail, or evening paper, as they go, and leaving a trail of smoke behind them from their

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- Granite Coffee Pots ..... 25c
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- Coffee Pot Stands ..... 5c
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- Dinner Bells ..... 5c
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- 2 Spools Machine Thread for ..... 5c
- Fancy Cups and Saucers ..... 10c
- Granite Butter Dishes ..... 15c
- Le Pans de Glue ..... 10c
- Doll Heads ..... 5c and up
- Shoe Strings, 1 doz. for ..... 5c
- Vegetable Graters ..... 5c

- Pearl Buttons, 1 doz. for ..... 5c
- White Hair Brushes ..... 10c
- Large Face Towels ..... 15c
- Stone Tea Pots ..... 20 to 25c
- Tape Measures ..... 5c
- Tar Soap, best quality ..... 5c
- Best Darning Cotton ..... 5c
- Feather Toppers, large ..... 25c
- Dinner Buckets ..... 5c
- Granite Dish Pans ..... 5c
- Tin Wash Bowls ..... 5c
- Lamp Chimneys ..... 5c
- Hatchet or Hammer ..... 15c
- Dish Pans ..... 15c and up
- Linen Thread ..... 5c
- Coal Oil Cans ..... 25c
- Needle Books ..... 5c
- Dippers ..... 5c
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- Lamp Burners ..... 5c
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