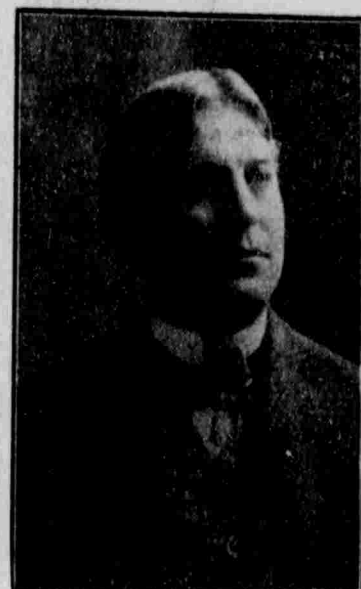


EIGHT DAYS OF ELKS' GLITTER AND SHOW.

FOR THAT PERIOD THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL PURPLE WILL HOLD FORTH WITH REAL MONARCHIAL SWAY—FULL, OFFICIAL PROGRAM AS REVISED AND PROMULGATED BY THE COMMITTEE—FESTIVITIES BEGIN ONE WEEK FROM TONIGHT WITH AN ELECTRICAL PARADE THAT WILL DAZE ALL BEHOLDERS.



LESTER D. FREED, Exalted Ruler Salt Lake Lodge No. 55.



CAPTAIN M. F. STOLL, Director General of Carnival



CHARLES O. ELLINGWOOD, Member Executive Committee.



R. B. WHITTEMORE, Chairman Executive Committee.

MYSTIC SYMBOL
"B. P. O. E."



A. E. LYON, Member Executive Committee.



J. W. LANGLEY, Secretary Executive Committee.



A. D. TOBIN, Member Executive Committee.

QUEEN MABELLE'S REIGN WILL BE INAUGURATED WITH MUCH CEREMONY ON MONDAY THE 16th AT HIGH NOON—KEYS WILL BE GIVEN HER BY MAYOR THOMPSON, AFTER WHICH THE CARNIVAL WILL BE ON—BIG AFFAIR WILL COST A SMALL FORTUNE—THE MEN WHO HAVE WORKED TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS.

JUST one week from tonight Salt Lake will cast off what somber, serious moods she may entertain in her working hours, and throw care to the four winds. No sound, sane person residing permanently or temporarily within the limits prescribed long ago as the boundaries of this city will be given an opportunity to say that he, she or it didn't have a good time. Pleasure will come so thick and fast that one will have to dodge to escape it.

It is not likely, however, that anyone will desire to flee from what promises to be the gayest period that ever happened carnally in Salt Lake. It is going to be a big time, there is no doubt about that. Salt Lake lodge No. 55, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, or, as some please, "Best People on Earth," never yet undertook anything that they didn't carry out to a whopping finish.

For he it known to those who may have been asleep during all the warm summer weeks, that the Elks are going to give a street fair and carnival in this city, and it promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever attempted in the metropolitan region. It starts with an electrical parade on Saturday evening, September 14, and ends on the following Saturday, September 21—a whole big, round week of pyrotechnical pleasures. In the intervening time, big things will happen—large enthusiastic things as only the Elks know how to do.

The carnival enclosure, within which all the shows and the street parades are to be given, will extend from Second South to Market street, on West Temple and West Temple to East Temple on Third South, including the Dooley tract lot on Third South and West Temple, where the German village will be located. The admission to this enclosure will be at all times, "a dime, 10 cents." It is easy to picture the omnipresent speller with the strenuous



THE ELK OF ALL LOCAL ELKS, TO BE CHRISTENED SEPTEMBER 21ST.

standing offer of \$10,000 to the man who can produce a larger lion than is Nero. He has had that offer standing ever since he brought the king of all animals to this country, and it is still standing.

Those are the Jarbour attractions, but "there are others." The executive committee has a right fine show of its own, secured by a concession of the United States government. This is an Indian village, and the Indians who are to take part are coming from the reservation with their families to the number of about sixty. The beauty of this part of the entertainment will be that it will be entirely genuine, and there will be no fakirs' tricks about it.

as well as for talking just the right amount. All of the money collected for these fines will be put in the building fund.

One of the features of the week will be the naming of the mascot of the lodge, the live elk, which has been kept at Liberty park for a year past. This will come on Saturday, September 21, the last day of the carnival. The committee some time ago instituted a ladies' guessing contest for the name of the Elk, and the fortunate lady is to receive a handsome \$100 gold watch. Thousands of answers have been received. It will be decided on the 20th, Elks' Purple Day, when two gentlemen, not Elks, will award the prize.

Another contest which is arousing considerable interest is the ladies' equestrienne contest, which is to take place on Purple Day. The ladies who participated are to be attired in the colors of the order, and prizes of \$100 and \$75 have been offered.

He who guesses the name of King Rex will receive a prize of \$100 and he who says when that merry individual will arrive will draw down \$50. These contests are attracting a great deal of attention and Captain Stoll has several clerks busy every day handling the mail matter in relation to them.

The queen of the carnival, chosen after weeks of consideration of different names, is to be Miss Mabelle Snow, daughter of President Snow. Her maids of honor are to be Misses Jacketta McCune, Florence Scholes, Alice Needham, Genevieve Young, Cora Cameron, Salt Lake; Mae Taylor, Moab; Anna Hatch, Heber City; Constance Thatcher, Logan; Henriette Neff, Provo; Vida Eccles, Ogden.

That the carnival is going to be something elaborate, is evidenced from the fact that the executive committee has already spent \$12,500, and the real expenses of the fair have hardly yet begun. To fence the enclosure, there will be required 72,000 feet of lumber, and 3,200 lights will be used in illuminating it. It is expected that 200 Elks' lodges will be represented among the visitors, and that there will be 10,000 people in the enclosure every day.

Director General Stoll has had the affair in charge, under the advice of a

SOME MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE LOVE SURVIVED MATRIMONY

By Rev. E. J. Hardy in "Detroit News-Tribune."

It has been said that marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth, but this is by no means always the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon, if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion" or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass, soon broken. There is a love that is feverish, violent and full of passion, but having gained its object, its force is soon exhausted. It cannot endure in the hour of trial. If beauty, health and wealth should fail, it would fail. How different is true love. It is sympathetic in every state. The roses of its declaration are not degraded by its decline. When the flowers begin to fade and when the winter of life is come, it does its object till life is extinct, and then it lingers for reunion in a better world. We are so often assured now-days that marriage is a failure, that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows: "I have gone over the boundary line of 50, my wife is four years younger, and today she is my sweetheart, my wife, and she tells me I am still her king among men."

We have ourselves known many couples—perhaps, indeed, the majority of those with whom we are acquainted—who might be described negatively as "married, but not unhappy," but here a man who retains even the enthusiastic feelings of a sweetheart for his wife.

When 22, a girl of 20. People used to wonder which of the two would die first. The woman died aged 84, and the man 14 months afterwards. Talking of their married life, he would say: "Me and my missus never argued."

"ALWAYS A LOVER."

To be polite and pleasant to each other and never to argue is the way husband and wife cause love to survive their marriage. A friend who was with me at a hotel said of a couple who were also staying there: "I did not know they were married, for the lady always converses with the man and is so polite to him." What a satire on other couples! Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed," but if this be the rule, it is one to which there are a great number of exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor, Garrick, said of hers: "He never was a husband to me; he was always a lover."

Brides and bridegrooms of 10 years' standing think that those who have been married 30 or 40 years longer than themselves are very prosaic and unromantic. We would remind those who manifest this newly-married intolerance of what an old minister of the Church of Scotland said to a young Scotch dissenter who was finding many faults: "When your lum (chimney) has reeked as long as ours, perhaps it will have as much soot." In the jubilee year of our late queen two women were heard in a tramcar in Scotland discussing the meaning of the word "jubilee." One said it meant the meaning of it. The other thought that she did, and gave the following explanation: "Twenty-five years' marriage is a silver wedding, and the jubilee's when the man does it." Even when the man does not die there are many jubilant marriages in which the couples remain sweethearts until death separates them as far as least as this world is concerned. "There is real love just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I never have seen a ghost, but I have often and often seen love surviving matrimony, growing stronger and truer as the years passed on instead of fading away. I have seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-lover.

Old Robert Burton relates several cases of more than lovers' love existing between husband and wife. He tells us of women who died to save their husbands, and of a man who, when his wife was carried away by Mauritanian pirates, became a galley-slave in order to be near her. Of a certain Rubenius Celar he says that he "would needs have it engraven on his tomb that he had led his life with Enaues, his dear wife, 43 years 8 months, and never fell out." With this compare a wish of a more modern husband. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, used laughingly to say that he wished it put on their tombstone that he and his wife had never been reconciled. They never had a falling out and their married life has been described as being "as near perfection as anything this side of Eden could be." Speaking of his marriage, Baxter said, "We lived in inviolate love and mutual complacency, sensible of the benefit of mutual help, nearly 19 years."

Bishop Hall "enjoyed the company" of his helpmate for the space of 49 years. Yes, "enjoyed" is just the word that expresses the comfort in each other's society that is felt by many couples who have lived half or more than half their lives together.

FRANKLIN'S "THREE FAITHFUL FRIENDS."

Benjamin Franklin experienced the truth of his own proverb, "There are three faithful friends: an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." After a married life of 40 years, he said: "We thrived together and ever endeavored to make each other happy."

Poets are an irritable race, but some of them have made good and loving husbands. "And what did you see?" one was asked who had been into the Lake country and had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife." They were both quite old, and he was almost blind, but they seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." So, too, Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbor, tells how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him, and watch over him till he awoke.

A friend was talking to Wordsworth of De Quincey's articles about him. Wordsworth begged him to stop; he had not read them, and did not wish to ruffle himself about them. "Well," said the friend, "I'll tell you only one thing he says, and then we'll talk of other things. He says your wife is too good for you." The old poet's dim eyes lighted up, and he started from his chair, crying with enthusiasm: "And that's true! There he's right!" his disgust and contempt visibly moderating. The poets Thomas Moore and Thomas Hood were happy though married. It is true that the enemies of the former said that he preferred the company of aristocrats to that of his wife, but this was a calumny. Whatever amusement he might find in the grand society in which he mixed, he always returned to his wife, "his Bessie," and children with a fresh feeling of delight.

Many wives deserve but few receive, such an I. O. U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side): "I never was anything dearer, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. If it is rash to marry a poet, it is equally rash to marry a poet's wife. Referring to the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, Wordsworth said, when he heard that the poet was going to marry the poetess, Miss Barrett: "I hope they'll understand one another." Certainly Mrs. Browning did think that she understood her husband, for she wrote to a friend: "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe." If it is rash to marry a poet it is equally rash to marry a poet's wife. Referring to the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, Wordsworth said, when he heard that the poet was going to marry the poetess, Miss Barrett: "I hope they'll understand one another." Certainly Mrs. Browning did think that she understood her husband, for she wrote to a friend: "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe." If it is rash to marry a poet it is equally rash to marry a poet's wife.

It is a profession to wed. Contrary to the expectations of all, the result was exceptional happiness. Mrs. Kemble, who saw a great deal of the Brownings at Rome, remarked that Mr. Browning was the only man she had ever known who behaved like a Christian to his wife.

SOUTHEY'S LOVE OF HOME.

If Mrs. Kemble had known Southey she would have known another Christian husband; this is what Charlotte Bronte wrote of him in a letter to a friend, a Mr. W. S. Williams: "Some people assert that genius is inconsistent with domestic happiness, and yet Southey was happy at home, and made his home happy; he not only loved his wife and children though he was a poet, but he loved them the better because he was a poet. . . . He found his prime glory in his genius, and his chief felicity in home affections." Nobody could have appreciated a home more than did Southey. He would say: "Oh, dear, oh dear! there is such comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and one's fire, one's own writing desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck and saying: 'Don't go to London, papa, you must stay with Edith!' and a little boy whom I taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jackasses, etc., before he could articulate a word of his own. There is such a comfort in all these things, that transportation to London for four or five weeks seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve."

Mrs. Alexander, wife of the prime of Ireland, was the writer of hymns that are everywhere sung by children. Her husband also writes poetry, but

(Continued on page twelve.)