

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"God's acre! It consecrates each grave within its walls. And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

Within and without the sacred walls of our city cemetery, on Decoration morning, a stranger in our land, unacquainted with the sacred rites of the day, would certainly have pronounced it, "Gala day." Decoration, consecration? In other words, desecration, endless show and speculation.

From the corner of N. and Third streets, to the entrance of the cemetery gates, the whole aspect was that of a circus or county fair. "Hot coffee and sandwiches" was the first shock to confront one upon immediately stepping from the car, with his arms full of flowers for a beautiful and sacred purpose, from this glaring, material sign, one turned with a shudder only to be met by a brilliant red wagon, bearing the inscription of "American Ice Cream," accompanied by the incessant screeching of the young vendor, of "five cents a brick." A few steps further on a peanut stand, the owner handing out as fast as possible bag after bag to a crowd of noisy, shouting boys, who distributed themselves among that flower-laden throng for the purpose of re-selling them. Close against the actual "sacred walls" of the cemetery, draped properly in our country's flag, a stand containing candies, popcorn and chewing gum. Boys bearing soda water and ginger ale blocked the way, and no less than 23 boys were counted as they went about thrusting bunches of our free-for-all wild flowers in the people's faces, at "five cents a bunch." Ringing bells, shouting vendors, and by the time one stepped within the "sacred walls," the flag at half-mast was inconspicuous. Instead, a merry-go-round seemed necessary to complete the farce. Picnic parties holding forth among the graves, children yelling and racing about, banana and orange peelings scattered over the paths, in place of falling flowers, and it is to be wondered that one's heart sickened at the seeming mockery of it all—"God's acre" the sight of merry-making and desecration? Yes, desecration. A woman stood bowed and heart-broken, not alone the tears of dear ones, that was her own sacred sorrow, but a boy had been to her graves and stolen the flowers she had placed there with loving hands. And, "this is the field and acre of our God; this is the place where human harvests grow."

"Mother, is it time to practice again?" "How long have you been sitting out on the porch?" "About 10 minutes."

"Yes, dear, time to begin again; let me see—what time did you practice before?"

"The quick one, mother."

"Well, better practice them all this time; you know father likes to hear them when he comes home, and you'll have just time to get through before he comes."

"Say, mother—"

"Don't stop, dearie, you were finger-ling that beautifully."

"But, I want to tell you something."

"Well, I heard one of them Quiet Ladies, on the other side, say that this everlasting piano and things is getting away with her nerves; what did she mean?"

"When did you hear that, Elizabeth?"

"When I was sitting on the front lawn, you had just washed our porch over to their with the hose; funny thing to say, wasn't it, mother?"

"Yes, dear, very funny; go on with your practice."

"Mother, maybe she doesn't like to hear the same things all the time; and you know they can hear as plain as in their own house with our piano up against their parition."

"Now, Elizabeth, once and for all, I want you to keep on with your practice, and no more talking; mind, there's all our doors for the neighbors if they don't like music."

Mother rushed to and fro, contentedly, she was doing her duty by her daughter, while the Quiet Ladies on the other side were walking the floor in wild agitation.

"Say, mother," said Thomas, rushing into the room, "Spotty's howling like mad in the back yard."

"Yes, son, I know; now keep quiet."

"But, mother, shan't I call him in?"

"What for?"

"Because the Quiet Ladies is about distracted and—"

"But Spotty's on our side the yard."

"And, one of the other neighbors said she was going to call up the dogcatcher man, 'cause she had not slept all night for our dog."

"How did you hear that?"

"The Quiet Ladies they get despr't sometimes and talk out loud."

"I don't like that. We'll have to punish them. Elizabeth go to the piano and, Elizabeth, practice the new—"

time, the hard one, Thomas! Where are you going?"

"To get Spotty."

"You're going to do nothing of the kind. Spotty is all right. The Quiet Ladies don't bother me any; and if they do, your father will find means to have them turned off the premises. Thank heaven, we've got Christianity enough in us to mind our own concerns, and if they don't think it'll be trouble."

Thomas and little Almy trailed to entertain their respective following on the front sidewalk, and Elizabeth thrummed an accompaniment to Spotty's solo outside. Presently William the oldest came running breathlessly into the front room. "Mother! they drove two of our hens off their back porch!"

"Trying hard to pick a quarrel, aren't they, son?"

"Yes, but—"

"They may hurt our hens!"

Mother laughed heartily. "Don't you ever think it. Why they know father will raise hell if they interfere with our rights. We can't be expected to keep our hens to our own yard—it's only a strip."

"Yes, and when me and Tom are opening the gate they'd just kill 'em, we heard 'em say the yard to a double house was no place to keep hens anyway; and what with they're havin' the smell of burnt food in the house all the time because of havin' to burn all the scraps on account of the chickens roasting the smell out of the box all over the yard, it come high time a nuisance. They said it would take a long time for them to work up rail enough to move into a double house with so many kinds of nuisances."

"Did they fasten the gate again, William?"

"Yes, they got tired of the sound of it bangin' against the house."

"Go and open it, William. Or, wait, I will. It's time they realized we had a little right on these premises. Go to the piano, Elizabeth—and play loud."

On one of our warm evenings—too warm for indoor quiet—the Quiet Ladies went forth to enjoy their front porch, but alas!

"What are you doing on our lawn, boys?" asked the elder Quiet Lady. Elizabeth came to the piano.

"We come over to your hydrant for a drink."

"Why not at your own?"

"Father won't let us tramp on our grass."

"What's the matter with playing on your own porch?"

"All right."

The Quiet Ladies stood the racket as long as they could, but finally withdrew within the sacred precincts of their sitting-room. Sacred? It was not long before a shower of pebbles rattled at the top of their lowered window, while the bedlam on the porch outside increased.

Father and mother smiled indulgently when they came home, as the youngsters told their latest prank. And Thomas with his quick ears told what he overheard, as usual:

"Say, Pop, I heard one of them say its gettin' unbearable."

"What, son?"

"Why, the everlasting piano, and the chickens, and Spotty, and us, kids, and our crowd, I guess."

"Well," said father, complacently, "if they don't like us, why don't they move? Such people have no business living in a double-house, anyway. We pay thirty dollars against their forty, and it's up to them to move."

A neatly dressed woman appeared before one of our charitable institutions, along in the early winter, asking for help. In the evening, a committee waited upon her for the purpose of investigation.

Ushered into a sitting room, comfortable and warm, with a piano smiling welcome and cheer in one corner, the committee took a few notes and made a few quiet comments, while waiting for the family to finish supper. After waiting a considerable length of time, impatience, and probably curiosity, led them to intrude upon the diners. A happy family, seemingly well fed, by the appearance of the table, several large boys, evidently just home from work, a cheerful father and the neatly dressed mother—met the rather astonished gaze of the investigating committee.

"Are you needing work?" was asked the father.

"Oh, no; I am always in work, and my boys here, too."

"Have you sickness?" turning to the mother.

"No, we are all well enough."

"And plenty to eat, and a comfortable home?"

"Oh, yes; a good roof over our heads and plenty to eat, for that matter, but—"

"But what? Why did you ask for help?"

"Well, you see, some of the younger children are short on underwear, and I thought maybe you could help us out a little."

AINING DESTITUTE IN SAN FRANCISCO

How the Relief Work is Being Carried on From Oakland.

MANY ODD GIFTS RECEIVED.

Jack London Suffers With the Rest—"News" Supplies Were Much Appreciated.

People who have been laboring under the impression that the distress in California was now largely a thing of the past, and that the work of sending relief might be suspended, will be interested to read the following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Nellie C. Lane of Oakland to a friend in this city. Mrs. Lane is in charge of the Women's Relief Corps, O. A. K. K., to which the Deseret News sent some of its supplies.

"You speak of our having had 'another shock.' We have had up to date one hundred in all. Perhaps you do not know that earthquakes are recorded by numbers in the government offices, and the various numbers indicate the degree of intensity. No. one, minimum. No. two, maximum. Number one of the instruments means barely perceptible. We do not feel it. Number two is felt a little, number three a little more, etc. The little shocks we have been having of late have been of the two, three and four variety. The one we experienced in 1868 was number seven. The great disaster of April 18 was recorded as number nine. Number ten is total annihilation, so you can see that we came within one of being destroyed."

"There is as much need of relief now as there has been at any time. We have clothed about 800 at our independent relief station. I have made lots of articles for children's wear out of four-sheets, and have made kitchen aprons out of old dress skirts, etc., have trimmed hats, been out and solicited aid, etc., etc., so you can see we are living a pretty strenuous life. Our place is full and supplies keep coming, but the demand still keeps ahead of the supply in many lines. A man with one arm came yesterday and said he must have a pair of trousers. We only had a pair of white linen pants, but turned them over to him; doctors, judges, dentists, all classes of people come recommended, and are so grateful for what we can do."

"I wrote to the Deseret News asking them for supplies. They sent me an itemized list of things they had shipped by the gross or dozen. I had previously told them what was most needed in children's lines. It was a magnificent donation of everything. Sixty-five children's dresses and other things on the same generous scale."

"The whole state is beginning to feel the effects of the awful calamity. There is no market for produce any longer. One concern I know of in Oakland that used to ship 20 cases of eggs a week, thousands of chickens, and thousands of pounds of cheese, is now idle. Three hundred thousand people in San Francisco are no longer able to buy, and 165,000 are still eating government rations. Those who can afford it are still dining with their strictest friends, in very real you cannot realize any of it. Just imagine if every person in Salt Lake should suddenly lose everything except what they stood up in, with not a cent in their pockets, and their city nothing but ashes and bricks, that occurred in a trunk case to us, a better opportunity for learning about the people's suffering than in the big supply depots. Our requests come from every quarter and my heart bleeds all the time for their keen, silent sorrow."

"I must tell you of one pleasant incident that occurred. A trunk came to us, filled with supplies and in it was a square pasteboard box. I opened it and beheld a handsome set of child's dishes, beautifully painted, the tea pot eight inches high, and all the rest in proportion. There was a little letter with it, and a blank sheet of paper with a stamped envelope and address. They came from a little girl, in Santa Barbara, who sent them, requesting the little child who received the dishes to write and tell her whether they made her happy, as she said she had taken all her money to buy them. We knew just where to bestow this present. A woman whom we were helping had to run from the fire with a babe three days old and sleep all night in the park as thousands of others did without any covering. She had a little eight-year-old child with her, and gave her that set of dishes. Santa Clara never experienced such joy as I did in making that present. Among other things we received from somewhere was an ear trumpet and some rosaries. People who got them went out of pure joy."

"Jack London came down from his country home the other day. He was in San Francisco during the fire and reared from pillar to post. He burned his feet and had a number of thrilling experiences which he has written up for the eastern papers. His fine black hair, just finished, is now in ringlets, and his vessel that he expected to make a seven years' cruise in was smashed to smithereens. His house suffered the same as all others did. Speaking of barns, it is impossible to get the animals into the stables again. They act like they were frightened to death to go in under a roof. We go to bed nightly and try to sleep, but we keep our quilts handy, also our shoes and stockings, in case another big shock comes."

EMPLOYMENT BULLETIN

Issued by the Presiding Bishop's Office.

June 1, 1906. Bishop John P. Larson says there is a good opportunity for a musician in his ward; persons desiring this class of employment please address the Bishop direct, at Moab, Utah.

Lady stenographer, recently on a mission, would like employment, writes the Ben Pitman system. Further details may be obtained at the Presiding Bishop's office.

A painter and sign writer is needing employment. Address the Bishop of Provo Fourth ward.

An elderly man, former occupation railroad engineer, would like janitor work. Further particulars may be obtained at the Presiding Bishop's office.

The Bishop of Vernon ward, Tooele stake, says there is employment for a good man on a farm, one able to handle horses; man with family preferred.

A person wanted to take charge of farm a few miles north of Preston, Idaho; good water right. Apply to Presiding Bishop's office.

Blacksmiths wanted. Permanent employment. Address Bishop R. B. Johnson, Colonia Chihuahua, Chihuahua, Mexico.

THE SUGAR BEET WORM.

We have not heard of the sugarbeet worms turning themselves loose this spring, but they will no doubt soon be here ready for business and we might as well get loaded for them, says Denver Field and Farm. The worms accomplish their work of destruction so quickly that it is important that the

best grower should be prepared to check the injuries as soon as they are seen. In order to do this it will be necessary to be on the lookout for the moth which will always appear in the beet fields from one to two weeks before the worms are noticed. These moths stand about one inch from tip to tip of their wings when spread, and are of dark grayish or grayish-brown color. They fly up and go a short distance and then suddenly alight, usually

upon a leaf of a plant. The presence of the moths in anything like large numbers among the beets should be the signal to prepare for war by procuring a quantity of poison and a spray pump or some other means for the distribu-

tion of the poison upon the beets. Some combination of arsenic, lime, arsenate of lead, Paris green or London purple should be used, sure the poison is all right, for no can be lost.

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Attractive and Most Desirable House and Grounds For Sale



IN THIS connection see accompanying cut. The house contains 12 conveniently arranged rooms, cemented basement under entire house, first story built of pressed brick, with stone foundation and trimmings. Second story and a half frame and shingles.

with neat scroll work. Basement consists of servants' and furnace room. Coal bin and large general storage room. First story large hall and two large connecting parlors. Dining Room. Kitchen. Pantries and closets. Three grates and elegant mantle, two mahogany and one oak; neat chandeliers, all furnishings hard wood, oak and mahogany. Rooms and hall arranged to open into each other. Entire house lighted by electricity and heated by furnace and grates. Second floor hall, four bedrooms, bath and closets, etc. Two grates, and elegant mantles, one mahogany, one maple. Third or half story, three large bed rooms and large tank into which pure, cold artesian water is pumped from fine flowing well on the premises, by automatic pump for domestic and irrigation purposes. The third or half story is so arranged that the three rooms can be closed off if not required for immediate use. House is in good repair throughout, large, well planned barn, four stalls for horses, large carriage room, servants' room, etc., lighted by electricity, water piped in barn, house and barn insured. Policies will be transferred to purchaser.

The ground consists of 14 lots, fronting 250 feet on 5th East street, the fashionable and popular city drive, 200 feet on 12th South Street, also a popular drive, and one of the coming business streets and thoroughfares of the county, and 200 feet on 6th Avenue. This popular and growing street, 12th South, has recently been thoroughly lighted by electricity and macadamized, making it one of the most desirable drives and thoroughfares in the county. A 10 inch water main has also recently been placed past the premises, supplied with pure spring water, which as I understand can be utilized at any time if it should become necessary.

Several large well kept lawns, 14 or more varieties of select young fruit trees, now loaded with

fruit, also ornamental shrubs, berries, etc. All protected by a large number of select and thrifty shade trees. Entire premises enclosed by neat and substantial fence, iron and picket, in first class repair. Cement walks in front of the premises and through grounds. House within block of the Waterloo car line, service every 15 minutes. Good schools and churches nearby, and there is now being finished on 12th South Street, three blocks distant, one of the finest school houses in the county. The Country Club, Liberty and Calder's Park being about the same distance. As will be seen, the location is all that can be desired, as to convenience and future advance in value. It will be readily understood that it would take years to build up a similar home and improvement; to say nothing of the annoyance and expense, in doing so, all of which can be avoided by purchasing this splendid home. Owner purchased, added to in area, and made extensive improvements, with a view of making it his permanent home, but ill health has spoiled all, as owner is admonished that a change of climate is essential, hence he has decided that he will close out the entire premises for \$11,000.00. The house and barn alone could not be built for anything like the price asked for the entire property. Terms will be made if desired as owner is selling SOLELY FOR REASONS STATED. TITLE PERFECT AND FREE FROM ALL ENCUMBRANCES.

If purchaser prefers owner would retain 7 of the 14 lots above described on which there are no improvements except a neat new fence and deduct their value from the \$11,000.00, the price asked for the entire premises. This would leave 7 lots fronting 125 feet on 5th East Street, and 200 feet on 12th South, being the original plat, purchased by owner on which all improvements have been made. Any one looking for a first class home all ready for immediate occupancy and enjoyment should call and personally examine thoroughly the entire premises and then in like manner examine and compare price asked, with prices asked for homes which in no way compare with the same and which will frequently be found to be built on very small lots. I repeat, make the investigation as outlined, personally and thoroughly, before buying or building. For any further information call on or address,

John S. Witcher, 2079 South 5th East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone Bell 1781 x.

PAGE SLAYER TO DIE ON JUNE 10.

Charles L. Tucker who killed Mabel Page at Weston, Mass., March 31, 1904, will be executed in that state on June 10.

A new and unexpected turn was given last week to this famous crime when Jerry Hayes, a railroad laborer, was arrested at Bingham. He, charged with the murder following alleged incriminating admissions made by Hayes to his landlady.

The authorities, however, failed to find anything connecting Hayes with the tragedy and he was discharged from custody.



MABEL PAGE



CHARLES L. TUCKER

Hard Coughs

Have you forgotten that family history of yours, with its tendency to weak lungs? Your doctor has not, if you have! He will tell you the special danger of hard coughs in your case. Then ask him what he thinks about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says it is a good medicine, why not take it? We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines! J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

OR TWO BIG STORES
EAST THIRD SOUTH—306 SOUTH STATE
FURNITURE SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.
FURNITURE CO., Second Hand Carpets, Rugs and Contents of 16 rooms at your own price this week.

DANIELS offers you

A SUIT FROM \$25 TO \$40 VALUE FOR

Twenty Dollars

\$20.00

Twenty Dollars

This habit of paying fifty or sixty dollars for a SUIT is all folly. If you let me make your clothes you get three garments for what you pay for one, and you can stand beside your fellow friend as well dressed as he who has paid double, and maybe more, than you. Think of a store where there's displayed woollens of the finest and most up-to-date mills in the world. I dress any man, no matter what his station in life may be, with the same untiring attention to each customer. I want to dress every man within my reach.

PERFECT FIT, OR NO SALE HERE.

Owing to the vast volume of business in Salt Lake and vicinity I have a few uncalled for Suits that I will close out at half prices. Come in and see if they will fit you.

DANIELS, Tailor, 57 West Second South Street. Be sure and get the right number