

THE ONLY PIECE OF NEUTRAL GROUND IN AMERICA

IN a beautiful and romantic location four miles south of the city of Bedford, Ind., there is a tract of 782 acres that is the only piece of neutral ground on the American continent, or, more properly, the Western Hemisphere. It is protected by the international treaty against the tread of hostile feet. It is a perpetual sanctuary against the invading armies of forty-two nations under the sacred treaty of Geneva.

Dr. Joseph Gardner of Bedford, Ind., donated the tract of land to Clara Barton for the Red Cross. The gift was accepted by Miss Barton in the name of the Red Cross Society of the World, and immediate steps were taken to secure the passage of proper laws of Congress to forever secure the magnificent gift to the uses and purposes desired by the donor and Miss Barton.

Forty-one nations besides the United States joined in ratifying the terms of the treaty at Geneva, which forever establishes the tract as exempt from war and secures the institutions to be founded there from any form of invasion whatever. In return for this international action the Red Cross, true to its purpose, will prepare the place for such possible emergencies as may arise in the future of nations. Primarily the place will not be set over exclusively for the establishment of

hospitals to care for wounded soldiers, but will also embody a large plan to secure to Red Cross workers from every quarter of the world a permanent home to which they may retire to be cared for during the remainder of their lives, out of the funds of the Red Cross Society of the world.

In donating the tract to the Red Cross Dr. Gardner suggested that it would make an admirable location for the American storehouses, invalid homes, hospitals and nurse school supply depot of the Red Cross in this country. This suggestion has been approved by the Red Cross officials.

It is abundantly supplied with the purest water and numerous streams ripple among the hills. Its perfect drainage, high location and sufficient transportation facilities make it an ideal place for extensive public institutions. Hospitals and homes for infirm and unfortunate nurses will be established by the Red Cross and the officials of the society who have viewed the place declare that no better site could be obtained anywhere for such purposes.

The tract will contain many buildings when the plans are fully carried out, for, besides the hospitals, cottage homes for nurses and storehouses, there will be a fireproof building, in which will be stored all

the trophies, keepsakes and souvenirs presented to the Red Cross in all parts of the world.

Dr. Gardner presented the tract of land to the Red Cross as a "thank offering to humanity."

At present the tract is under the charge and superintendency of Dr. Gardner, who has been selected by the Red Cross for that station. There are a village, schoolhouse, postoffice and railroad station on the farm, and Dr. Gardner employs a large force of men in beautifying and improving the place. The large residence, which is situated on the highest hill, from which a magnificent view is spread, is made to express its acquired character of Red Cross Home. It bears upon many of its angles red crosses, embellished with a silver and gold background.

Dr. and Mrs. Gardner have earned a reputation in Red Cross work, both being officers in the American society. General Shafter witnesses that Mrs. Gardner was the only woman, except Clara Barton, who was on the firing line before Santiago, and she is remembered by every soldier of that battle as the woman who furnished him with food and many comforts while Miss Barton was journeying back to the coast for supplies. Mrs. Gardner nursed General Harry L. Egbert on the firing line at Santiago. He was later killed in the Philippines.

Work of Selecting Campaign "Gimcracks"

Toys, Buttons, Portraits and Political Songs—Requires Shrewd Manipulation in Every Presidential Campaign—New Scheme in the Portrait Line That Gave A Man A Fortune—The Political Song Factory.

THE selection of campaign gimcracks and the economical purchase of the same is an important work for some one on the staff of every well-regulated executive committee in every well-regulated presidential campaign.

By campaign gimcracks is meant the buttons and badges, the stickpins and medals and all the other trifles by which it is sought to keep the name of your candidate constantly before the voter. Shrewd old campaigners, says the Kansas City Star, know full well that a well conceived, well executed political toy may do a lot of good to the party adopting it, and the lucky genius who could invent such a thing and bring it successfully on a progressive executive committee at the psychological moment in the opening days of a campaign might make a small fortune out of it. It would have to be a thoroughly convincing toy, though, for the same shrewd old political campaigners are also well aware that no living man can tell in advance how any given political gimcrack will take with the voters, and therefore are particularly cautious about expending good party money in that direction.

On the whole, portraits of the presidential and vice presidential candidates are considered the safest "gimcracks" in which an executive committee can invest, judging from the great preponderance of the portrait expenditures over all other committee gimcrack outputs during the last few campaigns. Some years literally millions of portraits of all sizes from that of a 10-cent piece to the side of a barn, are bought by the committees for distribution in every state of the Union. During one campaign, not so very long ago, presses printing life size candidates' portraits on heavy plate paper were kept running steadily for quite a number of weeks, and a full fledged shipping department was open, and sending out the pictures by the ton the whole time. There were certain influential contributors to the party funds that year who objected to the expense of the portrait contracts, but nobody had the hardihood to put on the brakes.

It was in that same year that the two committees put out a large number of oil-painted portraits of giants, say, 8 feet by 10 to hang in big halls far above the heads of the audiences on the wall back of the speakers. These portraits were in neutral browns and greys that made them look surprisingly like titanic photographs when viewed from a little distance, and they were unusual, good likenesses—far superior to the colored portraits seen on the expensive street banners to which have been so prominent in all recent campaigns.

Everybody who saw these portraits was struck with their excellence, and a whole lot of people inquired their maker to give up the secret of their manufacture. He parried all inquiries skillfully, however, even declining to tell where they were made, but at the end of the campaign his scheme came out.

HOW HE MADE THE BIG PICTURES

First of all, he got two big magic lanterns and had first class transparencies made of the two presidential and two vice presidential candidates. Then he found a big, vacant building in an obscure New England village. He rented this structure and boarded up all the windows and doors so that no sunlight could enter the place. Then when he had an order for a pair of portraits he put the transparencies in his magic lantern, stretched the canvas on which the pictures were to be painted the proper distance from the lantern, and turned on the light. Of course the result was a perfect image of each portrait on the canvas, and all the man who wielded the brush had to do was to lay on the paint to conform with the lines and coloring thus unerringly indicated.

It is popularly supposed that political pull is required to sell campaign gimcracks to an executive committee, and this is true in some degree, but this man's work interested both committees so mightily that they fell over each other to get his pictures. In a short time after his first pictures were shown he had put in half a dozen magic

lanterns and employ a regular staff of portrait makers. Had the active campaign lasted a year instead of a few weeks, he would have cleared up a big fortune. As it was he made enough to give him a good substantial start in a permanent line of business.

Possibly political cartoons should not be classified as campaign gimcracks, but at all events the executive committee department that selects and buys the badges and buttons and portraits generally takes charge of the cartoons also.

At the beginning of a recent campaign a cartoonist who had once been a great power in the land by reason of his graphic portrayal of the shortcomings of one of the political parties, but had lost his grip, decided to seek rehabilitation by doing campaign cartoons. Not finding a newspaper place readily, he concluded to strike one or other of the committees. He had shifted his political allegiance in the meantime and was somewhat doubtful which party to apply to, but finally decided in favor of the party of his first love.

His indication to the executive committee that he would be glad to help elect their candidate, for a consideration, by making for them cartoons which they should furnish to the newspapers free of charge, caused a great flutter in that political body, and it was decided to employ him at once. Two obstacles arose, however. The first was one important article in the party's creed that he would not support, and he had exalted notions as to the amount of money he should receive.

It took a long time to get over these things. The article's repugnance to the objectionable doctrine was overcome with comparative ease, but the pay was different. For a while neither artist nor committee could get to name figures at all. When the artist, after many long how-ows, fixed \$50,000 as about the proper thing, there was consternation among the committee members. They argued the case with him for two days and a tentative compromise was reached on \$37,500. This didn't "go" with the committee's treasurer, though, and as a last resort a committee employee who had some practical knowledge as to "how cartoons stood in the market" was asked to "fix the matter up." He and the had been cartoonist had several interviews, some of them stormy, and the upshot was that, basing his compensation on the largest number of cartoons that could possibly be used, the artist was to receive \$37,500 instead of \$50,000, or just one-fourth as much as he had asked for in the tentative compromise.

READY FOR THE CARTOONS.

So far all was satisfactory. The executive committee member who had recommended the taking on of the employee who cut the cartoonist down nine-tenths congratulated himself. The employee thanked heaven that he was pleasing the committee and had visioned a fat and permanent job after the close of the campaign, providing his party won. The cartoonist was happy because, while \$37,500 was by no means \$50,000, it was the same as \$37,500 a week for ten weeks, or \$3,750 a cartoon, since only 20 cartoons were needed.

But there was more trouble coming. It was planned that the committee's editorial board (or whatever it was called) should pass on each cartoon before it was sent out, and the committee employee already mentioned was to serve as the medium through which the artist's ideas should be presented to the board. Had it been possible for him to get board and cartoonist together occasionally, there might have been no friction, but it turned out impossible to do this, or, in fact, even to get the cartoons passed on at all, at least half the time. The result was a ten week's spell of heart disease for the committee employee. Not being able often to get official sanction for the cartoons, he had to put them out on his own judgment, only to find after they were out, in many instances some members of the committee objected to the subject chosen or its treatment. In fact, there was hardly one of the cartoons that some one didn't condemn as sure to "bury" the campaign. So serious did the situation become before election day that the unfortunate employee had visions in his dreams every night of political cartoons that either missed the point or were positively detrimental to the cause, and of an outraged executive committee wreaking vengeance upon him for letting the objectionable drawings go forth to the papers.

Possibly it is not right to classify campaign songs as political gimcracks either, but this particular committee

employee, who had to listen to hundreds of them that campaign, would certainly put them in that category. Before the active campaign was a fortnight old it seemed to him that every man, woman and child in the country had written, or was about to write, or at least felt able to write a campaign song. Apparently every member of the committee and every state committee chairman from the Atlantic to the Pacific had hosts of song-writing friends. Anyway, they all sent songs to the committee by every mail, seemingly, and this particular unfortunate employee had to try the most of them out.

At first when he took a bundle of manuscript songs and music home at night and asked his wife to play the piano and his daughter to sing the words, they were quite delighted with the novelty of it. But when, on one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning, he asked both of them to stay at home from church and struggle with 87 different pieces of political doggerel and 87 new pieces of inharmonious, unmelodious scores, they revolted, gently, to be sure, but with a degree of firmness that left no room for argument. They both declared they had sung the praises of the presidential candidate he was working for until they were completely tired out; moreover, under the strain of trying the songs they had lost sympathy with the party he represented and from that time on till election day they devoted a good deal of attention to arguing with him in favor of the opposition party and its candidates.

Not all the songs came to executive headquarters by mail. Many of them were brought by the authors and composers, and some of these people insisted on singing their productions to the employee, to whom most of the campaign gimcracks were referred for investigation. Long before the close of the campaign he was as sick of campaign songs as his family had been, and even now he sometimes dreams of campaign songs and their diabolical concoctions.

THE PIERCE KIND IN ENGLAND. It may be said of the American campaign song writers that they generally confine themselves to praise of their own candidates, or, at worst, to mild sarcasm regarding their opponents. It is not so in England, where the campaign songs are sometimes nothing less than savages. Here is one which was put forth while Gladstone was still alive:

When the Grand Old Man goes to his doom
He will ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state
On a red-hot plate
'Twixt Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Says the Devil, "My place is quite full, as you see,
But I'll try and do what I can;
I'll put the Grand Old Man in
And take in the Grand Old Man."

But the Devil soon found the whole thing a sell,
For old Gladly corrupted all people in Hell.

Of campaign gimcracks proper an almost infinite variety is offered to every executive committee, small portraits in the form of buttons, badges and hedges leading, of course, when Blaine was the candidate plumes and pompons, from his sobriquet "The Plumed Knight," were put forward in many forms. In 1896 the McKinley gimcrack makers scored a hit with gigantic leaden beetles washed in bronze paint which were sold as "gold bugs." Little vest pocket handbooks, giving a sort of selected lot of economic facts, accompanied with political deductions, are almost always sent out by the million. One year an executive committee ordered 4,000,000 of little cardboard flags, printed in five colors, on the reverse of which a vast amount of sound political doctrine—as that committee understood political soundness—was crowded into a little space.

Political puzzles, too, are often offered—though not often accepted—and little statuettes; no end of wrinkles, in fact, and it would be a shrewd executive committee, indeed, which could get along without wasting some thousands upon badly designed campaign gimcracks.

Often the gimcrack makers do not ask the executive committee to buy their goods but only to endorse them, depending for their sales upon the state and minor local committees and sometimes preferring to go to the public direct. But this is only when the gimcrack in hand is especially novel and taking.

QUITS.

"Because I am a railroad man," said George Gould, "railroad happenings and incidents interest me. My friends, aware of this, bring me whatever odd railroad news they come upon. Thus I heard, the other day, of a good revenge."

"It seems that, at a suburban station, a train was starting off one morning, when an elderly man rushed

across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly-moving cars.

"The rear-end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up, grabbed the old man's coat and pulled him off the train."

"There," he said sternly. "I have saved your life. Don't ever try to jump on like that again."

"Thank you," said the old man

calmly. "Thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train, isn't it?"

"Three and a quarter," said the brakeman.

"The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and,

with the easy grace that in born of long practice, he sailed majestically onto it.

"But the old gentleman seized him by the coat and with a strong jerk pulled him off, at the same time saying grimly:

"One good turn deserves another. You saved my life; I have saved yours. Now we are quits."

ESTABLISHED 1864
F. Auerbach & Bro.
ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

The Store of Big Bargains!

NO MATTER when Shoppers visit this Store, they find values out of the ordinary—Values that are to be had only in this Store. And this special pricing is not confined to a few lots of haphazard Goods, but these low prices prevail in every Department—in every section and corner of the Store. For Monday and next week we announce a number of very Important Sales that are bound to strike a responsive chord as they pave the way to Great Economy.

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits!

ONCE MORE

We are going to startle the inhabitants of Salt Lake and vicinity by next to giving goods away in our Cloak Department. The

Sale Begins Monday!

\$14.⁶⁵



CLOAK DEPT.

We ask you to be in our Cloak Department early, for it's

Crowds! Crowds! Crowds!

That's what this slaughter will bring.

\$14.⁶⁵

The long story soon told is: we'll sell Ladies' Tailor Made Suits, values up to \$45.00 (alterations free of charge) at

IF YOU MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY YOU HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME.

MONDAY MORNING
From 9 to 12 o'clock.
SPECIAL!

A Sale of 25c Quality WHITE INDIA LINENS at 14c yard.
Something that will save you Money—your car fare both ways on every yard.

15 pieces of fine sheer India Linen, full 36 inches wide, and worth 25c a yard, and in many stores more will go on sale Monday from 9 to 12 o'clock 14c at (per yard) 14c
Special salesmen for this sale. Don't fail to get your share.

FINAL REDUCTIONS ON ALL BLACK WASH FABRICS.

Monday sets a new pace. The new week will be ushered in with absolutely matchless offers in black goods, for the balance of this stock must be sold without delay. To accomplish this in the shortest possible time, we have reduced prices to a point that will startle any judge of values. Plain black Batiste Lawn, regular price 30c, reduced to per yard 15c
Black silk Mousseline de Soie, regular price 60c, marked down to, per yard 33c
Embroidered and striped effect, black Grenadine Tissue, value 60c, on sale, per yard 33c
Black shirt waist Linen, worth 75c, reduced to, per yard 39c
50 inch wide black wash Chiffon, regular price 35c, this week, per yard 45c

MONDAY AFTERNOON
From 2 to 5 o'clock.
SPECIAL!

Ladies' Neckwear.
Up to 50c Values at 19c.

We offer 30 dozen ladies' wash stock collars, collars and cuff sets and turnovers. Many pretty styles to choose from. Be on time 19c to choose from. Be on time 19c

MONDAY AFTERNOON
From 2 to 5 o'clock.
SPECIAL!

Gents' Furnishings

Gents' soft front dress shirts, with or without collars in fancy percales, and Madras, size 14 to 17, worth from 75c to \$1.00. See window. Sale price for Monday only 39c

CET IN ON THESE BARGAINS IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Before They Are Cleared Up. See Window.

Gents' 50c Undewear—
In Jersey rib and Balbriggan, all sizes, clean up sale, price per garment 29c

Gents' Half Hose—
In fine imported Lisle Thread, sizes 9 1/2 to 11 worth from 50c to 75c a pair, sale price 25c

Gents' Suspenders
All our 50c and 65c values in a large assortment of fancy patterns, sale price 39c

OUR SHOE DEPT.
ALL WEEK.

Ladies' \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 Oxfords \$1.95

Childs' Shoes, Lace or Button, sizes 5 to 8, 75c \$1.00 value

Misses' Lace Shoes, heavy or light sole, \$1.75 value \$1.35

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE THESE GOODS.

FANCY RIBBONS

At Prices Certain to Bring Crowds of Eager Buyers to Our NEW RIBBON SECTION.

It's our intention to close out every yard of Fancy Ribbon in the house before the arrival of our New Fall Styles, hence these enormous reductions.

One lot of 4 to 5 inch wide fancy ribbons, an elegant variety including embroidered pique and many other nobby styles up to 60c value, on sale at, a yard 25c

Phenomenal handsome styles of fancy neck and wash ribbons, some of the most attractive color combinations in every popular width, up to 75c values, at 39c

All of our finest fancy ribbon and there are an endless variety of nobby styles, qualities that sold up to \$1.00 a yard, at 50c

THE WISE CAT.

"Labor-saving inventions never do any real harm to laboring men and women," said Prof. S. P. Langley, the scientist and aeronaut. "They but remove the appearance of labor-saving devices are unwise."

Prof. Langley smiled.

"Such unphilosophical persons," he

remarked, "should learn a lesson from the stable cat. Have you heard of the stable cat? It eat on the horse's back."

"Dear, dear," the horse wailed. Now that automobiles are coming into such favor, I fear I shan't be wanted."

"Nonsense," said the stable cat. "Don't carry on so, brother. The mouse trap didn't do away with me, did it?"

CUT GLASS

We have 50 pieces of Handsome Cut Glass in the Lyon & Co. stock which we will close out at Half Price. Phone 65 for the correct time.

Leyson's
JEWELERS
136 MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY.



"GET THE HABIT."
It's a good one and one you'll never regret if you live to be a hundred. Deposit a dollar with us and see it grow at 4 per cent.
You can bank with us by mail, write for circulars.

UTAH COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK,
122 East First South Street.

FOR THE POOR

Paint costs nothing.
It saves \$5 for every \$1 invested.
At least

New Era Paint
Does.

"THAT'S THE ANSWER."

G.F. CULMER & BRO.
20 E. First South.

Abnormal Eyes Made Normal.

We never fail to bring relief to tired, aching eyes. If you will do your part. Our knowledge and experience, in conjunction with our new scientific apparatus, will accurately prove your eye-foresight and designate the proper remedy.

UTAH OPTICAL CO.,
237 Main Street.

Saltair
Extracts,
Baking Powder
And Spices

Are the Best on the Market, by actual test. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back

FRESH ROASTED COFFEE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THEM.

Salt Lake Coffee And Spice Mills

Nothing Better

TO REGAIN lost strength and vitality—for nursing mothers—or convalescents—for a tonic or beverage during the spring and summer—than

Life Malt.

It is properly aged and pasteurized. One trial is all we ask. Put up in pints. A small glassful occasionally will soon bring desired results to convalescents.

FRED KRUG BREWING CO.
For Sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.