



Things are apparently dead around the theater, but on the inside there is a good deal going on that has a bearing on our amusements next season. This is the period when booking goes on all over the country, and when the various managers in New York, in addition to making up their companies, are making up their routes as well, and calculating especially where they can best steer their barks to avoid the whirlpools and cascades that beset the theatrical stream in a presidential year. Hence Manager Fyler is kept busy just now signing contracts, answering telegrams, accepting one attraction, declining another, and working generally to the end that the house does not get the worst of any bargain. Managers, as a rule, will open their season in the east very late, and they prefer to stay in the west until after election, the campaign excitement in the big cities utterly demoralizing the attendance at the theaters. So the Salt Lake theater has more than the usual number of propositions to pass on. Mr. Fyler said yesterday that he had seventy-five nights already booked for next season, a number very far in excess of what had been settled on at this time last year.

The expected campaign activity in this country too, will have the effect of sending a number of good companies abroad, and of keeping abroad those already there. Mr. Fyler had the extreme disappointment to receive a letter from Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin during the week, announcing that they had decided on canceling all their United States dates and remaining for another season in Australia, where their success had been so great that special inducements had been held out to them to remain until next summer. During the present summer they intended spending their vacation in Japan. The week held for them in November will, therefore, be shifted over to the "To let" column, and Salt Lake will have to wait another year before she will have the pleasure of welcoming back the actress whose phenomenal engagement stands out as the red letter event in the annals of the season just past.

THEATER GOSSIP.

"Sapho" is still packing the Alcazar theater in San Francisco.

James A. Horne has gone to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for rest and recuperation.

Last week's Mirror had a charming picture of Eleanor Robson, daughter of Madge Carr Cooke.

Mary Mannering will make her first appearance in New York as a star at Wallack's theater on December 16th, in "Jasce Meredith."

Henry Miller opens next Monday night in San Francisco. Those of his company not seen here are Sadie Marston, E. J. Morgan, Frank Worthing, Charles Walcott, E. J. Backu and Frank E. Lamb. These, with play, as when Salt Lake saw in "Miss Hobbs," make up a company as strong as any which has crossed the continent for years.

The vaudeville theater at the Salt Palace has been well patronized during the past week, and the entertainment has been well worth the price charged. The features of the week commencing next Monday will be Robert Smith and company, the grotesque singers and dancers, Madeline Verona, the serpentine dancer, Lewis and Lake, the black face artists, Lewis and Hetherington in the sketch "We Two," and Madame Theima, in her violin renditions and plastic poses.

R. D. McLean and Odette Tyler are to support Madame Modjeska on Monday night, and they are to be featured. Wakenhals and Kemper, who are to manage the tour, are preparing an elaborate production of King John, which is to be the feature of the repertoire. Mr. McLean will be seen in the title role, and Miss Tyler as Prince Arthur. Modjeska, of course, playing Lady Constance. The arrangement with Mr. McLean and Miss Tyler is to cover a period of five years or longer, it being the intention of Wakenhals and Kemper to send them out as independent stars after the conclusion of the Modjeska tour. Wakenhals and Kemper have signed contracts with a well known dramatist for a new play with which their new stars will inaugurate their tour the season after next—Mirror.

It is reported from Australia that Kylie Bellew may become Nance O'Neil's leading man. The London Chronicle, speaking of Bellew, says: "Kylie Bellew was last heard of in Queensland looking after his monetary and mining interests in that colony. The popular actor is an old Australian, and was for some years the 'city man' of the Melbourne Evening Herald. The 'city man' of an Australian daily is quite distinct from the commercial editor. It is his duty to attend the city police court by day and 'do rounds' by night. Doing the rounds means calling at certain established points—the detectives, the coroners, etc.—where murders and various other acceptable sensations are to be picked up. Harold Dominic Bellew, as he was originally called, was very good at this sort of work, and achieved a reputation as a picturesque paragraph writer. But he became a lecturer on a traveling panorama of the Franco-German war, and as he was an excellent elocutionist he soon gravitated to the regular stage."

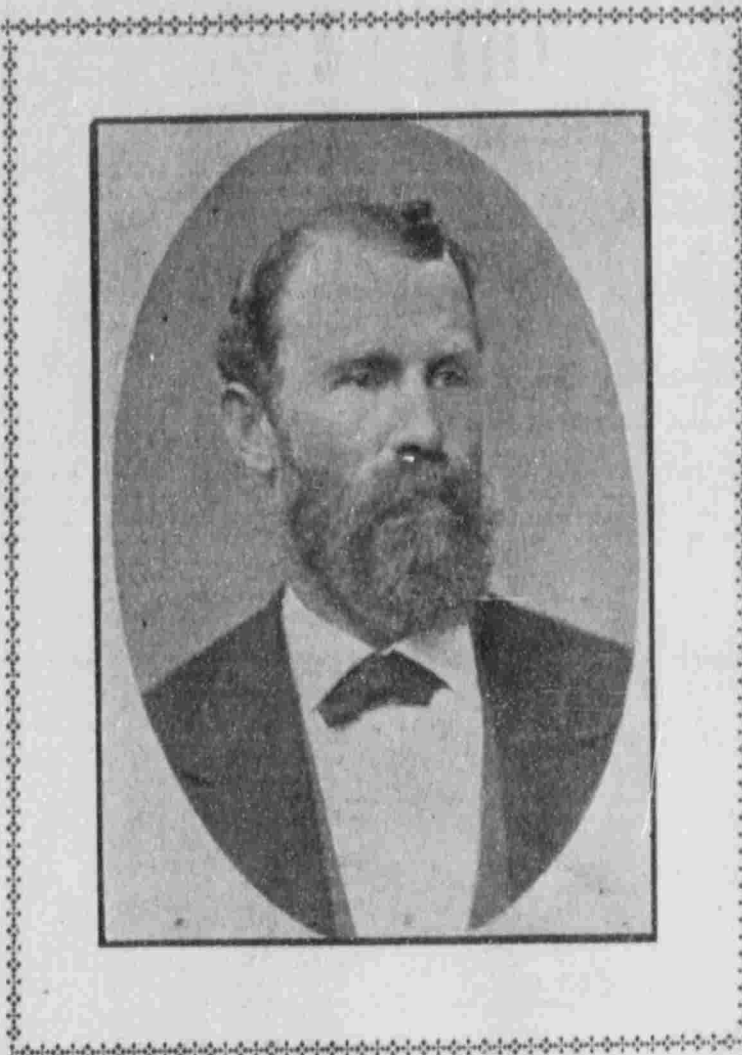
MUSIC NOTES.

"Madeline, or the Magic Kiss," is running at the Tivoli in San Francisco, with immense success.

Arthur Shepherd will not be with the Theater orchestra next season, having decided to devote his entire time to teaching.

Miss Jennie Macintosh will spend the summer with her parents in this city. It is not unlikely that she will be

OLD SALT LAKERS.



HEBER P. KIMBALL.

heard in a recital before she returns to Chicago.

On Thursday next the Tabernacle choir will celebrate Prof. Stephens' birthday at Salt Lake. It will be the centennial of his birth, and a fine musical program will be rendered.

The Salt Lake Opera company has decided on opening for fall season, during fair and conference week in October. The opera will be "The Mandarin," a Chinese work by DeKoven and Smith, composer and author of "Robin Hood." It is an expensive royalty work, and was obtained by Mr. Spencer, during his recent visit to New York.

A Chicago dispatch says: Jessie Bartlett Davis scored a triumph this evening in her first appearance in vaudeville at the Masonic Temple Theater. She is to receive \$1,000 for the week's engagement and will donate the amount to the Actor's Home fund. Miss Davis sang in better voice than ever. According to her promise, she did not attempt negro songs, but sang old time favorites to an appreciative audience. She was called upon for encore after encore, and for her last selection sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Following is the cast of "Queen Esther," the sacred cantata, which will be produced in costume, under the direction of H. S. Ensign in the Eleventh ward Tuesday evening:

Esther, the queen, Mrs. Maggie Bassett Abner, the king, Mr. Alonzo Platt Haman, the king's counselor, Mr. Fred C. Graham Mordecai, the Jew, Mr. A. H. Kelson Zerish, Haman's wife, Miss Vera Felt Young, Miss Estrella Livingston A Median Princess, Miss Lillie Oakerson A Persian Princess, Miss Josephine Gustavson Beger, the queen, Mr. Evan Arthur High Priest, Mr. William F. Tuckett Herald, Mr. Chas. Strong.

The work will be done with the necessary dramatic action, and the chorus will consist of thirty-five voices.

Many old citizens of Salt Lake will recognize at a glance the once familiar features of Heber P. Kimball in the accompanying picture. He was the fifth child and third son of President Heber C. Kimball, and during all his life, the greater part of which was passed in Utah, he was one of the prominent citizens and most active business men of the community. He was born in Kirtland, Ohio, on June 1st, 1825, and was but 12 years of age when he arrived in Utah. He bore a full share of all the hardships sustained by the people during the early settlement of this State. He took part in resisting the invasion of Johnston's army, and was a leading spirit in protecting many of our settlements from hostile Indians. He was noted for his absolute fearlessness, and in the many campaigns in which he took an active part, his conduct was that of a natural leader. He took a strong interest in military affairs, and bore the rank of Colonel in the Territorial militia. The later years of his life were devoted mainly to stock raising, and he spent a good share of his time upon his ranch, though his home was always made in the Eighteenth ward of this city. His wife, Mrs. Phoebe T. Kimball, survives him. His death occurred on Feb. 8th, 1885.

VALUE OF THE BELGIAN HARE.

The question is asked me nearly every day: "What is there about the Belgian hares to make them so high priced?" I will endeavor to point out in this short article a few of the reasons, taking up the practical side of the question, or the market value of Belgians as producers of meat; but let us first have a correct understanding concerning the merits of the animal as an article of diet.

The uninformed are prone to confound the Belgian hare with the rabbit. This error is a natural one, as that species of hare has just recently been introduced into this country from England, and heretofore we have seen nothing but the common wild jack rabbit and the domesticated "bunny," and these specimens of the rabbit family do not commend themselves to the fastidious taste of the epicure. On the other hand the Belgian hare, wherever it has been known, is very highly prized for its

England to any great extent, and there is yet a vast field in this country to be supplied for breeding purposes. Consequently a much higher price rules now for even the commonest stock than could possibly be secured from the Dutchman. For this reason anyone contemplating entering into the business of the coming year, should do so with the intention of supplying part of this demand, with the ultimate object in view of supplying the after demand for eating purposes.

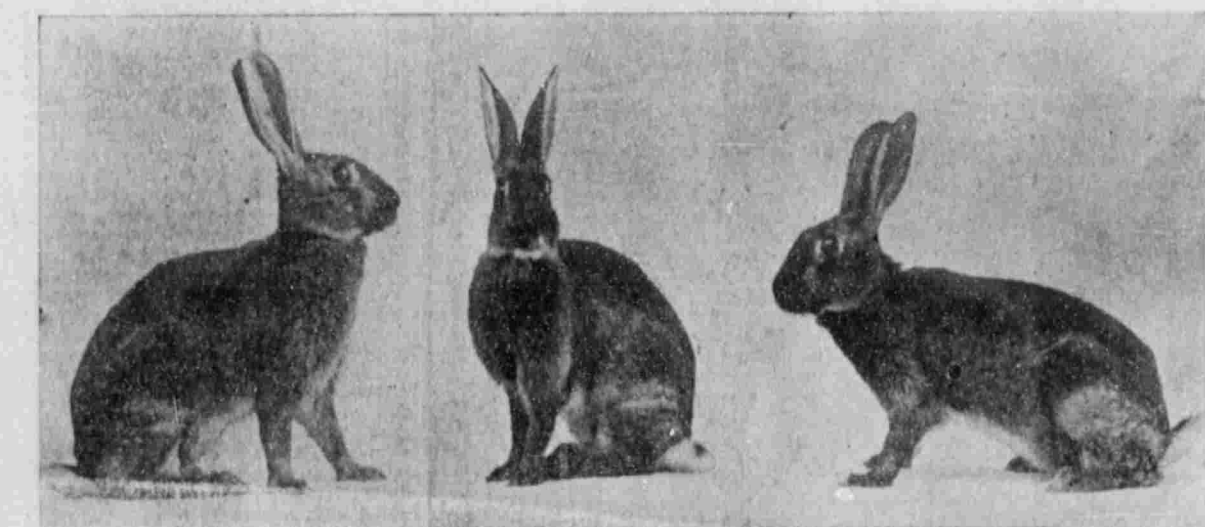
The illustration in this article shows to a great extent the characteristic shape of a Belgian hare, which is as different from the rabbit, as a terrapin is from a mud turtle.

A few figures may be interesting to the practically inclined who have no particular liking for the animal only in so far as dollars and cents are concerned. By investing \$100 one can procure about six does and one buck suitable for raising meat; as it would require too much space to figure the number of offspring from this number of hares in one year, I will simply state that 600 would be a

efforts with even greater satisfaction when successful than the master of art who portrays his ideals on canvases with paint and brush.

There always has been and always will be a premium on quality, and where the object to be achieved is most difficult, a higher price must naturally be the compensation. This rule applies particularly to Belgian hares. Specimens of extra fine quality are very scarce. This accounts for the high breeding fees of choice bucks, ranging from \$5 to \$50, and an extra rare specimen bringing even considerably more than this.

We have a great many precedents to show why high prices rule in various kinds of live stock; take poultry for instance; a chicken can be bought for 25 cents to eat. At the same time there are hundreds of breeders or fanciers in this country who receive from \$5 to \$150 apiece for the same little speckled or barred variety. The Belgian hare is considerably more difficult to breed to standard requirements than a barred Plymouth Rock chicken, and its value as a reproducer of its species is manifold more. There are twenty-nine sections to take into consideration in breeding the Belgian, and the champions of this animal have Mr. P. E. Crabtree, a Belgian hare expert of Denver, to thank for arable returns. Deducting the large allowance so many points to each section. For example: Hind foot color is allotted 2 points; the foot to be perfect should be red all over. If one-half is



BATH BEAUTY III.

First Prize Denver. (Score 95) Property of Irwin E. Pratt, Salt Lake City.

white, tender, and deliciously flavored flesh. It has stood the test for over 40 years in Belgium, France and England, and the high prices paid and the great quantities consumed in those countries prove it to be a food product of great value. All the cold-water throwers and obstructionists who are without the ambition or intelligence to grasp or accept a desirable innovation, cannot retard the development and growth of an industry which is destined to supply the American people with a choice and economical food product.

Of course there will be no market demand for Belgian hares to speak of until there is a greater supply, and there will be no supply at market prices until the increasing demand for breeding purposes is supplied; and although the little animals' capacity to multiply something astonishing, being over 100 per year—we must remember that it has only been within the past two years that they have been imported from

very conservative estimate with ordinary luck; it is reasonable to suppose that these 600 hares would average in price close to the value of the original stock. But in order to prevent any controversy we will figure each hare raised as worth only 25 per cent of the original stock; this would give \$144 gross returns. Deducting the large allowance of \$1,000 for expenses of feeding, caring, etc., it leaves a net profit of \$1,342 on an original investment of \$100. Do you not think this subject is worth investigating?

Now, to come to that part of the industry carried on by the true farmer, the student of nature who sees and appreciates high art, and enjoys above all things his opportunity to assist in the creation of the beautiful in the animal kingdom, using his time and intelligence for the development of a higher standard of excellence, always animated with the hope of attaining perfection, and viewing the result of his

white, it would be punished on the card 1 point. The number of points allotted to the twenty-nine sections aggregate 190 points. The degree of perfection to each twenty-nine points is jotted down opposite the section, and the total imperfections subtracted from 190 gives the valuation of the animal. Thus it will be seen the best animal has a great advantage if his stock is scored on one of these cards, and by comparing his card with the card of the prospective sire of his youngsters, certain imperfections may be eliminated. It is desirable to impress upon those desiring to enter into this business to demand a score card before purchasing, and always use a score card in mating, and with the fine stock we already have in Utah, we will not be ashamed to compare notes at any time with eastern or western breeders inside or outside the show room. IRWIN E. PRATT, Official Judge of the National Belgian Hare Club of America.

WONDERFUL RESCUE AT SEA.

"It was impossible to launch a boat, as the seas were colossal. The captain had just finished his supper when he saw the boatswain sweep across. He ran toward the bridge, shouting as he did so to the engineer:

"Stand by to stop those engines." "Then he flew to the bridge and laid his right hand on the telegraph. "Stop and reverse," were flashed to the engine room, and the captain's voice rang out: "All hands to starboard with lines and buoys!" "The captain told about the event thus: "Our only hope in saving him lay in picking him up with the ship, for no boat could live in the sea that was running. When I backed the ship down to him, I saw him struggling for his life. He had the buoy that the second officer had thrown to him under his arms, and his body was well out of water. I determined to save him if he could hold out, and I could fetch him alongside. We missed him the first time, and he was carried around the

bow to the port side. He kept shouting, and we answered back. We were going ahead a bit when he was whirled to starboard.

"As the night had well set in, we soon lost him, but I turned on the bridge and got the bearing of his voice by a star. I kept that star in sight, and put the helm hard astarboard, and bore down in the direction of the star. We had lost his voice altogether, but as we steamed toward the star we heard it faintly. We caught sight of him too late to pick him up as we steamed past, so we came up with the wind again, with the bow on our port hand. We steamed slowly, so that the men ranged along the port rail, each with a life line or a buoy, had a chance at him. I knew by the cheer that went up that he was saved. He had caught a line and was hauled aboard. He clung to the rail so tightly, not knowing that he was saved, that the men had to pound his hands to break his grip."—Ainslee's Magazine.

RELIGIOUS HEART OF SPAIN.

Ecclesiastical Architecture in Old Toledo—The Famous Cathedral Which Was Six Centuries in Building and Absorbed Several Sovereigns.

Special Correspondence.

Toledo, Spain, May 23.—If I were writing a book on cathedrals, I should be tempted to imitate Senor Parro, author of a celebrated work on Central Spain, who devoted exactly half of his 1,500 pages to the cathedral of Toledo. Cathedral pronounces it the most perfect specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in existence. Certainly it is the greatest "sight" in this ancient storehouse of architectural wonders—a rare and beautiful example of the pious art of priestly builders who lent artistic with religious emotions to the glory of God, and Wagner intensifies the interest of his music by means of his poetry and scenic accessories.

More than six hundred years in building, this Toledo cathedral absorbed the revenues of several reigns, and the rents of one of the wealthiest sees in Spain. Generation after generation its slowly rising walls were watched by the people. Men were born, grew old and died, leaving the labor to their children, who took it up and carried it on, until their turn came to go "the way of all the earth." Then their children, and children's children, carried it along; so that, when at last it stood complete, it represented, not one king, or one age, but many generations. It occupies the site of a cathedral which existed before it.

COMING OF THE MOORS.

Indeed, tradition says that the first church was built during the lifetime of the Virgin Mary, and that she worshipped here—which, if true, makes it the oldest church in Christendom. At any rate, on a temple much-venerated slab near the high altar, may be seen the mark of a small shoe, which is said to be a foot-print of the Virgin herself. It is not improbable that some temple stood here before Mary's day, since the city antedates the birth of Christ by two or three centuries. Ancient history tells us that Marius Flavius "took" it, 133 B. C. The Moors turned the old church into a mosque, and occupied it for many years. Allah about four hundred years. When they were conquered by the Spaniards, Alonso VI gave them his solemn promise that they should retain it undisturbed. Not long afterwards the king had occasion to leave the city, and his temporary absence Bernardo, the archbishop, backed by the queen (who was a native of France, like himself), seized the mosque, turned out the Moors, and reconstructed it as a cathedral. When the king heard of this he was so angry that he broke the returned to Toledo in a towering rage, swearing that he would burn at the stake both queen and bishop. Riding into the city he met a crowd of Moors and called out to them that the king had been deceived, and that he had solemnly given his oath, rather than to them, and that their mosque should be preserved. The wise Moors, however, persuaded him to get the release of his own life, and "whereat," says the chronicler, "the king had great joy and the matter ended peacefully."

Most of the old building was pulled down in the year 1227, during the reign of Don Fernando, the Catholic king, a destroyer of mosques, who himself laid the corner stone of the new structure. From that time up to the 17th century additions and alterations were constantly being made. Fadillas

MOB PLUNDERED IT.

In 1521, and again it was sacked in 1569, by invaders under General La Housaye—the same who looted the Escorial. Precious objects were carried off, and perfect mine of wealth and art. During several centuries all the foremost artists of the world had been employed by the richest princes of Spain to make this cathedral the worthy seat of a primacy which yet retained its rank in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Here, as at Burgos and Leon, the pope and king of Spain were canonized, and the monarch was always fined two thousand maravedis for non-attendance in choir on feast days. But alas! Times have changed in Spain and the power of the priests has sadly waned. Most of the monasteries have been suppressed; though the primacy is still second in dignity only to the papacy, and still upon his knees to kiss the ring upon his hand, and more hands of people, mostly women, attend divine service. Could he impose proportional fines. In these days, this Spaniard, Cardinal, who fall to go to church, he would soon become the richest man in the world.

It is impossible to get a good exterior view of the cathedral, because it is hemmed in on all sides by a network of narrow, wind-alleyed streets, and no distance to give the proper effect, and under its walls one can have little idea of its full majesty. The figures of the ground plan—35 feet long by 123 feet wide, fall to impress upon the eye the great square and lower looks top-heavy without perspective. This tower, by the way, rises, square, 170 feet; then changes into an octagon, with bold towers and pinnacles, and above that is a square, which is the bell tower. And rays, the entire height being 235 feet. Along the facade statues are ranged, of Biblical celebrities, and native saints, strangely associated with hydras and centaurs, and other monsters of human mythology. The three bronze doors of the door of pardon, the door of hell and the door of judgment—with their exquisite picturesque designs and grotesque knockers, form an appropriate foreshadowing of the scenes which they are surrounded. What carving! What a world of statues and flowers, living and breathing under the chisels of the master hands that evolved them from

THE DULC STONE.

The windows are glorious, their tints, mellowed by age, like the setting of costly gems, emeralds, sapphires, topaz and rubies; seven hundred and fifty of these splendid windows of stained glass, through which the light filters like rainbow arches, in a thousand rosette, azure and golden hues. There is a fifty foot wide nave and four aisles, and the ceiling, 115 feet above, rests upon eighty-eight marble pillars. These piers resolve themselves into groups of shafts, some of which rise to the arches half way; others, continuing to rise and bending with the graceful curve of a palm, reach and support the groined roof of the nave. The choir is filled with superb tapestries, and is divided by Jasper columns, and around the high altar are magnificent tombs of early kings and cardinals—Alonso VII, Sancho del Desoado, Sancho El Bravo, and the Infante Don Pedro. High above all in the place of greatest honor, enshrined in an urn of bronze and silver, repose the bones of Cardinal Mendoza—he who suggested the plans that brought to successful issue the siege of Granada. His lineage was one of the noblest in Spain, and he is remembered within himself the apparently inconsistent qualities of priest, warrior and statesman. As his tomb steps forth, the title of Tertius Rex, "Third King of Spain," from the degree in which he shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella, Cardinal Ximenez too—the great pre-

late who was once the obscure Franciscan friar, occupies a splendid niche, above which hangs his scarlet sash hat, covered with the accumulated dust of three hundred and fifty years. Every Spanish cathedral is a kind of Westminster Abbey, and this of Toledo is particularly rich in famous tombs. Each of its twenty chapels—fifty-six feet long and fifty wide, 110 feet high and in its own right a vast hall—light is as large as many churches; each contains its illustrious dead, and amid paintings by the old masters and war-torn trophies of Spain's proud triumphs. On the altar of one of them, the sword of Alfonso VI, conqueror of Toledo, over another stands the crucifix which was raised upon the walls of the Alhambra. Side by side, in the beautiful Capilla Mayor, hang the banners taken in the victory of Las Navas de Tolosa, which forever broke the Moslem power, and the standard borne by the royal galleys at the battle of Lepanto. One of the most interesting chapels is that of San Ildefonso, founded by Alfonso VIII.

FIGHTING PRIMATE.

away back in earliest times, and much improved by Gil de Albornoz, who was buried within it in the year 1336. The saint was born in Toledo and was always a devoted admirer of the doctrine of the immaculate conception, twelve centuries before it was proclaimed by Pius IX. Tradition tells us that the Virgin, in gratitude to Saint Ildefonso, once came down from heaven and sat in his seat of cathedra; and again she appeared in the same place and put the hasso on his shoulders. Of course this holy garment is preserved in the chapel. St. Ildefonso became primate of Toledo, where he died, in the year 657, and was buried in the chapel of Santa Leocadia. During the Moorish invasion, his body was carried off, together with that of Leocadia, and was lost for more than six hundred years; until, in the year 1570, a Toledo shepherd, caused by the search for a dog, suspected of being a thief, replied: "I was led here by San Ildefonso, who appeared in person, walked before me to this spot and then vanished." Thereupon Alfonso VIII had the place of the body was found, and a chapel built over it, wherein astonishing miracles were performed. As Zarzuela claimed the primacy of Aragon because the Virgin appeared there to Santiago, so Toledo owes its elevation in Castile to the vision of the Virgin at Zamora. Cardinal Rojas erected a shrine over the spot where she stood—a lofty, pyramidal pile, of open Gothic work, richly carved with bas-reliefs representing details of the story. The body was laid in a coffin of silver, and inscribed, "Adoramus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus;" and the multitude have worn the stone away with their knees. The Virgin's robes, which one may see by paying a small sum, is a sight indeed. Her mantle, of

SILVER AND GOLD.

cloth, is embroidered with seventy-eight thousand real pearls, besides multitudes of diamonds, emeralds and rubies. There are countless robes of various colors of rich patterns and embroidery, given by kings and queens, popes, archbishops and wealthy ladies. Her crown, without its jewels, cost \$25,000, and her bracelets, brooches and other jewelry are worth the ransom of several kingdoms. In Spain the worship of the Virgin is something like that paid to an earthly queen and assumes an oddly practical character. She has always a royal court, a household formed of the greatest ladies of the land, who provide for her wardrobe, her fetes and processions; and she has also considerable landed estates, left to her in legacies, from which a sacred revenue is derived.

The "great queen" of this cathedral carved of black wood and is seated on a silver throne, under a silver-gilt canopy, supported by alabaster pillars. In the year 1711 it was saved from the hands of an Englishman, who hid it in a vault, and it remained hidden until the reconquest of Toledo. The famous clock was made in 1515, and in it the following materials were employed: 275 ounces of pearls, of various sizes, 300 ounces of gold, 160 ounces of silver, and small pieces of enamelled gold, and 20 ounces of emeralds and other precious stones. It is a marvel of the jeweler's art—the material entirely concealed by precious stones, white, black and pink pearls, and gems of every color, pearls, purest water, wrought into leaves, roses, fleurs-de-lis, stars, crosses and crescents.

Queerest of all the chapels is that built by Alvaro de Luna, prime minister of Castile, grand master of the Order of Santiago, and prime minister of John II, whose mind and counsel he completely ruled for nearly forty years. He lived in royal state, and when he rode out he was followed by thirty knights, and he held three thousand lances in his pay. His interference brought about a marriage between his king and Isabella of Portugal, who became his

BITTEREST ENEMY.

and whose ascendancy over her husband was finally the cause of his ruin. He was executed on a trumped-up charge of high treason. In the plaza of Valladolid, his lowly body was exposed, and this is the reward of faithful service to my king." During his life-time he had prepared beautiful bronze tombs for himself and his beloved wife. But when he was executed, his executors, his enemies had them broken up and they were made into two pulpits which now stand at the entrances to the Capilla Mayor. The existing sepulchres of alabaster, which, though defaced, are due to the filial piety of his daughter Maria. The original tombs had on top reclining statues of the occupants, provided with spurs and hidden mechanism, so that at any elevation of the Host, they rose to their feet, bowed, knelt in prayer; and then, when mass was over, folded their hands upon their bronze breasts and lay down again. What a pity that these strange specimens of medieval craftsmanship could not have been spared! On tombs and floor, ceiling and walls, appears the sculptured device of the Lunas—a hand grasping a shining crescent; and above the altar rises the equestrian statue of Spain's nation saint, trampling upon prostrate Moors—fitting emblem of the domination of ignorance and crime over intelligence and art.

In the Capilla de los Reyes, (Chapel of New Kings), so named to distinguish it from the one in which kings of earlier times are buried, lie the bones of many monarchs, from Henrique II, placed here in 1573, his wife and son, to Catalina de Austria, (1418), daughter of John of Gaunt. All the other chapels are equally interesting, but it would require days to explore the twenty, and every page in this paper to describe them. We cannot leave the cathedral without mention of the mossarabic chapel, a large, separate building entered near the great western door. Its history is this: At the Moorish invasion, the Toledans defended themselves gallantly, and when they yielded, obtained the best conditions they could. Chief among the terms they insisted upon was that they might preserve five churches, in which there should be absolute liberty of worship for those who remained faithful to Christianity. Thus, through the four hundred years of Moorish rule, the faith

was kept alive in Toledo, and the faith-ful bore the name of Mos-Arabs, "mixed with Arabs."

FANNIE B. WARD.

SUPREME COURT DIGNITY.

Impressive Ceremonies of the Nation's Highest Tribunal.

When the hour comes for the Supreme court to convene, a barrier of velvet-covered ropes is stretched across the corridor, which passes between the robing room and the court proper. They effectual bar the way between the House of Representatives and the Senate. Senators, representatives and the President himself, should be happy to be there, must wait. The members of the court, the chief justices at their head, with their black robes draped about them, march in a solemn procession single file, from the consultation room across the corridor, thence through the lobby of the court to their places on the bench. This parade takes place over the court paces in or out of the chamber, and there is invariably at the hour of their assembling a crowd of curious strangers grouped on either side of the recessed way. Many remove their hats as the court files by and on every face is an expression of respect and interest. No expression of impatience escapes from even the belated senator who is delayed by this parade for "both before and after the Senate chamber in time for prayer."

There is no talking among the spectators when the court is in session, and even when the bench is vacant, and strangers for "both before and after the chamber they uniformly speak in whispers. An old white-bearded colored man, who sits at the door, is the personification of silence and dignity, and the sight of him is enough to make the most irreverent man of the court hush and move their hats as the court files by and on every face is an expression of respect and interest. No expression of impatience escapes from even the belated senator who is delayed by this parade for "both before and after the Senate chamber in time for prayer."

Newspaper reporters are not expected to sit in the Supreme court. If they enter they are expected to be as other visitors, and to take note of the proceedings. A ready attendant will at once interfere if a note book is drawn. Informal exceptions are made to the reporters for the large news associations, a dozen such were admitted, with one clerk's desk, and they would be surely taken for court officials by the visitors. There are only two or three of these, and they are never present except for a few minutes on Monday morning.

When Chief Justice Fuller has installed a limited number of newspaper reporters were provided with places inside the bar of the court. Probably half a dozen such were admitted, with one clerk's desk, and they would be surely taken for court officials by the visitors. There are only two or three of these, and they are never present except for a few minutes on Monday morning.

When the Kentucky case was being argued, it was the greatest possible professional interest, and the part of the newspaper reporters, orders were given not to treat them as a class, but just the same as other visitors. Inasmuch as the other visitors had stood in line for an hour and there was no coming and going from the room, the reporting of the proceedings of this famous case was a very difficult matter. The words of protest from impatient reporters, who were well warranted, wasted on the Washington monument. The officials of the court would not even listen to them.

The other day I met two lawyers in front of the court room doors, one attired in a light suit and the other in the dark clothes. The one in the light suit reminded the other that he had on dark clothes, but a purple necktie, but he had been in the court chamber on business. The colored did not bat him. But the lawyer in the light suit could not venture in the chamber. Though they were merely spectators they must wear dark coats if they would appear within the bar of the court. What a awful thing would happen if one should appear before the bar of the Supreme court in a light suit is not known for no one has ever had the temerity to try it. The dignity and decorum of the court go a long way towards preserving that respect which usually disappears when there is too great a familiarity.—Detroit Journal.

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