

McDONALD FEEDS THE WORLD CHOCOLATES

Chocolates. A short text for a big story, but a volume might be written about it.

From the bean to the bonbon—just chocolates.

That's the way the J. G. McDonald Candy Company is going to make chocolate confections. And, beginning with the first day of January, in the good year nineteen hundred and seven, that is all the J. G. McDonald Candy Company is going to make.

When you put one of McDonald's chocolate bonbons into your mouth and enjoy the delicately delicious flavor that only the McDonald chocolates contain, you will know that every bit of that bonbon was made in the McDonald factory and under the supervision of a McDonald expert.

You will know that the cocoa bean that forms the foundation of all pure chocolates, was imported by the McDonald Company for you from South America; you will know that fresh fruits, oranges, lemons and the like, not flavoring extracts, were used in the preparation of your dainty; you will know that every last fine detail of perfection in the science of chocolate making has been complied with in spirit and in letter.

It is a revolution that the J. G. McDonald Candy Company is undertaking, a revolution that requires business courage as well as business sagacity. To transform the company's great factory into a house for the making of chocolates exclusively involves the relegation of thousands of dollars worth of first-class candy making machinery to the junk pile; it involves an expenditure of many thousands more for new machinery, specially imported from Germany, the home of the chocolate industry.

This has been called, and properly, the age of

specialization. The successful man is the man who devotes his entire attention to one thing and does that one thing better than anybody else. The J. G. McDonald company will be a chocolate specialist.

The revolution in the McDonald Factory is the outcome of mature deliberation, though it must be confessed that the country-wide public that enjoys,



in ever-increasing volume, the products of the company, has had much to do with the radical departure from the methods of other days. This because the public, recognizing the merit of the McDonald chocolates, has insisted upon having them in such increasing quantities that the management recognized the arrival of the time when it must devote its entire time and talent to this branch of the candy industry.

Much of the McDonald reputation is due to chocolates—though in the days that are gone the company has furnished literally millions of pounds of other candies to satisfied patrons. The McDonald chocolates are known where other chocolates have never been heard of, and the field is widening at a rate sufficient to justify the creation of the exclusive factory, the only one of its kind between Cincinnati and the Pacific Coast.

In other years the J. G. McDonald Candy company has been purchasing its chocolate coating from eastern manufacturers. An idea of the magnitude of the business may be gathered from the fact that \$100,000 worth of this coating was purchased this year from a single firm. Henceforth the coating will be made in Salt Lake at the McDonald factory, and one of the best experts in Germany is now on his way to take charge of that particular branch of the work.

Mr. J. G. McDonald says that, after all, there are just three short rules for the making of chocolates, three rules that have guided him in his years of experience, three rules that will guide him to the end of the chapter. The first of these rules is PURITY. The second is PURITY. And the third is the same as the first and the second, PURITY.

The very air within the walls of the great factory of the J. G. McDonald Candy company is filtered. If you have the McDonald chocolate habit—don't visit the factory with any expectation of curing it. A visit won't cure you; it will only confirm the habit. For you will see floors that are spotless, materials that are far fresher and purer than those used in the average household, cleanliness everywhere.

From the bean to the bon bon. That's the McDonald way.

Do you wonder now why McDonald feeds the world chocolates?

Established over forty years.

The J. G. McDonald Candy Company, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

Comes the wall of the newly-born—
Yet must he bide a while here;
Comes the dawn of a mother's morn,
And must we meet, a new year.

"Oh, mamma, what do you think?"
Betty was breathless with running.
"Clara's mamma found a brand new
baby on their front doorstep this morn-
ing."

Mrs. Benson exclaimed.

"Yes, she did, mamma; a tiny,
twenty girl-baby."

Mrs. Benson gasped.

"Isn't it dreadful, though?" contin-
ued Betty, mistaking the exclamation
and the gasp for natural consternation
over such an occurrence. Betty was
still too much of a baby herself to de-
tect a hidden something underlying the
tone and expression of her mother.

"I suppose God must have left it
there for a New Year's gift," said Mrs.
Benson when she finally found her
tongue.

"But, mamma," cried the child in
horror, "God surely would not leave a
baby out in the cold and rain on a
doorstep. Think of my dollies out in
the rain!" Betty to make sure of her
children crossed the room and peeped at
them in their miniature crib.

Mrs. Benson made further remarks
about God watching over the little
stranger till the family should find it,
but they found no lodgement in the
child's brain, nor did they impart com-
fort to her heart.

"But, mamma," she reasoned, "Santa
Claus did not leave my dollies out on
the doorstep, and God knows more
and is kinder than Santa Claus."

Mrs. Benson was silenced for the
moment. A child's knowledge of the
deep problems is sometimes startling.

"Yes, God knows more and is kinder
than Santa Claus, Betty," she answer-
ed, vaguely. Betty waited for her to
say more, but she said no more, so the
child made herself busy with her dollies.

Mrs. Benson had traveled into the
past; the hidden something underlying
her previous exclamation and gasp up-
on the child's sudden and unexpected
information was a secret—some few
years back, one New Year's morning,
she had gathered into her arms and
heart from a basket left on her own
doorstep—Betty.

Rachel was very quiet up in her play-
room in the garret. A set of blue and
white dishes were arranged on a little
table before her. It was unusual for
Rachel to be quiet; she was not what
loved might term an angel-child; the
house as a rule was in turmoil and
strife owing to her moods and antics.

It was only last Christmas day—barely
a week away—she had been made to
go to bed after dinner for the rest of
the afternoon and evening, because of
her tyranny over the other children.

"Rachel," her mother had said in a
grieved tone, "it simply breaks my
heart to punish you on Christmas day."
"Why do you do it then?" responded
Rachel promptly, as she marched up the
stairs in front of her mother. She was
fearless as to the consequences follow-
ing her willful and insolent answers to
her parents, especially when punish-
ment was forthcoming.

"How can you answer mother so,
Rachel?"
"It's punishment, anyway, mother, so
I might as well say all I think before
it happens."

over a new leaf on New Year's day?"
Rachel was sullen.
"Answer mother, promise to be a bet-
ter girl during the coming year, and
I'll make this punishment lighter."

"Oh, it will be bad enough, I guess,
without promises," retorted the child,
whereupon, without further words of
ceremony she was undressed and put
to bed.

"I am sorry, Rachel, to deprive you the
pleasure of seeing the tree after it is
lighted."

"Well, I guess a rest will be good for
me," answered this child, game to the
last.

It was only a few days following
Christmas that Rachel had been told
that unless she promised to do thus
and so, she could not go to the matinee.
As she never made promises, she re-
mained at home. When her mother and
sisters returned, she was entertaining a
houseful of the neighbor children.

"I forbade your going to a single
neighbor's house, Rachel," said her
mother sternly.

"I didn't, mother; I phoned Mamie
Williams to go to the rounds of the neigh-
bors for me, and invite the children
here. Great punishment, wasn't it?"

This time father came forward with
his particular mode of punishment, and
the neighbors' children stole out of the
house holding their ears and looking
scared.

But to go back to the garret scene
and the blue and white dishes. Rachel
was pondering the ways and means of
escaping punishment which she knew
was inevitable should she be found out
in her present guilt.

"It will be another new leaf to turn
over, if mother finds out," she whis-
pered to a colleague of the same piece
on the blue and white dishes. "I am sick of
these everlasting new leaves, and I
think I'd just as soon go to bed; but
just the same I'd rather mother didn't
see these dishes."

"Where did you get them, Rachel?"
asked a quiet voice.

Rachel, for once off her guard, jumped
and shrieked. She covered the dishes
with her apron.

"Where did you get those dishes,
Rachel Andrus?" demanded her mother,
a mighty fear gathering in her breast.
"Oh, mother, that's between me and
Tillie."

"Answer me, Rachel!"
Silence.
"I'm waiting."
"I am not going to tell."
"Then you sleep in the garret, to-
night."

"Oh, no!" in terror.
Sleeping in the great, spooky, shad-
owy garret was always the last pun-
ishment, and the most effectual, ever
heaped upon Rachel. It had been known
to frighten her into actual goodness and
obedience for two whole days.

"From whom did you take them?"

"Jenny!"
"Pack them up, and don't break one;
take them to Jenny's mother, tell her
you took them and ask her forgive-
ness."

"I'll take them back, but I won't
ask anybody's forgiveness."
"I'll go with you, and if you don't
ask forgiveness, all your Christmas
presents shall be taken from you, and
you'll occupy the garret for one week."

"I'll ask her forgiveness, if I don't
have to sleep in the garret, tonight."
"You sleep in the garret tonight for
the lie."

"Tonight, anyhow, is it?"
"Anyhow."

"Oh, well, it might as well be a week
—I'm apt to be sick after the first
night, anyway."

Just here a second unexpected thing
happened. Rachel's father had stood
on the stairs and overheard it all. He
now appeared on the scene looking like
a thundercloud. And the thunder was
heard, and it was not mere mutterings.
Rachel was sentenced to a week's im-
prisonment in the garret. "That night
as her mother tucked her in—trust a
mother even after so much wickedness
—Rachel concluded:

"Oh, I guess I'll mind a week so
much, so long as I don't have to turn
over a new leaf, on New Year's."

There's a tiny baby blossom newly
breathing in my garden.
Such a tiny baby blossom, I declare!
'Tis so delicately moulded in its leaves
so closely folded.

I scarcely dare approach it peeping
there.

Grandma was holding the new boy-
baby.
"He hasn't any chin," said Millie.
"He has, too," said Marjory in dis-
gust.

"Yes, he has two," said grandma,
gently pushing down the snowy em-
broidery, and displaying the soft little
rolls of throat.

"The nurse pinched his nose into
shape," continued Millie, "I saw her—
it was just flat."

"He may be fine-looking some day,"
father put in, "but he certainly has not
much beauty to brag about, now."

"Oh, papa!" Marjory pouted; "he's
just a picture."

"He may be fine-looking some day,"
to the appearance of the baby, the only
son: "all I can see is mouth."

"He's going to be a singer," added
Marjory.

"Where did you hear him already; high
tenor?"

SUCCESS WITH DRY FARMING.

How a Farmer of Eastern Colorado
Solved the Problem.

An inspection trip to western Kansas
or eastern Colorado during the cropping
season will convince the rankest skeptic
that the dry farming proposition has
results of the most substantial kind to
back it up. Old men who have lived
on the plains and attempted to farm
there for the past 25 years will tell you
that they are just beginning to learn
how to farm. They are just beginning
to wean themselves from old methods
of farming. They no longer plant their
crops and sit down to wait for a rain,
but keep everlastingly "courting" their
fields. They make the most of what
they have and by keen observation in-
crease the yield of the soil. They are
slowly developing methods that seem to
produce crops in abundance under the
most adverse conditions. The follow-
ing letter recently received from W. T.
Callaway of Vernon, Col., by Prof. W.
H. Cline at the Colorado Agricultural
college, is the testimony of many of
the successful farmers on the plains:

A NEW PROBLEM TO SOLVE.

"I harvested 55 bushels per acre, by
weight, of wheat on my farm here last
year. What I have done, any man
with brains and brawn backed up by
grim determination can do."

"In the first place, wife and I have
had a hard row to hoe, living from the
bottom of the ladder a portion of the
time, but always playing the game. We
tried for 15 years to farm as we did in
the east and the result was one con-
tinual failure. We had a problem—a
new one—here to solve and we have
kept at it until we have at least made
a start. We have labored under the
greatest difficulty that any agricultural
community ever had to put up with,
being harassed by the cowboys, hooted
at by the cattle kings, and roasted by
the agricultural press. When we raised
a big crop the fact was never men-
tioned in the papers, but mind you,
when we made a failure, columns of 'I
told you so' were written. We pioneers
out here on the plains were deluged
with advice to get out of the country
and leave it to the cattle men, for
whom nature intended it. This advice
only served to make us all the more de-
termined—for no money accompanied
the advice to move and we had to stay."

THE CAMPBELL SYSTEM.

"It was 'root hog or die' with us and
we kept trying. Finally here and there
a farmer would raise a good crop, and
we were all after him to know how he
did it. Just like drowning men grasping
at straws. We then began to read
about the Campbell system and began
to think for ourselves. In 1891 I sowed
a half bushel of oats per acre and the
birds gobbled half of it before I could
get it covered. I harvested it and
the threshers recorded 50 bushels per
acre. Wife and I made enough money
out of the crop that year to take a trip
to look for a new location. We were
down into Kansas and Oklahoma and
returned home satisfied that we could
do well where we were."

A DRY SEASON'S BIG CROP.

"The winter of 1903 was a dry, open
one. I drilled in some winter wheat in
corn stubble in January. No moisture
fell until May 27. The grain did not
sprout and I planted the field in corn.
The weeds and scattering wheat
choked out the corn. With a six-horse
team and a lister I went over that field
and turned under every growing thing
on it. This was completed by the last
of June. I used my toothed harrow in
July after a good rain, and seeded the
ground to Turkey red wheat about the
middle of September, putting one-half
bushel per acre into the ground. I
harvested 48 bushels per acre from
this field. My neighbors said it was a
fine showing, but it was an accident
and dared me to do it again. I told
them I not only could do as well, but
could beat that record. And I did."

FIFTY-FIVE BUSHELS AN ACRE.

October, I listed 22 acres of wheat
stubble. This was left until some time
in June, when it was again listed, the
ridges being split open. I leveled
down the ridges in July with a disc
cultivator. I cultivated this in August
after a heavy rain, the object being to
keep the surface of the ground loose.
Then I drilled in Turkey red wheat at
the rate of a half bushel per acre.
Nothing more was done with the field
until harvest time, when it was cut and
threshed and the yield made good my
assertion, the record being 55 bushels
per acre actual measure, the weight
making the amount even greater. My
harvest this year promises to be
equally as good or better, so I believe
that so far as my particular com-
munity is concerned, we have to some ex-
tent solved the question of farming on
the plains. I do not say, however, that
my system will give the same results
in every region on the plains, but so far
as Vernon is concerned I have every
reason to believe that I have won."

through speech, or for reception
through eye or ear, may be wholly
destroyed, and yet the mind may be
able to create for itself through an-
other part of the brain an instrument
for the reception of life from others
and for the expression of life to others.
The experience of Helen Keller strik-
ingly illustrates this truth. When 19
months old she had an attack, pre-
sumably, of cerebro-spinal meningi-
tis, which left her totally and per-
manently blind and deaf; hence also
dumb. She was thus left wholly in-
dependent upon her senses of smell,
taste and touch for all her information
and could communicate her wants and
feelings to others only by bodily
actions which she had learned to
associate in her mind with states of
pleasure and pain, but which, natu-
rally enough, were often interpreted
or misinterpreted by others. At
seven years of age her teacher began
the attempt to bring her into contact
with the life of others through the
sense of touch. It came at last in
the following way: "Miss Sullivan
had her hold a mug in her hand at a
pump, and as the cold water filled
the mug and ran on her hand the
teacher traced anew the letters
w-a-t-e-r on the palm of her free
hand. Miss Sullivan writes: 'She
dropped the mug and stood as one
transfixed.'

THE EXPERIENCE OF HELEN KELLER.

What is still more curious, more in-
teresting, and to us more conclusive,
is the fact that the portion of the
brain which is used for expression

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS AND HER SON.



The little lad in the picture will some day become the Duke of Manchester
if he lives to succeed his father. He is actually more of an American than an
Englishman, his mother being the daughter of Eugene Zimmerman of Cin-
cinnati, and his paternal grandmother, born Consuelo Yznaga, a member of a
well known New York family. Little Lord Mandeville is quite an important
personage—hair to the dukedom and to the millions of his American grand-

"A new light came into her face.
She spelled water several times. The
great step was gained when this blind,
deaf, and dumb girl suddenly under-
stood that the symbol traced on her
palm meant—water. She had got a
word! From that moment her per-
sonality was set free, like a prisoner
allowed to leave a dark dungeon to
go wherever he lists, for now for the
first time she knew that everything
had a name, which she could learn on
her palm. She tried to teach her dog
by tracing the word water on his paws,
but failed. Why? Because there was
not back of the brain of the dog that
which was back of the brain of the
girl. From this step she went on in
the development of her mind until she
graduated with honors at Radcliffe
college, well versed in science, mathe-
matics, literature, and live languages.
How had she accomplished this feat?
We say by the sense of touch. What
do we mean by that; as the sense of
touch is the most diffused over the
surface of the body of all the senses,
so it is of all the senses the least
specialized in the brain. Its anatomical
seat in the brain center is even
yet not fully demonstrated. But Helen
Keller, by constant practice, made this
brain center render the service which
the other portions of the brain could
no longer render because they had
been destroyed by disease. Destroy
one of the strings in the Aeolian harp
and the wind will never get the note
of the string out of the other strings;
but if one of the strings in the violin
snaps the skillful performer will some-
times make another string do its work.
This is what was done in Helen Kel-
ler's case. If there is no mind, what
did this?"—The Outlook.

DEATH FROM LOCKJAW.

never follows an injury dressed with
Buckley's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic
and healing properties prevent blood
poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant,
of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It
cured 8th St. of this place, of the
ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw."
Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores,
25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-114
S. Main St., drug store.

MEN WITH GREEN HAIR.

"Copper is scarce," said a broker,
"but there is still enough of it left to
turn the copper workers' hair green."
"His hair green?"
"Precisely. In those copper distric-
ts where the ore is of a low grade,
it is roasted in open furnaces to refine
it and make it more marketable. A
gas emanates from the furnaces that
turns the firemen's hair a bright green.
This gas contains arsenic; it is a fine
arsenic green that the firemen's hair
takes on."

"So, if you ever see a man with
green hair, you can say, a la Sherlock
Holmes:
"There, my dear Watson, is a cop-
per furnace tender."

"Well, ma'am?" inquired the floor-
per furnace tender.
"Walker," "I wish," she said, "to get a
Christmas present for my husband."
"How long married?" the man ask-
ed.

"Eleven years," was the reply.
"He pointed to the left."
"Bargains down that aisle," he said.



Jos. E. Taylor,
PIONEER UNDERTAKER

Of Utah. Open day and night. Factory
and Warehouses No. 283 E. First South
Salt Lake City, Utah.