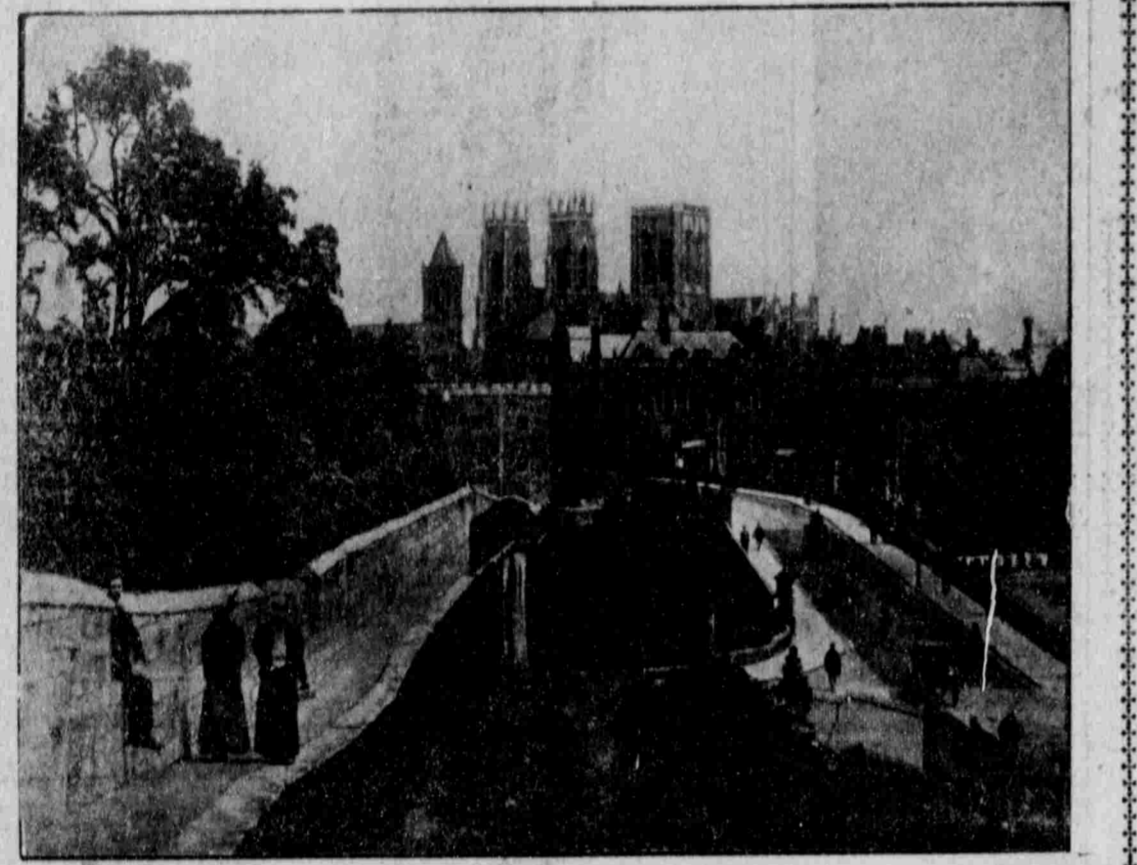


UTAH BOY IN OLD ENGLAND.

Tongue-Twisting Kinks in the Yorkshire Dialect—A Military Sunday and Something of the British Horse-Racing Craze—Whitsuntide and the Flower Show.

It makes me grin when you hear folks talk about being independent. As you've seen some curious things in my time but never such a curiosity as that.

Whether kings or paupers were all dependant of one or another. The chap at comes nearest to being independent in him a gotten now he can lose. As off blame mine becomes again dissatisfied with what we have an cannot help feeling a bit envious when we see others who have some much more; an aw good to th' wife for a bit of consolation—



YORK FROM THE CITY WALLS.

An aw get it—for shoo tells me aw've muddy by twice but misen, and it aw'd acted on her advice aw should have been drivin about 'f mi own carriage, an if aw doozant aver aw'd soon be in th' workhouse where aw should be nah if it wozn't for her, son aw rest thankful to know aw've gotten her."

No, this isn't a new language. It's just a bit of Yorkshire dialect for our young Yankies to twist their tongues on. I clipped it from John Hartley's annual "Clock Almanak." I'd suggest trying to read it in the morning, with your mouth full of hot mush to assist in the pronunciation. I've been here more than two months now, and still find it difficult to understand the conversation of a genuine "Yorkshireman."

An old newspaper carrier passes our lodgings each night, calling out the names of papers he has to sell, but the only word I've been able to grasp from his lingo is "papers." Can't even catch on to the price. I asked the landlady if the "paper" man spoke English, and she said, "Why, certainly, can't you understand him? Possibly not; he's a Yorkshireman and speaks the broad dialect of this part of England. You'll get used to it after awhile." I told her I might, but as yet I am a "stranger."

I presume it will be proper to state something about where I brought me into this part of the United Kingdom. I, like many other young men of Utah, was honored with a call to preach the Gospel, leaving Salt Lake City on the 11th of April, this year. I visited some of the principal eastern cities of the United States and left Boston on the 23rd, sailing on the steamship Mayflower for Liverpool. Arrived at the latter place on the morning of May 3, after a pleasant trip; was met by some of the elders from 42 churches, and escorted by them to the historic headquarters of the European mission. On the morning of the 5th President Francis M. Lyman appointed me to travel in the Grimby conference, and I was soon on my way.

Arriving at Hull, the headquarters of this conference, at night, remained here until the following morning when President Roscoe K. Grover assigned me to labor with Elder Hugh C. Watson in the old city of York. I reached this town in the afternoon of the same day and was soon introduced to the duties of a "Mormon" missionary. I have thoroughly enjoyed my labors thus far. There are no members of the church here, but I have raised up friends who are investigating the Gospel. Our daily work consists of tracting from door to door, holding fireside and threshold conversations, and preaching on the streets in the evenings.

We meet some opposition, but our principal difficulty is the indifference of the people, produced by the confusing religious teachings that are promulgated by the various professors of Christianity. Our partial success lies in the number of "home" conversations we are permitted to have; in that way we are to an extent enabled to allay the prejudices against our cause, and arouse a limited degree of interest in "Mormonism."

To walk through the streets of this old town, and see the dozens of churches, one would think the citizens had little else to do than go to church. The truth is, the majority of the people of York are not religiously inclined, but are quite loyal in supporting churches, chapels and clergy. It is not my purpose to dwell upon religious matters in this article, but rather tell something about the people and the town they live in. I can probably do this best by relating some of the "big events" I have witnessed.

MILITARY SUNDAY.

This celebration occurred May 10, and the exercises of the occasion were conducted in the famous York Minster. It is an annual affair, and is held in honor of the soldiers. This was the nineteenth anniversary and, like its predecessors, was marked with much pomp and ceremony. Fifteen hundred soldiers were in line with two full military bands; the latter, with the splendid pipe

the various races; sufficient to say they were all interesting and exciting.

WHITSUNTIDE.

After ten days from the ascension, which from the first Lord's Day is the fifteenth day, do you see a great festival on the day the Lord Jesus sent us the gift of the Holy Ghost— the Apostolical Constitution, vol. 20.

This holiday season usually lasts four or five days, and is always commenced with appropriate services in the churches on a stated Sunday. This year the dates covered by the celebration were May 30 to June 3. The text of all sermons preached on the Sunday was "The Holy Ghost," particular reference being made to its bestowment on the disciples of Christ on the day of Pentecost. The churches were usually well patronized, the extra attendants being principally ladies intent on showing their new bonnets and dresses, like their American sisters do at Easter times.

I attended the Church of England services. The music was exceptionally fine, but the recitation of the prayers and creed became very tiresome.

After the services the day was devoted to pleasure seeking, Italy, no riding and country excursions. Those who

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gray haired veteran puffs away at his old clay pipe, lovingly clutched in a pinched and wrinkled fist!

THE FLOWER SHOW.

"The Yorkshire Gala," is held every June in this city. It is somewhat like our "fair" at home, except that it is devoted principally to flowers, with a small exhibit of fruits and garden stuffs. It is the best show of its kind in the United Kingdom, being conducted under the patronage of His Majesty, the King. (However, it does not necessarily follow that he should attend; at least he was not present this year). The exhibition lasts three days, and occupies several large tents pitched in the Bootham asylum grounds, in a prominent part of the city. Prizes are awarded for different varieties of flora, and the competition is lively, competitors coming from various localities with beautiful exhibits.

I doubt very much if a finer or more artistic display could be arranged anywhere (not excepting California, "the land of flowers") than was seen here June 25, 26 and 27. Carnations measuring 6 inches across were shown, and many choice and new varieties of this lovely flower. Roses, lilies, geraniums, begonias, pansies and other common flowers were in great abundance, and in the best American products, while dozens of varieties of more fancy plants, some of which are comparatively unknown in our country, were exhibited. Considerable space was given to showing decorative plants, shrubbery and trees; this part of the garden arousing a good share of the admiration of the thousands of visitors who thronged the enclosure day and evening. A special display of rare orchids was given, some of these plants being valued as high as \$100 each, in our money \$500. The fruits were quite ordinary, though what was shown was excellent in quality; the same may be said of the vegetables.

ANNUAL MAY RACES.

The annual horse racing at York is an event looked forward to by the whole of the racing fraternity of England. It is usually marked by the breaking of records, and by the attendance of representatives of the aristocracy and nobility. This year the race days were May 19, 20 and 21, and each day saw a crowd of from 30,000 to 35,000 gathered on the racetrack, a large green plain near the town, with a two-mile circular track. Several sporting clubs have their own club houses and grand stands, erected in a line just behind the grandstand and announcement platform. These were crowded with the "upper classes." The ladies were especially well dressed, hundreds of them appearing in the latest styles of most fashionable and expensive costumes. These "ladies" and gentlemen, (for it must be remembered it is only the "wealthier" classes who are honored with such designations) in all their brilliant and expensive attire, contrasted with the thousands of "common folks" who jostled each other in the free enclosure inside the track. This free space is very large, extending along the course for about a quarter of a mile opposite the grandstand. It was crowded with a mass of humanity, eagerly craning their necks to see the finish of each race.

All the events were running races, and of course the best blooded race horses were entered. The excitement was high. There were dozens of "bookies," poolers I believe they are called in America, booking bets, and among the crowd were retired jockeys "speering" themselves hoarse in efforts to sell "tips" on the races, each pretending to know every horse and their capabilities. These tips are printed on cards and sold just before each event, at from three-pence to a shilling each.

"With books and money placed for show. Like nesteggs to make clients lay, And for his false opinions pay."

The fever of "chance" runs just as high here as I imagine it does in America; on this occasion poor working men eagerly poured their hard earned money into the coffers of the clever gamblers. Soldiers, sailors, laborers, clerks, busboys, men, rich men, poor men, beggars and thieves reputable and disreputable—all betting, and all apparently against the "sure thing" men, who have never not been beaten at their own game. One critic has said: "How hard their job, the neither won nor lost."

There would be fever heat aches if his gambling evil were expunged from these harmless pastimes; thousands of homes could be blessed with peace thus stupidly squandered.

Scattered about the grounds were refreshment stands of various kinds, and though the crowd passed a stream of busy souls, selling and fruit vendors, blind, lame and otherwise crippled creatures working upon the sympathies of the multitude; and every where the fairer was catching the untidy with his clever tricks of giving something for nothing.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as of cheating."

I think England owes all the nations in consumption of intoxicating liquors. I was staggered by the sight of so many drunken men, women, boys and girls. This state of drunken depravity was not confined to the penny "pinter" either, but was also painfully apparent among the gentry, whose wealth allowed them to satisfy their appetites with champagne and other expensive wines. The poor man who created a disturbance was quickly arrested by a police, while the rich ones who acted boisterously were taken to their homes in soft cushioned cabs. It would be of little interest to recumb the results of

Two theaters are supported, but the class of shows is usually second and third rate. The best musical event that has transpired in these parts recently was a grand concert given on the 4th of July, afternoon and evening, by the Royal Band of Rome, under the direction of Con. Uff Alessandri Vessella. It is composed of 75 pieces, each piece in the hands of a professor, and, as with Sousa, each instrumentalist has been carefully chosen and tutored by the eminent conductor. This town hasn't an auditorium that can compare with the Tabernacle at Salt Lake. The volume of music by this band was so great that the heavier renditions were greatly marred by the smallness of the concert hall. The program rendered was of the choicest, and displaying the fine attainments of the artists. It was only in consequence of the king of Italy's visit to his majesty King Edward at this particular time that this organization was allowed to leave Rome. Needless to say everywhere the band has been greeted with large, appreciative and enthusiastic audiences.

Considerable pleasure is afforded the people here in boating swimming, fishing and boomer riding on the River Ouse, which slowly winds through this town connecting with other towns along its course, and providing a means of cheap freighting. A nice row-boat can be hired for 12s an hour or a trip in the steamer River King, for a distance of 12 or 16 miles can be had for the same small sum. A good band always accompanies these excursions, which are made twice a day. Beautiful white avens are seen gliding on the river alongside the small boats, now and then going close to be fed from the hand of some maiden out rowing with her radiant brow.

The streets are lined with cabs, hired old postlers with one horse, and a driver who sits high up at the back and dances the reins over the front. Ask the caddy how far it is to any place, he doesn't answer by telling you the distance, but informs you how long it takes to get there; in fact everyone here answers in that manner; all distances being measured by minutes.

Our children at home would laugh to see how the boys and girls are shod and stockinged here. In the first place shoes are called "boots," slippers and oxfords are called "shoes." The sole on the "boots" is usually very hard, besides, the leather is very hard, and lily shaped. Hundreds of children wear no shoes or stockings, simply because they're too poor to have them. During these "boots," I should say, is utterly unknown here. Notwithstanding unpromising conditions, children seem to swarm here.

"That English weather is about as changeable as a woman's mind," is certainly true; all kinds in a day—every one may be satisfied by waiting an hour or two for the changes. I dare say this is also true of many other parts of the great round world; wherever we go we have a complaint to lodge against the weather. After one gets acclimated, England is a delightful place. There are none of the severe extremes that we experience in the Rocky mountains. The even temperature keeps the whole country in a perpetual mantle of beautiful green, and flowers bloom in the fields the whole year round. Remember I am writing about York.—Written for the Deseret News by Elder Malcolm McAllister.

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