

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

A LITTLE country cousin, weaz, footsore, and far from home, was wandering east on South Temple street, one evening last week, just as the great cold moon was peering over the Wasatch. Many miles had he traveled afoot that day, about the city and even into the suburbs. He was just a very little boy of 9 or 10 years, but seemingly quite able to take care of himself in a strange place, and with a deal of shrewdness tucked away in his head. He had been walking steadily along, attracting the attention of two ladies who were walking directly behind him.

"What's the matter, my boy," asked the elder of the two.

"Jimmy—for that was his name—dashed away the tears with the back of his hand, and answered: "Just nothin', mum; seems to be somethin' in my eye; please can you tell me how far it is to Ninth East?"

"Five long blocks yet,"

"Yes; they are awful long blocks, and when I get to Ninth East, then I have to drop down 10 long blocks, and then that is where some of my relatives

the autos dashed by. "I seen one the minute I got off the train; I knowed it right off, too."

"Where did you go after getting off the train?" The younger woman was interested. "To breakfast?"

"No, mum; I had breakfast awful early. I went up to the cemetery."

"The cemetery?"

"Yes, you see grandma's up there; but I couldn't find her grave."

"Did you walk up there?"

"Course; and then I walked down to the city and county house, and then I went through the temple grounds, and the tithing office, and then it was noon."

Both women gasped. "And then did you have your lunch?" asked the motherly one.

"No, mum; but I had my dinner."

"Where did you go?"

"To the bakery; dad always goes there when he comes up. It was good, too—buns and root beer."

"What have you done this afternoon?"

"After dinner I went about town abut; and then it was time for the Orpheum—great stunts they do down there; and then I went down to the Salt Palace."

"Salt Palace?" It was time to gasp again.

"Yes; but that's no salt palace; doesn't even look as if it was sprinkled with salt. Thought it would be all white and sparkly."

"Well, after the Salt Palace, it was dark, was it not?"

"Kind of; I wanted to see the town after it was all lit up, and I fell in with a newsboy, and he showed me some things." For some reason, Jimmy was silent on what the newsboy had to offer in the way of entertainment.

"Think I'd like to be a newsboy—so easy to see and know things. Nice

streets and houses here; we just have paths and dust and weeds; and crows in the streets, not cars and automobiles. It was written all over this little fellow that he did not intend being a farmer, all his life."

"Here comes your car, Jimmy."

"Oh, goodly! Thought they come quicker than that."

"They do as a rule, and the women smiled; "but your's comes every other one."

As the car bore him away through the chilly night, the elder lady said, seriously: "I hope he'll find a welcome and a warm meal; he's such a baby; now, imagine my Verne in his shoes. I almost felt guilty at letting him go."

"Don't worry, Aunt; trust him for finding the place, and knowing every nut and screw in that car by heart, before reaching there, too."

"But he was crying, wasn't he, Ma-bell?"

"Yes; but he was too manly to let it be known. He'll make Congress yet, if he has to walk every step of the way."

A mother and little brood stood on the corner of Main and South Temple streets. Automobile after automobile went dashing by. All were too timid to cross, save the oldest boy, who was ready to dare anything.

"Oh, come ahead," he grumbled, "what's you skeered at?"

"Now, you just wait a minute, will you, Amos?"

"Ah, sugar! come ahead; what's the matter with you?"

"Well, you'll soon know what's the matter, if one of them gas machines mows you down, Amos Myers."

"Ah, shucks."

"My land! Tillie, look at that; I'd hate to ride in one of them things. Now, what's Amos crying about?"

"Well," whined Amos, "Amos keeps a-jerkin' me."

"Amos Myers?"

"Well, then, come ahead; I'm tired a-waitin'."

"You'll wait a long time before I bring you again."

Amos muttered to himself.

"What's that you're saying, sir?"

"Nuthin'."

"It had better be nothing. Now, Tillie, hold tight to little Joe, we can cross, all right—there; my! where's Amos and Amos? Oh, there they are. My heart was in my mouth for a minute, honest. This baby's getting awful heavy—but then we're all over safe."

"Mother, now that you're over, can't you go on and let me stay down town," wailed Amos.

"What! and have your mangled remains gathered up from under one of them machines? Not if I know it, Amos Myers."

The pleading look on the boy's countenance suddenly changed to one of determination, and he said viciously to Tillie, as they all dragged up North Main: "Just you wait, Tillie; I'm going to get a lift in one of them automobiles or bust."

"What building is this?" asked a

genteel-looking old lady to her friend, as they turned the corner on the car.

"Don't put on airs, Ann Eliza," said the plainspoken old lady, her friend. You know very well that you used to go to that very spot for milk, when a little girl."

"It's no the tithing office, Jane? Aye, to be sure!"

"It's where the tithin' office used to be. I'm glad you're not quite off your head, Ann Eliza."

"Ah, yes, I remember, now; and we used to go barefooted, and the ground would hurt so at first, before we were used to it."

"And do you mind how one day you fell and split the milk all over your ankles? And how you set up a cryin' and was afraid to go home?"

"To me sure, and I recall what you said, Jane."

"And what did I say?"

"You said, and it made me laugh away the tears—'It's no use crying over split milk.'"

Two old men stood in front of the Z. C. M. L. They were shaking hands and exchanging confidences. They were talking of their wives, and one said:

"My old 'oman's that extravagant, I didn't bring her this time. She wants all the finery she sees in the shops."

"Mine's in her grave," said the other, cheerfully. "She was that aggravatin' at times, there was no livin' with her in peace—why!" and his flat came down on the other's palm, "she was enough to aggravate the good Lord, himself."

"Peace be to her soul," said the other, and they turned the conversation to politics.

"O memories!"

"That bless and burn!"

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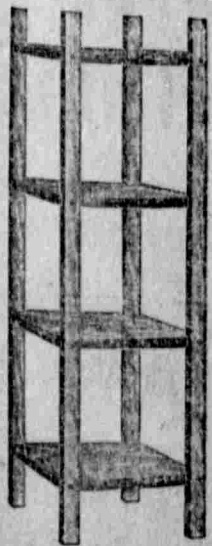
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