

SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

A FEW days ago Elsie and I chance to meet on a south Main car. Elsie is just turned 19 and is a very good friend of mine. She is always full of news, and as it was a month since we had not seen several items of great importance, last and best was: "Have you heard that Janet is to be married to Mr. — in September?" Isn't that heavenly? O don't you think it's just the nicest thing in all the world to be married?" Then my little dear became conscious that her enthusiasm had led her to say a good deal more than she had intended and she blushed most charmingly.

Had Bob been there and seen that blush I know it would have been all up with him. Bob calls on Elsie fairly often, but he is only 21 or 22 and is a plain honest lad who does not fashion pretty sentimental words meaning nothing. Some day fancy there will be an explosion and Bob's deep feeling will be revealed to himself as well as to another. In the meantime Elsie's blush disclosed the fact that she was dreaming.

Elsie's question in regard to "the nicest thing in all the world" (still unanswered) recalls a somewhat different conversation I had recently with a Salt Lake woman, 10 years Elsie's senior. Mrs. B. had been married two years and was not my most ardent friend before marriage, but during the last year I have been drawn more to her, for she has seemed to me not altogether happy and in need of sympathy. Lately she started me by remarking, "Married life isn't all it's cracked up to be."

"Why," I remonstrated, "I should think you had all a woman could wish to make her happy—a home in which everything is new and pretty, a healthy baby boy, and a husband who is a good provider, who never disagrees, and who is all devotion. What more do you want?"

"Yes, my husband is good to me, but do you know I get tired of it all. Sometimes I almost wish he were not so attached to me. I shouldn't be so attached to him for two weeks, a month, a half year. Perhaps I am selfish and unreasonable, but I can't help it. However, I ought not to burden you with my woes, which are very, very uninteresting. My sister Mabel, whom I haven't seen for 10 years, is coming the latter part of this week for a visit. You'll come to see her, won't you? Her husband is a commander in the navy, and now in the Philippines. She could tell you what a hard life married life is; her husband is loud-mouthed, somewhat coarse, somewhat too fond of whisky. I have heard from others, however, she knows pretty well how to manage him and she'll never say a word against him."

"Perhaps she appeals to his better nature and thus secures a nobler man than do the others," I suggested.

"Yes; that may be," she admitted. "Certainly she is devoted to him and he appears to think something of her. Still a woman who has five children and has to look out for the management of everything herself, cannot have a very easy time of it, now, can she?"

Mrs. B. said Smith (this of course is not her real name) arrived and I expressed my sympathy for anyone whose husband had worked that kept him at such a distance. She thanked me and responded with a smile, perhaps a little sad but full of sweetness, "O we in the navy get accustomed to that and try to make the best of it."

"But don't you feel dreadfully when he goes away for two or three months?" I asked.

"Two or three months? His cruises have been more often two or three years. But if there are the sorrows of parting there are also the joys of meeting, and I always try to think of the latter even when he is about to leave. It is now three years and one month since I have seen him. He is now on his way home and I expect to meet him here in about two weeks. Isn't that beautiful?" and though Mrs. Smith is past 40, her eyes glistened with a radiance that would have been charming even in Elsie's dreaming of Bob or some one else.

"How long will he be able to remain on shore this time?" asked Mrs. B., who had lately joined us.

"Two years, at least, we can't expect more than that. I have little idea where we shall be. He has applied for duty at the League Island navy-yard, Philadelphia, but he may be sent to Mare Island, Cal., there is no telling. O, it will be good to have him with me again."

"I should think it would be good to have him near when it comes to looking after the five children," interposed Mrs. —.

"Oh, it isn't that," Mrs. Smith answered; "I always take the care and management of the family on myself. You see James has been away more than half of the 15 years that we have been married, and as it happens so often in the navy that an officer has to leave within a very few days after receiving orders, I have commonly done the packing and moving myself. I think I have changed home more than 10 times during the past 15 years, and it has meant a good deal of work for me. I dislike moving so much on the children's account quite as much as on my own."

Take our record for the past seven years. Pensacola, Florida; Boston, Massachusetts; Dayton, Ohio; Norfolk, Virginia; and then our present position in school. However, it means everything to have a home. In only two weeks I shall be expecting a telegram telling of Mr. Smith's arrival at San Francisco. But do you know I always dread that telegram of arrival. I have been with others when it was news of a sick husband returning to this country or worse than that."

There was apparently a good deal of difference between the home life as well as the husbands of the two sisters, yet if Commander Smith had a composition somewhat coarse as Mrs. B. had suggested, his wife certainly appreciated him for his best, and her much interrupted home yielded her a great deal of joy and pleasure.

"There is something for Mrs. B. to think about," I mused, and further as I recalled the unanswered question I wonder if the picture of sentimental Elsie was altogether wrong.

"No love like mother-love ever has shown," sang one of our poets, and we all know some of those noble women who, having been denied the blessing of children, have bestowed all the wealth of their love on homeless little ones, sometimes adopting them and giving them all the advantages and all the tenderness they would have lavished on their own."

Not long ago a well known citizen was offered an excellent position in one of our flourishing camps and soon thereafter left with his wife to make a new home in a new town. It was a matter of deep regret to them both that no children had blessed their union, and they finally decided to adopt one. They notified relatives in Salt Lake of their intention, asking them to make inquiries into the matter. One of the relatives, a physician fortunately, knew of "just the baby"—a fine healthy infant of honest parentage in need of a home. In answer to his letter explaining conditions, he received a telegram from his brother saying "Mary will leave on the morning train for Salt Lake," for their impatience was so great that not a moment could be lost and a quick journey by rail and stage on short notice was the merest trifle.

The prize at the journey's end was worth any amount of self-sacrifice. Such a boy! Of course, the mother was such another. There never were such gurgles, there never were such dimples; in fact he was all dimples; and when he smiled it was like a flood of sunshine, shedding radiance on all. The prospective father was wired that baby had been secured, and that they would be home as soon as the adoption papers were drawn and executed. He became at once like one possessed; he could not eat, he could not sleep; the baby came, but it was days before daddy regained his equilibrium.

LADY BABBIE.

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Russia's Heir to the Throne.

The Russian girl student who tried to convert a Cossack to the cause—as the palace guard at Tsarskoe-Selo is called—to revolutionary principles offered the soldier about \$5,000 or so, the London Standard reports, if he would attempt the life of Alexis. This was weeks ago. Details of the child's daily life have been kept secret ever since. He was getting four meals every twenty-four hours last spring, and these never included nutmeg or pudding that had not been prepared under the eye of his mother or some one designated by her. The ill health of the child is ascribed to the misfortune that so few residences of the czar's do not leave much to be desired from the point of view of sanitary science. One of the czar's spials of illness has been traced to the defective plumbing which makes a certain imperial palace uninhabitable in summer because of its odors. Her majesty is said to tremble for Alexis when she remembers the revelations made by the eminent Moscow physician, Dr. Zakharin, as to the contributing causes of the illness carried off by the late Emperor Alexander III. The private apartments of the imperial family in the

winter palace at St. Petersburg are very damp. Alexis cannot be hurried to the Crimea like his four sisters. The terrorists are believed to attach too much importance to Alexis Nicolaievich—to give him the full name he received in baptism within an hour of his birth—to render him journeys expedient. The only Czarowitz born while his father was on the throne, with the exception of the son of Peter the Great—himself an Alexis and unlikely—has seen and the Paris Figaro fears will see, very little of this world. It has not always been possible to provide him with butter from sources above suspicion, whereupon the heir to the throne of Russia has had to eat his bread dry.—Current Literature.

NOW READY.

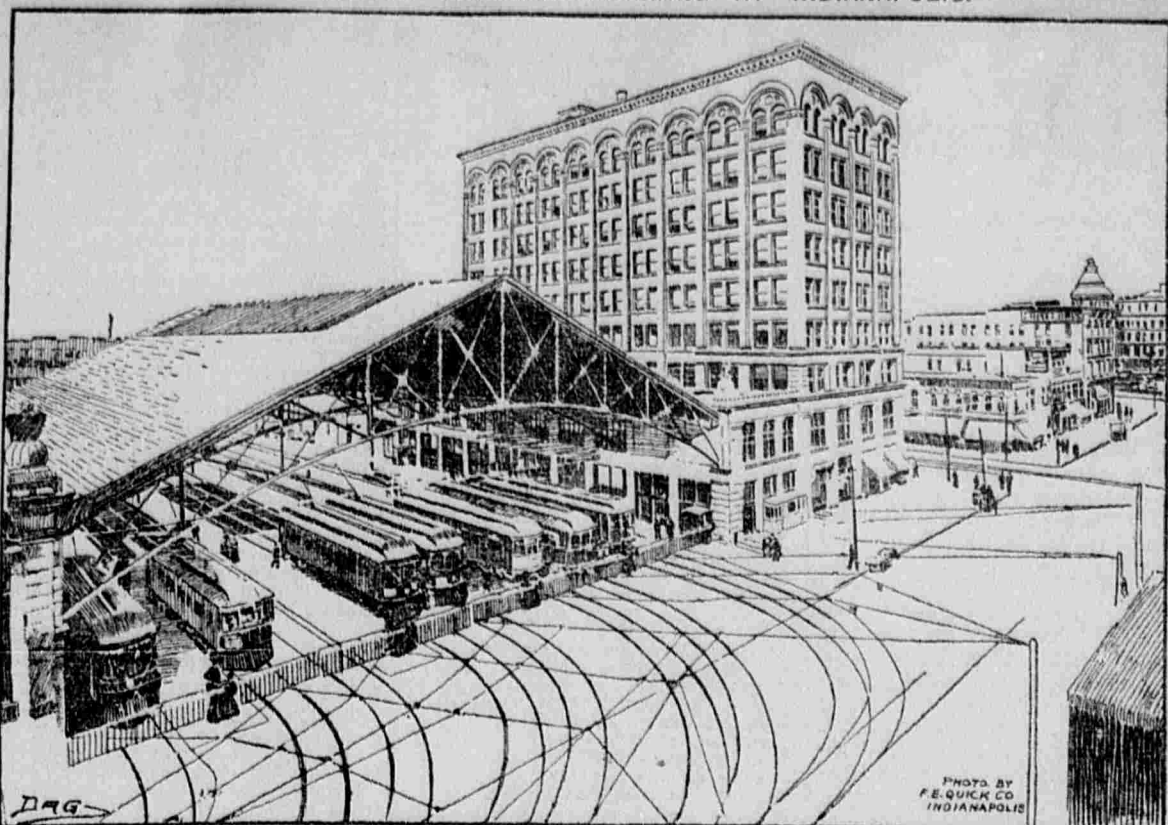
Origin of the "Reorganized" Church and the Question of Succession.

Two discourses by Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., containing a concise and interesting treatment of these subjects that will be of benefit to all the Elders of the Church. 65 pages, price 20 cents.

SALT LAKE SUNDAY CONCERT

Fort Douglas Military Band.

THE TRACTION TERMINAL BUILDING AT INDIANAPOLIS.



The picture is from a recent photograph of the imposing traction terminal building at the northwest corner of Illinois and Market streets, in the very heart of the shopping district of the capital city of Indiana. Indianapolis is the greatest interurban railway center in America, and it is estimated that fully 350 interurban electric cars enter this traction station every day.

Monday and Tuesday specials from the drapery section.

Beautiful Tebaur couch covers Full 60 inches wide.

This assortment comprises 50 worth \$4.50 each—Monday and Tuesday while they last you select

\$2.95

at

Handsome Kashgar couch covers 60 inches we will dispose of Monday at

\$3.95

Tuesday at each—

First Floor—Back Annex.

All linen suits to close at half prices.

Short, three quarter and semifitted box effects. Handsomely hand embroidered and lace trimmed skirts are full pleated and neatly trimmed. Values \$30.00 to \$125.00 each Monday and Tuesday you select at half.

Pretty lawn waists for 98c.

Splendid assortment, trimmed with lace insertion, tucks and all-over embroidery. Values \$2.00 and \$2.25 each Monday and Tuesday 98c.

Stationery specials

Pound paper—Scotia Fabric, linen—Splendid value at 25c the pound—Monday and Tuesday

19c

Envelopes—Scotia Fabric line—Excellent value at 10c the bunch—Monday and Tuesday

7c

Special

East aisle—Main store.

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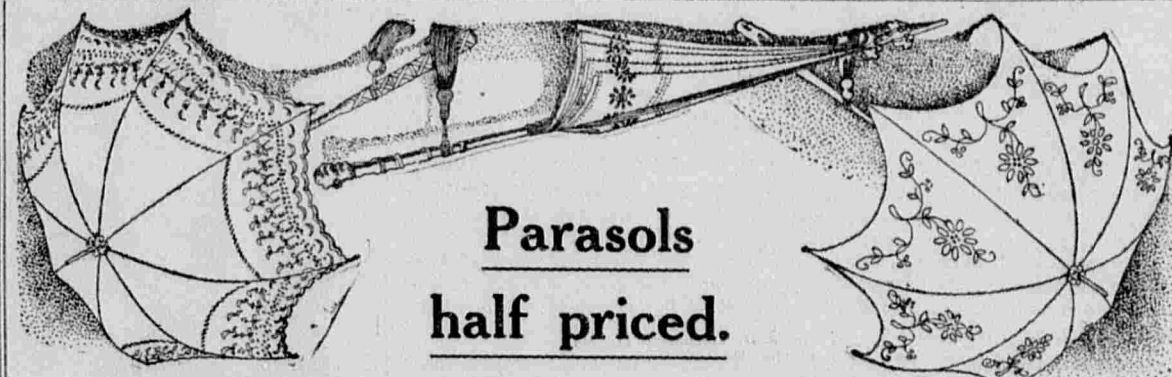
East aisle—Main store.

Walker's

CORNER 3rd SO. AND MAIN

Phones, Independent 227, Bell—Ex change 22—Call all departments.

Store closes at 12:30 every Saturday afternoon till Sept. 1st.



Parasols half priced.

Every one included—not one reserved.

This offer embraces the best assortment and largest selection of parasols in the city—All kinds—linens, and silks, plain, colors, fancy effects and embroidered ones in all the newest designs. Monday and Tuesday—Two days only, you select from the entire stock at half the actual marked prices.

Monday and Tuesday—splendid clearance of women's gloves.

First offer includes 12 and 16 button real French kid and Suede gloves in black, white grey navy and red. The black gloves are in sizes 5 1-2 5 3-4 and 6. The white gloves are in sizes 5 1-2 to 7—They greys and navys, and reds are in assorted sizes. The assortment also includes Suedes in 16 button length, both black and white. Values at once recognized as regular \$3.50 and \$4.00 Monday and Tuesday you select from our entire lot at

\$2.65

Second offer comprises all 12 button black and white silk gloves. Sizes 5 1-2 and 6 only—Worth \$1.25 the pair Monday and Tuesday

85c

Fourth and best offer contains mousquetaire silk gloves 16 button length—double tipped—Colors, green, red, old rose, pink, grey navy and a few browns. Also blacks and whites in sizes 5 1-2 and 6 only—Values \$2.00 to \$2.50 the pair Monday and Tuesday extra special

\$1.55

Mexican and Japanese drawn work centre pieces and scarfs

Monday and Tuesday we will offer a splendid collection of handsome Japanese and Mexican drawn work dresser scarfs and center pieces—Beautiful designs and pure linen. Included are scarfs size 20 by 45 worth \$2.95 each. Scarfs size 19 by 54 worth \$3.40 each and Squares size 30 by 30 worth \$2.75 each You choose at only

\$1.63

Dew bleached damask worth \$1.00 the yard Monday and Tuesday

65c

Linen department—West aisle Main store.

Tinted table covers special

A lovely assortment of table covers in floral, conventional including some handsome examples of cluster work. Monday and Tuesday they go at just half prices as follows

75c covers for 38c. 50c covers for 25c.

\$1.00 covers for 50c.

Beginning July 30th Madam Nilsson will give free instructions on all materials purchased here—Class days will be Tuesdays and Fridays—The change is due to Madam Nilsson's having assumed full charge of the Art Department.

East aisle—Main store.

Final clearance of short lengths of fancy silks.

Hundreds and hundreds of them, from one and a half to six yards long—All the newest designs—stripes, dots, checks, blocks and all the rest of the fancy kinds for this season's wearing. You choose from the magnificent assortment at half and less than half the regular prices.

Centre aisle—Main store.

Star cut class ware reduced to close.

Monday and Tuesday, we offer this splendid ware at marvelous reductions—Unsurpassed in beauty and quality, this ware ranks first among all fine cut goods.

Star cut water glasses, worth \$6.00 the dozen Monday and Tuesday

\$4.00

Star cut bell shape water glasses worth \$6.50 the dozen—Monday and Tuesday

\$4.25

Star cut sherbet glasses worth \$4.00 the dozen Monday and Tuesday

\$2.75

Star cut water pitchers worth \$3.75 each—Monday and Tuesday

\$2.25

Star cut berry bowls worth \$4.00 each—Monday and Tuesday

\$2.50

On sale in the basement.

Monday and Tuesday you select from our entire stock of Wright and Peter's oxfords, worth \$4.50 or \$5.00 the pair for \$3.45

This includes almost our entire stock of high-grade oxfords. All up-to-date minute lasts and finest leathers. Wright and Peter's goods are too well known to need special praise here. These are our regular \$4.50 and \$5.00 lines and you select Monday and Tuesday at \$3.45 the pair.

Boys' crash linen suits—extra special

Splendid values made up in the belt Norfolk style with knickerbocker trousers, sizes 8 to 15—The \$2.50 ones go for \$1.85—The \$3.75 ones go for \$2.95.

White duck Tom-o-Shant-ers and white caps with black patent visors. Values 50c and 65c each

39c

Boys' all wool knee pants—Patent waist bands and riveted buttons. All seams reinforced. Fabrics are fancy mixtures and plain colors. All sizes and values up to \$1.00 the pair Monday and Tuesday

59c

Juvenile section—First floor—Annex.

A Monday and Tuesday sale of misses' hosiery.

Misses' sky blue, pink and black embroidered lisle hose—Beautiful designs worth 65c the pair Monday and Tuesday

38c

Misses colored lace hose in pink, sky, grey and tan—worth 50c the pair—Monday and Tuesday

34c

Misses' mercerized lisle hose in red, sky and pink—worth 50c the pair—Monday and Tuesday

25c

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 22.—This week was the feast of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," if anyone understands what that is—they certainly did in the Latin quarter of Harlem. A party made up of Prest, and Mrs. McQuarrie, Mrs. Seegmiller, Prest, Ivins and Elders Ford and Snow took a little jaunt down to One Hundred and Sixteenth street to see the lights. Not an English word was heard except the ones spoken by themselves. Lights, music, peanuts, popcorn and chestnuts everywhere, and Italians by the thousands. It was certainly a festive occasion. One of the party, anxious to know what the "feast of our Lady of the Mount" was, finally asked a policeman: "We've been looking everywhere for you," said the bulwark of the law was flattered and offered any information. "Well, what is it all about?" was the question. "Why, returned the human encyclopedia in surprised tones, "they're Eye-talians and they're celebrating." Thinking him kindly the group moved on. And still they say that policemen in New York are ignorant.

Mr. C. F. Hegney of Salt Lake City is making a trip of a few weeks. He will visit the exposition at Jamestown.

Elder Bigler, whose home is in southern Arizona, and who is now in the Ohio mission, was one of this week's visitors to Gotham.

Mr. William E. Barry of Provo will go from here to Jamestown, returning here to go in the Cornell university to enter the civil engineering course.

An interested quartet of ladies will say good-bye to Gotham and journey on tomorrow. Mrs. Frank McHatten and daughter, Miss Winnifred, from Eureka, with her niece Miss Anna May Bowen of Salt Lake City, have been at Mrs. King's during the week. They have seen Coney and taken the automobile trip, and all the children. They will be home about two nights. Besides the usual Jamestown, Washington and Philadelphia country, they will see up Michigan where Mrs. McHatten has a sister whom she has not seen for 17 years. As they were entering Philadelphia, timber from a passing freight train fell against the windows, smashing them badly and throwing the glass in all directions. Luckily the party were standing up and escaped what might have been serious injury. Mr. Fitch and son of Salt Lake and Mrs. and Mrs. Brendle of Park City were also on the train. Mr. and Mrs. Brendle were on their way to Pittsburgh. Mr. Fitch's state-of-mind windows were among those completely shattered by the timber.

Mr. Joseph Walker is now here completing "our beautiful city" with his

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