

# "Realization" of the West.

Easterners Beginning to Understand that "Seeing America" is Worth While

WE WERE voyaging through the Great lakes in a steamer which for size and luxury of equipment would have been called a liner on the Atlantic. In the summer twilight we came to the St. Clair Plate and the ship canal which unrolled across the lowlands like a silken ribbon, says Stuart L. Douglas in Outlook. Here were hundreds of cottages whose porches overhung the water, scattered along many little waterways which swarmed with skiffs and launches. It was like a huge colony of straggled households, for there were no other roads than these water trails. The man from Boston had been gradually shedding his reserve as one peels off a coat of sunburn, and this summer night struck him as so immensely picturesque and novel that he deigned to make comment that was genuinely enthusiastic.

"To you know, the farther west I go the better I like it. Why, I thought the people out here were so grossly absorbed in making money that they had neither the time nor the talent for enjoying life. There must be thousands of them in this American Venice. It's almost extraordinary for a big steamer to be moving along here among all these cottages. You could lose the traditional householder in the eye almost anywhere. If it's going to be as jolly and interesting as this, I may set out to discover America."

This pilgrim was one of thousands of well-to-do persons whose viewpoint has been changed by the fact of "going abroad." This spell is perhaps more potent in Boston than anywhere else. Every summer the Atlantic liners running out of that port are crowded with men and women who have been bred to believe that there is no America worth the mention west of New York, and Manhattan Island, for that matter, is rather new and untried. Only within recent years has the holiday pilgrim begun to discover that his own country is as much a part of time and space as Europe, and if he is a good American he is learning to think it more worth while to discover his own land before he seeks the beaten trail of foreign travel.

One goes away from home on pleasure bent, to see interesting people and things and for change of climate, scenery and conditions of living. The study which the west has had to fight is that of the otherwise intelligent person who thinks that these requirements cannot be found in his own country. He will truly observe:

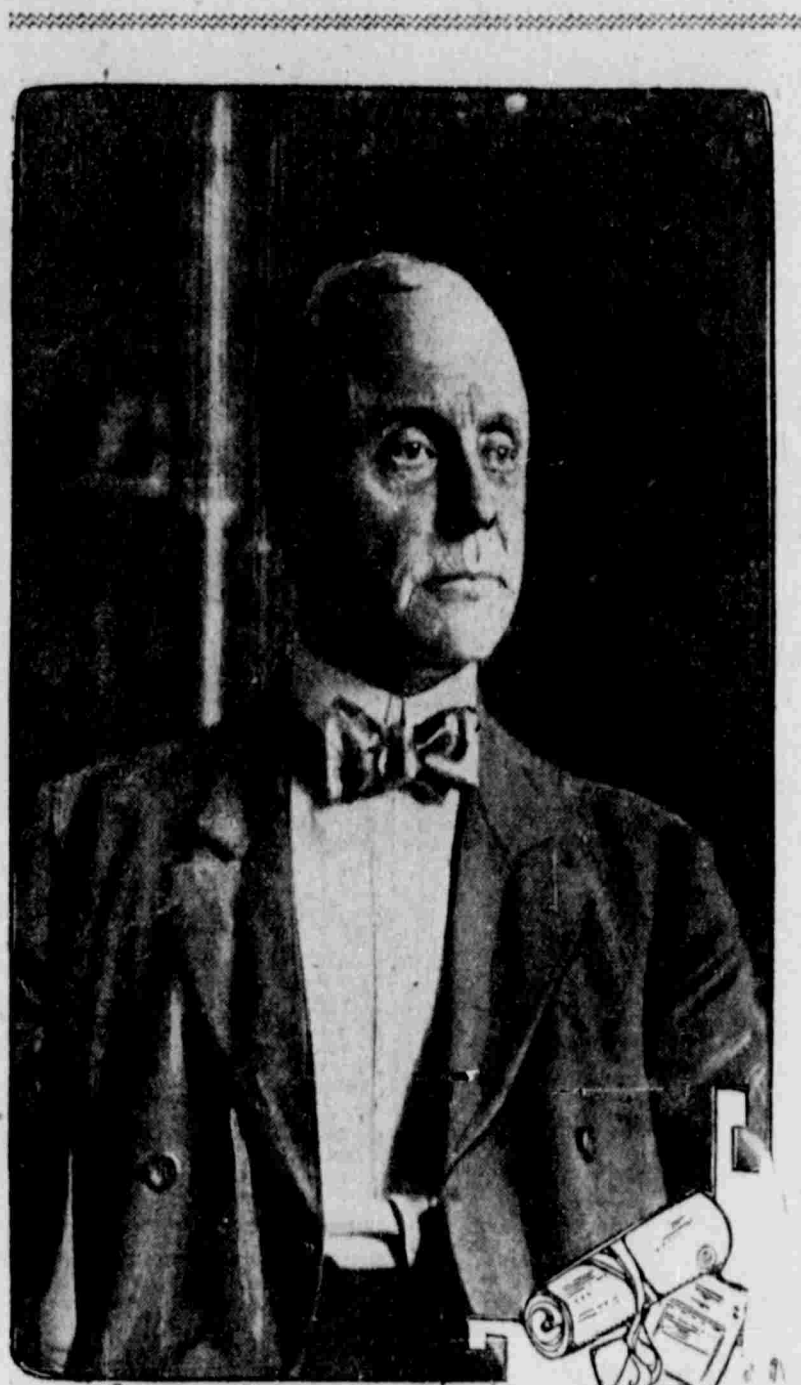
"Oh, the west is big and new and stirring, but it lacks atmosphere and grace so very much alike." It is hopeless to attempt to convince the man who has not strayed beyond the Alleghenies that he knows almost nothing of the real America of the present or future. Yet if he would see vividly contrasting phases of life he will fare toward the Pacific instead of toward the Mediterranean. If he wishes a unique grandeur of scenery he must turn his face toward the Cascades, the Rockies, the Great Lakes and Puget sound. If he would see the great glaciers going straight into the lonely sea he will make the Alaska trip and have something big and fresh to talk about, instead of being contented to do the merry-go-round of Switzerland.

In Europe one can escape with the greatest difficulty the well worn trail of the conventional tourist. And everything he sees he has photographed and written about until the first sight of it is robbed of all novelty of aspect. In western America the tourist can leave the beaten trail wherever he feels like it. In the first of scenic show places and cities and hotels, he may discover that to European country folk are more picturesque than the vanishing American cowboy who is riding the ranges of the southwest as one of the last of the unique frontier types of American civilization in the making. Or one has only to step from a through train in Arizona or New Mexico or Montana to find himself in the world of the prospector, the freighter and the sheep herder, an atmosphere of men and view points of life no more than a block from Broadway than the life of India like that of an English country.

It is significant of the awakening realization that all this newer country is immensely interesting and refreshing to note how large a part it plays in the fiction and descriptive writings of today. The American public no longer wants books of foreign travel, nor do publishers and magazines desire this kind of material. They are coming to see their own country as a rediscovered mine of vivid interest, and their viewpoint reflects the drift of popular taste. The desert, the mountains, the forest, the inspiring note that rings in the big, free life of the western country and its people, arouse more interest year by year.

It is an ancient jest that only foreigners take the trouble to visit Niagara Falls, but there is even more truth in the assertion that the average American of the Atlantic seaboard is most astonishingly indifferent to the map of the

United States beyond the boundaries of his business and social activities. He flatters himself that he has been educating the west, while as a matter of fact, it is the west today that seeks to educate him by making a better and more representative American of him. Nor can there be any sounder tribute to the fact that the country is worth seeing than that the traveler who has once made the plunge repeats it at the



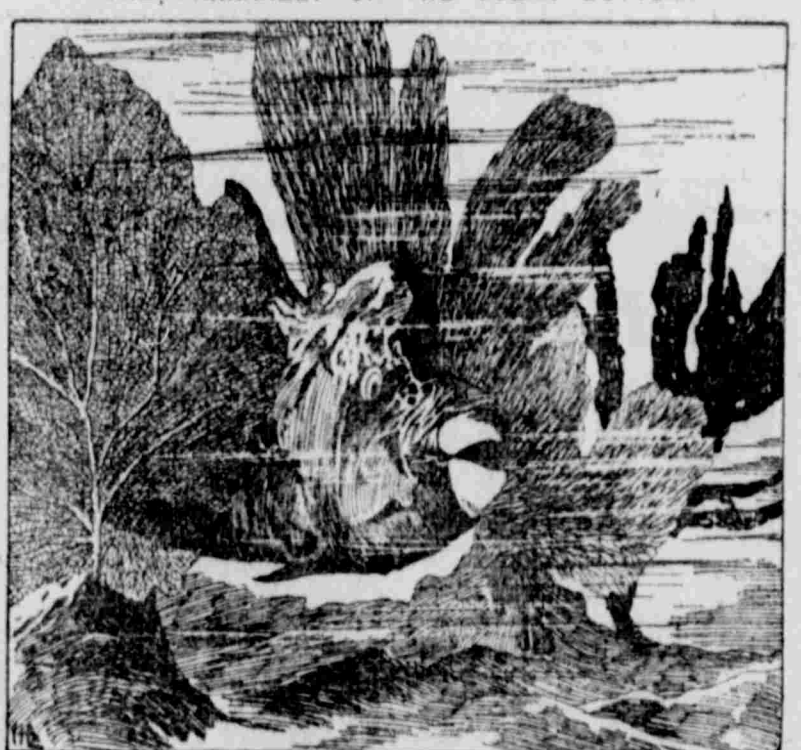
SAMUEL BYERLEY

## "SHOESTRING" INVESTOR BESTS WALL STREET.

Samuel Byerley is the New York clerk who outfigured and outgated the financial sharks of this country in bidding successfully for \$5,000,000 worth of Panama canal bonds. His dream of affluence obtained its final realization when he sold his option on the bonds, netting a profit of nearly \$20,000. Mr. Byerley's investment consisted of two two-cent stamps and the stationery necessary to transmit his bid.

Other bidders for the Panama issue were bankers, brokers and corporations backed by millions with which to enter the list. Mr. Byerley had relatively nothing. In the language of Wall street his principal asset was a "shoestring." Since his achievement became known Mr. Byerley has been approached with scores of propositions which have included every branch of industry from zinc mining to the manufacture of baby-food.

## THE PARRAKEET OF THE OCEAN BOTTOM.



The living creatures that are dredged from extreme ocean depths are frequently of strange and rather disconcerting shapes. The specimen herewith shown is one of the most remarkable of them. It was found in the bay of California and is suggestive of the parrakeet, having a beak like that bird.



# DON'T BE DISCHARGED FOR DRUNKENNESS

Every man likes to feel that he is master of himself. Even the man who drinks because his associations are depraved wants to think that he can stop when he chooses. But there is something more than a mere question of preference involved in most cases. Business requirements have made sobriety a necessity. A drinking man cannot secure a position. The first question that greets his application for work will determine his fitness in that respect.

Does he drink? Everything seems to hinge on that. If he drinks a little—occasionally—socially, or in any other manner he may as well not go on with his application. No one wants him. It is a question of total abstinence or no job, or at least a very undesirable job.

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# CLEVER WOMAN "CATCH" FOILED

How King Edward Saved a Young Duke from Wiles of Fascinating Female.

LATTER HAS BEEN DIVORCED.

Domestic Tragedy Averted by a Ten Minutes Interview at Buckingham Palace—Some London Gossip.

London, Aug. 2.—Mrs. Atherton, who has just been divorced by her husband, Col. Atherton, is the type of woman who makes history and domestic tragedy. Five or six years ago she was the talk of South Africa and the fame of her capers there soon spread to England and every boudoir in London echoed with talks of her "goings on." This was in the days of the South African war and Mrs. Atherton divided interest with de Wet and Buller and Roberts; in fact, in certain circles she was more spoken about than any one of the three popular generals. She is the style of woman for whom men, more especially boys under 25, sacrifice honor and gold galore. Her special prey in South Africa was a duke, a boy just 21, heir to a princely fortune, and whom she knew to be engaged to a beautiful girl, with whom he had grown up. He had been in love with this girl all his life until he fell into the toils of Mrs. Atherton who literally gave him no chance of escape, pursuing him from post to post. Flattered by her attentions he lost his head, forgot, too, his fiancée and was in the very act of eloping with her when his soldier servant, who had found it out, whispered the secret to the colonel of the regiment, who promptly frustrated Mrs. Atherton's move, and in less than a week afterwards the duke was recalled to England and his family made aware of the intrigue.

## FIANCEE'S MOTHER.

The mother of his fiancée proved his best friend in the matter, for were it not for her there is no doubt Mrs. Atherton would still have got him back. The lady in question went straight to the king, explained to him what was happening, told him of her daughter's grief and showed how disastrous it would be for the credit of society were a duke to run away with and probably end by marrying a woman of Mrs. Atherton's reputation. The king agreed and the instant the steamer conveying the duke arrived at Southampton, a messenger was sent on board requesting him that evening to go to Buckingham Palace.

As all the world knows Edward VII is a past master in diplomacy. He accomplished what the duke in 10 minutes by coaxing what bullying would never have done. In a fatherly way he said, "Don't make an ass of yourself, my boy. I know these women; I know them."

## TOOK HER BACK.

The upshot was before the boy left Buckingham Palace he had promised the king that in less than a month his discarded fiancée would be his wife. And he kept his word. Never had a doubtful bride such a smooth with a trousseau. Dressmakers were up day and night completing it, and the world was told the rush was because of the burning desire of "his grace" to get back to duty in South Africa. But Mrs. Atherton was not on the duke's trail. She arrived by the next steamer. She meant to make trouble. She pursued the boy into his own house. She threatened she would show him up; she harangued him pouring forth that she called "her devotion" on him and if he had not been for his promise to the king there is no doubt she would have got him back again.

## BOUGHT WOMAN OFF.

For one whole night the duke walked about his rooms trying to get up his mind as to what he was going to do. Such power had she over him that he was near breaking his promise to the king. In the morning he had a visit from the mother of his fiancée, a woman quite as clever as her way as Mrs. Atherton. Before an hour was over that lady had his man pack his things, and she bundled him into a hansom and accompanied him in the train to her country house. As soon as he arrived there the girl he had loved since he was in the nursery was in his arms. Day and night his future mother-in-law kept vigil to see that the adventures never crossed his path. The date was fixed for the wedding and announced. Then came a telegram from Mrs. Atherton saying she would make a scene in the church, that she was "heartbroken," etc. It was suggested in answer to this that the best thing she could do was to go to the duke's lawyers and receive a sum of money to buy her good behavior. Accordingly \$100,000 was paid down by the duke's lawyers and the scene was averted.

## A DEVONSHIRE FAMILY.

Capt. Reginald Lopes Yarde Buller, the corespondent in the action which has just taken place, is Lord Churston's heir and was quite a boy when Mrs. Atherton met him for the first time. The Churstons are a Devonshire family. Every one is very sorry for his mother, Lady Churston, who is greatly distressed over the affair. Such a shock was it to her that she thought she would never survive the blow. People are wondering who will pay Capt. Yarde-Buller's costs, as his family though a very good one, is precarious hard up.

A great flutter was caused among a limited few at the last court by the appearance of two women, who it transpired, had entered without cards. One of them, it was subsequently ascertained, was an American, named Mrs. Barrett, but the other woman's name and nationality I have not heard. They have been living at a boarding house in Bloomsbury, but have now flown to Brighton. For anyone with daring, it is a comparatively easy matter to enter Buckingham Palace on the night of a court. The police and the various attendants never examine cards—there is really no time to do so, so rapid are arrivals between 10 and 11 p. m. Once inside the hall of the palace the rest is plain sailing.

## TRIED TO SUPPRESS.

The king and queen who cannot bear that anything in the slightest degree "infra dig" should happen, have been most desirous that this incident should not leak out and people connected with the newspapers have been requested not to mention the affair. It was really the very "outré" way in which the two intruders were dressed which attracted attention to them. Someone asked the acting Lord Chamberlain, who was taking Lord Althorp's place, who they were and he then endeavored to find out. When questioned, Mrs. Barrett said she had "lost her card" and she went on to explain that her friend's was with it. They were then requested to give a recess to someone in the room, but of course, failed to do so. Then the acting Lord Chamberlain said, "I have no alternative but to ask you to leave." Mrs. Barrett was perfectly self-possessed and remarked she had never heard such a piece of injustice in her life. The conversation took place in

an ante room, the ladies having been summoned thither for their interview with the Lord Chamberlain.

"If you will give me your carriage card," he remarked, "I shall have it ordered for you." They had no carriage card. Having arrived in a cab which they dismissed on entry they had intended to return in a similar vehicle. A dramatic note was struck here. Mrs. Barrett's companion fainted and did not recover until various restoratives had been applied. As soon as she revived the Lord Chamberlain told a servant that a lady was ill and directed him to procure a cab immediately as she desired to return home at once and could not wait for her carriage to arrive.

Mrs. Harcourt, "Lulu" Harcourt's charming American wife, introduced a

new idea in table decoration on the night the king honored her with his presence at dinner. On each of the six small tables was a tower of greenery of about 60 inches in height. This was massed with roses and sunflowers and had a most charming effect. The royal guest congratulated his hostess upon it.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was one of the people invited "to meet" the king. She grows more stately each year, but she is the type of American woman who never become popular here, being far too cold and too reserved to appeal. Women not half so handsome as she—like the hostess, for instance—score by their pleasant manners, while Mrs. Astor has only limited success. She was also one of the guests who were invited to meet the king at Consuelo

Duchess of Manchester's new place at Reclhampton. On the occasion she wore the most marvelous lace—a gown which is supposed to have belonged to De Burgh. It is of point de Venise and was worn over a corsete satin. Her jewels were rubies. She was quite the most beautiful woman in the room.

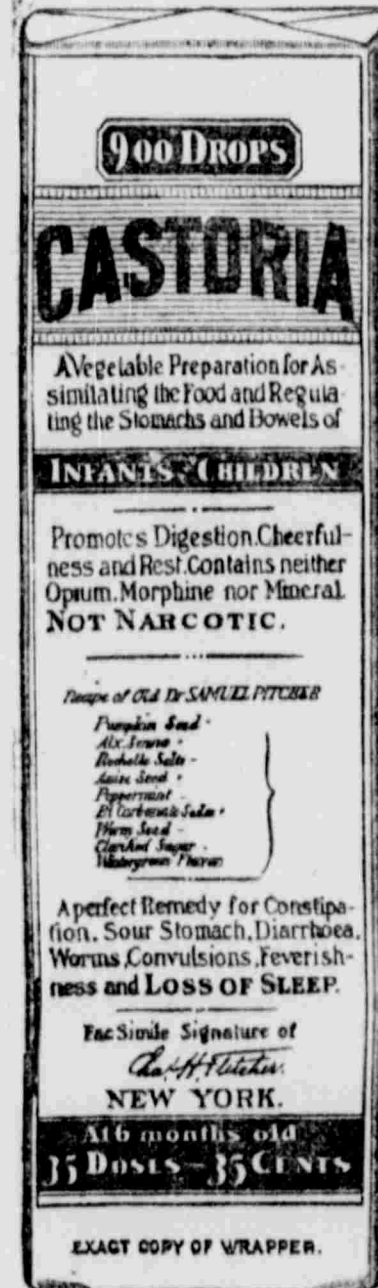
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A New Baby! What magic, what mystery, what charm these words have for us. Yet, how infinitely more they mean to the mother. A new life; short, to be sure, but full of possibilities. Some one must be patient, hopeful, watchful, proud and never discouraged. That "some one" is the mother. She has heard her baby's first cry, and whether it be her first or tenth, the feeling is the same. Her feeble arms are out-stretched; those arms that will never desert it as long as the mother shall live. And that hand which supports the head of the new-born babe, the mother's hand, supports the civilization of the world.

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