

Interest in the southern part of the state.

Mrs. D. Sullivan and daughter, Miss Genevieve Sullivan, returned last Sunday after a few days' sojourn in Salt Lake.

Miss Goldie Crooks returned to school at Provo Monday last.

Mrs. Phil Clark returned last Saturday from a sojourn of several months in California.

CLUB CHAT.

The Daughters of Utah Pioneers met on Wednesday at the Lion house to discuss plans for their usual summer outing which will take place probably at Vandenberg. Elaborate arrangements are being made and will likely include various other pioneer organizations in the program. Next Wednesday the study session will meet at the same place at three o'clock, the topic to be the ancient South American Indians.

The women's club will meet May 14, and will have for its afternoon's topic, "Shall the Nation Protect the Child," to be discussed by Mrs. Deane.

The current events and current literature section of the Ladies' Literary club met at the club rooms yesterday, and the program included Little Miss Marguerite Taylor, who gave "The Girl of the Year," with music, also the Highland fling, Miss Edith Mudgett in a scene from "Lover Mary," Little Miss Virginia Gibson, "The Woodcock," Miss Edna Rodman, "Myself and Mine," "The Pausal Way," and "The Four Leaf Clover," a vocal selection by Miss Edna Dwyer. Tea was served by Mrs. Phil, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Starkweather and Mrs. Anderson.

The annual election of officers of the club takes place at the annual meeting to be held May 8. The election committee, consisting of Mrs. F. Fenton, Mrs. C. H. Blanchard and Mrs. W. C. Drabell, have reported the nominating ballot as follows: For president—Mrs. Allen T. Sanford and Mrs. Ledyard M. Bailey. For first vice president—Mrs. E. D. Miller and Mrs. J. P. Cowan. For second vice president—Mrs. W. R. Buchanan. For recording secretary—Mrs. J. L. Frank. For recording secretary—Mrs. Starkweather and Mrs. Clarence Post. For corresponding secretary—Mrs. O. H. Kister and Mrs. L. Rood. For treasurer—Mrs. W. R. Buchanan and Mrs. F. O. Oswald. For librarian—Mrs. G. R. Bothwell and Miss Katherine Page. For readers—Mrs. H. Bantz and Miss Linda Jessup. For historian—Mrs. J. M. Dart and Mrs. S. H. Stowe. Three new directors are to be elected, and for these offices the following candidates appear: Mrs. A. H. Boxrud, Mrs. C. W. Watson, Mrs. S. F. Fenton, Mrs. Byron Groo, Mrs. C. H. Blanchard and Mrs. H. Brown.

The Ray Vow club had for its program this week: Roll call leaders in army and navy; lesson, Mrs. J. R. Davis; paper, "The Imperial Family," Mrs. Dix; singing, Mrs. Jones; round table, "The Japanese as a World Power," Mrs. McCurtain.

In Women's World.

Wealth and fashion are developing young women of a wholly superficial nature.

The American beauty of today must seem rather tall; she must hold her head high; she must have a slight supple lift in her eyebrows, her mouth must have the least suggestion of a smile at the corners, says the Designer for May.

Her voice must draw a bit, especially at the end of sentences. Above all, she must have the air of a princess, compounded of repose, sublimated scorn and detachment. Gone is the old deference to the aged and the old-fashioned, to patriots, soldiers and reformers. Today the American beauty selfishly reigns on the throne of youth and splendid looks.

She must have not only a lovely face and graceful carriage and a musical voice; she must have personality, charm, poise, she must have cultivation, discrimination and tact, if she is to hold her own in her world.

Next in importance to exercise and dress is the figure. The figure is the main thing. A perfect combination has been evolved, the pattern for which may be had for a few cents, which adds practically nothing to either the hip or waist measurement. The combination most in favor is the one which provides corset cover and drawers. The garment is fashioned in several pieces set together with seam binding.

The difference achieved by wearing a combination garment instead of the ordinary arrangement of the separate pieces can readily be appreciated, so many women with large hips stubbornly cling to the old-fashioned garments which cannot fail to make them look lumpy and ungainly.

They have a tendency to wear thick stockings, tight waists, while puckers and gathers make ridges where everything should be smooth and trim. A chemise increases the bulk of the hips, and the least little while a corset cover ending just above or just below the curve of the hips will add even more. If one can gain two or three inches, or possibly more, by the careful adjustment of the undergarments it is not worth while.

When one thinks of the numerous possibilities for adding beauty to the decorative pieces of pottery to the home in the way of lamp-bowls, candlesticks, dishes for flowers or fruit, and all kinds of decorative jardiniere it seems all worth while to learn how to make them at home.

Now that plaster, composite clay or plasterine can be obtained already prepared, requiring only the addition of water, the making of pottery is possible within the scope of the most unenlightened worker. These compositions can be obtained in cream color, terra-cotta, or in olive-green. A few simple pointers:—a board, rolling-pin, and water—are the only requisites. The material is moistened with water and is kneaded on a board to give it plasticity. It is then rolled with a rolling-pin.

In order to make a small bowl, take a lump of clay and work the knuckles into it until it assumes the form of a "Dix" nest. This will save a good deal of shaping when building up the sides. Do not attempt to add too large a piece at first, or it will break off, especially if the sides are high. Work the small bits of clay very carefully into the sides.

When the pottery made from plaster is perfectly dry it is sent to a kiln to fire. If the green, white or terra-cotta are not just the colors designed, the vessels can be colored with ordinary tube oil colors moistened with turpentine, and a wax finish given to them afterwards. This is really a very practical and easy method of getting what is known as a mat glaze.

The recipe for this delicate dessert has been handed down for many generations. Into each individual custard cup put the yolk of one egg; add one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, two grains of nutmeg and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Incorporate thoroughly and set the cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool, cover with a meringue, using the white of the egg for this purpose, and allow one tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of each egg. Through the very tip-top of each mound drop a teaspoonful of orange marmalade.



MAN-HATING COLONY'S WILFUL ELOPERS.

When R. Franklin Hoover, a Philadelphia hotel clerk, broke into the Amazon colony in Washington last week and stole away Miss Adah Pratt, one of the daughters, he threw the man haters into consternation, which, has aroused the entire sect to renewed warfare on the opposite sex. Efforts to guard the remaining three marriageable "sanctified sisters," as the man haters call themselves, have been redoubled. No man is allowed a sight of the marriageable ones.

America, the "paradise of women," possesses the only known colony of Amazons in the world today in number, has existed in the heart of Maryland for the past 30 years and is increasing in numbers every year. During that time these Amazons have lived together happily and at peace, like the women in Tennyson's "The Princess." They have not exchanged one word of personal communication with any man. Not one of the women who joined the community voluntarily has ever deserted. Miss Pratt is the sixth "community child" to elope.

The creed of this "Women's Commonwealth" is that for men and women to live together is sin even under the marriage tie.

OUR UNLISTED REGIMENTS

Some Volunteers In Unnamed Battles—How They Are Trained.

ARMIES? Oh, yes, we know them. Big bodies of blue and yellow-coated men, who dwell at great military posts, and fight and garrison of the nation, and at sound of a war-bugle shoulder arms and march in wonderful even ranks out to fields of battle, where, formed in firing lines, they meet and disperse, with splendid courage, perils of danger and death.

Thrilling, isn't it? But there's another kind, too—an army of low-voiced, soft-footed soldiers, who, from the West Points of Training Schools, and the Recruiting Camps of Hospitals, march out, unheralded of drum or bugle, into the dim alleys of disease and pain—potent, and patient and brave as listed men.

Do you ever think of them like this? Soldiers? Why, who but soldiers could face the silent fields of suffering, where patience and endurance and even love must go hand in hand with warrior courage? Out from their garrisons they go yearly—a million strong—privates all of them, without epaulet or stripe or glittering medal to blazon laurels of heroism for faithful service, and no award or glory, perhaps, save in the heart's word of some suffering soldier, from pain or comforted in the last throes of mortal life. Their reveille is the cry of agony from a torn couch; their drum taps the "Alls Well" of the physician who keeps a general's watch on all conditions.

They have strong foes to meet, too—arrogant with much victory and skilled in treachery, with secret surprises that know no code of human honor; maneuverers of relapse, re-enforcement of unseen recruits, ambushes of contagion—threatening both them and their cause. They have no trenches, either, in which to take shelter; the foes they front must be met face to face and hand to hand, and a white flag from their side means dishonorable truce and oftentimes massacre.

SILENT VOLUNTEERS.

Soldiers? Well, enlist in that regiment of silent volunteers yourself, and see if the old war-buffs of Marlton, Men and the other brave dare-devils of history or romance do not pale into prose matched with a night's watch in dim wards with patients half dead by disease and pain, and with perhaps half a general Death marshaling his forces of sure victory in the still room's shade.

They know it—those silent, soft-footed hosts, but all you hear of it is a line in next day's papers something like this: "At midnight, last night, after a struggle with—"

And then the battles go on as before, with little note of sympathy or acclaim for those who help to bear the seige.

We hear of them—yes—when war comes, and in a great body those fair-crested volunteers move on to tend cities where the stricken soldiers dwell, there is always a line or so in the newspapers telling they are there, and then who has time to more than glance at the tame paragraph, when above and below are headlines thrilling us with praise of the real warriors?

But they are soldiers—those women, and they have had soldiers' training, too, before they go to the front—drills, and maneuvers, and guard-practice, and all the rest. To begin with, there are references, and applications and terms of service, and graduation throes and diplomas—just as your man-warrior must have when he trains for the regular army. Do you remember in our last war how many tender volunteers had to be turned away because they had not the requisite training? Thousands had the fortunate Nightingales and Clara Barton passed to oblivion under the stern dictum of professional requirement, and lesser heroism were nipped in the bud by its stern test.

COME FROM BANK AND FILE.

But everywhere around us—yes, here in our home hospitals, scores of volunteers are drilling for service, each year's class sending its skilled

professional knowledge and training. The well bred and born patient used to gentle nurture is a quite different proposition from the rough miner and similar cases—used to hard life and rough usage, and upon whom the details of the craft would be lost.

It is a great degree of a nurse when she is admitted to the maternity ward. There the essentials of her training and her personal traits are called into play, even the operating room, which is the climax of her practical course, offering no more stricter test of capability and courage than this. Once admitted to the operating room, she has here three degrees or tests—simple assistant, helping in the scrubbing and scouring and general visiting, next as an assistant in the care of the instruments, the sterilizing, etc., and last as the nurse in charge, where it is her part to see that all is in perfect order for operations, to be a hovering presence for emergencies of treatment and in all ways to assume the responsibility of service in this inner chamber of mystery. From this extreme test she goes to the charge of whole wards, presiding as first assistant to the superintendent, and in necessary cases taking her place.

HARD MENTAL STUDY.

In connection with all this practical work of nursing, she is occupied in hard mental study. She attends two lectures a week, given by professional experts; she attends daily classes; she learns to make sanitary bandages, and other necessary articles for the institution. She is also required to become skilled in dainty culinary arts made necessary in her craft, and in many other things is drilled to the bone. Her time is the essence of her profession. She rises at 6 o'clock, a. m., and remains on duty till 6 or 7 p. m.; for either day or night duty her hours are the same, recreation consisting in an afternoon off during week days and from two to four hours on Sunday. Three years is the regular term of training, and any time lost during her term must be made up afterwards. Once graduated, she is armed with a diploma which is her credential for any kind of service in the entire field of her profession.

And is it all work? Oh, no. In connection with nearly all hospitals is that delightful retreat, the Nurses' Home. Here in the pleasant refuge afforded her she may, when off duty, have the recreation so necessary to the relief of human souls. Receptions, dancing parties, concerts, all these with many other diversions are hers. Here friends may be received and entertained, and quiet social and reading hours spent away from the scenes of suffering so constantly endured.

Our nurses' homes are a boon in more ways than one, say the superintendents, "for they keep our nurses here instead of going outdoors for entertainment. A training school without a home is a dangerous thing, for it induces outdoor appointments and meetings and diversions that often are disastrous."

CUPID IS ASSERTIVE.

Cupid, too, has a way of assisting in these silent diversions. A tricky spirit who laughs at bolts and bars, will

Tonight, when you wash your hands, look at the soap you use.

Is the lather white? Is it bright? Is it full of tiny bubbles? Does it rinse easily?

It should. It will, if it is Ivory Soap.

There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap; no coloring matter, no harmful ingredient of any kind.

Ivory Soap

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make child's play of hospital regulations. And doesn't he? What of the engagements announced from those retreats of the helpless? The percentage of weddings sprung from roof-tops of our local hospitals would make interesting statistics if compiled! But the wonder is that there are not more. Those sweet-faced nurses in their dainty gray, and white uniforms, and distracting caps, make alluring visions to the well and strong, to say nothing of the poor fellows to whom their sight—connected with tender ministrations, must bring suggestions of wings and harps—personally—that is, not as a possible result of those aforesaid charms, up and down the aisles of the cot-lined wards they pass a noiseless bevy, carrying comfort and cheer in their wake; is it any wonder a man should pine to make permanent such alluring associations? Wonder how many hearts are touched in those rows on rows of cots, and spotless chambers, and if any perchance are seared hopelessly? Up in the walls of the splendid Holy Cross refuge, black-robed figures fit with those of lighter garb among the wards. Has some stalwart fellow perhaps, carried with him a heart, whose impulse has been stilled under the sombre vestments of her order?

But what's the use making up romances. Haven't we plenty of them, real, live things, that are privileged to blossom without let or hindrance or regret? All around us they are happening, but they do not stop that work of the great recruiting corps of ministrant angels who, year by year, go out into life, a present, palpitant, practical help in the world's worst need.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.



THIS MODEL THE "JUSTITIA."

Russian crowned hat with moderately flaring brim, developed in two shades of burnt straw, fancifully woven, brim faced with khaki-colored velvet with high bandeau at left side, covered with self-colored mallette; crown trimmed with long loops and ends of white chiffon satin ribbon and two slanting wings of white and khaki tint, secured with large headed opaque glass pins, shaded to match wings. Brown gullupure lace bodice and stock. Broad boa of dark brown marabout and light brown ostrich feather sprays.



AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

A SLIPPERY and subtle knave, a flinder of occasions," larks in the northeastern part of the city. He is companioned by more than one of his smooth and rascally kind, and the smarting lash of the whip from every honest hand he villainously takes advantage of a far too good for him. He sneaks and skulks under cover of the night, and while good and unsuspecting folks are sleeping, he robs them of their breakfast or their Sunday dinners.

His greatest achievement shines in shadowing people's kitchens and back porches, while some entertainment is on in the front part of the house. As soon as curtains fall, and the evening is being welcomed in by song or some such innocent amusement, he crouches, ready to spring at what he feels to devour, and by the time the happy guests are preparing to receive the dainty refreshments that willing hands have probably prepared and served on this occasion, he and his colleagues are gliding over it in some dark culch or alley, and falling upon it like the miserable sharks they are, each man with his greedy hand shut at the same time with such profit as can only arise from such excess and greed. Home entertainment in other people's homes is the specialty of this miserable rascal of sneak-thieves, but where this fails, they content them-

the firm, upon going to her refrigerator that morning, had faced the same deplorable condition as did old Mother Hubbard upon going to her cupboard—it was bare. And her family looking forward to three good square meals, everything, from the first roast or broiled steak to a couple of cold lamb chops and a hard-boiled egg, had disappeared. Helpless and foodless, the lady asked that anything left over from Saturday night be sent her out of the store to tide her over the day. Think of it! And this same lady was giving an evening entertainment not long ago, and just she was about to serve refreshments, wealthy rogues had scampered with it.

Another lady of the locality in whose house is an invalid, had been told to obtain one dozen precious, green eggs—when fresh eggs were a scarce article—as the sick one was obliged to take them raw. Discovery was made the morning following, however, that the egg basket was empty.

On several occasions this lady has lost provisions. A peek of potatoes was taken a few nights ago, together with a dozen oranges. The potatoes were picked up in the next lot in the morning. The rover's after plunder, finding the sack to contain not what he expected, had tossed them out. Orange peel and the ghastly remains of other stolen delicacies a little further on in the alley gave evidence of feast and the looting of many refrigerators.

In comparing notes, many in this locality have not escaped. From scraps of conversation, to say nothing of scraps left over from all-tale mid-night spreads in the open, the finger seems to point to certain boys about the age of 17, calling themselves the "Rusty Gang," and making some boast of their disgraceful midnight revels. Rusty Gang? Lazy, lawless louts! And if there is any truth in the proverb "Find out what your temptations are, and you'll find out largely what you are yourself," then heaven help these lads, for they'll wake up some day to find out they are largely thieves. In fact, the band is upon them already. The seed is planted, at any rate, and unless routed out at once, bids fair to spring up and flourish, with a harvest for the penitentiary.

Where are the parents? one asks straight off. It seems impossible that mothers and fathers do not know what their boys are about at all hours of the night, or that they do not seem to take pains to find out. Yet if it is so—and we fear it is—that many parents are doing on the public high ways, the highway and byway of their children are in, in the public schools. It is not to be wondered at that they know not and care not what they are doing on the public high ways. "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." If it is want of thought and heart in the parents, it seems to be, that makes the highway and byway of their children instead of the home, then where are the lawful keepers of the city's gates and styles, the wardens of the public safety? Are they lacking in thought and heart, too? And what is the use and meaning of the curfew?

Among the changing months, May stands confessed. The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.

Hebe is here! May is here! The air is fresh and sunny; And the night-hees are busy Hoarding golden honey.

The voice of one who goes before, to make The paths of June more beautiful, is thine, Sweet May!

Hail, bounteous May! Woods and groves are of thy dressing; Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute with our early song, And welcome thee and wish thee long!

LADY BABBLE.

GREAT SCHEME OF NEVADA GIRL.

The great authorities in Sydney, Australia, recently received a picture post card addressed as follows: "To the cleverest girl in the biggest school in Sydney, and would she please send a card in return."

The card bore the name and address of a little Danish girl, who was evidently anxious to add to her collection. The result will probably astonish her, says the British Australian. The card was delivered by the postman to the Girls' High School, in Elizabeth street, and so aroused the spirit of emulation among the pupils, some 500 in number, that they have decided to each forward a card to their Danish correspondent. She will, therefore, receive 500 post cards, the sum of which the cleverest girl will rest on herself.

DEPRECIATION OF KINGS.

In general, it is curious to observe how wealth, which once constituted the great attribute and distinction of monarchs, setting them apart from the rest of the world, has now become the means which reduces them to a democratic level. To be rich as a king was, once upon a time, the parallel to being as beautiful as an angel and as happy as a god. And because to the ordinary person it was given to attain none of these three superlative states, kings, angels and gods stood quite apart from the bulk of mankind. But whereas the angels still retain their traditional primacy, and the felicity of the gods is still a common figure of speech with our minor poets, the wealth of kings has come to be dwarfed by that of many of their subjects. Not only that, but kings have been reduced to pursue largely the same methods for acquiring riches that their subjects make use of. Hence it is that, while Carlos I remains the king even when he appears in tweeds at the cafe chantant, and the Prince of Wales is still a prince when he travels incognito through Paris, they both become quite like ourselves when we hear of one selling his yacht to reduce expenses, or another king making it preferable to violent parages, such as pills, tablets, etc. Get the booklet and a sample of Great P. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Sever Substitutes."



PRETTY GIRL RUNS PROSPEROUS BUSINESS.

The story of a pretty girl building up a prosperous business and running the firm ever since she was 15 years old, while the nominal head of the concern enjoyed himself, not even knowing what was happening to his bank account, was told by Miss Helen Flack, at her cross-examination before Justice Dineen in the second district municipal court, New York.

She said that since 1900, when she was 19 years old, she had received no salary, but had been considered by her employer, Joseph Ellery, as a partner. Whenever she wanted any money she took it.

Ellery is suing to recover from the People's bank \$117,600 on a check which, she alleged, was stolen from the bank in his name. The suit is a test case that involves nearly \$200,000, which the People's bank paid to the order of Miss Flack. Up to the time of her testimony, however, she had been in Ellery's employ nearly 12 years.

Whenever she wanted any money, she would go to the bank and say that "see" under the money. In 1900 she made arrangements to borrow \$25,000 from the People's bank on behalf of Mr. Ellery. She was often able to withdraw the account on presenting a demand note from Mr. Ellery.

One of the features of the Spring Weddings will be the Montgomery's ladies orchestra, which has an extensive repertoire. This orchestra is composed of some of the finest talent in the city and is adapted exclusively for weddings, at homes and musicals.

THE "MANHATTAN" CAFE OPENS.

Popular priced restaurants are becoming quite numerous in Salt Lake. The latest to open its doors is the "Manhattan Cafe," at 49 East Second South St., under the name of W. E. Bray. In 1900, Mr. Bray was running a lunch car, and the fact that the "Manhattan," which opens tomorrow, is fitted with private dining rooms and facilities characteristic of the very best restaurants, attests well to Mr. Bray's business ability. Merchants' lunch from 11:30 to 2 p. m. will be a specialty.

GRANDNIECE OF KING EDWARD.

The pretty little maiden pictured herewith is Princess Marie of Roumania, who is the daughter of the crown prince of that country. She has



many distinguished relatives scattered over Europe and is entitled to call the king of England "Uncle Edward" if she wishes.

A HYGIENIC SCHOOL.

A forest school has been established in the suburbs of Berlin. In a forest of pine trees education is conducted in an open shed, meals are provided, and rest and recreation are arranged for. The actual time for study does not exceed more than two and a half hours daily. A medical man visits the school regularly.

R. K. THOMAS DRY GOODS CO.

SPECIAL SALE

Ladies' Jackets and Coats, \$4.75; worth up to \$8.75

Misses' Jackets and Coats, \$3.75, worth up to \$7.50

Infants' and Children's White Serge Coats, \$2.75; worth up to \$6.75

25% OFF LADIES' BLACK SILK COATS

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Our delicious Cod Liver preparation without oil. Better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Try it on our guarantee.

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