

MEKIN TELLS OF LIFE IN THE EAST

Peace May Not be Achieved Among Men Except by Nobler Manhood.

OPTIMISM HAS BEEN SHAKEN.

Graphic Portrayal of Poverty-Stricken Conditions Which Drive Men To Thievery and Crime.

Special Correspondence.

Chicago, Ill., June 15.—It has been some time since I wrote a letter to the readers of the "News" and now as I am westward bound and turning my back on the great eastern cities I thought a few impressions and thoughts gained by experience and investigation in actual life for over two years, might be of interest. My every hour has been occupied mainly in defending the people of my state and telling the easterners the beauties of our mountain home, our resources, our advantages for home and business. It gives one a commingling of peculiar thoughts on human life to see it as I have seen it lived in the east. I have read the splendid editorials in the "News," "On Peace and War," "The Criminal Wave," "Fillman's Speech" and many other articles bearing on the question of "peace on earth" and of turning swords into pruning hooks, etc.

I have sat in Mr. Carnegie's peace congress and listened to the aristocratic orators of the day as they sat in the tree being battered by pruning the roots. Perhaps it can be done, I hope so. But a child is not a man until he develops.

I am still an optimist, but my opinion has been a little shaken. Many people do not wish to see or hear anything that jars the equilibrium of their peace. In my estimation it is well to be alive, to keep an eye open and a listening ear to the noises and rumblings of horror all about us.

Many people are like the selfish fellow who sat on the upper deck of a ship smoking a cigar and when his brother came running to him in anguish from the lower deck demanding, "Isaac, the machinery of the steamer is broken, the ship is sinking, sinking," answered, carelessly after another puff at his cigar, "Well, let it sink. It don't belong to us." I want to say that the machinery of our life boat is out of order, and I want to exclaim that the ship does belong to us, as one great brotherhood, and each of us must shoulder their part towards righting it.

THESE ARE ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

I am not writing on the slums of our great cities, but on the conditions that exist in the very heart of our every day life. Reason has given me the light to see many sad and many pathetic pictures pertaining to this physical existence. I confess the pathetic side is uppermost in my mind today for I have heard the groans of the starving and the wails of the ocean and unfortunate.

No man can be truly happy while surrounded by scenes of horror, suffering and poverty, and I feel as the poet felt when he said, "If the spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below," they too are unhappy.

I have gazed at the grandeur and at the awfulness of our present day of civilization and have asked what is it all about? I have reached one conclusion, namely, that the present status is at a very low ebb and that it stands for concealment, rather than for human achievement. Not wrong doing, but being found out, people shun, and this is that causes pain, and with those who inflict the punishment, it seems to be no higher purpose than getting the dollar.

I do not wish to take part for the whole for I fully realize that all across the ages had it not been for the few the ship would have sunk long ago.

POVERTY IS APPALLING.

The poverty and inequality in the east is appalling, and honesty is not a recommendation. Thousands of people are pleading for work and hundreds want work at all. At given times at night thousands stand in line waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit. The employer is a monarch, the toiler a pleader, a suppliant, waiting for a crust from a master's table.

In Philadelphia there was a society known as the Sunday Breakfast association. Here can be seen from 1,200 to 2,000 men and women in line, fighting for their place to get a cup of coffee and a little food with a side dish of religion thrown in. They are of all nationalities, all types, but with manhood and womanhood gone; beggars, receiving alms from their fellows, with no thought of helping themselves, with anyone to point the way. There is barely a teacher of a nobler manhood in the field, and thus humanity drifts like a homeless vessel.

WORKED TO DEATH.

Those who work are overworked, worked to death, and in the main they work just for their board. When misfortune overtakes them they are simply outcasts and fall into the wretched line for coffee and bread.

Many of our well known writers continually write and urge "the poor devil" to work, work, "and he sang the song of the shirt." "Don't look at the clock for quelling time, but work, work, work!" And so the toiler toils and the master rides and smiles. The writers travel and are healthy and happy, but the curse of intense poverty is plainly visible in the impoverished faces of the toilers.

NICKEL AND PENNY BASIS.

There is a class of people after the dollar, business and money mad, but the majority are after the nickel and penny. Every phase of life is figured from a penny basis up to the nickel. There is no confidence between man and man, life is cold and harsh. "Trust no one" is the motto. The installment man says in glaring ads: "Your credit is good," but it's a lie. That is simply a bait to allure the poor toiler into the snare of debt. Dishonesty stalks throughout the land and men have lost their reason. In New York City every door mat is chained to its place for safe keeping. The genius of the safe beyond the care of a watchful eye. Pickpockets are hung in all the restaurants. "Watch your overcoat and hat; many have been stolen," and even then the thief gets "em." The genius of the other class is taxed to invent locks and racks for coats and hats. Thievery seems to permeate the air. People in street cars are held up in the busiest parts of the city.

The street railway company has hung in every car giving a warning to passengers that no transfer will be given unless asked for the moment the fare is paid.

I saw on a thirty-fourth street car an old lady pay her fare to the uniformed "machine man," but the old soul was hardly quick enough to ask for her transfer, so she passed on only feeling. As he returned to the rear of the car, the lady made bold enough to ask for her transfer, on to Eighth avenue. In a brutal voice and with a more brutal look he refused her.

The old lady was not quite dead. She probably had not attended Carnegie's peace congress, and she fought back a



JOSEPH H. FELT,

Whose Funeral Occurred in the Eleventh Ward Meetinghouse This Afternoon.

The above picture is a reproduction of the latest photo of Joseph H. Felt, whose funeral was held this afternoon from the Eleventh ward meetinghouse. The subject was the son of Nathaniel H. and Eliza A. Preston Felt, and was born in Salem, Mass., May 9, 1840. He went with his parents to Nauvoo, Ill., in 1844, thence to St. Louis in 1846, and arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1850.

At an early age, Mr. Felt joined the military organization known as the Minute Men, formed for protection against the Indians. In the spring of 1862, under call of President Lincoln for volunteers for the protection of the United States mail and telegraph line between Ft. Laramie on the east and Ft. Hall on the west, he joined Capt. Lot Smith's company as corporal, which reported to Col. Collins, department commander of the west at Sweetwater. The stage stations had been destroyed, stock run off and other dangers had been committed by the Indians. These volunteers restored communication, and after performing their full duty were mustered out of the service of the United States in March, 1863.

Elder Felt filled a mission to Europe from the spring of 1863 to the fall of 1866, laboring in England during most of 1863-4 and in Scandinavia during 1865-6, visiting all of the conferences in Denmark and some in Norway and Sweden. On his way home he visited his father in London, who was then engaged in missionary work there. He remained for some time at Wyoming, Neb., receiving and forwarding the emigration, finally reaching home late in 1867.

In 1868 he was called, with his wife, to open up settlements on the "Muddy"

little, but it didn't do any good. As she left the car she again asked and was once more refused. The brave old soul as she stepped down looked the fellow in the face, and said, "You ought to be shot." Others in the car had similar thoughts, and thus the spirit of murder was engendered and all on account of a nickel. Another evidence of a nickel and penny civilization is a large display card in the street cars, giving a deathly warning. All it needs to make it complete is the skull and cross bones, telling the calamity which will befall the patron, who dare by kindness or otherwise to give away a transfer. And this mind you, after having paid for it. And yet we listen to eloquent sermons on the wonders of our "penny" civilization.

BIG AND LITTLE THIEVES.

There are big and proud thieves and there are little thieves. I think the meanest of them all, the most measly is the one who is known as the "Hall Thief." These are a class who steal about "with cat like tread," slip into rooming houses, unnoticed, sometimes rent a room, size up the situation and the habits of the occupants. They are very proud of their skill but still they do not wish to be found out, for it will cause them some trouble. These fellows seem to be entirely conscienceless.

A Utah woman, trained in honesty, not cunning, left her room for another part of the house for about 15 minutes. As she returned from upstairs she noticed the light in the hall and in their room was out. Her intelligence suggested the present status of our civilization. She thought of her pocket-book and went to the place where she had left it, but it was gone with every cent of money she had in the world. This occurred at 11 o'clock on the night of a Sabbath day.

I could tell scores of such instances. The spirit of graft and dishonesty permeates the air and is ruining the otherwise beautiful life and turning it into misery and despair.

Before we can have peace on earth we must have peace loving and peace living people. They must be honest and true. They must be better selves. A government of the people cannot be much ahead of the people.

I believe though that every person is really better than he seems. Poverty is detrimental to all that is noble and true and so the better qualities are crushed out. We need more workers in the cause of a nobler manhood.

BACK TO EDEN.

People should not be taught to shout and foam on religion. They should be taught to stand, think and meditate. They should be taught also to keep away from the big cities and to go

A UNIVERSAL FOOD

Following Nature's Footsteps.

"I have a boy two years old, weighing forty pounds and in perfect health who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk."

This is an ideal food and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage.

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Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page,

INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

Letter From Salt Lake Man to Collier's Is Going the Rounds.

That Havana, Cuba, is having trouble of its own over the constantly increasing cost of living, is evident from the prominence given in the Havana Daily Telegraph to an article from Collier's written by Isaac Russell of the "News" staff.

The paragraph reproduces the article with Collier's comments and a few of its own on the Cuban situation as follows:

"The increased cost of living has for some time been the leading topic of discussion here in Havana, and the problem, serious enough in itself, has moved the good mayor of Havana to some extent of provoking efforts to mitigate the severity of the evil. His honorable endeavor to reverse the laws of supply and demand, and furnish cheap milk to Havana's infant population, when milk was scarce and consequently dear, and his more recent but no less frankish though well meant effort to supply the people of this city with cheap meat, at the expense of the country's meat-producing industry are still fresh in the minds of all. Salt Lake is evidently in need of just such a patriarchal mayor, for there, too, as will be seen from the enclosed article from Collier's, prices go up most disconcertingly and unreasonably. The truth that 'the educated poor who live on salaries and fixed incomes are up against it' was never more impressively demonstrated than in the case of the 'Hundred' of them are adorned with elaborate diagrams, and they baffle with statistics. They look impressive, and we feel that they are learned and authoritative disquisitions upon a subject of great importance and universal application. We are torn between a conscientious conviction that a journal of contemporary civilization ought to point soundly on this subject, and an instinctive certainty that since these contributions are too heavy and dull for us to wade through, no one else will read them, and consequently they will do much good. To our rescue comes Mr. Isaac Russell of Salt Lake, who covers the mathematics, the economics, the sociology, the plain human nature of this subject, all in a paragraph whose brevity and liveliness command our admiration."

Editor Collier's: Two years ago I decided I was tired of reading but I wanted to live in, and when the plans were drawn the contractors said the price was \$2,000. I decided to save some money instead of building at once, and I got \$700 ahead of the game. Yesterday I sought the contractor, begging him to go ahead. While he was explaining that brick had gone up 30 per cent, lumber 45 per cent, and labor 25 per cent, along came a fresh-looking delegate to inform him that there had been another meeting of the Electrical Workers' union, and the price for electricity was now 100 per cent. The contractor got through figuring and showed me he could tackle the house for \$3,400, and what I am trying to figure is how much of a loss I am by saving my money. Also whether you would advise me to plant the plot of my prospective house with a bean patch against the coming of the day when we three-dollar-a-day men, who fill the railroad offices, carry the mail, write the newspapers, and teach the schools, will be called upon to give free soup to the eight-hundred-a-month hangers-on, who are contemplating raising the price at the next meeting to \$3 and to cut a minute to 52 seconds by union watches, or whether your advice would be to buy a bomb and join the socialistic anarchists. Additionally, if I buy the bomb, would you advise me to throw it at Hartman or Debs first, or have you another plan? Please! Also, finally, if you pay for my advice like this, kindly send the check at once, as I would like to send it for beans or a bomb, as per advice. I have enough stored by to send a red flag, or the price hasn't been boosted in the past few days. Very truly, Isaac Russell."

A great many folks who lack Mr. Russell's gift of expression share his problem and may even admit a sneaking sympathy with his sentiments. Capital sees carefully to getting its share of prosperity and the labor unions are prompt and efficient in keeping up the end of what used to be known as the dollar-a-day man. Between the two, these are evil days for the educated poor who live on salaries and fixed incomes.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The never substitutes."

Eagles' Day, June 19th, Salt Palace.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theater—It is one of the wonders how "Florodora" continues to draw. No one was more astonished than Manager Pyper to see nearly every seat in the house filled last night when the well worn old opera came up for repetition. Judging from the applause and the encores, there are a good many people yet to whom the famous sextet "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" is a novelty. Last night it went with the old charm, though it must be said the list of ladies does not include many who would be apt to cause a repetition of the Thaw-White episode. In other respects, too, the rendition, while marked by all the old time color and movement, falls below the originals. The best work was done by Miss Millington in the role of Lady Highbury, and while she is not an Edna Wallace Hopper nor an Isadora Rush, much of her work was quite of the "fetching" character. Mr. Mack as the comedian Tweedle Punch, was as funny as the most humorous of the jokers allowed him to be. Mr. Monahan as Giffain suggested largely the machine made methods. Mr. Deen, the baritone, was fair, but the famous old "Shade of the Sheltering Palms" was not greeted with the customary furor. An interpolated song "I Would Like to Marry You," truth be told, though it must be said the chorus is big, lively and hard working, and the costuming is as magnificent as ever.

Tonight sees a complete change of bill in the rendition of "The Silver Slipper" in which Mr. Mack has the role of Henry Bismarck Henney, the old time fad.

Tonorrow afternoon sees the only presentation of "A Runaway Girl," and the engagement closes tomorrow night with "The Wizard of the Nile."

Orpheum—At the Orpheum this week "The Henrietta," which at one time charmed the whole continent, is the offering. In a way it is a success, and last night a well filled house witnessed an opening production which was able to successfully demonstrate that there is more than a laugh or two still tucked away in the old play. It is the same old "Henrietta," however, and Zelby Roach, Jos. Greene, Roy Clements, and Mr. Bennett could make it better yet. Throwing a little more stock market sugar into their act. They seem to be saying lines rather than acting parts, and do not keep up the pace set for them by Lucia Moore and Al. Phillips, who this week came more prominently to the front as the central figures. Mr. Phillips is "Bertie" of course, and the role is the best he has yet attempted. Miss Moore is Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke, a charming widow who is wooed by Wall Street's boss, and also by his soul's ad-

Remarkable Rescue.

That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fevora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, 50c and \$1.00, at Z. C. M. I. Drug store. Trial bottle free.

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CUT FULL OF HOLES.

Big Ballon at Salt Palace a Total Loss.

Some time during Sunday night the big ballon at the Salt Palace was cut full of holes and was rendered useless. The ballon was in a canvas enclosure, and it was there that the slashing was done. Some kind of acid was also used, which ate holes in the bag, quite as impossible to repair as were the slashes made by the knife. The ballon is the property of P. A. Tassell, and is said to have cost \$5,000. The owner claims that he has suffered a total loss.

Efforts are being made by the management of the Salt Palace to apprehend the person or persons guilty of the act, but so far there is no clue that will throw any light on the subject. Tassell says that it is quite work pure and simple.

CURED HEMORRAGES OF THE LUNGS.

"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake of Worcester, Mass., "and treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Kidney and Urinary Cure, and now as you see I am as sound as a bell. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble. Foley's Kidney and Urinary Cure cures the lungs, and prevents serious results from a cold. He has substituted Foley's Kidney and Urinary Cure for the never substitutes." F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The never substitutes."

viser in the ministry. She does much to keep up the interest.

Wall street has changed much in national standing since the play was written, and made its great hit. In those days a Wall street panic would have made the nation tremble, but now such a play as "The Lion and the Mouse," giving another view of high finance, better fits the popular mood. One of the great functions of the drama is to portray problems of the day in which they are written, and that some of them pass with the problems they consider is only a testimony that they fulfilled their purpose. "The Henrietta" seems to be going into this class, and while it may have enough interest left to fill the house for the week, it will probably not rank with the preceding bill as one of the summer's big successes.

Grand—in the "Shadows of the Gallows," the bill at the Grand this week, is not a plausible story, but it is a most thrilling one, and has in it the elements that go to make up the melodramatic. There is murder in the prologue and first act, murder and death in the closing scene, with gun plays and attempted killings in the acts that intervene, so that the audience is kept in a state of excitement during nearly every minute of the time. There is, however, a little of the play that runs in a lighter vein, and that portion of it is furnished by Miss Frankfield, in the role of "Pug," a child of nature, wild as a mountain lion, but with a heart of gold, and by Frederic Bernard, who played the part of an Irishman. Miss Frankfield, especially, acquitted herself with credit, being well suited to the role. Next in point of excellence were Louis Coughay, as Jack Redmond, the hero, and Kent Bosworth, as Squire Merline, the man responsible for all theills depicted in the story. Miss Mabel Livingston sang two pleasing solos between acts.

Larks—With more intelligence than seems credible, the performance of Prof. Herbert's trained dogs at the Lyric this week is easily the top-liner of the season. The high jumping of the greyhounds, the high dive of the oldest dog performer on the road, and the loop-the-loop by the small hound are especially good. The Ritzies, acrobats, some good twisting, Emmet, the change artist, is amusing; Barry and Evans, in the "Tiny Soubrette," come in for their share of the laughs, while Ida Howell sings. Leon Chartiers does the illustrated song act very creditably, and two acts of moving pictures end the performance.

A man who is in perfect health, so he can do an honest day's work when necessary, has much for which he should be thankful. Mr. L. C. Rodgers, of Brainerd, Minn., writes that he was not only unable to work, but he couldn't stoop over to tie his own shoes. Six bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made a new man of him. He says, "Success to Foley's Kidney Cure." For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The never substitutes."

Eagles' Day, June 19th, Salt Palace.

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