



## ACROSS THE HILLS.

The following poem might rightly take its place among classic of poetry and should be numbered among them "everybody should know."

A little valley round me lies,  
Crested above by silent hills;  
Above it sweeps the silent skies,  
In spring it is all daffodils.  
In summer the sweetbrier grows  
For those who seek; then, wistful  
days  
Sifted through autumn, till the snows  
Lie white on all the quiet ways.

The many, many ways that wind  
Their many paths the valley through;  
I cannot trace them to the end—  
They stretch a little space in view  
And then (ah, some are rough to  
tread!)  
But some all gently travel on  
With sunlight shining overhead!  
They climb the hill-crest and are  
gone.

And by these roads, day after day,  
My friends and fellows, one by one  
With eyes far-searching, far away,  
So shall I do as they have done—  
Some day, with swift or faltering pace  
And one look backward, long and  
fond.  
Shall climb the encircling hill and face  
The great beyond—the great Beyond!  
—Charles Buxton Going, in Success.

## PATIENCE.

I stood within the halls of joy  
And asked, "If one could point the  
way  
To sorrow's house." With manner coy,  
Inquisitely, each answered "nay."

I knocked upon the door of Pain.  
"Can't tell where Sorrow lives?" I  
cried—  
But there, too, I had sought in vain;  
"Sorrow is my mother," Pain replied.

Then met I one whose face serene  
Was light upon the darkened earth:  
"Sorrow," she said with gentle mien—  
"Ah, yes—twas she that gave me  
birth."  
—Beth Slater Whitson in Metropolitan  
Magazine.

## NOTES

News of the earthquake disaster in Italy has caused Mr. Marion Crawford's "Southern Italy and Sicily" to appear suddenly as one of the books most in demand at the libraries and bookstores. Mr. Crawford's well known book, which was published in 1896, is probably the best available source of historical and topographical information about the devastated country, and its many illustrations are particularly valuable at the present time.

Having fooled Mark Twain and the Simplified Spelling Society, to say nothing of the San Francisco Relief Committee of Providence, E. L. Mies Gracemore, author of "The Letters of Jennie Allen," has now taken a fall out of her publishers. At their office in Boston the other day there was a discussion of the arrival of a post card which at first aroused no feeling of suspicion in spite of its Providence postmark. It read as follows:

"Mr. Small Maynard. Please send me a book of those red postcards. You are sending round. I am going to read the book from which they are taken at the first opportunity. I had a chance to read it but it was Sunday. I am told it is funny though pure."  
After a while, however, the resemblance between the last line and such remarks of Jennie herself as "He is a little man but a perfect gentleman," and "She is fish but very pleasant," made the publishers suspect that the San Francisco Relief Committee was herself the perpetrator, and, in the case of the "Letters" themselves, she finally agreed up. One of her maids had wanted a set of the post-cards, and, when she asked her mistress what to say to the publishers, the mistress could not resist the temptation to suggest the firm in which the request should be sent. Incidentally, that is again strange—no fiction, for the remark, "It is funny though pure," was actually made by a highly respectable and obviously serious Providence woman, Miss Dorothy North had heard of it, and had been laughing it up to amuse her publisher.

Robert Hichens is another noted writer to have two new books before the public at the same time—"A Spirit in the House" and "The Letters of Jennie Allen." The novel which ran serially in Harper's Weekly, and "Egypt and Its Monuments," having been brought out almost at the same time. Nevertheless, it was poetry, not narrative, that first drew this author toward a

literary career and away from his chosen avocation—music. Mr. Hichens began his compromise by writing words for songs, one of which was sung one evening by Madame Patti. "I took a seat and waited in a fever of anxiety," says Mr. Hichens, "the applause was tremendous, and I was in a heaven of pride, when I heard two voices behind me. 'What a lovely song that was!' exclaimed one. 'Yes,' agreed the other, 'but what awful sort of words those songs always have!'"

Edward Peple, author of "The Spitfire," has proved himself, in a recent interview, a humorist of quality as well as playwright and novelist. He said:

"I was born in Richmond, Va., in the year eighteen hundred and none of your business. My father, a Belgian, was an artist and a scholar, and served as an officer in the army. My mother's maiden name was Lowndes, an old family well known to Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina."  
"At an early age I developed musical and a taste for literature. Later I dropped the musical and stuck to literature, a choice, I am told, which was most unwise."  
"I did not go to college, on account of financial inconvenience; therefore I appointed myself as my own corps of volunteers, and graduated at the head of my class."  
"I worked several years in a Richmond bank, then came to New York. There I was employed in an insurance office, and finally went with the American Bridge company as an expert accountant. Meanwhile my literary disease was progressing as rapidly as evenings, Sundays and holidays would permit."  
"My first work consisted in several librettos for operas; but I never found a manager who was a big enough fool to produce them, though I still have the manuscripts and am open to negotiations with the proper parties."  
"My first book was 'A Broken Rose,' written from my play of the same name which has not yet been presented. This was followed by a play, 'The Prince Chap,' (now in its fourth season) and a novel of the same name and story which has enjoyed quite a flattering degree of popularity. I then, in collaboration with the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, wrote 'Richard the Fourth,' which was published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Company, who have kindly brought out a novel entitled 'Reminiscences.' This and the same publishers have put out 'The Spitfire.' Recently, I was, in measure, responsible for a play which was called by its managers for some occult reason 'The Route.' It is still running. The next season I had still another play, 'The Silver Girl,' which, from the length of its run, might have been called 'Several Weeks.' I have also produced a one-act play called 'The Malleable Metal,' and a story of the same title. Also I have written quite a number of short stories for various magazines. As for written, but unproduced works, you wait! That is what I am doing myself. No, I will not give you my opinion on Ibsen, nor the ethical tendency of dramatic art in America; but I do think that pet cats are perfectly delightful—stuffed. Beyond this I would say that I am unmarried and expect to remain so; several of my teeth are ailed and I have a hellish liver. And this, believe me, is all, though I blush in telling it."

There is something wrong with the man who can read a book and not be moved. It is life. This is the comment of an enthusiastic reader of Alfred Ollivant's romance, "The Gentleman." Evidently there is nothing wrong with a certain French army officer who has informed Mr. Ollivant's publisher that he has read "The Gentleman" three times and has begun his fourth reading of it.

"Mr. Crew's Career" opened as a play at New Haven last week with very prospect of a successful run. The picture of political success in New England is said to have won the approval of the university town audience.

The announcement that the Nobel prize in literature has gone to Prof. Rudof Eucken has stimulated interest in an author who has hitherto been little known outside of academic circles. Although Prof. Eucken's works have not yet appeared in English he is known to every student of philosophy in America, particularly as he has been the teacher of a great many of the prominent professors in American institutions. One of his English disciples, Mr. W. R. Boyce Gibson, has written a study entitled "Rudof Eucken's Philosophy of Life," which has been published in America by the Macmillan company.

## BOOKS

The modern taste and tendency in gift books were given direction by an old Sweetheart of Mine, James Whitcomb Riley's poem, which was published some years ago with pictures in color by Howard Chandler Christy. Now everybody knows this Christy-Riley book. It has enjoyed an enormous vogue and given Mr. Riley's lines a larger circulation than has been gained by any English poem since an Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

This year there is a new Christy-Riley book—Home Again with Mr. A. Delightful thing it is! Compare it with an Old Sweetheart, and it is easy to see why it was selected from the poet's long list of titles to follow in the series in both the quick, sentimental appeal, the warm, honest, simple love of home and family, the glancing lights of a humorist's eye but unmistakable—all so thoroughly American as to win America has at its best. And Mr. Christy's new pictures are far and away more spirited, more illustrative

and more numerous—than his old. Riley has come to be regarded as preeminently the Christmas poet, the festival of home, the anniversary of reconciliation and good-will, and Riley is the poet of children, of the family, of the wide and glad affections. On this Christy-Riley book no longer satisfies the demand. There must be, besides a new Christy-Riley book, a new Riley-Betta book, as big as a hat box, with the quaintest, daintiest, pictures of children—a picture book for the young in heart. This year Mr. Riley and Miss Ethel Franklin Betts give us The Orphan Annie Book.

There is one artist whose name, even more than Mr. Christy's or Miss Betts', is associated with Mr. Riley's work. We mean, of course, Will Vawter. As much a humorist as the poet himself, living, in fact, in the poet's own home town of Greenfield, working in almost daily consultation with the poet, this big, funny, whole-hearted fellow of the skilful brush is just chock-full of the Riley story. He happily and slenderly can add to your Christmas list a new Deer Creek Riley volume, Songs of Summer. It goes well with Love-Lyrics and Child-Rhymes.

"The Summer's put the lay in mine. I'm glad I'm a boy again."  
Songs of Summer will do as much for the Panther, by Anne Warner, published this fall by Small, Maynard & Company, has probably excited more interest than the greivous misanthropic migration from simple minded lovers of highly colored and entertaining literature, than any other book of the season. It is taken very seriously by the author, whose first non-humorous story it is, for she writes of it in a personal letter: "The book was drafted in Munich, six years ago, and the story of its story is too long to tell. I thought it was too long for me, and a man friend who was fascinated by the draft undertook to write it. While he was working on it, he married and his wife, who was a native of the place, so then I worked it over. I let a German editor read it, and it took all the strength of a very powerful friend of mine to get it away from him again. He would have been a very good American right by translating it forthwith."  
"Then I began to see that it would have to be illustrated to 'go' at all in your country, and so I sought for an artist. I was lucky. I found the English Mr. Thomas entrance picture at the Lotus club, that I found my artist. Mr. Thomas read the story, and saw such sense as I saw it. The pictures were the result. They suit me absolutely."

Miller's Standard Algebra, by William L. Miller, Ph. D., L. D., President of New York State, is published by Appleton, N. Y. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. This new algebra follows the inductive method of presentation, using descriptive statements and questions instead of questions. The problems are fresh in character, and are classified according to the nature of the questions involved. The statement of necessary definitions and of principles is clear and concise, and they are fully illustrated. The student is early made familiar with algebraic language. Accuracy is encouraged by the numerous checks and tests that are suggested, and the requirements of the subject are verified in the solution of equations. Graphs are treated with sufficient fullness and utilized in discussing the values of quadratic expressions. The student is well prepared on the subject of factoring. The volume is unusually handy in size and convenient for the pocket, having a small page, with clear open type, and a flexible cover.

Potentially every book is a gift book. There is some one whom it would make happy. But in this age of specialization there is, of course, special, a specific class of gift books, designed to make money happy, to celebrate its climax and typify the holiday spirit.

Quite the most sumptuous and elaborate thing in the gift book line that has ever been attempted is the Howard Sweetheart. It is the size that strikes one first. The plates are almost a foot square. In consequence the full beauty of the original paintings is given again with stunning effect.

Then the color is more riotous to the eye, flashing and dazzling in a tropic brilliancy—all the colors in the rainbow.

Many artists are represented in the book. The leader in the field, Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, Will Greff, Clarence F. Underwood, Lester Ralph and F. Graham Coates are among the number. These brilliant illustrators vie with one another in the effort to picture American womanhood in her most radiant loveliness. For A Book of Sweethearts is made up altogether of the heads of beautiful girls. Infinite in their variety, infinite their pictured charm.

The text, set in bold and novel decorations by Mr. Will Jenkins, consists of toasts to beauty—fresh and famous, wise or witty, sage or sassy, as the case may be. Here is the piquant dedication:

"I have known many.  
Like a few,  
Loved one—  
Here's to you!"

And this the equally piquant postword, adapted, you will note, from the epilogue as As You Like It:

"Oh sweethearts, for the love you bear to men, like as much of this book as pleases you; O men, for the love you bear to sweethearts, let this book be fruitful to you and bountifully please."  
That it will "bountifully please" all the more fortunate who will receive it at Christmas is a foregone conclusion.—Bobbo Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

## MAGAZINES

The January issue of the new home magazine, the Western Monthly, is no less a delightful surprise than the initial one of December. Its articles dealing with features and questions of vital interest to the westerner, its bright stories and other literary features, its illustrations, and, in fact, the entire make-up of the magazine is a credit both to the managers, editorial staff, and the readers to whom it is devoted. It is a magazine of good literature and loyal citizens of the intermountain country.

The January number of the Bookman contains a summary of the best selling books of the past year on the six best selling books. As was expected, "Mr. Crew's Career" proves to have been the book of the year. It lead all others in the number of points scored, 1,385. Its nearest competitor having received 1,191. Mr. Churchill's novel also leads in the number of times it appeared at the head of the list. In four successive months it was the best seller, while its nearest competitors remained at the head of the list only two months.

If you want a medicine that will keep the digestion perfect, the bowels open, make the blood pure and keep you strong and healthy, begin your meals with a dose of

OSTETTER'S  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH  
BITTER

AMERICAN NOVELISTS  
Suit Australia Best

Special Correspondence.  
LONDON, Jan. 6.—English publishers are getting more and more worried about Australia, which, so far as books are concerned, has become an American colony—rather more so than Canada. It seems that the dwellers in the antipodes are taking to American books instead of to those which come from England. The reason for this is said to be found in the fact that English authors go in too much for moralizing and character analysis, whereas Americans go in for action—quick and lots of it. Books which sell by the thousands in America meet with hearty welcome in Australia; those which sell in England on five seldom raise even a spark in the British market. In fact, most Australian newspapers have taken to criticizing the English novel severely—even the most successful books of the season—and even questioning the intelligence of the British reader. In Australia, for instance, Mark Twain is not at all popular; while Mr. Humphrey Ward is. What hurts most is that American publishers have actually offered to contract with English authors to include the Australian rights with the American rights, and to pay better for the Australian rights than the English publisher often does. It is hard enough to have American authors swallowing the Australian market without having American publishers, by means of more attractive bindings and greater enterprise, beating the English publisher in his own colony with his own English authors. This is what happened long ago in Canada and nearly all of the English authors now sell their "Canadian rights" to the American publisher instead of to the English publisher, thus getting not only larger sums per volume in Canada, but selling more volumes. There are rumors afloat, however, that something sensational is going on in the English publishing world—something little short of a revolution.

Books as decorations.  
Buying books to match the color of the wall-paper is becoming customary nowadays. Most people thought this was some novelistic little joke at first; but publishers are considering it seriously. Books are purchased in large lots simply for decorative effect. For instance, a publisher may find that a certain color is popular, and he will sell more readily than when bound in colors which do not match household color schemes.

Nearly every modern book-binding permit of artistic handling, but there must be certain bindings for certain rooms. It will not do at all to have blue bindings in the dining-room. Here the books must be in the dining-room with dark chairs and curtains, books must be more or less sober in "tone."

It has been suggested that, if decoration is all that is needed, books should be more dummies. But this is denounced as heresy. Not only must books nowadays be genuine, but the pages must be cut; and some people even go so far as to have certain passages marked—whether they have read

## NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following thirty-two volumes will be added to the public library Monday evening, Jan. 18, 1909:

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Caffin—How to Study Pictures.  
Coldridge—United States as a World Power.  
Dry—Giacomo Puccini.  
Hubbard—Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador.  
International Library of Technology: Stair Building; Work.  
Mansueti—Fire Proofing.  
Valve Gears; Steam Pump.  
Historic Ornament.  
Technique and Physiology.  
Keller—World I Live In.  
Kutter—The Museum.  
McConnell—Presidential Campaigns.  
Parnallee—Anthropology and Sociology.

Roberts—Joseph Smith (reference).  
Schon—Hydro-Electric Practice.  
Shakespeare—The History of the Third (new version ed. reference).  
Waddington—Chateau and Country Life in France.  
Wiltach—Richard Mansfield.

## FICTION.

Benson—Mirror of Shalott.  
Correll—Holy Orders.  
Harraden—Interplay.  
Phillipps—Virgin in Judgment.  
Wells—War in the Air.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

DeGarmo—Tales of Troy.  
Husted—Stories of Indian Children.  
Husted—Stories of Indian Chiefs.  
Marshall—Stories of the Vikings.  
Macgregor—Story of Oliver Cromwell.  
Pierman—Millers and Their New Rome.  
Tomlinson—Mad Anthony's Young Scout.  
Truhy—Playmate.  
Wade—No Little Americans.

## THE DANGER IN PROMOTION.

Des Moines Register and Leader: Mr. Runyan, who studied law in the night school with Secretary Cortelyou and who has a newspaper man's acquaintance with Washington, says:

"You know, as a matter of fact, neither Hitchcock nor Cortelyou has the executive ability credited to them. Roosevelt has been the chairman of the national Republican committee in the last two campaigns. He's the best politician in America and he's got sense."  
If the judgment of others who know the men may be taken as corroborative this view of the government employee ever since.

It would be remarkable in a way if it were not true that both are outclassed by men of the president's caliber. Cortelyou has been a chairman of the department ever since. Hitchcock graduated at Harvard and at once got a job in the department of agriculture, and has been in the government employ ever since. Both are expert departmental men. But that sort of training has never before fitted men for great responsibilities.

It is a mistake to encourage the idea that such men are capable of assuming the larger responsibilities of government. For it that idea becomes once popularized every department of government will set into the hands of men whose talent is essentially departmental. The detail work of every department must be in the civil service. But the originating mind of the men of wide acquaintance with men and affairs can not safely be dispensed with in leading the work.

This danger is suggested in the department of agriculture, where Mr. Finchet is said to be slated to succeed Secretary Wilson, when the

American Novelists  
Suit Australia Best

them or not. There is a species of literary "mobbery" which pretends to prefer books to motor cars; and the devotees of this fake "cult" will never admit that they have not read any mortal book you happen to mention. On this point they might be reminded of an interesting story recently told concerning the librarian of the city of Paris. Someone asked the librarian if he had ever heard of a certain book. He frankly admitted his ignorance. Whereupon his questioner expressed great surprise that a man with 2,000,000 books under his charge should not have been acquainted with a really well-known book. "You should not be at all surprised," said the librarian, "for there are more than a million books which everybody ought to read; whereas the average life allows us, at best, to read but 10,000 of them. This leaves an enormous balance unread, and, therefore, no one should hesitate to declare that a man with any book, however famous it might be."

The literary snob, however, will never own up; and even if titles are invented purposely to trap him, he solemnly tells you he has read books that have never been written. Anthony Hope, on this point, recently said: "I know it needs a little courage to own you have not read 'Paradise Lost,' but he advises his readers to be frank about their ignorance."

## LITERARY FINDS.

Literary treasures are always turning up in unexpected quarters in London. Some of the first editions of the Ruybalay of Omar Khayyam were recently found in an old bookshop. Though originally sold for 2 cents they brought \$200. They belonged to the quarto edition of 1520. Edward Fitzgerald had a lot of these first editions "cleared out" at 2 cents, and now and then one of them turns up, always to command a good stiff price from a book lover. So far, the original firm of Quatrish has bought most of them back.

There is a queer little literary society in London which calls itself the "Pseudonyms." It is a secret organization; but not at all dangerous. The "Sudoc" is, of course, they have been nicknamed—meets weekly in one of the restaurants in London's Latin quarter—around Soho Square—and discuss various subjects of a bookish interest. The members all their views freely, and it is rather odd to find the fun of the evening if the views expressed are somewhat dogmatic. New authors are ruthlessly dealt with; but not necessarily because of their newness. Meritorious books are treated fairly; but "trash" is more than its share of the first editions of their works which take place at the meetings of the "Pseudonyms." It would certainly act as a damper to further literary effort. Several librarians attend these meetings; and you often see there influential literary and artistic personalities, who, however, would not have it known to the outside world that they belong to such a society. The debates and "book dissections" take place behind closed doors, and everything is done "under the rose." One invited to attend one of the dinners given by this little club, you are forever after expected to hold your peace as to what takes place. Strange to say, this little literary society is beginning to wield considerable influence in various directions. The founders have resolved to keep the society quite separate from all other similar undertakings, and persistently refuse to "affiliate" with them.

CHARLES OGDENS.

latter retires. In Secretary Wilson the department has an organizer who covers America. An life, a man of experience, a judge of other men, and all-round man. Mr. Pinchot, on the other hand, is a faddist on trees, a man of routine, a man who would have almost none of Secretary Wilson's initiative, because he has almost none of Secretary Wilson's acquaintance with the people, with their aims and wants.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

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I received your sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and after taking it I bought several bottles from my druggist. I find it a good remedy for indigestion and also constipation. I don't regret the money I paid for it.—Ida A. Frazier, Grand Junction, Tenn.

About four years ago I was taken ill with indigestion and stomach trouble. After trying several remedies I was induced to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. After taking part of a bottle, I was entirely relieved. I have kept a bottle in my house since. I find it the finest stomach tonic I have ever used and gladly recommend it to all who have stomach trouble.—C. Fowler, Carson City, Nev.

I used your Syrup Pepsin last summer for indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and I find it the best medicine I have ever used.—Nash B. Hatfield, Zelma, Mo.

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