

has done remarkably well. Mr. Ford is a universal favorite wherever he goes, and a born diplomat, who is bound to make a big hit in the service. His father, the late Sir Claude Ford, was ambassador at Rome, Constantinople and Madrid, while he himself is first secretary of the British legation at Constantinople, where Sir Alan Mackenzie, whose wife is an American, is ambassador. Lady Mackenzie is just now entertaining the bride-elect and Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck. The king has promised the bride's mother that he will be present at the wedding.

GONE TO PARIS.

Mrs. Marshall Field has gone to Paris, but only to replenish her wardrobe. Since she has been met by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Field, who is also there. The latter is on the best of terms with her late husband's family. It is said she means to take a London flat in Hill street. It is rumored that she intends to do something big in philanthropy. Now is her time, for never was a fashionable pastime so much on the wane and the king being genuinely interested in the cult would be sure to pay marked attention to anyone who tried to resuscitate it.

HOSTESS PAR EXCELLENCE.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin has made up her mind to be regarded as the hostess par excellence of the Scotch season. There is no doubt she is getting within measurable distance of the mark. She certainly knows how to do things well, and flings money about in fine style. Your social education and experience are not considered complete unless you have been to one of the Bradley-Martins' house parties at Balmacan. Other years she brought all her guests for the Inverness and Perth meetings in four-in-hand coaches whose arrival, announced by uncessantly loud blowing of trumpets, used to cause as much excitement as the games. This season, the Balmacan motor cars, each of which is capable of conveying nine people, make noise still. They are painted and upholstered in crimson, have electric lights, electric bells, and all the latest luxuries. One hears nothing and many see nothing of the hostess, and that is about all. At the balls which are one of the greatest features of the season in the north, he never puts in an appearance, but even at the famous one which his wife gives at Balmacan! He is regarded as a shining example of the model American husband, who is content with a back seat himself, and lets his wife enjoy herself as she pleases.

LADY MARY.

LEST WE Forget-Daisy is restless, can't sleep at night, won't eat, cries spasmodically. A bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge will cure. Every mother should give her baby White's Cream Vermifuge. So many times when the baby is pale and fretful, the mother does not know what to do. A bottle of this medicine would bring color to his cheeks and laughter to his eyes. Give it a trial. Sold by Z. C. M. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street.

FUTURE QUEEN IS A MODEL MOTHER

(Continued from page seventeen.)

their poorer fellow citizens of their own age. In thrifty and sober Belgium there is no tragedy of child life, and the poor children are as gay as well-to-do ones, and as stoutly clad as the royal princes who come to visit and play with them in their kindergartens and in the villas at the seaside where the organization which Princess Albert protects secures summer holidays for thousands every year.

ROYAL BABY CLOTHES.

There is a great display of wonderful baby clothes whenever a royal baby is born in Belgium, and on such occasions, the mothers who claim Princess Albert's friendship or protection, or who belong to any of these innumerable societies with which she is connected, manage to get within the palace walls on some pretext or another, to present an address in person, or it may be, individually, to carry their congratulations with a bunch of flowers to their patroness, and for months afterwards they tell wondrous tales of lace and ribbons and muslin, of cradles and pillows, and pinushions. But generally the clothing of the little princess is exquisite only in its freshness and simplicity. Their mother, with her German good sense, and her special medical love, is a high priestess of hygiene; she wages unceasing warfare against microbes. She prides herself more on a particularly useful and cleanly combination of toilet table and baby's bath than on any lace-draped cradle, and so far, in the earliest years of her motherhood, did she carry her precautions against infection that all entering the nursery from the street had to cover their clothes with a huge overall. This precaution is now dropped, but furs are still strictly forbidden, and the baby's grandmother, herself, the widowed Countess of Flanders, Princess Albert's mother, has to remove her furs on entering her son's palace, before her grandchildren are let near her.

A MODEL MOTHER.

Every mother would do well to follow the careful example of the Belgian princess in the separation of her children from all strangers, and in her own warding off evil from them as far as possible, but watching these gay little tots, one realizes that if there are immense possibilities for happiness in a prince's life, there are also shadows hanging over it more heavy than those which threaten lesser men. Both in public and in private life the parents of these little princes are above reproach. Each of them is a model mother, each of them strives honestly and seriously to fill the day with good work, and yet one sees the glad play of their tiny children surrounded with precautions against unknown danger for which the fear of microbes alone cannot account. Princess Albert loves the Belgians; she knows they hold her in affection, and assuredly she has no fear of any of them; yet her motherly precaution, even in their play out of doors in crowded places, causes her to draw the two boys who stand in the succession to the throne as far apart as may be without altogether separating them—and it is much the same within their home itself. Can it be that she dreads that some anarchist hand, reckless of the parents' good or of the children's innocence, should come between them? Whatever the cause of the excessive care, may evil even be averted from them!

ALL VERY YOUNG.

The careful guard against every possible danger, accounts for the fact that the little princess becomes the only four and a half years old, the younger just three—when they travel to the same place go by different trains. Thus the other day they went on a visit to their grandmother's country chateau, and Prince Leopold, the elder, went one day before his brother, Prince Charles.

For themselves their story is quickly told. They are intelligent, docile little children. Prince Leopold is graver than his brother, sedately like his conscientious father, while Prince Charles, the younger, is a greater romp, and full of more ready laughter. They have the long limbs of their father, while in their faces the soft Bavarian looks of their mother are clearly shown.

JOHN DE COURCY MAC DONNELL.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Was a man of nerve—but sickness left him weak and he became a feeble creature. Sickness is often caused by a torpid liver. Herbine will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Holien, Kansas, writes: "I consider Herbine the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by Z. C. M. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street.



INDIA TO BUY AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

Amar Singh and Gopal Singh are two East Indian merchants now touring the country studying the manufacturing industries of the United States. Both are a part of the Swadeshi movement, which has for its purpose the freeing of India from the iron heel of English commercial oppression. To get an idea of the cost of American manufacturing materials, the Messrs. Singh have already visited Portland, Ore.; Minneapolis, Boston and Fall River, Mass. Their investigations have covered a period of three months, and upon their return home they will recommend the purchase of American-made materials to a syndicate of Indian merchants, which has been formed in Amritsar, a city in the province of Punjab.

WHOLESALE MURDERS BY "BLACK HUNDRED."

(Continued from page seventeen.)

from his veins and had grown rich upon the work of the proletariat.

WROUGHT HAVOC EVERYWHERE.

In a short time the kitchen ranges were pulled down and the hermetically sealed stove in the diningroom. The floorings were next ripped up and the wall papers pulled down by a hundred destructive hands. The plate glass windows hampered the crowd, so they were smashed to the accompaniment of shrieks of joy that the property of a "bourgeois" was being destroyed. Some friends of the absent landlord, aghast at the situation they saw, tried to get the police to interfere, but the police said it was no business of theirs and refused. At last somebody, who knew the inspector on duty at the nearest police station, managed to get him to send a policeman and some soldiers to the scene of the orgy; but they were soon bought over with basins of vodka, got drunk and helped to pull down the walls with their bayonets.

The orgy terminated in the cellar.

barous as the idea is, many are of the same mind as one Russian general, who expressed the opinion that the only way of getting rid of the Black Hundred is to drive them into one quarter of the towns, keep them there by means of strong outposts with bayonets fixed, and burn the whole lot by pouring barrels of pitch on to the houses and setting fire to them.

B. C. BASKERVILLE.

VISIT AMONG CANNIBALS.

My inland journey in New Guinea began at Vatorata. I had been at the marine village, just off the coast, and had visited several of the huts perched on piles over the water. As in Venice, so here the inhabitants go about in boats, not gaily decorated, in the case, but hollowed out of tree trunks. I suppose the marine villages came into being to avoid surprises in wars. The hygienic conditions are certainly superior to the land settlements. At Vatorata is a college for Papuans. The Motu tongue, which is used for trading along two hundred miles of the south coast, has been selected for teaching. Twenty ex-cannibals were engaged in their studies when I called. The curriculum includes farming and associ-

ple, innocent, I am not afraid of cannibals sort of smile. Let me relate, at this time, one incident of that memorable journey.

We had been on the march a long time, stopping occasionally to permit me to make scientific observations or to write down in my diary an important happening, when, emerging from a bamboo jungle, we came suddenly upon a group of cannibals. They were powerfully built savages, accustomed to the taste of human flesh. But it was such a surprise to them to see us, and Schlenker said my huge size helped to scare them, that they ran like frightened antelope.

The missionary shouted to them: "Missionaries! Missionaries!" whereupon, to my amazement, they halted and returned. I spent my time studying them and keeping conveniently near Schlenker and our trusty followers, for I did not know when they might get a sudden appetite. They certainly had the aspect of men who know a good thing when they see it. Fine fellows when they smiled, but they looked like devils when they frowned. It was then that I seemed to see the real soul of the savage expressing itself in their faces.

The cannibal countenance has certainly been carved by the vicious thoughts which so often control him. The cannibal face in repose is most forbidding; in anger it is most devilish. I have been among wild beasts, and have visited many different wild men, but of all savages none in repose are so repelling and suggestive of murder as cannibals.—William Edgar Gell in New York Tribune.

THIRTEEN, LUCKY AND UNLUCKY, AND WHY.

Thirteen enjoys among numerals a dual position peculiarly its own. It is somewhat singular that a number regarded by some so sacredly as to be reverently venerated should have acquired in the eyes of others an unpopularly stigmatized by all that is evil, unlucky and undesirable.

Passing swiftly from the remote ages of superstition to more modern times of seemingly sounder reasoning, one finds it typical alike of good and evil according to the particular circumstances of the case. Superstition dies hard, and while the twentieth century, with its ripening intelligence, is wonderfully able to accept with alacrity what the revolution of ages has brought about in so many desirable directions one sees it clinging here and there, like limpets to the rock, some persons even still going so far as to refuse to dine in a company of 13 lest death should thereby claim too soon an unwilling victim. This notion is popularly supposed to have arisen from the memorable meal from which Judas rose to meet his doom.

Nothing is more surprising than the inconsistency and contrariness, at

the Christian era. If the tarot or gypsy's gospel be referred to it will be found that the thirteenth card is represented by a skeleton with his scythe. This symbolism may be traced through ancient oral tradition to the thirteenth letter of that sacred word of the Hebrew Kabbalah, Yod-he-vau-he, a word never, it is supposed, uttered by the Israelites themselves and only by the high priest once a year. A number being attributed to each letter of the alphabet, every word in due course gained a numerical value, and so from this ancient conception of an occult meaning in numbers certain results were attained. As the principal doctrines of the Kabbalah endeavored to portray not only the nature of the Deity, the divine emanations, the cosmogony, the creation, the nature of the angels and of men, but also their destiny, it can be understood how "death" became associated with its "own" number.

Sitting down as the thirteenth at dinner was, we are told in the old Norse mythology, deemed "unlucky."

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times, of the human race. Dr. G. Russell, Explorer, has recently drawn passing attention to what is recorded in verse on the marble tablet in the chapel of the Triclinium Pauperum in Rome, adjoining the Church of St. Gregory on the Caelian Hill—namely, that Pope Gregory the Great was in the habit of entertaining every morning 13 poor men. On one occasion Christ appeared as the thirteenth, and henceforth 13 became "lucky" for the time being.

Here, as elsewhere in the numeral world, may be observed a strong tendency to let fancy take so powerful a possession of the mind that it appears to that abnormal imagination no longer as fancy but as fact. Thirteen, however, was the symbol of death considerably earlier than the beginning of

by the Scandinavians, because at a banquet in the Valhalla Loki, the Scandinavian god of strife, and evil, intruded himself on one occasion, making the "thirteenth" guest, and succeeded in his desire to kill with an arrow of mistletoe Balder, the god of peace. It is noticeable that in this instance the thirteenth guest was the emblematic embodiment of evil. In the case of Pope Gregory the thirteenth guest was the symbolic omen of good.

"Thirteen," says Wynn Westcott in his treatise on numbers, "was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. The method of computation among Mexican priests," he continues, "was by weeks of 13 days—their year being 26 weeks of 13 days and one over. Thirteen years formed

where the mob repaired to take the vats of Pilsener beer up into the street, but finding them too heavy, they hacked them into pieces, let the beer flood the cellar, drank it till they could drink no more and finally lay down to sleep. On awaking late in the evening they asked the restaurant keeper for more drink, and as all had been pilfered or consumed the night before, were uncommunally angry and demanded payment for their "work." But by this time the authorities, seeing that the remains of the restaurant were open to the four winds of heaven, sent a strong detachment of soldiers, who turned the mob off the premises, using the butts of their rifles, and ordered the window frames to be boarded up.

ALLOWED ONLY IN RUSSIA.

The fact that an innocent man lost property worth two or three thousand dollars because one of his tenants did not choose to pay his rent would in any other country be sufficient to send the guilty ones to the nearest police station. But under the Russian government these things are allowed to pass unpunished, and though the landlord would like to see his old tenant in the dock, he receives letters threatening to kill him and his family if he dares to do so, and, therefore, satisfies himself with having his damaged property repaired as soon as possible. Occurrences like this one are too frequent to surprise anybody, and the inhabitants think themselves lucky if they manage to keep their money away from the Black Hundred and the revolutionaries, for the chances are that if they escape the first they will fall into the hands of the second.

The Black Hundred of Warsaw have formed a "Debt Collecting society." This consists of a band of men who go into the less respectable shops, ask if there are any book debts, and when the answer is in the affirmative, offer to collect them for a certain percentage. On receiving permission and a list of the debtors, they go to their houses and say that they are authorized by Messrs. So-and-so to take the money owing to them. When the debtor makes some excuse the inevitable revolvers are produced, with a threat to use them if the money is not forthcoming. Of course, reputable firms are above "collecting" money in this way. As already stated, the most extraordinary part of these outrages is that they invariably take place in broad daylight, in the presence of a large number of spectators and within a stone's throw of a patrol or a military guard. Unfortunately for the peace of the empire, their numbers are increasing rather than diminishing, and, bar-

ated trades, with book learning. The students are doing creditable work, showing that the black Russian head is not too thick to admit light. After attending service in the Vatorata Memorial church, built in memory of scores of South Sea Islanders who came to Christianize the natives, and in the doing of their chosen work lost their lives, my caravan wound slowly through the double line of pupils and other dark-skinned natives, out into the bush to begin its journey inland.

It was headed for the Kemp Welsh river. The first mile was government road, after which came a narrow path made by savages in single file tramping it with their bare feet. The Mar-grave river, which we had to ford, nearly cost some of our lives. The horses got into a hole in the river bed and were rescued with danger and difficulty. No sooner were we out of that than lawyer vines, suggesting a string of fishhooks, tore off important portions of my shirt and flung the white headgear in which I had some pride, into a muddy pool, which necessitated my getting off into the pool to get it. Soon we forded a deep, narrow brook, bumping against a submerged log, and from this the caravan emerged into a burned tract. The savages set fire to the grass and foliage to catch the kangaroo. Thus we passed on, hour after hour, sometimes on the slight foothold along the very edge of a steep place, where a misstep would mean a fall of hundreds of feet. Not stopping to relate further experiences en route, I hurry to tell of meeting Schlenker.

Schlenker is a hero. He is a great man. He is the man for the job. He is a missionary of the London Missionary society, and was the first to establish work in inland New Guinea. I found him on Christmas day, dressed like a Texas cowboy and having all the appearance in face and features of a vigorous, fearless explorer. He was spending his Christmas day at work. His mission contains three hundred acres, lying on a fertile and rolling plateau, nine hundred feet above and overlooking the Kemp Welsh river. It gently slopes toward Mount Douglas, but is steep on the other side. It occupies the top of the hill Naguragolo, and has one of the most entrancing views these two eyes have ever seen. Schlenker gave me a hearty greeting and an invitation to food. We sat down, he said grace and then passed thick bean soup. I asked for bread, but he replied: "I have no luxuries!" Later I asked him if he was afraid to accompany me into the Mount Douglas country. And he smiled as if he were not afraid of anything, and yet, mind you, this absolutely fearless man did not give me the impression that he had eride on the subject. It was a sim-

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