



"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

DOWN on the Pacific coast there
is a beautiful little town, and in
that town there is an old brown
barn. You come upon it suddenly
and unexpectedly, on your way
through the woods to the beach, and
what a picture! Just an old barn, soft
and rich in its varied shades of brown
produced by the mellowing touch of
age and weather; and climbing all over
it, slipping through every crack and
crevice, peeping under curled and shriv-
eled shingles, and in dark corners—
nurtured in the mellowing hues of
gold and scarlet, dull red and pale yellow,
and the tender green of their
dense foliage. They are like Longfellow's
children, that—

"O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere."

But even a prettier picture than this
have we had in our own town this
week. Another old brown barn stands
far back in a yard on Fourth East
way. For the past week this old brown
barn has been touched up, changed,
and brightened, not by the brilliant
hues of flowers, but better—the bright
flower faces of children, with golden
heads, and dusky heads bobbing over
the roof; blue eyes, brown eyes, black
eyes, gray eyes, peering through crack
and crevices; every shade of slip and
pinocchio, overall and Buster Brown,
stealing through doors, climbing over
rafters, and gleaming in dark corners.
For days, a rush of feet, a swish of
skirts, a giggle, a titter, a whisper,
silent plotting and planning, etc., have
given the neighborhood an inkling that
a mysterious something was about to
happen. And sure enough, it happened,
and opened Wednesday evening, be-
ginning at seven o'clock—a children's
fair in an old brown barn, and what
a transformation! The fairies had done
their work well, leaving no stone un-
turned, that is, no part of the ceiling,
walls or floor, untouched. Silken hang-
ings, varied rugs, and numerous fab-
rics, Oriental and otherwise, arranged
from the belonging of wondering moth-
ers covered a multitude of slightly
boarded and rusty walls and things.

And the exhibit? There were booths,
of course, boasting of every known
wonder that money could buy. In one,
we saw dust caps, pin cushions, sachets,
dust bags, opera bags, work bags, hand
bags, silken bags, and all kinds and
descriptions of bags; there were hand-
painted things, and clever little devices,
such as queer little boxes muffled in
silk and hung by a string, for the hold-
ing of hairpins and hat pins, and a
couple of sheets of very fine fly paper.
Seated on a silken draped throne, two
little fairies with black eyes and hair,
sold flowers. At one table candy was
to be had in very small quantity at a
very large profit. There was the stand
to refresh one with cake and lemon-
ade. There was the cage containing
three white mice to be sold, and there
was the canary bird, marvelous song-
ster, to be refilled. There were the
Fat Man of Bombay, and the Monkey
in a Cage, to be seen, and for the sake
of the public not there, the fat man
and the monkey were very cleverly rep-

resented by two little fellows, the two
bubbles, really of this enterprising little
crowd of citizens. There was, of course,
the grab bag, at so much per grab.
Over in a dark and mysterious, yet
most alluring corner, and behind closed
curtains, the fortune teller held sway—
a girl of the dark Oriental eye and
garb, reclining among rich hangings
and cushions, and with all the fascinat-
ing engagements and invitations of one
who delves in the realm of mystic.
On either side of the entrance to the fair
stood a clown, and a Chinaman, dem-
onstrating up trade, impressing upon all
that none need try to enter unless laden
with a full money purse.

It was a huge success, the children's
fair in the old brown barn, financially,
and every other way. Best of all was
the thought in the minds of these chil-
dren, inspiring it all sweet and simple
thought of charity with no idea of
gain or praise to themselves. They had
happened to hear of a very poor fam-
ily of 11, struggling against want and
hunger, and instantly every little heart
was touched. And it was not the sym-
pathy that sits down and folds its
hands and says "too bad." But it was
the kind of sympathy that is beautiful
and tangible, that takes form in immediate
action and energy. There was some-
thing to be done, and they did it
straightway. And the fruit of their
busy little brains, tireless feet, and will-
ing hands, is a neat and not so very
small sum of money to be handed over
to the needs of this poor but worthy
family.

The night before the placing of the
exhibit, the smaller children were all
excited in anticipation of the coming
event; one little girl, a mere baby,
said: "Oh, I do hope the night will go awful
quick!"

"And so do I, and so do I," was the
chorus. They could hardly wait, and
they couldn't keep still, and they chat-
tered and chattered until the dusk came
on around the corners of the old brown
barn. And some of us wondered if they
knew that that night, even went
to bed, for that barn was the scene of
very busy action at a very early hour
the day the fair was to open.

This little fair has kept the children
busy and off the streets for weeks; they
have remained in the shade, with their
needle and paint brush, and scraps of
silk; they have guarded and tended
their little treasures; they have worked
for a good cause; it has amused and
entertained them; they have not be-
come overheated, and they have kept
well.

Why not the children of other neigh-
borhoods try this same pastime during
vacation? It works no harm, but tends
to good in more than one way. The
street would become a cleaner, safer
ground; less mischief would be indulged
in; parents would realize less worry;
there would be less sickness; and last
but not least, the higher and better
sympathies of the children would be
aroused, if the responsibility of such a
scheme rested on their own young
shoulders, and instilled in their young
minds would be the thought:

"They serve God well who serve His
creatures."

LADY BARBIE.

NEURALGIA PAINS.

Rheumatism, lumbago and sciatic pains
yield to the penetrating influence of Bal-
lard's Snow Liniment. It penetrates to the
nerves and bone and being absorbed into
the blood, its healing properties are con-
veyed to every part of the body and ef-
fect some wonderful cures. Prices, 25c, 50c
and \$1.00. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug
Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street.

Duffy Remembered By Female Outlaw.

JAMES DUFFY of El Reno owns a
gold watch that belonged to Belle
Starr, once a notorious woman
desperado in Indian Territory and
the southwest. On the back of the
case is a monogram, "B. S." and on
the inside the name "Belle." The
watch came to Duffy several years ago
by express, the package containing
this note:

"Belle Starr died eight years ago
and before she died she willed you
this watch."

The watch was given to him for be-
friending Belle Starr many years ago
when she was a trooper in the Fifth
United States cavalry.

In 1876 Duffy, then a sergeant, was
with his command at Rawhide Butte,
50 miles south of old Fort Laramie,
Wyo. The Indians were hostile and
the Fifth cavalry was scouting the
country. One day a splendidly built
man came into camp and asked Duffy
for something to eat, saying that he
had walked 39 miles and was almost
starved. He drank too heavily
and while asleep his horse wandered
away or was stolen, leaving his owner
foot. After the stranger had eaten he
asked Duffy if there was a chance
to get employment.

"What can you do?" queried Duffy.
"Drive any damned eight miles that
can be hitched to an army wagon,"
replied the stranger.

The expedition was short of team-
sters and Duffy told the sergeant to
apply to Lieut.-Col. W. P. Hall, quar-
termaster, now a brigadier general.
The stranger was given a job at once
and for three months drove a team
outfit with more skill than any other
teamster with the expedition. The
new teamster was about as tough as
could be found in the plains country.
He carried a pistol in his belt,
was an expert shot and was inclined
to be quarrelsome.

One day Duffy discovered that the
teamster was a woman. The teamster
cried and finally confessed that her
name was Belle Starr. A few days later
the teamster went back to the base
of supplies with the wagon train and
did not return to Duffy's command.

In the winter of 1877 Duffy was sta-

tioned at Sidney barracks, Neb. One
night he was on duty at the guard
house when a man staggered in from
the darkness, almost frozen, and be-
gged for permission to warm himself
by the guard house fire.

"And where did you come from,
again?" asked Sgt. Duffy, recognis-
ing his friend the teamster.

"They are after me, sergeant, and I
want you to let me sleep here to-
night. I'll get out of the country at
daylight."

Sgt. Duffy asked no further ques-
tions. The fugitive was a woman, and
he did not have the heart to betra-
y her. He gave her a bunk by the
fire and the next morning his ledger
left Sidney barracks on a freight
train.

In the forenoon a sheriff rode into
the garrison and informed the com-
manding officer that he was on the
trail of a woman outlaw dressed as a
man for whom there was a reward of
\$1,500. Accompanied by Maj. J. B.
E. Woodson, afterward for many years
United States Indian agent for the
Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians at
Darlington, Okla., the sheriff went to
the guard house, where Woodson be-
gan questioning Duffy as to whether
or not a strange woman had been seen
in the garrison the preceding night.

Saying his superior officer, Sgt.
Duffy gallantly lied by saying:
"No, sir, I have seen no stranger re-
sembling a woman in the garrison.
Nobody but them that wears coats and
pants, sir, has been in here."

The sheriff was reluctant to aban-
don his inquiries, as he had followed
the trail to Sidney barracks and was
confident that the fugitive must be
close around. Only Sgt. Duffy knew
the secret of the fugitive and he
would not reveal it. Had the fugitive
been a man he might have given in-
formation, but he would not betray a
woman.

That was the last time Sgt. Duffy
ever saw Belle Starr. In some way
he was wandering in Indian Territory
and Duffy told the sergeant to apply
to Lieut.-Col. W. P. Hall, quar-
termaster, now a brigadier general.
The stranger was given a job at once
and for three months drove a team
outfit with more skill than any other
teamster with the expedition. The
new teamster was about as tough as
could be found in the plains country.
He carried a pistol in his belt,
was an expert shot and was inclined
to be quarrelsome.

She Writes Love Letters for a Living.

THERE is a demure, nervous lit-
tle woman living on South East
street, at No. 1018, who follows
a profession that is novel as well
as lucrative, says a special to the New
York American from Indianapolis. She
holds the distinction of being the only
woman in Indianapolis who is engaged
in the singular occupation of making
a paying profession out of the art of
letter writing. Years devoted to the
following of this business have marked
her but slightly, and besides she has
for 14 years had an insight into other
people's affairs—both business and love.
Her name is plain—just Mrs. I. W.
Hayden, and doesn't she do mysterious
things? Listen to what she has to
say about her profession:

"The people, some of them, like to
come to me. Now if you, young man,
should get a letter from a girl who was
exceptionally intelligent and you wanted
to answer it as intelligently as possi-
ble, and you wanted it to be perfect-
ly constructed and grammatically cor-
rect, you could sit across the table from
me and read to me the letter you had
received and I would write one to the
young lady that would fit exactly."

"Now, the kind of a letter I was
telling you about is the kind that I
write mostly. I do, of course, write
letters to the foreign lands, and read
letters that have come from there to
persons over here. But the ones on
which the money is made are the letters
from young men to young ladies and
from the ladies to the men. Innocent
love letters I call them."

In her little home Mrs. Hayden lives
alone with her "kitties and chickens,"
and enjoys life as few people in In-
dianapolis do. Seldom does she leave
the immediate neighborhood of her cot-
tage, and she does not mingle with
those who live about her. According
to her way of thinking she is happier
with her cats and chickens, who are her
sole delight outside of her work, and
anyhow, the cats and chickens are not
quarrelsome.

Mrs. Hayden has lived in Indianapolis
for 14 years, and has been quietly con-
ducting her letter writing all these
years, and during the last five years she
has not been within sight of Washing-
ton street. Although she is living with-
in blocks of the intersection of Hill-
street and Washington street, where
stands the Claypool hotel, she said yes-
terday afternoon that she had never
been near enough to see the hotel since

the old Bates house stood on the site.
"The sign on your window states that
all of your work is confidential—sacred-
ly so, I believe," was volunteered by
the visitor.

"O—o—strictly," she added. "No
confidence has ever been betrayed that
was intrusted to me in my work."
Mrs. Hayden explained that she was
not willing to write anything for any-
one, no matter how large a fee was of-
fered, if there appeared to be any ul-
terior motive back of the writing.
"No, sir," I told one man," she said,
"to write a letter like that to anyone
would not be right, and besides I would
not write anything to anyone and not
sign any name to it. I said: 'You
haven't money enough to persuade me
to write an unsigned letter of any
kind for you.'"

WHY FRET AND WORRY

When your child has a severe cold. You
need not fear pneumonia or other pul-
monary disease. Keep supplied with Bal-
lard's Horehound Syrup—a positive cure
for colds, coughs, Whooping Cough and
Bronchitis. Mrs. Hall, of Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "I have used your wonder-
ful Horehound Syrup, on my
children for five years. Its results have
been wonderful." For sale by Z. C. M. I.
Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St.

WHERE MEN IN REALTY BECOME MACHINES.

The manager of a New England ma-
chine shop, employing 60 hands recently
had occasion to engage a new foreman
for one department and he went outside
and got him. The reason given was
that among the 120 men in that depart-
ment he was not able to select one who
had the all-around knowledge required to
handle the shop.

A man in the shop mentioned above,
recently said to me: "I've drilled just as
many holes in just that one part for four
years, and I've never yet even seen the
machine that part goes into."

In a Massachusetts factory, where
nearly 2,000 machine-tool operatives are
employed, not over 200 have received gen-
eral shop training. The others are young
men who have learned no trade, but who
can, and do, quickly become deft enough
to feed material to some one machine,
and feed it fast. The foreman of a gang
of 40 punch-press operatives, in this fac-
tory, lately said: "There's not a man on
the floor, as far as I know, who could
carry the work along for a week if I got
sick. Not one ever has a chance to show
whether he has any executive ability or
not. Every man has got to stick to his
press and pay no attention to anything
else." In such shops the men are not ex-
pected, or even permitted, to acquaint
themselves with their machines suf-
ficiently to enable them to make repairs

or adjustments. If anything goes wrong
a man is sent in from the repair shop
and the operator is laid off until his ma-
chine is again in working order.—George
Frederick Stratton in The Engineering
Magazine.

SOME OF THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF A HOSTESS

Next to the person who never wants to
be alone and can't amuse herself for a
moment, the deadliest guest in the world
is the unresponsive individual who re-
ceives every new plan with a saccharine
early-morning smile that drives you to the
verge of distraction with trying to guess
whether she is enjoying herself or not.
It is ghastly, and every summer I seem
to have one or that kind.
Then there is the sort, too, who knows
exactly what she wants to do, and does
not hesitate to propose it. A second cousin
of George's came to us for three weeks
last spring. She announced boldly the
first day of her stay that there was nothing
she really enjoyed like going to the
theater. We are to go from Summer-
brook, you know, you have to dine at a
painful hour, drive four miles to get the
train, and then come out on a fearful
local that stops at every barn door. We
could have motored if the chauffeur
hadn't been ill, though even motoring
isn't always convenient, and the road in-
to town is none too good. Every morn-

ETON AMERICAN BOYS INTRODUCE DINNER HABIT

Rich American boys at Eton have
introduced the expensive restaurant
dinner to their school chums, who
hitherto have been content with sur-
ruptitious feasts in their studies or in
the local "tuck-shops." When the
whole school came to London for the
annual cricket match against Harrow
school, several parties of youthful
Etonians dined sumptuously at the
Ritz hotel, where a special menu was
provided for them.

The Eton dinner is quite a well-reg-
ulated affair and has the sanction of
the boys' parents. No undue extrava-
gance is permissible, the menu being
simple and the amount of champagne
strictly limited. Apart from these re-
strictions, the young host entertains on
his own responsibility, which gives the
dinner that spirit of gaiety and health-
ful enjoyment characteristic of school

The one necessary appropri-
ation to come out of every family
income, is that the careful house-
wife sets aside for

HUSLER'S FLOUR!

boy feasts. Only the senior boys,
course, are allowed to indulge in the
restaurant dinners.

Big day Monday, Aug. 19th, at W.
damore. Ladies and children free.

BATHING AT SALT LAKE.

Simply perfect. Go out; go in.

Vigorous Final Clearance and Incoming New Fall Stocks Fill Every Department With Amazing Economies!!

To-day's page of Between Season Bargains, is a Renewed Invitation to save money on pre-
sent day wants. A Broadcast Announcement of great saving opportunities, making our store
the Mecca for thrifty shoppers of all Salt Lake.

FOR MONDAY ONLY!

FOR ONE DAY!

The 25c

Arnold Flannelettes

At 15c a yard.

Just what you need now with the
cold weather coming; 100 pieces full
faced, soft finished, printed Flan-
nelettes in very choice styles;
double fold; value 25c—

MONDAY at 15c a yard.

For Monday Only!

FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

20c Turkish Towels, MONDAY

measure 21 x 40 in., AT

20c Knotted Fringed 12c

Damask Towels, and EACH

17c Hemmed Huck

Towels,

Monday at \$1.48 each

FOR MONDAY ONLY!

FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

\$2.00 COMFORTS

At \$1.48 Each.

200 large size Comforts, covered
with Paisley's designed. Silkline
and light blue, pink or red linings;
size 72x90; regular \$2.00—

Monday at \$1.48 each

FOR MONDAY ONLY.

FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

The Finest 15c

Zephyr Ginghams

At 9c a yard.

150 PIECES FINE ZEPHYR

GINGHAM, checks and plaids, me-
dium dark colorings; the right pat-
terns and shading for children's
school dresses and aprons; better
than any 15c Gingham to be had in
Salt Lake—

For Monday Only at 9c a yd

FOR MONDAY ONLY!

FOR ONE DAY!

90c Fine Irish Linen

TABLE DAMASK

At 59c a yard.

Dependable Table Linen such as
this is seldom offered at so low a
price, and when such a saving op-
portunity does occur, it would im-
mediately be taken advantage of by
thrifty housewives. This is a fine
64-inch Irish Table Linen, full
bleached in an assortment of beau-
tiful patterns, regular 90c grade.
Reduced for Monday
at a yard

59c

ESTABLISHED 1864

T. A. Aberbach & Co.

ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

MORE AND GREATER BARGAINS IN READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS

Investigation will prove that we will sell this week all Ready-to-wear
Garments for less than you can buy the Material for. It is vitally to
your interest to come and share in the Savings.

\$35.00 to \$45.00 Tailor Made Suits, go at	\$12.00	\$10.75 to \$13.50 Short Silk-Kimo nos of Lace and ribbon	\$4.95
\$25.00 to \$30.00 Silk Jumper Suits, now	\$10.00	98c to \$2.25 Percate Dressing Sac que Suits, at	59c
\$7.50 to \$10.00 Covert and Cloth Jackets, at	\$4.00	\$2.75 to \$3.00 Long Kimonos, light colors only, at	\$1.60
\$20.00 to \$25.00 Black Lace Coats, cut to	\$11.00	\$3.25 to \$4.50 White Lawn Shirt Waists, all sizes, at	\$1.45
\$25.00 to \$32.50 3/4 length, Taffeta Silk Coats, at	\$10.00	\$2.00 to \$3.00 White Persian Lawn Waists, cut to	85c
\$25.00 to \$35.00 Silk Eton Jacket Suits, reduced to	\$15.00	\$1.25 to \$1.45 Long Kimonos, of Dimity Lawn, at	55c
\$10.00 to \$12.50 Dress Skirts, all lengths, now	\$5.00	FOR MONDAY ONLY— \$3.95 to \$6.75 Silk Waists, all colors,	\$1.70
\$5.00 to \$6.00 Panama Skirts, Black and colors, at	\$2.00		

The Shoe Department

Offers this week—just as it al-
ways does; values beyond question;
in line with the best of the world.

MISSIE'S SHOES in kid with
patent tip and medium weight sole;
1 1/2 to 2; value \$1.50; special
at, per pair \$1.30 |

LADIES' ODD AND END SALE
of Oxfords; value up to \$4.00;
special at, each
 \$1.95 |

CHILDREN'S STRAP SLIPPERS
in kid or patent leather; 9 to 12;
values \$1.50; at, each
 95c |

LADIES' DANCING OR LAKE
SLIPPERS in kid with patent frog
heel and ribbon ties; all sizes; val-
ue \$3.00, at, each
 \$1.95 |

LITTLE BOYS' BEST GRADE
PATENT KID OXFORDS in new-
est fashion cut; sizes 9 to 11; val-
ue \$2.25; at, each
 \$1.29 |

Truly Exceptional Bargains in CHILDREN'S WHITE APRONS

You can't afford to overlook this
special sale of Children's School
Aprons, for we've reduced prices so
low for this week's rapid selling that
the savings are truly exceptional—
our school opening only two weeks
off.

Children's White Lawn Apron
with embroidered trimmed bib and
hemstitched ruffle on bretelles
made with full skirt sizes 2 to 12
years; excellent 50c value 29c |

Children's White Lawn Aprons,
"Gretchen" style, with tucked yoke
and bretelles; deep hem on bottom;
wide full skirt; in sizes 2 to 12
years; an excellent 40c apron; on
sale this week
 25c |

Child's fine white Lawn Apron
with embroidered bib and two rows
of hemstitching on bretelles; has
full skirt and extra well finished;
sizes 2 to 12 years; best 75c value;
this week's sale
 50c |

Child's Gretchen Apron of very
fine Lawn; exceptionally well fin-
ished and trimmed with hemstitched
tucks; full skirt, sizes 2 to 12 years;
this best of 75c values on
sale at
 50c |

Still Greater Reductions in Boy's Clothing and Cent's Furnishings

Desiring to reduce stocks to the
minimum and eclipse all selling re-
cords for August, we offer the follow-
ing specials. Ask to see them. No
trouble to show them.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR
All odds and ends of men's under-
wear up to \$1.60 values placed to-
gether on one table to be sold at
garage of cost. Next
week your choice at 34c |

\$1.50 MEN'S SHIRTS AT 79c
See sample display in our window.
All broken lines and last of lots in
golf and negligee shirts in plain
colors and fancy patterns; must be
closed out. Next week
your choice at
 79c |

\$5.00 SUITS AT \$2.35
Last of lots of boys and young
men's \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00 suits
reduced to this surprisingly low
price. See this item displayed in
our window. Next week your
choice at
 \$2.35 |

7.00 SUITS AT \$3.95
About 50 suits in long and knee
pants styles; patterns and fabrics
that are winners. Many of these
are suitable for fall and winter
wear. Next week your
choice at
 \$3.95 |

For Monday Only

FOR ONE DAY!

30c White Checked MONDAY

Imported Dimities; AT

30c white, soft plain 17c

English Nainsook; A YARD

27 1/2 White Victoria