

SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

WHAT we sadly need in this great land of ours," says the editor of one of our February journals, "is more of the William Morris spirit, work for the sake of work, and not for the money there is in it." Of course we know that rings true. Quality—yes, it is better than quantity as a rule, but the crying need in this great land of ours just now is work in abundance—quantity, quality, and for the money there is in it, too.

"I've the William Morris spirit, all right," said a man, who, with the same firm had piled his trade for a great many years. "I love my work, and take pride in it—but show me the work."

"Give me work for the money there is in it first," he said. "I promise I'll not have to do it over. How can I, a fellow think of art before money with his family store of provisions getting smaller every day? I must turn out quantity for the money in it, if I want to keep my way again, for myself most likely be a mortgage hanging over my roof."

Then it would seem that what we really need first in this great land of ours is work. Of what possible use is the William Morris spirit without it?

It is because there is not much doing in the way of work just now, that girls of tender years are walking the streets at night seeking whom they may devour, or rather, seeking to be devoured? Of course we know this sort of thing has been going on for some time—the Main street and midnight promenades of the small girl—but she seems of late to walk out in greater numbers. Is it because she has no employment by day? Surely, she is far too young to seek this downward course as a means of livelihood. But it is the case, then, certainly there is employment for someone. There is missionary work to be done, anyway. Has her mother so much work at home? Is her father so rushed with work, that each has no time to labor with this young child? For child she is as she ranges in years between 10 and 15. In some cases she is not even 10 years—a more baby. How does she manage to make any kind of a showing with her lessons by day, if she walks the streets by night? For child she attends school. How does she keep her health? How does she manage to deceive her parents? If indeed she does deceive them? How does she keep her beautiful innocence from having its effect upon good and pure little girls; does she not succeed in drawing some of them quite into her net?

Why is it, and what does it all mean, anyway, the midnight ramble of the little girl on Main and State streets? One shrinks at seeing this young girl about these haunts at night, but the young girl—it makes one shudder.

... ..

An old, old man was going about in the shop and cold the other day, delivering waste basket pamphlets

a mile from the daylight, and the roaring flood is scattering them through the dark workings more pitilessly than any winter blast scattering dead leaves from a big tree.

LIKE AN ANGRY, HUNGRY DEVIL.

Everywhere in the darkness there are wild cries and swinging lights, and men, boys, and horses are struggling to escape. The rays of the lamps reach back to the water; and the glitter of the lights on the flood makes it look like a great angry and hungry devil coming after you to eat you all up.

The worst of it is the miners are not only deep, but far from the daylight. There is only one way up—a small, narrow hole, and the rich coal has already been dug out over and over of a mile or so from the bottom of the shaft. So with all this distance to be covered by its intended victims the flood has most of the chances.

Wherever it can find an opening the water dashes in and drowns horses as easily as it drowns boys. The roadways are well lined with timber to keep up the mountains; but the force of the flood knocks out the timber and down comes the roof. So if you escape being drowned you risk being buried, and the choice has no attraction even when it is offered you.

Yet in spite of all the handicapping, if there is any chance at all, human ingenuity will get the best of the race. One or two strong-natured men will rise up in the darkness, panic, and disorder and find a passage for terror-stricken hands through the red and black sea, as the particular color happens to be. At least that is true history. By some God-known means one man down there in that hole of death will take a hundred men the pain of his hand and send them flying up to the top of the pit where their wives and mothers and children are screaming and tearing their hair with agony. Then he will go back and find the last 15 or 16 fathers and sons who have lost their way in the black maze of roadways. He finds them running and crying without light or hope.

ENTOMBED.

By this time the flood has followed and found him. Water has rushed in and filled up the road by which he came. He is entombed with the pain 15, and he knows it. Their lamentations fill the darkness with useless echoes. But he gathers the men and boys into one group behind him. He has been able to keep his lamp lighted. They follow him and out of the dangerous ways, evading the water wherever they meet it, creeping and crawling past the ragged, shivering face of the coal, always keeping to the rise of the seam, until the light comes in a hole at the topmost corner of all that black, bewildering world. The light stops here because there is no way out. It is the one dry spot. This lamp-rays on the barrier of coal make a yellow glitter. The roof is so low the men have to keep in a stoop. The place is so narrow they are all huddled in a heap.

"We are safe here," says the man with a light. "Wait a bit."

They wait until the light goes out and hunger comes in, and darkness, sorrow, and time are so mixed up that they do not know how many days and nights pass by. They wait until the water rises, or their friends outside cut through the heart of the black world to them. The water has driven the air up to the hole. Then the air acts as a solid barrier and keeps the water back. It is so cold that a boy dies. A man goes mad, and they hear him rushing into the water, shouting he is going to swim home.

They all have that choice, risk getting through the water or risk starving in the hole.

The strong man tries to calm the others.

They hear the far-away "ping-ping" of their friends cutting at the barrier of coal outside—the determined, brave "ping-ping" that will never stop till it lets daylight into the darkness of the tomb. The strong man answers the signals. Six, eight, 10 days and nights go by. They have no food but hope—which is not nourishing, but is good at sustaining. It keeps life going, and with the "ping-ping" outside the coal barrier—the strong man's work may not be wasted after all.—Joseph Keating in the London Daily Mail.



Mrs. H. A. Folger and her baby.

SEX DETERMINED BY HYPNOTISM.

By hypnotism the character of future children can be molded, as well as their sex determined, according to Dr. Gustav A. Gayer, who has demonstrated the power of the mind by causing a son to be born to Mrs. H. A. Folger, when she ardently wished for a daughter.

"I am positive that the sex of children can be influenced before birth," said Dr. Gayer, "by the power of mind over matter. The case of Mrs. Folger is not a haphazard instance."

Mrs. Folger was placed under the treatment of Dr. Gayer three months before her wedding. He gave her the first treatment in Jan. 15, 1907, in his laboratory in the presence of several scientists. In describing the treatment Dr. Gayer said:

"The subject was put to sleep by hypnotic power, and I said to her, 'Anna, your child will be a boy.' There was resentment of this, for a boy was not her wish."

"Immediately preceding the first hypnosis-suggestion treatment of Mrs. Folger her blood was tested and indicated 3,500,000 red corpuscles. On the same date under hypnosis a blood test was made, and it indicated an increase of 200,000 red corpuscles. Thereafter the increase was steady. Blood tests were made from time to time, until by repeated hypnotic suggestions in line with the result an average of 5,000,000 was reached. This was maintained for several months preceding the birth of the boy."



WILLS BODY TO FRIENDS.

Henry E. Sullivan, of New York City, member of Tammany Hall, must think he is a useful man to have about the house. Although he is in good health and has no thought of dying, he has made public his last will and testament which directs the executors of his estate to have circular buttons made out of his bones, pouches out of his tan, and skin of his body and violin strings out of his intestines, the buttons and pouches to be distributed to his friends as souvenirs, and the violin strings to be mounted on a fiddle and sawed to pieces.

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Diamond Cluster Brooches	33 1/2%
Watches	20%
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Silverware—all kinds	20%
Leather Goods	50%
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are after four things, cash, jewels, silverware and watches.

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PHONE 65 FOR THE CORRECT TIME.

236

Leyson's

236

The Coal Miner's Choice of Death

THE ADVANTAGE of being in an explosion is that you can die, as a rule, pleasantly; because only about five of 100 ever feel the fire; the rest—perhaps a couple of hundred of you—inhale carbon monoxide on your way out of the mine, which brings a smile to your lips and red beauty-blush to your cheeks; and dying is as easy as sleeping. You think you are going home, but will take a little rest. You lie gently down in the dust, and in a few minutes you are dead.

It is quite different when the water breaks into the pit from some forgotten old working. You have a choice of death; it is not nearly so pleasant. You can either risk getting through the water and be drowned on route for the pit's eye, or run back to the higher workings and find a dry hole where the water can't reach you. There the compressed air is sweet to breathe, and so cold that you escape dying of starvation, because before that point is reached you are frozen stiff in your high and dry safe place.

Besides, it is the easiest thing in the world to know what has happened when the roar of an explosion makes the pit shake. But the drawback of an inundation is that you have no idea that the mine is flooded until the water itself comes to tell you by rolling down your road and breaking you and your booty head first into the face of the coal you are cutting. It hardly gives you time to drop tools and run away. It is so strong that it will lift you as at a push, shoot a solid block of coal, 4 feet thick and 6 feet long, out of its well-made, comfortable mesozoic bed.

The flood rolls in and fills up the stall. It comes in with such a rush that, at first, everything floats and twists in it—shovels, mandrels, foot-tins and drinking-tins, jackets and waistcoats that were lying in the side, with big pieces of timber, and even lumps of coal floating round. Sometimes you will see in it the body of a horse, or of a friend who was coming to warn you.

Then for a moment you join your friend and the other wreckage, and the flood swirls you all round near the roof, up against the timber.

It may be a black flood, or it may be yellow. I have seen it as red as fire. In color it always takes after the minerals of the particular geological freak that sent it into you so unexpectedly.

In the other workings the men and boys are running head in all directions so as to avoid any personal contact with the flood. They scramble through the "flood"—that is right along the black face of the coal—instead of going out in the open roadways. They swim their pitlamps and shout—some to warn everybody else within sight and sound, but mostly they swing their lights and shout merely in terror.

The roadways that end actually against the coal may be branching down from the main level. The time of a fallen tree strutting out from the great trunk, left, right, and ahead. And generally there are as many men and boys in the mine as there are leaves on the tree, with the difference that the leaves on the tree come there only with the sunshine, whereas these human units spring from darkness. The best coal tree grows about 1,000 feet down under the earth. There is the distance between the doomed human beings and the daylight. They are nearly a quarter of

BORROWED FROM EXCHANGES.

Book Agent—"Good morning! Are you the lady of the house?" Bridget—"I'm wan o' thim."—Life.

Margaret to young brother—coaxing.—"Oh, Willie, are you an angel?" Willie—"Not if it's anything upstairs."—Punch.

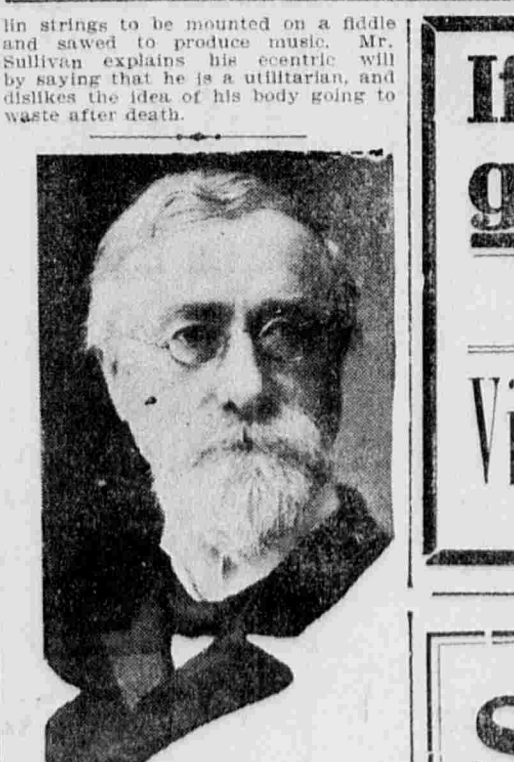
Bill—"It is said that Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier." Jill—"And did the poor soldier get nothing?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Opportunity knocked loudly at the man's door. But the man was busy discussing on panes, their habits and habitats. So Opportunity grined and ambled along.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"A man who loves his kind forgives his brother's slips." "A man who loves his kind doesn't have occasion to. He puts ashes on his pavement."—Baltimore American.

"Your dead husband was a good man," declared a sympathetic Mrs. Chase to the bereaved widow. "He was!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen could handle him."—Judge.

Mrs. Hifmum—"I suppose at some time in your life you struggled with the Niblungewald?" Mrs. Gawsell—"Yes, I had an awful siege of that in '92. I had to take all kinds of nasty medicines before I got it out of my system."—Chicago Tribune.



PROF. JOHN P. BROPHY.

TELLS DYING MESSAGE.

When Mary E. Surratt ascended the scaffold in the Washington navy-yard at noon on July 7, 1865, to expiate the crime of complicity in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, there was one man to whom she gave her dying message. That man was John P. Brophy, at that time tutor in Gonzaga college, and a confiding friend. Mr. Brophy was then 27 years old, a northerner by birth and proslavery by conviction. He had known Mrs. Surratt through her son for years and knew every actor in the terrible tragedy that befell the nation.

Mr. Brophy now tells for the first time that the dying message confided to him was that Mrs. Surratt was ignorant of the plot to kill President Lincoln. The testimony which convicted her was perjury.

EVERY MOTHER

is or should be worried when the little ones have a cough or cold. It may lead to croup or pneumonia—then to something more serious. Ballard's Homebound Syrup will cure the trouble at once and prevent any complication. Sold by Z. C. & L. Drug Store, 112-114 South Main street.

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TO THE ORIENT

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