DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29 1906

"What kind o' beans, my boy?" "Just beans, white beans." "But I haven't any beans, now. I ald the last 5 cents' worth yesterday.

lli rice do, think you?" "I don't know." NU "I guess rice 'll do, my lad; once before your mother took rice when I aidn't have barley, so I know rice 'II do again; let me see I think I have Is cents' worth left. Now, what

next Some crackers." "Crackers? I haven't seen a crack-er in years; your mother knows that: she must have meant something else; let me think. I'll send a loaf of bread; I've allus bread.

"Small can baking powder." "No; no baking oowder, but here's sody and tell her to use that with a bit o' creamo' tartar. Any change

left, my boy? Let me see: yes. Then I'll send cream o' tartar, too, in case she's out: that's what she expected I guess, if I was out o' baking powder." This good woman always indulges the old store keeper, because of his now childish years, and because of what he was once in that neighbor-hood-a thriving corner grocer. A few months, nay, perhaps days, and the shelves will be empty, the old keeper gone where they do not keep store, and the tiny shop "highted from life's page."

There has been a decided dearth in fruit jars the past week, all over the city, and the thrifty housewife making hay while the sun shines, or better bottling fruit while the fruit lasts, has been in despair with her fruit spolling on her hands. A little old man in a little old penny shop was heard to call to his wife in the one rear room on Tuesday afternoon:

"Business is flourishing, today, mother. And the little old lady with more speed than was her wont, hobbled

along with her cane, to learn more about the joyful news. "What's gone, now, William? I hope it's some of that Sarsaparilia; we've more of that on hand than any-

"Guess, again, mother." "Then it must be fruit jars," as she

glanced at the show window. "Aye, that's It." "The good Lord be praised; seems to me them fruit jars has stood on that back shelf, every winter, and in that window, every summer since I remember anything. How did it hap.

"I was called to Mrs. Larsen's 'phone"

"'Phone? What on earth?"-"Just wait a bit, mother, till I gets through, will you? A lady was passing on the car this morning, and saw them in the window; the took note of our name but couldn't find it in the book, seems she knowed the Larsens, next door, and asked them to call me in. Great piece of luck, I ft. take

"How many, William-not oll of 'em? "Can't you see for yourself? There were only nine. She wanted a dozen." "And if only Whiskers hadn't knocked the other three down and smashed 'em when he was after mice this springjust our luck.

"Good luck, mother; aren't you satis-fied? What's the use of cry...g over spilt milk?"

Broken glass, William, you mean,

Going to order more?" "We-ve not enough money to buy more, and ain't f telling you there be none in the town? Besides, they'd only remain on the shelves after we're gone

"I guess you are right, William, and the less we have to leave, the better, with not a chick nor a child to leave anything to. We'll be meeting them over there, instead." I only wish the hull town would be took for Sarsaparilla, now,

"Or Pond's Extract or lemon drops "Or pearl stud buttons; and that is getting close to the end of our stores, pretty much.

"'Cept a lady's pink fascinator, and a jersey, and a pair of baby shoes, and some shoe strings, and pins, and lit-tle thing like that."

"Well, William, we can always be sure of bread and butter and tea, for ourselves, as the neighbors gives us a pretty regular call for them." "Aye, and bacon, and a bit o' tobacco;

we're not so bad off, and the fruit

jars was just like finding a bit And the old people fell to counting their mercies.

"Time is hastening on, and we What our fathers are shall be-"

What our fathers are is all right and good, and we love them for all that they are, but let us hope we shall not be what our fathers are so far as the penny shop is concerned, for it is cer-tainly a dingy little blot on our streets and corners; and may the rising young grocer appreciate this fact, and keep his now neat, flourishing branch house, wherever it may be, from dwindling to that little heap we long to say goodbye to.

I fear by the rush of color, The droop and the fluttering sigh, That Jack has kissed my Virginia, Blighting my hopes, thereby,

And she clings with a shy abandon, Nor dreams I mourn her as lost-

My pretty Virginia Creeper, Won by that villain Jack Frost." LADY BABBIE.

The Crime of the Nude.

The Crime of the Nude. standing

Centennial of Notable Discovery

Beginning on Sept. 23, and ending six days later, Colorado Springs will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Capt. Zebulon M. Pike's exploration of the region from Kansas and Colorado down to New Mexico, says Leslie's Weekly, Lewis and Clark, in 1804. started from St. Louis to take a look at the Louisiana purchase on its northern end. With the same town as a headquarters, Pike set out in 1806 to see what that locality's southwest border contained.

Pike was the discoverer in 1806 of the peak in the Rockies which bears his name. He was commander of the American troops which captured Toronto from the British in the war of 1812, and was killed at the moment of victory. But Pike was handler with the sword than he was with the per-He was a soldier and not an agricul-turist. He gave the present Kansas, Colorado, and surrounding region the bad name which registered liself on the subsequent maps of the United States for half a century as the "Great American Desert." – Pike's "desert," which stretched nearly to the Pacific, contains today many millions of as prosperous and happy people as are found in the country.

A still more marked distinction be-longs to Pike. His report of the condi-tions in New Mexico and part of old Mexico, then Spanish territory, started the series of events which placed the the series of events which placed the great southwest on the map of the United States. It incited Austin to get permission from Ferdinand VII of United States. It incited Austin to get permission from Ferdinand VII of Spain to plant an American colony in Texas. That colony, long afterward, broke away from Mexico, established its independence, and in 1845 got an-nexed to the United States. The Texas boundary dispute started the war in 1846 heitween the United States and 1846 between the United States and Mexico, which, through conquest and

purchase, placed in our hands the pre-ent New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, News da and California, and part of Colorad and Wyoming, and pushed our bound ary to the Pacific. ary to the Pacific. Pike's exploration of 1806 had decided ly important consequences for the United States, and its centennial de serves the notable observance which i

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ROOP ars pass the nd transien Restaurant a Feature Exquisite Palm Room Art Nouvea

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Strangers

The Auerbach Store is the

great shopping store of Salt

Lake. For 42 years it has

beencalled the Reliable Store

lways crowded. F. Auer-

Bach & Bros' motto is: "Lower

prices than elsewhere for the

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MILTON ROBLEP, Propriet



Conference Visitors Welcome!

The coming week there will be a great many strangers in town, and we wish every one to consider this a personal invitation to visit our store and see the new styles. "The Store that Serves you best."

measure been responsible for its unprecedented growth. We offer special values continually, but, our preparations for this week are of a magnitude hitherto unapproached by us. The Bargain offerings throughout the Store would fill a number of pages such as these, want you to be here to see them --- want you to see and to buy --- hence savings that will make it well worth your while.

Unparalleled for its



Just 4 Big Specials



our town, like the old walls

traced by heans of lime and

dan river to the eastern foothills, from the bench on the north to the suburb on the south. They seem to tell us of the once energetic young merchant

who was never satisfied until he had a little more, but who now has gone

into retirement with his tiny shop, sat-

isfied that he has every day a little less;

passing the end of his day in the er

joyment of what he has not; getting his musty little nook cleared of all that

once held his earthly interests and made life possible and worth while;

putting it in order by leaving it empty

as though in preparation for that jour-

ney into another world where he may not take his goods and chattles, yet must render up the accounts of his

bonest, or dishonest, dealing with man-

One of these little holes in the wall stands side by side with St. Mark's

kind.

set fallen, from time immemorial. It is not much larger than a fair-sized dry goods box, and seems to be still doing business with a few scrappy old stone, is gradually becoming known by that musty collection of things in the way of wares and flut-hard staples. It is managed by an old Scotchman who scens happy and shelves held together by cobwebs, ancient gaps and bygone wares, bottles, ontented with dult times and small rade. Occasionally a person is seen boxes, cans, and candles, that meets our gaze on the most unexpected corqueezing himself through that narrow ners and streets; that appeals to our but whether it is buy or sense of humor, and at the same time ioorway, banter, exchange or chatter, is a quesour sympathies, as we note its weak struggle to still hold its own under If has been noted, however, that the dignified title of "store." There are not many of these tiny wrecks of ploneer prosperity in our midst, today. Just a few of them, scattered and fur between, from Jorregular intervals, a little girl goes

TS AND SILLDOWS OF

of the little shops in | cathedral on First South street, and

troiting along to that tiny shop with an empty oil can; whether there is ver sufficient to fill it is also a ques-On the west side a few days ago som

has flourished and decayed, though not

grimmy street children chasing pellnell, helter-skelter, with pennies tight-y clutched, gave warning of a pennyshop somewhere in the neighborhood, and in a moment, sure enough, it materialized-a counter and a few shelves between two pretty, modern homes. Down near the suburbs, off Coun road way, a single window in a little house, is lined off with packages of tree ten, cocoa, and soda, a few bottles of patent medicine, and two longish boxes of time-hardened gumdrops, and lolly-pop slate pencils. And this is a

A little boy was sent to "store," one afternoon, for beans, etc. No doubt, "et cetera" meant anything on hand; at least, that is what he returned with. Please Mr. Buckle, ma wants a quar-

ter's worth of beans."