

## Club Woman Who Found a Great Deal to Do at Home

"THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell, throwing down her pen with a sigh of relief. "I've resigned from the chairmanship of the civic section of the club."

"What?" cried her husband, letting fall in his turn the evening paper. Then he added: "You surely haven't done that!"

"Yes, I have. I can't accomplish anything, so I might as well let some one else try."

The discouragement in her voice was so apparent and so unusual that Mr. Russell sprang up and went over to her. "What's the trouble?" he asked solicitously. "It's simply this, Henry," his wife replied, without looking up, and tracing tiny scrolls on the blotter with the tip of one finger, "there are so many wheels within wheels that when I attempt to do anything I get all tangled up in the machinery. For instance," she went on, "we—I should say I, for I've done all the work—we tried to stop the bill-board nuisance. It is a nuisance, she said, glancing up at Mr. Russell. He nodded gravely. "I've worked over a year at it. I wanted all the boards removed between here and Olney." (This, by the way, was a distance of over 500 miles.) I've written scores and scores of letters; I've interviewed merchants, assemblymen and senators. They one and all promise all kinds of things, but they don't do what they agree to do."

Mr. Russell smiled. "The senators and assemblymen, my dear, and up on the merchants for their votes, and the fact of the matter is, as long as the merchant thinks the billboard a good advertising scheme he won't give it up. You must not let his business well means dollars in his pockets."

"That's just it—you get back to the dollars every time! It was the same with the eight-hour law and everything else I attempted. There were the children's playgrounds! I couldn't even get them, and today the boys are playing in the streets just as they have been doing and will always do. Look at Harold, for instance; think how much better off he'd be with a nice playground near his school instead of being everlastingly in the street. For three years I've worked night and day to improve conditions in this state, and I haven't accomplished a thing. Women in other states get what they want, but I'm not able to. I should like to accommodate you, ladies," he replied, "but the company that puts up that breakfast food pays me \$200 a year for that space. You see," he added with a wave of his hand, as if closing the argument, "it's impossible."

### THE HUSBAND SUGGESTS.

Mr. Russell did what every other husband would have done on such an occasion—put his arms around her and kissed her. "There, there, little woman," he said soothingly, "let the world go and come back to your home. Maybe if you try very hard," he added banteringly, "you can find something here to improve, and for several days, Mrs. Russell moved disconsolately about the house. She seemed to have nothing to do and the time hung heavily upon her hands. She missed the callers and the trips made in the interest of civic, missed writing the letters and interviewing the big men; if possible she would have recalled her resignation merely for the reason that the work served to occupy her mind. Nothing in the house interested her; she had a good maid in the kitchen; she scorned cards and did not care particularly for music; and as for reading or sewing, she was too nervous to enjoy either of these for any length of time. Civics had been her sole hobby, and she had ridden it until she had ceased to care for any other mount.

Her husband's words came back to her one day as she stood at her sitting room window and looked down into the row of back yards below her, each with its strings of sagging clothes lines, weedy grass plot and heap of rubbish. Her own yard, sad to relate, was the dirtiest and dirtiest of them all. "It's no wonder," she thought, "that Harold doesn't care to play in it. Why did I never notice its condition before?" She went downstairs and out into the inclosure. Along one side of the fence the boy had planted some flowers in the early spring, but like her, he had grown discouraged in his battle with the weeds. Most of them had died, and the few that were left were stunted and choked with plantain and burdock. She was busy with her trowel when Harold came home from school. The amazement on his face when he saw what she was doing made her laugh. "Harold," she asked, "if I have the yard fixed up, would you like to play in it?" "Sure," replied the boy. Then he added: "Can I have the feller in, too?"

### THE HOME CHANGED.

Ten days from that time no one would have known it for the same yard. The grass plot was freshly clipped and seed sown in the bare spots, and all traces of the rubbish heap had disappeared. In its place was a large and pile wherein forts could be built and cities besieged to Young America's heart's content. Along the fence other flowers swelled the ranks of the few survivors, and here and there were planted quick-growing vines which in time would hide the boards completely. Then, too, a trellis had been built extending out from the back shed, which when covered with morning-glory would insure shade and comfort on hot days.

It needed some persuasion to make Mary, the maid, agree to take down the clothes line, after each wash day, and for some time she openly rebelled, but by and by as the order and beauty of the place increased even she saw what their absence would mean, and so each week as soon as the last article of clothing was down from the line she began at the furthest corner of the yard and wound and wound until not an inch of the lines remained.

Harold had helped to plant the new flowers and to sow the grass seed, and it was to him that they were to look for water and care, a responsibility he was eager to assume. He considered it fun to be interested in something with his mother. Heretofore he had stood rather in awe of her. This was probably due to the fact that he saw so little of her. Of course he knew that she loved him, but she had always been so busy. The house was either full of strange people or she was writing letters and could not be disturbed, or else she was away somewhere, but now with the garden to watch and plan and care for, a new comradeship had sprung up that meant untold things to the boy.

After her own yard was finally settled to her complete satisfaction, she left for Nature to finish. Mrs. Russell went calling on all the ladies whose back yards came near her own. Her efforts had not gone on unnoticed. Some of the neighbors had praised, others had snickered at her work, but the welcomes accorded her were in keeping with the praises and sniffs. To one and all she was courteous, using the fact that she had acquired what had seemed to her years of useless service, and before long her neighbors' yards vied with her own in beauty, some even going beyond it.

### A PLAN THAT WORKED.

While this transformation was taking place, she turned her attention to a huge sign which, advertising a well-known brand of breakfast food, covered the entire side of a building which extended back from the side street and ran along counter to the ends of the yards. How could any garden be pretty with this huge sign staring it in the face? So Mrs. Russell again called upon her neighbors, and with two of them, forming with herself a committee of three, waited on the groceryman whose building held the hated sign. The groceryman listened to them politely. "I should like to accommodate you, ladies," he replied, "but the company that puts up that breakfast food pays me \$200 a year for that space. You see," he added with a wave of his hand, as if closing the argument, "it's impossible."

"Mr. Smith," Mrs. Russell replied, "eight out of the ten people in our row deal with you. My bill averages \$30 a month, and I presume the others, who in some cases have larger families, average more. Anyway, taking them at twenty, that makes \$180 a month, or \$1,920 a year. My bill averages \$30 a month, and I presume the others, who in some cases have larger families, average more. Anyway, taking them at twenty, that makes \$180 a month, or \$1,920 a year. My bill averages \$30 a month, and I presume the others, who in some cases have larger families, average more. Anyway, taking them at twenty, that makes \$180 a month, or \$1,920 a year."

There still lay the alley between the sheds and Mr. Smith's building, an alley whose condition was an offense to the whole neighborhood. Numerous complaints had been sent to the health officer, the street cleaning bureau and the other administrative offices, but no result had followed. Graft reigned supreme in the city bureau and all work possible was shirked. A third call did no good. Mrs. Russell made up her mind. They looked upon her now as a woman who did things, one who brought about results, and so they were willing to meet her halfway. It was decided that, until a change of administration should occur, each house should look after its own alley. Then followed such a cleaning and scouring that Mrs. Russell from her post of observation was reminded of the cleaning of the Augean stables, and like the third labor of Hercules, the transformation was accomplished in one day. The yards were now a matter of pride, and so also became the alley, and was not very long before the row had the name of having the cleanest alley in the whole city, all the credit of which each householder took unto herself.

### FOUND SOMETHING INSIDE.

From the exterior of her home Mrs. Russell turned to the interior, and here, greatly to her surprise, she found much to be done. She had been trying to have laves passed to make conditions easier for other people, and yet here in her own home were things which made a maid's work doubly hard. For instance, there was the coal. The bins were placed at one end of the cellar and the furnace at the other, and every shovel of coal that was put into the heater had to be carried the length of the cellar. This Mrs. Russell discovered quite accidentally one day when Mary was out and the growing coldness of the house gave notice that the fire was low. These bins she had promptly changed to a place nearer the furnace. By this move the filling of them was made a little harder, but as Mrs. Russell argued, the coal heaver could stand it better than could Mary.

Then followed the refrigerator. This, according to a long established custom, stood in the cellar, and up and down the cellar stairs, trays of Mary, every time an article was needed. To remedy this a niche was made for it in



Chemise	
\$1.75 chemise for	.....88c
\$2.00 chemise for	.....\$1.00
\$2.50 chemise for	.....\$1.25
\$3.50 chemise for	.....\$1.75
\$4.00 chemise for	.....\$2.00
\$5.50 chemise for	.....\$2.75
\$7.50 chemise for	.....\$3.75
\$10.00 chemise for	.....\$5.00

Combinations Suits	
Two and three piece styles	
\$1.75 suits for	.....88c
\$2.00 suits for	.....\$1.00
\$2.50 suits for	.....\$1.25
\$3.50 suits for	.....\$1.75
\$4.00 suits for	.....\$2.00
\$5.00 suits for	.....\$2.50
\$6.00 suits for	.....\$3.00
\$7.00 suits for	.....\$3.50
\$8.00 suits for	.....\$4.00
\$10.00 suits for	.....\$5.00
\$12.00 suits for	.....\$6.00
\$16.50 suits for	.....\$8.25

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\$2.50 white skirts	.....\$1.25	\$2.00 gowns for	.....\$1.00
\$3.25 white skirts	.....\$1.65	\$2.50 gowns for	.....\$1.25
\$3.75 white skirts	.....\$1.88	\$3.50 gowns for	.....\$1.75
\$4.00 white skirts	.....\$2.00	\$4.00 gowns for	.....\$2.00
\$7.00 white skirts	.....\$3.50	\$4.50 gowns for	.....\$2.25
\$9.00 white skirts	.....\$4.50	\$5.00 gowns for	.....\$2.50
\$10.50 white skirts	.....\$5.25	\$6.00 gowns for	.....\$3.00
\$16.00 white skirts	.....\$8.00	\$7.50 gowns for	.....\$3.75
\$20.00 white skirts	.....\$10.00	\$8.50 gowns for	.....\$4.25
\$24.00 white skirts	.....\$12.00	and upward to	
\$25.00 white skirts	.....\$12.50	\$10.50 gowns for	.....\$5.25



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\$1.75 corset covers	.....88c
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\$2.50 corset covers	.....\$1.25
\$3.00 corset covers	.....\$1.50
\$3.50 corset covers	.....\$1.75
\$4.50 corset covers	.....\$2.25
\$5.00 corset covers	.....\$2.50
\$6.00 corset covers	.....\$3.00
Many others at the same half price reductions.	

the out-kitchen by the moving of the range, and Mrs. Russell got her thanks in the smile that lighted Mary's face when the refrigerator was put in its new place. "It do be the millennium shure that's comin'," said Mary. It was just a year from the time she had resigned her chairmanship that she stood one afternoon with her husband at the sitting-room window looking down into the back yard. Winter was a success, and the spring, likewise, had vanished, slipping into early summer with hardly any perceptible change. Stretched along side by side, from them came the cries and shouts of happy children, while the street in front was correspondingly silent, it having reverted back to its original purpose of a thoroughfare. Mr. Russell slipped his arm around his wife's waist. "My dear," he said, "you can't reproach yourself with not accomplishing anything this year."

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Life is continuous from one generation to the next, but late observations have shown its resumption after being apparently brought to a complete stop. Paul Bequerel has been making experiments with grains of wheat and mustard. These he has dried by a special process for six months, then sealed in a high vacuum for one year, and finally cooled in liquid air for three weeks and at 253 degrees below zero C. for 77 hours. Without water and air, and in temperature near absolute zero, the protoplasm becomes as rigid, hard and inert as stone. M. Bequerel believes that under such conditions the vital functions must be entirely suspended, yet when sown afterward the seeds grew as usual, and this is thought to disprove the long-accepted law that the least interruption of life must be death. Whether the apparent stoppage of life may continue indefinitely is a subject for further experiment.

The novel "hydroloam" locomotive of Arthur Koppel, a German engineer, is designed for short railways serving special industries. It has a water-tube boiler, two or four cylinders, and as fuel uses either crude oil or tar oil from gas or coke manufacture. Unlike alcohol or gasoline motors, it is reversible without intermediate gearing. It has the high starting power and overload capacity of the steam engine, raises steam in 15 or 20 minutes instead of the two hours of ordinary locomotives, and is free from ashes, slag, smoke, smell and cinders. It combines large capacity with small size.

plained property of neon. When this was enclosed in a glass tube with mercury at atmospheric pressure, it emitted a vivid orange light, but in a ring-shaped tube filled with neon and mercury, and partially exposed to an electric discharge, the electrified part failed to light up on shaking, while the unelectrified portion glowed as brightly as before. When a silica tube was substituted for the glass and the mercury brought to the boiling point, the vapor rising from it gave a green light.

After half a century of search, Prof. W. W. Campbell regards the problem of a planet nearer the sun than Mercury as settled. Photographs during eclipses make impossible the existence of such a body as large as the eighth magnitude, which Perrine has computed would correspond to a diameter of 20 miles, and a million planets of this size would be needed to account for the observed disturbances of Mercury's orbit. Prof. Seeliger believes that the material causing the zodiacal light is sufficient to explain the irregularities noted in the motions of Mercury, Venus, the earth and Mars.

A test of ventilating fans in Brussels has shown that in many places they do more harm than good by stirring up germ-laden dust. In the restaurants and cafes investigated, the number of bacteria in each cubic meter of air ranged from 10,000 to 22,000 before the ventilators were started, from 17,000 to 48,000 after they had been running an hour, and from 27,500 to 85,000 after two hours' running. In a laboratory where remedies for tuberculosis were prepared, the bacteria increased from 8,500 before the ventilator was started to 45,000 after one hour's running and 75,000 after two hours'. In a private parlor the bacteria numbered 650 before the starting of the ventilator, 2,500 in one hour and 4,000 in two hours, and then—the ventilator being stopped—diminished to 700 in two hours.

The process of making metal ribbon by pouring a molten stream on a rotating drum has been so developed that narrow bands only 1-1,000 of an inch thick may be produced at the rate of

2,500 feet per minute, and a large machine just made in London has a dozen or more nozzles for giving as many ribbons at once. The ribbon is projected 10 feet or so, falling unbroken. The process has been applied to aluminum, zinc, tin, lead, copper, silver and gold.

The storage of power in the form of hydrogen and oxygen gases is the novel idea of M. Pirandello, an Italian engineer. On the coast near Rimini he is testing an apparatus for generating electricity by water power, and the current produced is used not only for lighting but for decomposing water into its constituent gases. The oxygen and hydrogen, collected in suitable receivers, are compressed in steel cylinders in the usual way, to serve for heat, light, power or other purpose, as required.

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