

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. GEO. D. PYPER AS A LASS.

This interesting old picture of Mrs. Pyper, the well known president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Ensign stake, shows her as she looked about 30 years ago in her school girl days.

whether the love affair of Austen Vane and Victoria Flint has greater charm than the plot and counterplot of political scheming, or vice versa. Readers will be sure to divide on this issue, but no one will dispute the strong claim and large interest of the story. Surely no one can ask for a more charming heroine than Victoria Flint, who in the end crowns with happiness the life of her strong young lover. Victoria is a heroine worthy of Mr. Churchill's best traditions—spirited, beautiful, delicate, and true. Austen Vane is a hero fit for her love.

The charm of the chapters which are devoted entirely to these delightful young people is enhanced by the studies of American life and American types of character which make up the substance of the book. There is the Hon. Hilary Vane, Austen's father, a masterly sketch of the political manager—a man not without his fine and lovable qualities, but a victim of the system under which he has grown up. Then, there is Mr. Crewe, who typifies one style of the modern "reform" politician, as Austen Vane does the other. Mr. Crewe is perhaps Mr. Churchill's most brilliant character portrait—a creature of much more complex qualities than the famous Jethro Tull. Next to her stood "Mumblin' Mose," in philosophical contemplation of the strange and diversified multitude that floated by in his far-away land.

BOOKS

In her great papers in Harper's Bazar and The World, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes of this life as well as of the life to come. In the July Bazar she says:

"My dear," said a woman of the wise world to a young girl, "never tell people how you feel. Nobody wants to hear. What is true of bodily disorder is as true of mental pain. 'No body wants to hear of your pain.' The difficult art of silent endurance, repression, reserve, courage, replace the first natural outcries of suffering. After a time, we begin to feel almost ashamed of ourselves, not for the pang, but for complaining of it."

Then, from the rebellion of youth, from the endurance of middle life, we pass on to the patience of advancing age. An impatient old person is a scholar at the foot of the human class; he is persona non grata at the court of life; he may be tolerated, but he will not be loved, and he will speedily find out, if he did not know it before, that he who has outlived his welcome in this world might as well be somewhere else."

If variety counts for anything, the July issue of People's Magazine is "it," for this publication contains as fine a lot of well diversified short stories as may be found in a long day's reading. The magazine opens with a picture-section of 32 pages, well printed plates on fine paper. The complete novel which follows is Western in complexion, and from the pen of that popular author, Jay Hardy. A well written story of modern domestic relations follows, and this is succeeded by a story muck-raking and law-breaking. Wolcott LeClear Beard's "Bobby Grene, of G Troop"—a series of military stories—is represented in this issue, as is also the ever popular "Billings-Hobe" series, by Edward S. Pillsbury. Written for entertainment only is a sea tale by Perrinton Maxwell, while "The Anarchist," by Broughton Brandenburg, is plainly a story with a purpose.

But these are only a few indications of the great variety in People's. There is a story of vaudeville actors, a farm story, a Bovey prize-fight story, a tale of policemen's life, a story of lumbermen, a pretty little love story, and a half-dozen others. This magazine surely offers good value to its readers. Many humorous bits, a few poems, and a theatrical review department round out the 224 pages in the July People's.

Prominent among the good features of the July number of Gunter's Magazine is Robert Altken's serial "A Million a Minute," which begins in this issue. This is a remarkable story of how Stephen Quaintance, wishing to lose his identity for a point of honor, saddles it onto a dead man—together with papers that would give him control of \$10,000,000. The dead man, who has been set adrift in a canoe, is picked up by another man in desperate circumstances, who takes the identity and valuable papers unto himself. Imagine the complications when the two meet! The real Quaintance must marry his adopted cousin. The plot is so absorbing that one hates to pause for a second.

In addition there is Alan Gordon's series, "The Sword of Eame Dacres," Howard Fitzalan's serial, "The City of Lost," and a complete novel by John Trump, not to mention a number of short stories and an illustrated department of humor, making in all 160 pages of reading matter.

MAGAZINES

Winston Churchill is pre-eminently the American novelist, and his latest book, "Mr. Crewe's Career," is, it is not "the" American novel, at least as near it as any we are likely to have. On all accounts it is a remarkable story. To say that it is the best that Mr. Churchill has ever written is equivalent to calling it one of the most important novels of recent years. It is a love story with a background of political life, and it is hard to say

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

ON A SUN-DIAL.

Life is but a little race,
And soon is run;
So every hour I turn my face
Up to the sun.

Love is but a little round
Of happy hours;
May ever yone, like mine, be crowned
With sun and flowers.
—Torrance Benjamin.

OH, THE SUMMER!

Oh, the Summer—Glowing, blowing
Flowers in the sun!
Oh, the warmth and sweetness, know-
ing
That the Winter's done!
Spring is just behind us, dying.

Autumn just before, and flying,
Flying are the days—no sighing
Can recall us one!

Oh, the Summer! The swift breaking
Of the early dawn—
Comes the sudden sun awaking
All it breathes upon!
Sweet the bob-o-link's clear calling,
Sweet, oh, sweet the lark's note falling
Through the blue, the day instilling
With the rite of song!

Oh, the Summer! The long fading
Of the laggard light!
Crimson, gold and purple shading
Slowly into night—
Where the earth and sky are meeting
Day and dark exchange soft greeting,
Perfect moments! Fleeting, fleeting,
Sweetest in their flight!
—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in July
Ainslee's.

NOTES

"One night about 20 years ago, Charles Frohman and Henry Miller were strolling together along Market street in San Francisco. Miller was a member of a stock company of which Frohman was the business manager at a salary 10 times smaller than his ambition.

"They spoke feelingly in New York, that goal of all theatrical apprentices. By railroad it was a week distant; measured by their immediate prospects it was as remote as the North Pole.

"Never mind, Henry," said Frohman, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "one of these days I shall have a theater on Broadway and you will be its leading man."

"The actor did not appear to derive much solace from the outlook. "Suffering Shakespeare," Charlie, he exclaimed, "have I got to wait that long before I am a leading man?"

"Frohman kept his promise. In the course of a few years he acquired not only a half dozen theaters in New York, and then leased or built nearly as many more in London.

"As for Miller, he became Frohman's leading man exactly as the schedule had been outlined that night in San Francisco. But he did not stop there. He became a star, then he became a manager, and at the time these lines are written he is being mentioned solemnly as the managing-director of the New National theater."

From an article by Renold Wolf on Henry Miller, the actor, in the July Smith's.

It is told of Holman Day, the author of "King Spruce," that he was once the cause of a high school rebellion up in Maine. Major Day has written a good deal of ballad verse, verse with a tempting tilt, a swing that beats like a march or a song, and the high school boys and girls, especially the boys, began to find it convenient to memorize them for their recitations. This went on to the conspicuous exclusion of Longfellow and Lowell and there was more or less claim to public hearing, until finally the school was told that "No more selections from Holman Day." Thereupon all the boys of the school, to the number of 20, "struck," and the matter had to be adjusted by arbitration. King Spruce uses as chapter preludes some lines from these same seditious ballads.

Margaret Potter will pass the summer in Italy, in the heart of her headquarters, and occasional jaunts into the Italian country. With the tireless energy of the writer, who is still very young, Mrs. Potter is already planning to follow up with a similar story the impression made by "The Golden Ladder," which was published by the Harpers only a few weeks ago, and which has been named by one reflective critic "an unvarnished story."

The Bookman gives the list of the best selling books for June as follows: (1) "The Barrier," Beach (Harper); (2) "The Black Bag," Vance, (Bobbs-Merrill); (3) "The Shuttle," Burnett, (Stokes); (4) "Old Wives for New," Phillips, (Appleton); (5) "The Coast of Chance," Chamberlain, (Bobbs-Merrill); (6) "The Lady of the Decoration," Little, (Century company).

Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," has many impressive views on the current drama one of which is that it should always reflect some permanent interest of the men of all ages, as well as to mirror the absorbing features of the day. Mr. Kennedy has in hand a series of seven dramas which he plans shall do this. He says that their central themes are the conception of brotherly living, the destructive force that comes from the lie, the woman question, the child influence, the conflict of races, and the debated ideals of freedom. None of these has any allegorical suggestion except "The Servant in the House."

FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

Not only has there been no specific for chronic kidney disease, but physicians and pharmacists have had no treatment for inflammation of the kidneys.

In evidence of this let us quote from one of the latest authorities, James Tyson, M. D., Prof. of Medicine in the University of Penn. In his latest work (1904, page 156) he plainly says, as curative measures to restore the kidney to its normal condition, "I BELIEVE THERE ARE NONE."

He further says the change from the first stage (the curative period) to the second or chronic stage (considered incurable) is probably established in all cases by the sixth month.

Fulton's Renal Compound is the first and only thing ever known that cures inflammation of the kidneys and arrests further destruction; and it has this effect in both stages of the disease. How can thoughtful people afford to think of anything else at any stage of kidney trouble?

Due to a deplorable lack of knowledge as to the seriousness of kidney disease and a common disposition to treat it lightly kidney deaths have increased until they now reach 65,000 annually—over a hundred and seventy per day.

Literature mailed free.

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a foolish matron who was the mother of a foolish virgin.

They lived in a beautiful city among the mountains, and hard by an inland sea, from which was extracted their story, the values of which being both tragic and moral. The foolish virgin's name was Wealthia, with which she was no doubt christened for the express purpose of working a magic charm.

The foolish matron, a handsome woman of her type—no mention being given of her type—after years of scheming and planning, and maneuvering and sleepless nights, had at last won renown by distinguishing herself as a prominent figure in society; and not only this, she was considered by her circle "tremendously smart," and brilliant. Not that she possessed education, for in the general vernacular, this was not essential to prove oneself smart and brilliant.

The foolish matron may have been successful in calling up every known art and device to assist her in reaching that pinnacle of perfection, where she would be the envy of the envious, but when she called upon these aids to assist her in moulding and influencing her foolish virgin to the same realm, she failed utterly. Then for the first time did it dawn upon her that her daughter was not quite right, mentally. She exhausted herself completely in trying to open Wealthia's blue eyes, and make her see how fine a thing it would be for her to marry a millionaire, and a man of consequence in society. In fact, the foolish matron had in mind the very man. To be sure she had seen him, conversed with him, and began to draw about him her net.

But Wealthia, being feeble-minded, had no taste for millions. Instead of being with her mother afternoons, to be ready, and waiting, and sitting stiff state to receive the calls of the elite, and the numerous and sundry friends of the millionaire, so that she might be a very pretty child, might be painted a vision of loveliness before her eyes—Wealthia preferred racing over the hills with Jack, her dog, whose eyes told her no lies; and studying the honest and wholesome lessons of her kinder mother, Nature, who was not so willing to make of her pure and innocent young life, her glowing health, and her happiness a human sacrifice upon the consuming pile of wealth and dissipation.

The foolish matron tried to reason with her insane child, but it was useless. She could not be induced to sit up nights trying winsome arts upon her less beauteous down into the net for the express purpose of hastening the millionaire's suit. Wealthia gave signs of a few lucid moments, by consenting to try it a few times, but became so overpowered with sleep, by 10 o'clock, that she was sent to bed with profuse apologies, and the story of the child's being up so late the evening previous in entertainment of a half dozen more hapless beaux.

Another indication of Wealthia's fertile mind lay in the fact that she would rather help Jane in the kitchen—taking a keen interest in all things pertaining to cookery—than to ride in the millionaire's latest improved car. Also, she would sit at home for hours in the morning, hemming dish towels upon her knees, and stay at home would never attract a man of the world, and a social favorite. But strange to relate, Wealthia did attract him, with her shy ways, her guilelessness, her glowing health, and wild rose beauty. Naturally she was a wholesome change from the hot-house blossoms, and winged things carefully watched over by anxious mamma and placed as special exhibits before him.

Not that he was blind to the artful wiles of the foolish matron did he suddenly become overwhelmingly attentive and devoted to Wealthia. He saw through it all. But the fact

that the girl willfully disobeyed her mother by repulsing him, and ignoring his alluring millions, only turned him on the more, and too, to the rash and crucial moment of proposal, when an unexpected blow almost felled him to the floor, causing the foolish matron, who had been standing with nervous excitement, in the hall, all the while to madly rush in upon the scene. Wealthia had refused him.

Up to this moment, the foolish matron had held out hopes. But now—well, the girl's malady was most pronounced and incurable.

"Wealthia, why did you refuse him?" she waited, "after all my care and pains to bring you up properly and place you at the head of society?"

"You were thinking of yourself, mamma, not of me, and besides, he makes me think of a snake." And Wealthia calmly left the room.

A year or two went by, and one morning as Wealthia, now a wife, sat in her blue print gown by her little kitchen door, shelling peas, and at the same time keeping an eye on a little chap tumbling about in the sand pile a few yards away, in rushed the foolish matron, where surely angels loved to tread, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Wealthia, a terrible thing has happened! the millionaire shot himself in New York a few days ago! Mr. B—, his mining agent, got the word. Dependancy as a result—"

"Disipation," finished Wealthia. "Think of his poor invalid wife, and no children—and Oh, mamma, now do you see what I escaped?"

"I'm thinking, Wealthia," whined her mother, "of all those precious millions you might have had."

LADY BABBE.

LAGOON ROAD.

Salt Lake & Ogden Railway Co.
Time Table in Effect May 30, 1908.
Trains Leave Salt Lake: 5:50 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m.
Trains Leave Ogden and Farmington: 5:50 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m.
Sundays at 8:00 a.m.
Lagoons at 3 and 5 p.m.
Sundays and holidays specials for Lagoon at 3 and 5 p.m.
S. M. BARNBERGER, President and Gen. Mgr.

BULLETIN OF EXCURSION RATES VIA



TEACHERS' EXCURSIONS

June 23 and 26; July 10 and 11.
Denver, Colo. Springs or Pueblo\$28.50
Omaha or Kansas City 40.00
St. Louis 49.00
Chicago 55.00
St. Paul or Minneapolis 52.00

CREDIT MEN—Denver.

Sell June 20 and 21. Round trip 22.50

DEMOCRATIC NAT'L CONVENTION—Denver

Sell, July 3, 4, and 5. Round trip 17.75

MYSTIC SHRINE—St. Paul.

Sell July 10 and 11. Round trip 40.15

DAILY EXCURSIONS TO PACIFIC COAST.

EXCURSIONS NORTH

June 6 and 20, and July 3, 11 and 23.

YELLOWSTONE PARK

opens June 10th.

See agents for limits and further particulars.

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GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

OF GO-CARTS AND CARRIAGES.

COMMENCING MONDAY MORNING we will put our Entire Line of Reed Go-Carts and Carriages on sale at ACTUAL COST. We are overstocked on these goods and must unload them. ¶ This is the greatest opportunity ever offered in this city to get a nice Go-Cart for little money. ¶ We quote a few prices below, but remember that OUR ENTIRE LINE OF REED GOODS GO IN THIS SALE.

<p>This Beautiful Go-Cart, just like cut, 10 in. wheels. Was \$14.00 now—</p> <p>\$8.50</p>	<p>Reclining Folding Go-Cart, reed sides, upholstered in Tapestry, has 12 in. rubber tired wheels. Just like cut. Sell regular for \$13.00. Now—</p> <p>\$8.60</p>	<p>Reclining Folding Go-Cart, reed sides, Tapestry Upholstering, lace parasol, 12 in. rubber tired wheels, sell regularly for \$16.00, now—</p> <p>\$10.20</p>	<p>Large size Go-Cart. Reclining back, English strap gear, 16-inch rubber tired wheels. Sells regular for \$31.50, now—</p> <p>\$19.15</p>
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