

ANECDOTES

THE SALOME DANCER.

"I had the honor, in London last month, of supping at the Savoy with Maud Allan, the Salome dancer. It was a great experience."

The speaker, a young actor, sighed and resumed:

"How beautiful the Savoy supper room is. We have nothing like it here. And to see all those fair women, in their superb gowns, leaning forward, smoking cigarettes, at the supper's end—how modern it makes one feel."

"Maud Allan talked to us about her Salome dance, about the knowledge of the head of John the Baptist. She said she could see nothing wrong about the kissing on the stage, of a paper mache head, when the real head is continually being kissed by the devotee."

"The real head," said I. "Where is the real head?"

"Then, with a laugh, Miss Allan told me a story about the Abbe de Marolles. 'This famous abbe once visited Amiens. They took him through the splendid Amiens cathedral. Then they showed him the head of John the Baptist.'

"The Abbe de Marolles, devoutly pressing his lips to the relic, exclaimed: 'Heaven be praised! This is already the fifth or sixth head of the saint that I have had the good fortune to kiss.'"

NOW'S THE TIME.

The average novelist, it is well known, thinks little of the average playwright, and the playwright thinks less, if possible, of the novelist.

At the Players' club, in New York, they say, that Claude Fitch, at a dinner, sat opposite a popular novelist. The novelist criticized the American play; he seemed to think very little of it. Finally, yawning, he said: "When I am played out as a novelist, I intend to write for the stage."

"Begin at once, then," said Mr. Fitch.

THE BOY FINANCIER.

The late Bishop Potter, at one of the delightful reunions of the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia—Bishop Potter was educated at this venerable and aristocratic school—condemned modern finance.

"I condemn at least," he is reported to have said, "that sort of modern finance that consists in getting something for nothing. I once knew a boy who would have made a splendid financier."

"This boy, several days through the streets—he never had anything to do—met another."

"I wish," he said, "that I had a nickel. Then I'd buy a good five-cent cigar, and go into the woods and have a smoke."

"I have a nickel," said the other boy.

"Have you the first cried eagerly. Then let's form a corporation."

"All right. How is it done?"

"All be the president. You'll be the stockholder. The nickel will be the capital, and we'll invest it in tobacco."

"The thing was agreed to, and the president taking the stockholder's five cents, bought a cigar forthwith. Then he led the way to the woods. There he sat down on a log, lit up, and began to smoke skillfully."

"The stockholder waited for his turn to come. He waited very patiently. But the cigar diminished. One-third of it was gone. It disappeared, and still the president showed no signs of satiety."

"Say," exclaimed the stockholder at last, "don't I get a share of this?"

"The president, knocking off the ashes, shook his head."

"But what," shouted the angry stockholder, "do I get for my capital?"

"Well," said the president, "you can spit."

A CRITICISM.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's famous food expert, was talking, at Mackinac Island, about impure whiskies.

"I once saw an old Kentuckian," said Dr. Wiley, "take up a glass of whisky, sniff it, set it down, and shake his head sadly."

"One thing," he said, "was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky they send us nowadays."

CONTENT.

Charles Frohman, who is rapidly establishing a "world theater"—a theater where the world's first playwrights and performers work on American lines under his direction—talked the other day about content.

"I don't work for money," he said. "The hardest workers never work for money. When did money bring content?"

"You know the story of the satrap and the Persian physician? A certain young and profligate satrap, exhausted alike in body and in mind, sent for a famous Persian physician and said: 'I have squandered my youth in riotous living. My frame is enfeebled like an old man's, and my mind is disordered with remorse and horror. Can you help me?'"

"The Persian physician, looking gravely at the pale satrap, answered: 'You have sent for me, O Go forth and find, if there be such a perfectly contented man. Persuade this man to exchange shirts with you, and you will straightway be strong and happy again.'"

"The satrap set out upon his search. He traveled many months in vain. But at last he heard of a cobbler who was said to be absolutely content."

"The satrap came at last to the cobbler's door. The house was but a hovel, and on a board before it the cobbler lay, asleep. Awakening him, the satrap asked if it were true that he was quite contented, and the cobbler with a laugh, declared that it was."

"Then," said the satrap, "I have a boon to ask at your hands. It is that you will exchange shirts with me. For thus, a wise physician has said, I may become strong and contented also."

"But the cobbler shook his head."

"Most cheerfully would I grant your request, young man," he began, "but—"

"Nay, nay, deny me not," the satrap cried. "I will pay you any sum that you may name."

"I seek not your gold, youth," said the cobbler, "but—"

"But what?"

"The truth is, I have no shirt."

PLAIN BUT SUFFICIENT.

The late Josiah W. Leeds of Philadelphia was notable for his lifelong fight against immodesty. Mr. Leeds reformed the theatrical poster, he elected painting and in a number of cases he even succeeded in having nude statues draped.

THE TEST.

"Mr. Edison," said one of the great inventor's assistants, "is going to abandon commercial work and go in for pure science. He will drop electricity for a time in favor of chemistry. He hopes that in these new fields he will not become a crank."

"Mr. Edison believes, you know, that overmuch research, research that has no practical application, is a waste of time. He tends to make a man eccentric. For example he points to a friend in Flushing, a lifelong student of chemistry."

"This old man, a retired musician, whenever there comes a ring at his doorbell, goes to the door himself, a bottle of ink in his hand. Without a word of warning he throws the ink over his visitor's coat. Then, in answer to the visitor's protests, he laughs and says: 'Nonsense! It's all right. Come this way. I have something to show you.'"

"He leads his guest to the kitchen, dips a rag into a bottle of cleaning fluid of his own invention, and rubbing briskly the ink-stained garment, he rattles away, as glibly as a street-vendor: 'This liquid is not corrosive. It removes, cleans, and dissolves, with one application, all stains, smears, grease, paint—and so on for 10 minutes or more.'"

"This old man rarely, if ever, restores these ink coats to their original condition. At every failure he says reproachfully to his guest: 'Well, well, well! It isn't all wool.'"

RED TAPE.

At a dinner in New York during his disastrous American visit, Henry Farman, the aviator, complained of the American customs regulations.

"With their affidavits, declarations, examinations and what not," said Mr. Farman, "there is too much red tape about your customs. A man gets lost in all this red tape, as they say a foreigner was once lost in the red tape of the British postoffice."

"This foreigner stood, one luckless evening, before the newspaper box in the London postoffice. The box has a huge mouth. Newspapers are thrown into it in bales. As the inquisitive foreigner bent over it, a bale of newspapers struck his shoulder, and with a dull thud he fell into the box."

"His friends ran round to the counters to rescue him. The clerks, however, paid no attention to their demands. The foreigner was in the mail box. Accordingly they would treat him as mail matter."

"And the clerks gravely stamped him on the stomach, and threw him in a compartment along with the provincial newspapers."

"The unfortunate man's friends went to the chief clerk and begged him to let him out. Then he said: 'Was your friend addressed?'"

"No," they replied.

"Very well," said the chief. "The matter is simple. He will remain for six months in the bureau. At the end of that time, if no one applies for him, he will be burnt as a dead letter."

CONFUSION.

Lillian Brathwaite Hill, the noted writer of humorous advertisements, resided at a banquet of haberdashers in St. Joseph, to an attack, by a business rival, on advertising humor.

"My friend," said Miss Hill, "says the public wants seriousness, not humor, in its advertisements. He is absolutely right. But he is wrong in his own advertisement."

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WEIR MITCHELL'S BORE.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose brilliance in medicine is only excelled by his brilliance in literature, is noted in Philadelphia for the detestation that he has for bores.

"A bore can ruffle the gracious and gentle suavity of Dr. Weir Mitchell's manner, and even with bores his reproaches are delicate rather than rough."

They say at the Franklin Inn, Philadelphia's literary club, that a bore accosted Dr. Weir Mitchell one day on the street, and asked him to walk with him to the Philadelphia library.

During this walk the bore's flow of talk was incessant. Dr. Weir Mitchell, on amid the deluge, frowning silently.

As they turned down Juniper street, a man across the way stretched out his arms and yawned as if to dislocate his jaw.

Dr. Mitchell took the bore's arm and nodded towards the yawning man.

"Hush," he said, "Don't speak so loud. People can hear you."

TOO MUCH SYMPATHY.

Dr. Simon Flexner, discussing the anti-vivisectionists in New York, said that their sympathy for animals was as misplaced as the sympathy of Aurelien Scholl's Frenchman.

"This Frenchman," he explained, unluckily bought an Atlantic ticket gave the dates of the world's chief events. From that day on he lived a life of mourning. Thus, on April 30, he had craved on his hat.

"Have you lost a relative?" a friend asked. "Not exactly," said he. "But today is a sad anniversary for the French people. On April 30, 1234, Chevalier Bayard died."

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HOLIDAYS A MISTAKE.

Doctor's View of the Science of Rest.

Dr. Toulouse, the eminent French medical writer, has just published in Paris a book entitled "How to Form a Mind."

The holiday as an institution is unsparingly condemned. Above all, the doctor objects to the old idea that "it is necessary to rest the mind by exercising the body." This axiom, he says, is proved by physiology to be absurd. When the body gets tired the mind does not rest. To take a long walk, for instance, after several

works of intellectual labor in simply adds to the fatigue of another. "The less physical exercise," he writes, "the better. Women, who as a rule do not engage in physical exercise to any extent, live longer than men. Fresh air and one hour's walking per day is all that is required."

Dr. Toulouse boldly declares that no athlete was ever a genius, and no intellectual man can be much of an athlete. "You cannot spend your vitality in two opposite directions."

The system of taking a whole day's rest every week, and a month or two at a time every year, is, we are assured, physiologically ridiculous. "When

we take our holidays we generally devote our time to some physical exercise—cycling, mountaineering, yachting, swimming—to which our body is not adapted. It upsets our physique, and the fatigue reacts in our mind with the result that nine of the ten persons feel worse after a holiday than when they started, and are unable to resume work properly."

"We do not need long rests; we want short ones. Do not rest sixteen hours per week on Sunday, but four separate half-hours per day. Do not rest one or two months a year after ten months of intense life and work, but divide those two months into oc-

casional half-days of delightful laziness."

"What would you say of a man who would work unceasingly for six years and then spend a whole year in idleness? Yet this is exactly what we do on a smaller scale with our Sundays and our summer holidays."

Healthy kidneys alter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system. For sale by E. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

OF INTEREST TO MANY. Foley's Kidney Cure will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. For sale by E. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

Trains to Saltair Saturday, 2, 4, 6, 8 p. m., bathing and dancing, Held at bath.

Expert Kodak Finishing. Harry Shipler, Commercial Photographer, 151 South Main, second floor.

Two Trains Saltair Daily.

REASONABLE PRICES FOR STYLE AND QUALITY IN NEW FALL MERCHANDISE

MAKE AUERBACH'S AS USUAL MONDAY'S FOREMOST TRADING CENTER.

This week's Announcement is a realistic Exposition of the pre-eminent Bargain giving Power of this Popular Store. Here are five columns of Economy News that will benefit you in a material way. Read the news in detail particularly the items in the two outside columns. You have probably never had a greater opportunity for savings on New, Desirable and Reliable Merchandise.

MONDAY!
\$1.25
Hemstitched
BED
SHEETS
79c

MONDAY!
THE GENUINE
15c
DAISY
FLANNEL
9½c

ESTABLISHED 1864
J. Auerbach & Bro.
ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

MONDAY!
Children's
Union Suits
25c

MONDAY.
Ladies'
Union Suits
69c

MONDAY!
\$7.00
WOOL
BLANKETS
\$3.98

MONDAY.
\$2.00
White Linen
Table Cloths
\$1.18

WONDERFUL VALUES IN
Women's Magnificent Tailored Suits
You can see from this advertisement that we are pricing the newest creations on a basis of strict economy. It is with great satisfaction that we invite you to inspect this collection of new suits. They are the smartest styles in Tailored suits we have ever shown at these low prices.

MONDAY.
ELASTIC
BELTS
25c

MONDAY.
\$40c
Turkish Bath
TOWELS
22c

MONDAY!
\$1.75
White
Embroidered
SKIRTING
FLANNELS
\$1.10

INTERESTING SPECIAL in NEWEST AUTUMN SILKS and DRESS FABRICS
A MOST DELIGHTFUL ARRAY OF ALL THE SPLENDID FALL SILKS AND DRESS GOODS. EVERY UP TO DATE STYLE AND PATTERNS. EVERY IMAGINABLE WEAVE IS HERE REPRESENTED. EXCEPTIONAL SAVING ON SILK AND WOOLENS NEEDED FOR YOUR NEW AUTUMN GOWNS.

MONDAY!
Infants' Outing
Flannel
WRAPPERS
39c

MONDAY!
\$2.00
White English
LONG CLOTH
89c

MONDAY.
40c
Turkish Bath
TOWELS
22c

BOYS FALL APPAREL
VERY SPECIALLY PRICED
It's the quality that makes these values supreme. We court comparison with all offerings at these prices.

MONDAY!
\$3.00
COMFORTERS
\$2.10

MONDAY!
\$1.75
White
Embroidered
SKIRTING
FLANNELS
\$1.10

MONDAY.
20c
Hemmed
Pillow Cases
12½c

A Hosiery Sensation!
LADIES' HOSIERY
65c and 75c Values on Sale at
3 Pairs for \$1.00

MONDAY!
\$3.00
COMFORTERS
\$2.10

MONDAY!
\$1.75
White
Embroidered
SKIRTING
FLANNELS
\$1.10

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20c
Hemmed
Pillow Cases
12½c

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COMFORTERS
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MONDAY!
\$1.75
White
Embroidered
SKIRTING
FLANNELS
\$1.10

MONDAY.
20c
Hemmed
Pillow Cases
12½c

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