## "THE LIONS OF THE LORD."

A Review of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's Book Under the Above Title by B. H. Roberts.

Lord," by Harry Leon Wilson. An extended friendly review of it in a leading Utah paper volunteers the statement that "Mr. Wilson gained his principal information during a few weeks' visit in Salt Lake last fall, and some time spent over the Schroeder Mormon library now in Iowa." No one can doubt the accuracy of the statement; the treatment of the theme bears every evidence of the author's hasty and shallow thought upon the subject with which he attempts to deal. But he "spent some time over the Schroeder Mormon " yes, and what is more, he undoubtedly coached by Mr. der while at work in the library; the entering the first the salacious fiction which that enternan" of unsavory reputation in ah used to serve up to the delectant of the readers of his "Lucifer's intern" is altogether too evident in the work of the recognition as collaborator with white the its production.

him to recognition as collaborator with Mr. Wilson in its production.

Since inadvertently the source of the author's inspiration and information is disclosed, a word respecting Mr. Schroeder, the should-be-recognized collaborator of Mr. Wilson, becomes necessary in this review, Mr. Schroeder is known to fame in Utah first as the standard under the record. a lawyer who stands under the record-ed public censure of the Supreme Court ed public censure of the Supreme Court of the state of Utah for unprofessional conduct, as is witnessed in the tenth volume of the Utah Reports of the Supreme Court of the state. Secondly he is known locally as the collector of a library on "Mormonism," in which prominence and preference is given to anti-"Mormon" works redolent of that-pairidity so delectable to men of ded natures and perverted tastes.
div, and perhaps most prominently,
known as the author, proprietor,
publisher of "Lucifer's Lantern,"
may be described as an intermittent periodical—now some time since happily defunct—most worthy of its ti-tle and its author. It is into such hands

tle and its author, it is into such hands Mr. Wilson unfortunately fell and by such a person he was evidently coached in his study of "Mormonism."

The evidence of all this, apart from the inadvertent admission of the friendly I tah reviewer, is to be found in the identity of the sewer-stench that attaches to the work of both; in the use of the same materials; and the adoption of similar methods. As for instance: A somewhat eccentric writer tion of similar methods. As for in-stance: A somewhat eccentric writer in the early days of the "Mormon" Church characterized a number of the prominent Church leaders under what was to him descriptive titles, such as Brigham Young, "Lion of the Lord:" Wilford Woodruff, "Banner of the Gos-pel: "John Taylor, "Champion of Liber-ty." This evidently appeared to the erratic and fantastical intellect of Mr. etratic and fantastical intellect of Mr. Schroeder, and led him to adopt as the litle of his intermittent, and now defille of his intermittent, and now de-junct anti-"Mormon" periodical, "Lu-cifer's Lantern;" and on the title page of the last number of the "Lantern" he gratuitiously invents for Lorenzo Snow, then President of the "Mormon". Church, the descriptive title—as he supposes— "Boss of Jehovah's Buckler." Now, Mr. Wilson having his attention direct Mr. Wilson having his attention directed to the descriptive title of early leading "Mormon" Elders invented by the aforesaid eccentric, though friendly writer, conceived the idea of making the chief character of his story of the number of those who had received such instruction of those who had received such the cand hence confers upon "Joel him; besides there is Prudence, who hom he centers all the horrers of his the confers all the horrers of his the confers all the horrers of his the confer all the horrers of his true filial affection. The upshot of it all is that young Foliett leaves to time the duty of taking off Rae—an event that cannot be long deferred, since the little man is fast hastening to the finis of his earthly career; and meantime Foliett insidiously woos Prudence, and wins her love; while she makes an uptitles, and hence confers upon "Joel Rae," the character in his book about whom he centers all the horrors of his gruesome tale, the blasphemous title—"Lute of the Hely Ghost!" Or was it. altogether in accordance both with principles and practise of his uld-be-acknowledged collaborator, Mr. Schroeder: for blatant atheism was and is the Jatter's pride and boast; and he was wont, as we have seen by his use of it in "Lucifer's Lantern," to ascribe fanciful titles to leading "Mor-

A word, in headlines, as to the story itself; that it is possessed of dramatic force, and literary merit will go without saying when it is known that its author is also the author of "The Spenders." That it deals with elements capable of being so combined as to produce the most intense human interest, will be conceded when I say that it treats of religious fanaticism—the faith—"fanatic faith." that,

"Once wedded fast
To some dear idol.

To some dear idol.

To some dear idol,
Hugs it to the last;"
of love—the theme of the ages, the one
theme ever old and ever new—the
theme perennial; with human passions
and ambitions, the desire for that most
deceitful end of all human ambitions—
the desire for sanctity while living,
and a reputation for holiness when
dead. These the elements of the story;
and now the incidents;
Joel Rae, "bred in the word and the
truth" of "Mormonism" if not born in
it, returns to Nauvoo from a mission
just upon the time that the last remnant of the Saints have departed from
that ill-fated city. He finds that the
loone of his parents in the outskirts of mant of the Saints have departed from that ill-fated city. He finds the the home of his purents in the outskirts of Nauvoo has been destroyed by mobs; and that his aged father and mother were driven into Nauvoo, where they are for the time under the protection of an apostate family; that his fiancee with her family, has turned from the faith, and she is only awaiting his arrival to ascertain if he will join her in her apostasy. This he refuses to do, and with his payents prepares to follow his expatriated people in their great westward movement. While being ferried over the Mississippi, the aged father of young Rae—the son not being present—is pitched into the river by ruffian hands and is drowned; his aged mother dies from the shock of the hortible murder; and young Rae, made desperate by those events, becoming a "Son of Dan," a supposed secret society of the blood and thunder order, oath-bound to "support the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in all things, right or wrong!" He forms one of the band of pioneers which Brigham Young led to the Sait Lake valley in 1847, and gives numerous evidences of increasing fanaticism much to the delight of the "Mormon" leaders, which delight is here and there expressed in silly, blasphemous sentences of which the following is a fair sample: "When that young man [Rae] gets all het up with the Holy Ghost, the Angel of the Lord just has to give down!" In the new home of the Saints young Rae does his full share of both manual and spiritual labors. In the

I have just read the "Liens of the Lord." by Harry Leon Wilson. An extended friendly review of it in a leading Utah paper volunteers the statement that "Mr. Wilson gained his principal information during a few weeks' visit in Salt Lake last fall, and some time spent over the Schroeder Mormon lispent over the Sc dian. From the number of emigrants doomed to death Rae rescued a whitedoomed to death Rae rescued a white-haired boy and the little daughter of his one-time betrothed wife, Prudence Corson. The boy he leaves at Hamb-lin's ranch, whence he escapes swear-ing vengeance against Rae whom he saw kill the father of the little girl Prudence Grimway. The girl Prudence— named after her mother—Rae leaves at a neighboring ranch, claiming her as his own child, for whom he will later return. Haunted by the memories of

as his own child, for whom he will later return. Haunted by the memories of the awful slaughter of the Gentile emigrants at Mountain Meadows, he goes north, actively participates in the resistance to the United States' army under Albert Sidney Johnston entering Utah, but is disgusted with the final submission of Brigham Young to United States authority, and takes up his abode in a new settlement far to the south of Salt Lake City, and not far from the Mountain Meadows. Here his life of penance begins. In a spirit of self-sacrifice he marries a woman with but one hand and a disfigured face. The hand she lost by having it frozen while pushing a handcart in the belated company Rae had led to Utah years before. He also married another woman—a poor half-starved, cast off wife of a prominent "Mormon" Bishop; and later still, another wife, a shallow. wited, talkative cerature who is a cross indeed to the 'man of many sorrows." He takes under his protection also a poor imbecile man, the victim of a horrible mutilation; and a woman who had gone insane because her huswho had gone insane because her husband married another wife. The wives, to his honor be it said, were such in name only. This collection of the woebegone, with the child Prudence added, make up the Rac household. The girl Prudence becomes beautiful, of course, and is much sought by men of middle life already possessed of many wives, no less a personage than Brigham Young being among the number; and it is represented that the latter "suitor" had but to send word in advance to the foster father of his intention to marry the girl on his next journey south, in order to close the matrimonial incident, except the formal word-ceremony, and taking away the

matrimonial incident, except the formal word-ceremony, and taking away the bride! But Miss Prudence had visited Salt Lake, and while there witnessed the performance at the theater of "Romeo and Juliet" which is sufficient to give her ideas of love and matrimony all her own. The balcony scene much impressed her; and ever afterwards became her ideal of expressed love. A few years of dreaming on the part of the maiden, and a few years of slient suffering on the part of Joel Rae, now the "little man of sorrows," then the lad of the Meadows, Ruel Follett, who escaped from Hamblin's ranch the lad of the Meadows, Ruel Follett, who escaped from Hamblin's ranch swearing vengeance on Rue and two other participants in the massacre, returns, seeking his revenge. He is now a young man, handsome, brave, strong, aggressive. But he is baffled in his mission of retribution. Two of the murderers he seeks are cheeded. derers he seeks are already dead some time since, and Rae is so pitifully weak and distraught by the haunting mem-ories of that awful butchery that young

wins her love; while she makes an un-successful effort to convert him to

successful effort to convert him to "Mormonism." In all their readings, and conversations upon the Book of Mormon and other subjects connected with the "Mormon" religion, Follett is given an easy victory over the poor girl by the employment of covert sneers, slightly concealed sarcasms, and tender ridicule. Meantime Joel Rae has lost his faith in "Mormonism:" he discovers that polygamy is wrong: he discovers that polygamy is wrong; the Saints abandoned of God; and on the Saints abandoned of God; and on the occasion of Brigham Young paying his annual visit to the settlement where Rae lives, he tells the prophet and the people his discoveries. Anticipating the vengeance of the "Sons of Dan," Rae files to the cross and cairn of stones erected on the site of the Mountain Meadows massacre, that he may die-according to orthodox dramatic canons—at the place where his awful crime was committed. He is followed by Prudence and young Follett, who come up to him at the cross lett, who come up to him at the cross erected by Gentile hands on the site of the massacre, where, in company with two Indians, they watched him peacefully pass away in a rather protracted death scene, to the accompanyment of an Indian tom-tom drum, and notwithstanding one of the redween

notwithstanding one of the redmen waves before his eyes the yellow scalplock which years before he had seen reeking with blood snatched from the head of the woman he loved. Young Follett and Prudence, as soon as the "little man of sorrows" is buried, leave for the soat with for the east with a passing wagon train, and having been married by Rae a few minutes before his death, the reader is left to infer that they "lived happily ever after," in some eastern city, far, far away from fanatical "Mormons" and their wickedness, where only monogamous marriages, obtain only monogamous marriages obtain, and conjugal happiness is never disturbed by the haunting fears of marital infidelities or polysomers.

infidelities, or polygamy, simultaneous or consecutive. I have been at the pains to give this rather full synopsis of the story, that my readers may be witnesses of the fact that Mr. Wilson has certainly massed enough of gruesome materials to furnish to repletion several chambers of horrors. Far be it from me to suggest that so prominent an author has stooped to the methods of yellow-backed, ten cent novells s of a quarter backed, ten cent novelis s of a quarter of a century ago, in the matter at least of a century ago, in the matter at least of the quality and mass of incidents to be woven into story. This glance at the incidents of the story also reveals the opportunity they will afford the author for gathering into one view the bigotry, ignorance, weakness, fanaticism, and wickedness of individual "Mormons," all to be interwoven with the mockery, sarcasm, ridicule, ribaldity, innuendo and insults of their enemies.

Angel of the Lord just has to give down!" In the new home of the Saints young Rae does his full share of both manual and spiritual labors. In the latter he succeeded too well since he preached better, worked more seeming miracles, and prophesied more than the other "Lions of the Lord." Brigham declares him "soul proud," and sends him to the Missouri river in 1857 to bring in the handcart companies, in which expedition he witnesses enough distress and misery to humble the sufferings of the handcart companies from cold, findine and over toll is the result of his own bad judgment in Sairt Lake, however, his fanaticism attended upon by murders, and voluntary submissions to secret executions, to atone for the commission of the makes in the secret content of the content of the suffering sins. Rae's fanaticism makes And now as to the treatment of the

across the river, "landed at the the delegation of the city. No one met me there, I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move, though the quiet everywhere was such that I could hear the flies buzz." The closeness with which Mr. Wilson

follows Mr. Kane's beautifully descriptive passages, however, will best be seen and appreciated when placed in parallel paragraphs as follows:

Mr. Wilson.

"The Dead City."

"The city without life lay handsoniety along a river in the early sunlight of a September morning. . . . From the half-circle tearound which the broad river bent its moody current, the neat nouses, set in cool green gardens, the high nill, and from the summit of this a stately marble tempic, glittering of newness, towered far above them in placid benediction.

"Mile after mile."

"The Ceau City."

"Half encircled by the bend of the river, a beautiful city as pout of the river, a beautiful city are with great in the broad river bent is around sum in the high nill, and from the summit of this a stately marble edifice, whose high tapering of newness, towered far above them in placid benediction.

"Mile after mile the streets lay silent, along the river front, up to the hilltop, and beyond into the level.

And when they had and the loudying helds were reached, there, too, the same brooding spell and the land stretched away in the hush and haze."

"The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the back-interpolation of a fair country, checquered by the fruitful husbandry."

"The yellow grain. heavy neaded with richness, lay beaten down and rotting, for there were no reapers. The city, it seemed, had died simly, painlessly, drowsity, as if overcome by sleep."

"Fields upon fields of heavy headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich sample, and the eye could reach, they stretched away they sleeping, too, in the hazy air of autumn."

"I walked through "He started won -

plane where I had been shoved half the length of its edge, the fresh pine shaving still curling over the side. He turned into a bake er's shop and saw turned into a baker's shop and saw
freshly chopped
kindling piled
against the oven,
and dough actually
on the kneading
tray. In a tanner's
vat he found fresh
bark. In a blacksmith's shop he entered next the fire
was out, but there
was coal heaped beside the forge, with
the ladling-pool and
the crocked water
horn, and on the anvil was a horseshoe
that had cooled before it was finished."

"He entered one of the gardens, clinking the gate-latch loudly after him, but no one challe n ge d. He drew a drink from the well with its loud rattling chain and clumsy waterbucket, but no one called. At the door of the house he pounded, and at last flung it open with all the noise he could make. Still his hungry ears fed on nothing but single flammer, there was no curt voice of a man, no quick questioning tread of a woman. There were dead white ashes on the hearth, and the silence was grimly kept by the dumb household gods."

"If I went into gardens, clinking the wicket-latch the marigolds, hear ease and lady silens and draw hucket and its no chain, or knoch with the tall headed with the tall headed with the wicket-latch the wicket and its no chain, or knoch the tall headed de lias and sunflower the tall headed during lover the tall headed dur "He entered one the gardens, "If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch after me, to pull the marigoids, heart's ease and lady slipers, and draw pers, and dra pers, and draw drink with the wa

drink with, the water bucket and its noisy chain, or knocked off with my stick the tall headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunting over the beds for cneumbers and love-apples; no one called out to me from any open window, or dog sprons forward to bark alarm. I could bark alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in their houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them. I found dead ashes white upon the white upon the bearth, and had to tread a-tip-toe as if walking down the aisles of a country church,"

Mr. Wilson certainly has a remarkably similar taste to that of Colonet Kane for flowers and gardens. Young Rae meets Prudence in the garden—now observe: now observe:

mr. Wilson.

"He ran to herover beds of marlgolds, heart's case and lady slippers, through a row of drowsy looking heavy headed dahlias, and passed other withering flowers, all but choked out by the rank garden growths of late summer."

Mr. Kane.

"If I went into the gardens, out of built the marigolds, heart's case and lady slippers, or knock off the tall heavy headed dahlias and the sunflowers, hunting over the beds for cucumbers and lover summers and lover the beds for cucumbers and lover summers."

After Mr. Wilson had followed General Kane in the matter of flowers so closely, one marvels that he did not go with him as far as the "sunflowers and love-apples;" but General Kane was hunting "over beds of cucumbers," and perhaps the author of the "Lions of the Lord" found that his taste for vegetables did not run so closely with the General's in the vegetable line as in the matter of flowers. But seriously, does not the code of ethics in literature require that our rising young author should either have the grace to put these descriptive passages in quutation these descriptive passages in quutation marks, or else frankly give the source whence he draws the prett est bits or description in his much-vaunted book? In the event of the work reaching a second edition, I suggest that he adopt second edition, I suggest that he adopt the whole of General Kane's description of "The Deserted City," for his opening chapter: for beautiful as his own is, it but shines with a borrowed light, and when compared with the General's

preface Mr. Wilson informs us that he designed to make a tale from his ob-servations of western life in Salt Lake and Utah; but in his search for things on which to found his fiction he was so dismayed by facts so much more thrill-ing than any fiction he might have imagined, that he turned from his first purpose in order "to try to tell what had really been." "In this story then," says he, "the things that are strangest have most truth. The make-believe is

have most truth. 'The make-believe is hardly more than a cement to join the queerly wrought stones of fact that were found ready." Hence we are to be turned from considering his work as fiction to regard it as truth.

It is exactly at this point that I arraign Mr. Wilson before the bar of public opinion, and tell him that what he represents as true I denounce as false; and this quite apart from any books from which he has paraphrased much of the matter he weaves into his story. of the matter he weaves into his story. The trouble is that the sources whence he makes his deductions are as untrue The trouble is that the sources whence he makes his deductions are as untrue in their statements as his paraphrases of them are. Mr. Wilson is as one who walks through some splendid orchard and gathers here and there the wormeaten, frost-bitten, wind-blasted, growth-stunted and rotten fruit, which in spite of the best of care, is to be found in every orchard; and bringing this to us he says; "This is the fruit of yonder orchard; you see how worthless it is; an orchard growing such fruit is ready for the burning. Whereas, the fact is that there are tons and tons of beautiful, lucious fruit, as pleasing to the eye as it would be agreeable to the palate, remaining in the orchard to which be does not call our attention at all. Would not such a representation of the orchard be an untruth, notwithstanding his blighted specimens were gathered from its trees? If he presents to us the blighted specimens of fruit from the orchard, is he not in truth and in honor bound also to call our attention to the rich harvest of splendid fruit that still remains ungathered before he asks us to pass judgment on the orchard? I am not so blind in my

that still remains ungathered before he asks us to pass judgment on the orchard? I am not so blind in my admiration of the "Mormon" people, or so bigoted in my devotion to the "Mormon" faith as to think that there are no individuals in that Church chargeable with fanaticism, folly, intemperate speech, and wickledness, not suckedness, not so held. speech, and wickedness; nor am I blind to the fact that some in their over-zeal have lacked judgment; and that in times of excitement, under stress of special provocation, even "Mormon" lead-ers have given utterance to ideas that are indefensible. But I have yet to learn that it is just in a writer of history, or of "purpose fiction," that "must speak truly," to make a collection of these things and represent them as of the essence of that faith against which said writer draws an indictment.

"No one would measure the belief of Christians," says a truly great writer, "by certain statements in the Fathers, nor judge the moral principles of Roman Catholics by prurient quotations from the casuists; nor yet estimate Lutherans by the utterances and deeds of the early successors of Luther, nor Calvinists by the burning of Servetus. In all such cases the general standpoint of the times has to be first taken into account."—Edes-

hiem's Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah, preface p. 8.) A long time ago the great Edmund Burke in his defense of the rashness expressed in both speech and action of some of our patriots of the American revolution period, said: "It is not fair to judge of the temper or the disposition of any man or any set of men when they are composed and at rest from their conduct or their expressions in a state of disturbance and irrita-tion." The justice of Burke's assertion has never been questioned, and without any wresting whatsoever it may be ap-

any wresting whatsoever it may be applied to "Mormon" leaders who sometimes spoke and acted under the recollection of rank injustice perpetrated against themselves and their people; or to rebuke rising evils against which their souls revolted.

Mr. Wilson's book is a false indictment against "Mormonism," and against the leading characters of the "Mormon" Church. The specches he represents as falling from their lips, could never be recognized in the utterances of "Mormons," either among the leaders, or the rank and file. The biasphemous phraseology he puts in the blasphemous phraseology he puts in the mouth of his characters was never heard in "Mormon" camps or pulpits. heard in "Mormon" camps or pulpits. Such expressions as "When that young man gets all het up with the Holy Ghost, the angel of the Lord just has to give down;" or "Lord, what won't Brother Brigham do when the Holy Ghost gets a strangle-holt on him?" are blasphemies utterly impossible to the "Mormon" mind. Such expressions as the following, represented as coming from Brigham Young: "The Lute of the Holy Ghost will now say a word of farewell from our pioneers to those who must stay behind," is equally impossible; and so are many other speeches which he puts into the mouths of leading characters of the mouths of leading characters of the 'Mormon' Church.

"Moermon" Church.

The most serious injustice Mr. Wilson does the "Mormon" people, however, the thing in which he most departs from the facts established, not only by history but by the decisions of the United States courts in Utah, is in that he makes the awful crime of the massacre of emigrants at Mountain Meadows, in 1857, the crime of the "Mormon" Church. Over and over again in fact he makes that charge, and represents his chief character, "Joel Rae," as seeking to take upon himself the sins of the Church for committing that crime; and in one place represents him as saying: "For fifteen years I have lain in hell for the work this him as saying: 'For fifteen years I have lain in hell for the work this Church did at Mountain Meadows.' To Church did at Mountain Meadows. To bear false witness against one's neighbor even in matters that may be trivial, is a contemptible crime; but when in bearing false witness the charge is that of murder, wholesale murder, and that under circumstances the most revolting and horrible, the crime then of bearing false witness rises above the merely contemptible, and to be seen in its true. false witness rises above the merely contemptible, and to be seen in its true enormity, must be regarded as bearing a due proportion to the crime charged. That is, next to being guilty of the crime itself must be the crime of falsely charging it to the innocent. I care nothing for the fact that predecessors of Mr. Wilson, in works of fiction on the West have made similar charges. He will not be justified in following their evil example. A man of his exalted standing in the world of letters, starting out to "try to tell what had really been," to write fiction that must speak "no less than truth," was under obligations both to himself and the people to whom his message should go, to investigate all the facts, and speak truly in harmony with them in every case.

It is not necessary here to enter into any argument or even produce the evi-dence that the "Mormon" Church was dence that the "Mormon" Church was in no wise responsible, in nowise connected with the awful / butchery at Mountain Meadows. The evidence of these things appears upon the very surface of our history in Utah, and also in decisions of United States judges who would only have been too happy to have implicated the "Mormon" Church officials in that awful crime. In fact they tried to so fix the responsibility, and failed. But it is enough here to tell Mr. Wilson, that he has committed an act of injustice for which I would not like to stand responsible at the judgact of injustice for which I would not like to stand responsible at the judgment bar of God; I am confident that he will be driven to the necessity of choosing between these alternatives; either that he has consciously spoken contrary to truth in the matter; or else he has given merely surface consideration to one side of the subject only which he represents himself as having considered profoundly; in either event Mr. Wilson has assumed a most serious responsibility.

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FIVE GENERATIONS OF A WELL KNOWN SPRINGVILLE FAMILI.

Five generations are shown in the above group. The old lady is Mrs. Lu titia Shearer Warthen Curtis, while or on her right her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Johnson. The latter's little son Roy appears in the center of the group. Mrs. Curtis passed away at her home in Springville a bout two weeks ago. Her funeral was held Sept. 21, from the Fourth ward meeting-Curtis passed away at her home in Springville ago. Her funeral was held Sept. 21, from the Fourth ward meetinghouse, Bishop J. S. Loynd being in charge. Remarks culogistic of her life and character were made by Elders F. C. Boyer, B. T. Blanchard and Bishop Loveless of Payson, and appropriate music was rendered by the ward choir. Mother Curtis was the oldest child of a family of 12, yet all of them preceded her' to the great beyond. She was the daughter of Joel and Phoebe Shearer and was baptized and confirmed into the Church in Caldwell county, Mo., in 1838, by Elder Eleser Miller. She was the mother of eight children and has had 48 grandchildren, 61 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

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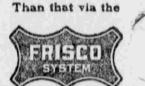
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