

## SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

Nov. 26.—The few days that Elders George Albert Smith and B. H. Roberts spent among the Utah colony in New York were full of pleasure to the people here. The afternoon lecture by Elder Roberts and the evening sermon by Apostle Smith were listened to with rapt interest by the many assembled in Hawthorne hall. On Monday evening at the "Sunrise" club, where the gentlemen were invited to speak, the greatest attention was given to their remarks. Elder Roberts evoking storms of applause by his eloquence and ready answers that met every question advanced by the different speakers. It was a signal triumph.

three children will appear in Yonkers next week. After that they appear in the northern part of the state for an extended tour.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Oscar Kirkham and her baby arrived in the city, and are preparing to move into an apartment which they have taken for the winter at the corner of Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street. Mr. Kirkham has been engaged to do some concert work in Mt. Vernon, a musical little place a few miles from the city.

Miss Ellis Shipp who is doing some fine work this year in Teachers' college, has lately been elected a member of the executive staff of the graduating club, and is feeling quite jubilant over the appointment.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"But who can view the ripened rose, Nor seek to wear it?"

THANKSGIVING is over. Temptations beckon us. Christmas is near. "What can I get for So-and-so?" is the cry upon everybody's lips. And if something cannot be had for somebody one way, why, to be sure, there are other ways. Take for instance, the story of the gloves and the woman tempted.

It was dusk. The electric lights winked and danced through the falling feathery snow like the eyes of Santa Claus. The store was crowded. People stood five deep at every counter.

"I must now go to the glove counter," said the woman tempted, to her friend. "Elizabeth must have some long white gloves for Christmas, to match her evening gown. Just look at those beautiful pink shades."

The snow was falling in feathery flakes. Santa Claus seemed to be winking his eye as much as to say: "Christmas comes but once a year; now is the time."

"Look at the beautiful snow," said the woman tempted to her friend, just as the long white gloves whisked from the counter into her bag.

"Did you see that?" said one of the vigilant clerks. "Hush!" said the other vigilant clerk. "We can say nothing, now; we'll tell Mr. S. later."

A few minutes later the woman tempted entered the store, again, and paused at the glove counter.

"I wish to exchange these gloves for a size smaller," she said. "Where's your check?" asked the vigilant clerk. The woman tempted fumbled about in her bag.

"Well, that is funny! I was certain it was in my bag. I've carried so many things in lately," the clerk did not contradict her—"that I must have dragged it out with other things."

The other clerk had made off to speak to Mr. S.

"The woman who took the gloves has returned to exchange them for a smaller size," he said breathlessly. Mr. S. flew down the aisle at top speed, coming to an abrupt halt as he perceived the woman tempted.

"Exchange the gloves," he whispered to the clerk behind him, "and keep quiet; that is one of our best customers, and we can't afford to lose her."

"To cover a vice, however small, for the sake of larger gains, stakes the heart!"

The cafes are apt to be crowded on Saturday evenings just before Christmas. It's so handy and saves so much time, while out doing Christmas shopping to drop in for a quick hot meal; and gives one a chance to think over and talk over and handle over gifts for our dear ones and friends.

"It is so hard to find exactly what one wants in this town," the speaker looked meek enough, as she languidly drew off her gloves.

"You can't find?" sighed her companion as she scanned the menu card and other things.

"What dear little pink shades," said the meek looking one following the other's glance.

"Aren't they too dear?"

"How sweet they'd look with pink candles."

"Such pretty gifts, too; and so showy on a tree!"

"I can make them, you know."

"Can you?"

"Oh, yes, but one can't find anything to trim them with in this town," toying innocently with the fringe.

"What dear little black dragony things all over them—just pasted on, to."

"You don't say; here comes our tray just last."

One at another table had over-

heard this light chatter, had been amused, but had thought nothing of it, till one of the waitresses exclaimed to another over the mysterious removal of the fringe from "the dear little pink shades."

It is so crowded everywhere weeks before Christmas, who can keep faces in memory from one day to another? The bystander, or bystander was in the cafe again, a few evenings later, and arrived just in time to hear the rest of the story of the pink shades.

"They are no use whatever, now," said the same waitress.

The by-sitter looked in the direction of the poor fringeless shades, and lo! the "dear little black dragony things" had taken wings and flown, in quest of the fringe, no doubt.

"Christmas comes but once a year, and then we shall have money," but if we don't, why, no matter, the "open hand" scatters its bounty o'er sea and land, just the same; in other words, the light hand.

"My Johnny is so fond of St. Nicholas. You keep it here?"

"Oh, yes; here it is," answered the clerk.

"To be sure; I must be blind. Why! you've just stacks of them. Just you be waiting on your other customers, while I look over this number."

The mother of Johnny wore a nice roomy cape. While she scanned another Christmas magazine, she just slipped St. Nicholas under her arm, against the time of the clerk's return.

By and by, this went under her arm, too, while she scanned a few more numbers, all of which disappeared under the same loving arm. She looked about for the clerk for the sake of on-lookers, but the store was crowded, and she probably hadn't time to wait, and so quietly slipped out to lose herself in the throng of the street. May Johnny enjoy his St. Nicholas, but may be never know how he came by it!

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill; But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

There are other ways of providing gifts for our dear ones and friends, without money. None need be slighted. Just dive down to the bottom of your trunk, and come up with last year's gifts, that you didn't happen to need, and had no use for anyway.

May only clutter your home and worry you, until you and yourself mentally shaking hands with the woman who wrote "The Tyranny of Things," and who said if she saw another bit of baby ribbon or tissue paper she would scream.

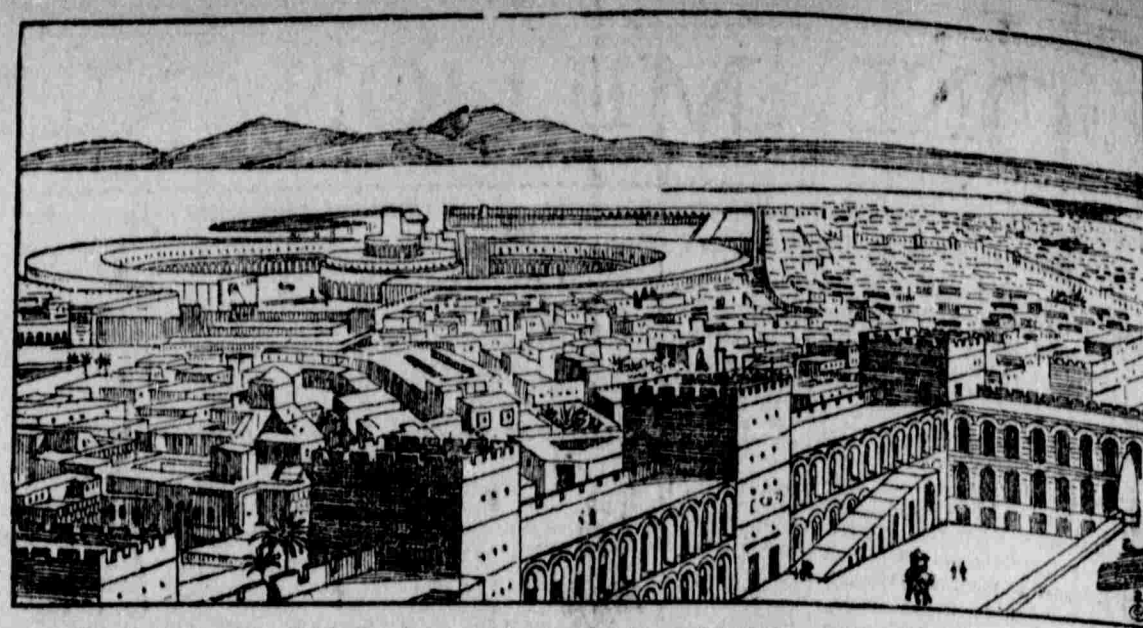
"There's that little book that Cousin Kate gave me last year; I've two copies already; I'm going to give that to Aunt Georgia; she'll never know; there's no writing on it."

This certain young woman is getting off easy; at least so she congratulates herself. She was sitting on her trunk merrily chatting to one who was supposed not to tell.

"Here's a set of collars and cuffs; I shall send them to Jennie. I'll never wear them in the world, and she's kind of old fashioned you know—Mercy! I hope she'll never call with them on when Bertha's here—Bertha gave them to me. Then you see that box of stationery? Cheap stuff! and that bag? I've hundreds of bags already; and those comfort slippers—I get several pairs every Christmas; can't begin to wear them all. That scarf I rather want to keep, but if Mr. M. remembers me, it must go; I'll just have it wrapped, in case. Oh, I am so relieved, you don't know. Why I have scarcely anything to buy, except for the immediate family; naturally they saw all these things last year; they wouldn't have to guess again where they came from."

Hall Christmas! All hail! with its beautiful spirit of gift-giving!

LADY BABBLE.



A French antiquarian, M. Aucler, has recently completed a model of the ancient city of Carthage as it was in its prime. In the background of the cut are seen the mountain and lake of Carthage. The large round structure represents the docks with the central island on which was the residence of the admiral of the fleet. At the bottom right hand corner is seen the wall around the Byrsa, the acropolis of Carthage.

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### CARUSO IN THE TOILS.

This is a recent picture of Enrico Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, who was recently fined \$10 for annoying women in the Central Park Zoo, New York city. His arrest assumed the proportions of an international sensation.

for the two Utah representatives. Prof. Hickman of the Brigham Young University at Provo and President McQuarrie must not be overlooked in the praise awarded. The former in answer to remarks on the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, rose to the occasion in a most telling manner; he gave facts in such a forcible way that even the most indifferent could not but be convinced. Altogether it was an evening of decided progress for the cause of the missionaries and will certainly bear its good fruit. Mrs. Marion C. Wood of Washington, D. C., the New York Tribune correspondent, was a visitor to the afternoon services, and in an article in Monday's paper, paid rare tribute to Elders Roberts' eloquence, declaring that "he spoke with the eloquence and earnestness of a Campbell Morgan," and that he was in fact "the most eloquent speaker she ever heard." She said, "he comes with a message to a waiting world." To the men and women of the congregation, she also gave unstinted praise for their good looks and courteous manner, seeing an idea that they were an ignorant class of people. The singing also came in for a share of praise. R. C. Easton, who sang "The Guiding Star," by Dewey Richards, wrote, could make his fortune in grand opera if he cared to. Oscar Kirkham and Ellen Thomas were the morning and evening singers, and they received many congratulations for their work. The conference was a day and evening of solid pleasure to the Utah residents of New York, and it is certain to city the traveling elders have visited has been more thoroughly appreciative than were the Gothams last Sunday at Hawthorne hall.

Hon. A. W. McCune is still at the Waldorf; his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Green, and their children, are at the Waldorf, Thirty-fifth and Fifth avenue.

Junius F. Wells came down from South Royalton, Vt., by way of Boston last Wednesday, remaining two days at the Park avenue hotel, attending to business before going home. He has now finished his labors in Vermont, and is speeding home to partake of Thanksgiving turkey with his family. It is now a year and a half since Elder Wells left for the granite state to begin his labors on the Prophet Joseph Smith's monument. That he has satisfactorily completed his labors and that they have been approved by the authorities at home is well known. It is with regret that his friends in the east saw him depart, and the wish is given, that he will always remember them as fondly as they cherish their brief acquaintance with him.

The popular magazine, Success, has two illustrations by Clyde Squires, "Cheering the Doctor's Wife," a story of interest to its readers—and made more so by the pictures illustrating some of its best scenes.

Lisle Leigh is meeting with great success in her playlet "Kid glove Nam," everywhere in Maine and Connecticut and a city engagement is hoped for by her New York friends.

Elder Charles Allen came down from Boston to attend the conference in New York. He left Thursday for Boston and Lynn on his way home, having been honorably released from his missionary labors.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Anderson, former residents of Ogden, but now engaged in vaudeville business with their children, were visitors to chapel services Sunday. Mr. Anderson and his

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cent acquisition is a jeweled walking stick presented by King Alfonso. The handle is of fine gold, set with rubies and diamonds. Queen Victoria of Spain is reputed to have a special veneration for this hallowed spot.



FAMOUS VIOLINIST SPURNS MOTHER.

The musical world has been shocked by the startling revelations regarding Alexander Petschnikoff, the famous violinist, who is charged by his relatives in this country with having spurned and abandoned his mother who, according to her own admission, peddled wood in the streets of Moscow in order to obtain money to develop her son's musical genius. Mrs. Petschnikoff is living at the home of one of her married daughters in New York, in which city her son is engaged to be married to an American girl. Petschnikoff, who is now in Russia, has for years, it is alleged, refused to answer letters sent to him by his mother, leaving the writing of replies to his wife, who is a wealthy Chicago woman.

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