

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored land-
scape round
Seem groups of giant kings, in crim-
son and gold.
That guard the enchanted ground,
Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy crest
glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny
noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!
"Ah! 'twere a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;
"And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for
wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither
life,
And waste its little hour."
To spend a week at Canyon Crest in
October means to revel in a
"lot of color;" to lose one's
breath in delight of pure air,
view, and sunset; to find new trails,
new joys, new surprises, at every turn
of every hill. It means more. It means

as you mingle with that little group of
stray boys, the desire to weed out all
selfishness, and to give liberally of love
and means and time, of honest, earnest
effort, to turn them into such trails as
will lead them back to us—fair and
square citizens. They are but Mav-
ericks, these boys, picked up and carried
into the mountains, by kind keepers,
and finding themselves the possessors
of warm and well-bedded stalls; and
providing they lap their milk grate-
fully, and keep within bounds of their
own green pastures, standing in no dan-
ger of the descending brand-iron.
There is every evidence of gratitude
among them now. Last Saturday even-
ing, they certainly presented a grate-
ful group as they stood with eager,
glowing faces, in anticipation of a gift
that was to be divided among them.
A prominent lady of our city had sent
warm underwear, and as one of the
directors gave out the suits, according
to size, such bright smiles and dancing
eyes and joyous exclamations, were
surely sufficient signs of gratitude; but
later, however, as each hugged his pre-
cious bundle, one boy called the rest
around him and said in an undertone:

"Say, fellows, we must each write a
note of thanks to Mrs. —. Now, we
mustn't forget; her address is No. —
St."
"But what kin we say?" asked one
looking somewhat scared.
"Oh, we can find plenty to say, I
reckon, and you must write your best,
too."
It was later in the evening, just at
milking time, when one boy was heard
to shout to another:
"Oh, Bill, are you going to take a
bath before gettin' into them brand
new togs?"
"You can just bet yer!"
"Then you'd better be chopping
wood for the stove; we want good,
hot water this time."

It is a sunny little school room the
boys have, facing the east, and from
9 in the morning till 12:30, the long
study table is all but buried beneath
books, leaning elbows and serious
faces. That is, serious part of the
time. Occasionally, however, there is a
stampede. For instance, one morning,
the keen nostrils of one boy received a
delicious whiff from the peach orchard,
and unable to resist such an invitation
as that rushed out of the schoolroom,
at once. It was enough. In a twink-
ling the rest were at his heels bent upon
stealing and devouring the fruit of their
labor—the result of their hoeing and
irrigation—the large, juicy, orange
peach.

The afternoon presents a busy scene.
Each boy goes to his various work. It
was like the tinkle and joy and ham-
mer and go of the tinkers' chorus in
"Robin Hood," one day, after the work
was going at full swing; two boys
were hammering a merry tattoo as
they shingled the barn; one was pro-

ducing a strange humming with the
churn; one peeling apples with a patent
machine that gave forth sputtering
jerks; one was rounding up some ter-
rified, squealing pigs; two bringing up
the cows, etc., etc. There was not one
boy in the crowd that could not sing,
and naturally, as the work proceeded,
strong, lusty voices were shouting a
jolly accompaniment, until canyon
and hills were fairly ringing and re-
sounding.

Sunday afternoon our Canyon Crest-
ers gather in their snug little library,
and give themselves to reading and
wood-burning. Two or three of the boys
have real talent for drawing, and read-
ily create their own designs for the
burning. One, young as she is, reads
music so well, that he quickly picks
new songs on his mandolin for all to
learn. One boy speaks several lan-
guages. There is a great measure of the
artistic temperament shown among
these stray boys of the street—our city's
streets—and it is certainly a boon to
them, and a pleasure to all interested,
that they are now in a happy place
where it can be recognized, and to a
certain extent brought out. Let us
hope that they may have greater op-
portunity for developing these talents.
One boy is also able to write a fair
story, and there are days, when he is
obliged to keep close at certain farm
work, that he frets to be at his pen.
He is given some chance, however, and
has already produced several small
worthy efforts that have been published
in one of our papers.

A colored coachman, who had driven
a carriage of ladies out to the farm
one day, said to one of the directors
afterwards:
"Ah's gwain to give each one of them

boys some lead pencils."
"What have they done to you?" was
the smiling rejoinder.
"Well, you see, lady, Ah never was
more s'prised in ma life, spent the
hull day with 'em, and never heard no
cussin' an' that's wonderful for boys,
and so Ah'm gwain to give them some
pencils; several dozen pencils, for Ah
knows how boys can loose 'em."
The colored coachman is right. There
is no swearing among these boys, and
they seem to take pride in telling how
long it is since they "quit cussin'" and
smoking cigarettes. "I am getting bet-
ter all the time," said one; "I don't
cough so much, and I'm getting
straighter in my back, and I never even
think bad words any more; and you see
that badge?" Well, that's anti-cigar-
ette.

"No; we don't want our pictures took
any more."
"No, sir?" echoed several voices.
"But why not?" asked the lady with
the camera.

"Well, everybody promises to send us
each a print, and we have never seen a
picture of ourselves yet."

"He's right, sir; we aim to do as we
say we'll do. That's just what we're
here for—to do the right thing and to
tell the truth, and we expect others to
do the same by us."

It took a good half hour to finally
prevail upon that little conscientious
crowd to group itself. Two were so
determined not "to be took" that they
crawled into their beds, clothes and
shoes, notwithstanding, to escape that
which according to their principles
would not be made good. Coaxing and
promising finally prevailed, however,
and after snapping an interesting lot
of incorrigibles who could give you a
lesson in right and wrong that you

could not soon forget, one of them said:
"Now, honest; are you going to make
good?"
Upon being promised for the fortieth
time, still another asked, "Is that
straight goods?"

"Has Dot any mean tricks?" asked a
lady of the boy who had just ridden up
with the little gray mare she was to
ride.

"Oh, no, mum; she's as gentle as a
kitten. You'll git along all right on
her."

"You see, I like to know the horse I
ride, Billy."

"Yes, mum."

"Does she shy or stumble?"
"Oh, no, mum; you'll like her. She
has a good walk, and she lopes awful
easy; of course, if she gets a little tired
she may lie down with you."

"The lady gasped. "And you call that
nothing, Billy?"

"Oh, just keep at her with the whip
and she'll get up again."

The beautiful home of Mrs. Park and
Mrs. McMahon stands on a hill com-
manding a view of the entire Canyon
Crest ranch. A winding trail leads
through a pretty grove of soft maples
from the boys' house up to its ever
open door. There is not a home in the
state more comfortable, more conveni-
ent, more artistic, and it reposes in the
very heart of the mountains, where
building and furnishing is no easy mat-
ter. It is a double home under one roof,
and yet two more entirely separate
homes could not be conceived of. From
the long wide veranda, facing and
commanding a perfect view of the Great
Salt Lake, two entrance doors open into
one of the largest and longest of recep-
tion halls, with a huge fireplace at each

end. To the right and left an archway
leads into separate diningrooms, kitchen
and butlers' pantries, and from
there out again on to one large back
canyon. Back to the reception hall,
starts from the center, leading up for
five or six steps, and then branches to
right and left to upper separate apart-
ments and, best of all, bathrooms. And
again, these separate apartments open
on to the upper veranda, from which
of a megaphone, when given certain or-
ders or sent on errands. The exterior
roof, in yellow and white with a green
sense, for it holds "little mother," as
all the boys are given to calling Mrs.
Park; and besides this the boys are
made happy and welcome there. Last
week they were in turn by ones and
two invited to the "Brown Hen" for
the evening meal. It was a satisfac-
tion to note how careful they were
with their manners at table; how
watchful of the older folks in the use
of spoons and forks, etc. One evening
two were invited, and after the dinner
was over, one began chewing his gum.
"Ah, Tom," said the other one in dis-
gust, "can't yer be decent, for once?"
The boys' attachment to this happy
place
Where they have started in their life's
Oh, may it hold them with unfailing
sway.
Till they are grown, and to their latest
day.
—LADY BABBIE.



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