

## PALM READERS WORN SALT LAKE

Interesting Visits to Men and Women Who Take Good Money for Advice.

TWO SHOPS PROSPEROUS.

Their Proprietors Tell Much But It Fails to Fit an Interviewer In Point of Fact.

Credulous Are Not So Numerous as Formerly But a Few Still Take Stock in the Occult.

There is no literature that goes back of the date when maidens counted flower petals to see if they were loved, and no cruel logician has ever been able to break up the sentimental hope of the girl who catches the bride's roses that she will be the next to wed.

But the card fakir, the palmist, the phrenologist, the second sight man and the spiritualist, have each in turn been run to a corner by the over-inquisitive, and their particular brand of graft exposed. The trouble is they stray too far from questions of whether "the loves me or loves me not" and gives too many answers to questions, any one of which answers would fit any of the questions asked.

When the palmist grows less sentimental as it grows more logical and logic just now is in the ascendency. For that reason palm reading in Salt Lake is not the profitable game it was a decade ago when "swamp" rooms were supposed to come from swamps, and Dr. Fuke's Indian discovery was heralded as a nation's equal in interest to the Mammoth Cave with its blind fishes.

To see how extensive are the fortunes being made in Salt Lake, and how they ply their trades, a trip was made to each of them for the "News" by a party this week. For the purpose of this paper they may take the names of Mr. and Mrs. Novice and their friend. What each of them encountered is an interesting story, and it is given below.

BY THE NOVICE.

"It was the first time and believe me, the last. I expected incantations, waving of arms and twirling of the body. This anticipation was strengthened by the appearance of the exterior of the house. In itself it is an unassuming building, but the front, built years ago but the fence and whole front of the structure was covered with posters and signs, bearing mystic symbols, signs and strange figures. A glaring sign above the front door announced that this two-story structure was the 'Institute of Eternal Youth.' History tells us Ponce de Leon tramped all over Florida looking for just such a place as this. Wondering what would have been Ponce de Leon's feelings had he walked down the east side of Main street to the middle of the block between Fourth and Fifth streets where the 'Institute of Eternal Youth' is located, I rapped at a door bearing a sign, 'Come in.'

I went in and found myself groping in a dark, narrow, dark hall. A door on the right bore another sign reading, 'Come in.' This time I knocked. An ordinary face surmounted by a head of ordinary curly hair appeared in the crack made by the door opening and a very ordinary voice repeated the words of the door sign, 'Come in.'

I stepped into a large but ordinary room. A glance shattered my dreams of a big parlor, with oriental draperies and rugs. The walls were covered with pictures illustrating passages in the Bible and the Good Book shared space with a number of scientific works in the bay-window seat. Charts of the human hand, palm and body, all highly colored, were tacked in conspicuous places.

"Accepting the proffered chair, I announced the purpose of my visit."

PALM READING.

"Palm read? Ah, yes! One dollar—its worth, isn't it? Both hands please—Ah, you have a wonderful future—the reading was on. There had been a disappointment in my first glance around the room, there was another in the commencement of the reading. There was no going into trances, no waving of the arms, no incantations, no twisting of the body—just the click of my dollar as it jingled an earlier caller in the palmist's pocket and the announcement that I have a wonderful future."

"Have I explained that the palmist was a man? He was just the kind of an appearing man you find cutting steaks or wrapping up sugar behind a store counter. He wore an ordinary suit (I thought I would at least draw a long haired man clad in robes)—a bath robe would have furnished an oriental tinge to the proceedings. A week old collar—or maybe just three days' old (Salt Lake is such a dusty old town, you know), a need of barber's attention and soft fat hands were the noticeable things about the palmist. He didn't even have a mystic charm or ring on him."

"He had pulled a chair directly in front of mine and holding my hands twined upward as if he had so much to tell me he had to hurry to get finished by supper time. He talked in a low voice and very rapidly. 'The very first thing I was told let me know I was going to get a large temperament, refined and a studious world. You are of a highly nervous disposition,' he began. The palmist had done nothing so far. My hands trembled, giving my nervous temperament away; I had my nails manicured; that much I could have guessed at by my being reflex. I have wrinkles in my forehead; that's the advertisement of my studious disposition."

"He wiggled my thumb and told me I am very considerate and thoughtful; that I often interfere with my own comfort to make others comfortable. (One traced a lower berth for an upper with a fat man, but how did the palmist guess that?) He told me I am optimistic, especially in times of distress. I must admit that's me. 'Anything with mystery predominating appears to you and you would have no trouble teaching or convincing these studies,' he said. 'Your attitude would be the result of your own suggestions and you would be well equipped to make your teachings plain and acceptable.' (I tried to learn hypnotism once and after studying three years I could not hypnotize any better than I could when I thought hypnotism was a disease of the hips.) 'You would make an excellent sociologist or metaphysician,' he continued. The brain and its associated workings are beyond you; their study and your deductions would bring you fame."

MYSTERIOUS INTEREST.

"The palmist was almost safe in saying I was interested in the mysterious, phrenologist or any similar professor is undoubtedly interested

## Mrs. Emma Stolt, of Appleton, Wisconsin.

"A neighbor advised me to use Peruna I began to improve at once."



MRS. EMMA STOLT.  
Mrs. Emma Stolt, 1069 Oneida St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"Peruna has done me a great deal of good since I began taking it and I am always glad to speak a good word for it. 'Three years ago I was in a wretched condition with backaches, bearing down pains, and at times was so sore and lame that I could not move about. I had inflammation and irritation, and although I used different remedies they did me no good. 'A neighbor who had been using Peruna advised me to try it, and I am glad that I did. I began to improve as soon as I took it and I felt much better. 'I thank you for your fine remedy. It is certainly a godsend to sick women.'"

Catarrh of the Internal Organs.

Miss Theresa Bertles, White Church, Mo., writes:

"I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and internal organs. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I never had a passage of the bowels without taking medicine. I was so tired mornings, and asked all over. I had a pain in my left side, and the least exertion or excitement made me short of breath. 'Now, after taking Peruna for six months, I am as well as I ever was. Peruna has worked wonders for me. I believe Peruna is the best medicine in the world, and I recommend it to my friends.'"

than to manual labor, and will acquire my wealth by my brains rather than with my hands. I don't know what particular line he tackled next, but he found in it a fund of information. I am almost ashamed to reveal what he found concealed in that innocent little line. On or about July 15 of this year, things are suddenly going to change with me and begin to come my way. I will see the advantage of changing my present occupation and turn to a new one. I am a real pleasure to my friends. I haven't been on a payroll for months. However, if I do as my conscience tells me, I shall be a rich man inside of three years. I asked for a glass of water. I must have dropped water on my hand, for he proceeded to tell me I

am of a very roving disposition and cannot stay in the same place very long at a time. I sat up. I asked him if I had ever traveled? 'Well, I should say you have. You have crossed the bridge twice already and are due for several more trips.' I couldn't stand for that. Ananias, thou art outdone! No one likes to be told he looks old even if he does, and when he kindly informed me that I was four years older than I am, I breathed hard. He tried to redeem himself. The last line he ran across, was one that seemed to corroborate every statement he had made, and he gave a sigh of relief when he discovered it; and no doubt had he found it before, he would have been saved some anxious moments. I had noticed that he mopped his heated brow as often as I used to when hoeing potatoes in the hot July sun. I feel he earned his money, all right, for he must have read hard to find what he did in my hand, and after I had expressed my deep gratitude to him he allowed me to depart, but not before, saying, 'O, did I get the dollar? Oh, yes. Good day!'

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.

Daughters of the Mormon Battalion Will Gather on Tuesday.

The Daughters of the Mormon Battalion will hold their annual encampment at the home of Mrs. Julia P. M. Farnsworth, 131 east South Temple, Tuesday, July 16, at 3 o'clock, when a full attendance is desired. The program will embrace the following: Greeting—Regt. Mary J. Lawson. Duet, guitar—Mrs. Lois West and Miss Ketchum. Reminiscence of Battalion—Private Zedekiah K. Judd. Song, "Flag Without a Stain"—H. S. Ensign. Reading from Col. Cain's Journal—Mrs. Julia P. Lund. Pinion soliloquy—Miss Alice Butterworth. A social hour will follow.

THROWN FROM A BUGGY.

Two Ladies Sustain Painful Injuries in Brigham Street Runaway.

Mrs. J. D. Hanley and Miss Mary Hanley, her sister-in-law, were thrown from their buggy last evening, on Brigham street, near University avenue, by their horse taking fright and running away. Both ladies were bruised, and Mrs. Hanley suffered face and scalp cuts. The buggy was owned by W. M. Murdoch and carried into the nearest residence, where Dr. Gleason was called. They were afterwards taken to their home on east First South street.

"BATTLE OF THE SOD."

Unique Feature of Pacific Islanders' Missionary Reunion Next Month.

For the Pacific Islanders' missionary reunion to be held at Lagoon Aug. 14, a very attractive program is in course of preparation. A number of customs of the people of these islands not heretofore shown will be brought out on that day. Among the most distinctive will be the "Battle of the Sod" in which some 40 Islanders and returned missionaries will take part. In this battle Samoa and Tahiti will engage Hawaii and New Zealand. The partici-

pants will be dressed in white shirts and dark trousers; will be armed with native shields, the weapons of warfare being "wet sod." The "boys" are now in training for this event and it certainly promises to be one of more than usual interest.

ON THE MARKET AT LAST.

After Paying Taxes for Thirty Years R. R. Anderson Concludes to Sell.

After paying thousands of dollars in taxes on unimproved property in the choice residence section of Salt Lake, R. R. Anderson has at last decided to place his holdings on the market.

For over thirty years Mr. Anderson has owned 1.15 acres of 33 feet lots, situated just east and north of the observation tower that overlooks the valley of the great Salt Lake and City Creek canyons. The property lies between A and B streets and Sixth and Ninth avenues, on the northeast bench, and has been generally known as Tower-lands. A conservative estimate of the value of this strip places it in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

"I am ashamed to say just how much I have paid during the past 30 years in taxes on this property," said Mr. Anderson this morning. "It has been a matter of sentiment with me, for I desired to sell the entire piece unbroken to some public institution because it has been my dream to see that site occupied by some, stately building where it would stand out prominently and both afford a view and be seen all over the valley. I have been imprisoned for years to sell portions for residential purposes, but have foreborne, still holding on to my original intention. At last I have concluded to divide it into choice building lots."

WARD ENTERTAINMENTS.

In Honor of Joseph H. Felt—On Friday evening next, July 19, in the Eleventh ward assembly hall, a vocal and instrumental concert will be given in honor of Elder Joseph H. Felt, who will soon leave for a mission to Germany. Mr. Felt was born in that ward and has always been active in its religious and social affairs. This spring he received his degree as bachelor of science from the University of Utah, having passed with high honors in the mining engineering course. These circumstances, coupled with the fact that a most excellent program has been provided, insure the success of the entertainment, and the hall will no doubt be filled with his college associates and other friends. Following is the program for the occasion:

Song.....The Secretary Chorus  
Bass solo.....Mr. Carl Wenig  
Soprano solo.....Miss Eleanor Jensen  
Piano selection.....Miss Virginia Smith  
Soprano solo.....Miss Margaret C. Hull  
Bass solo.....Mr. Melvin Peterson  
Violin solo.....Mr. G. H. Schettler  
Contra alto solo.....Mrs. Wilma Atwood  
Recitation.....Mr. W. W. Calder  
Soprano solo.....Miss Edna Evans  
Remarks.....The Missionary Glee.....The Secretary Chorus  
Vocalists.....Miss Mattie Read and Miss Virginia Smith.

Next Saturday, July 20th, we close at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, giving our employees their first summer half holiday—these will be continued every Saturday afternoon till Sept. 1st.

Wednesday will be the "big shopping day." Unusual inducements will be made to make shopping more interesting. Also we will strengthen our Saturday morning offers. Trading Saturday morning is much pleasanter and cooler. Then, too, every generous man and woman in the state will be glad to co-operate to give salesmen and women their much deserved rest.

Splendid bristle hair brushes worth  
25c each. Choice 17c

Eaton and Hurlbut's Lotus Linen Box  
Paper, fine 50c quality. This  
week, per box ..... 38c

Sponges, big line, ranging in price from  
10c up to 75c each. Choose  
this week at ..... 40c

Walker's center aisle—Main store.

Phones—Independent—27, Bell—Exchange 22. Call all departments.

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Silk and fancy leather belts, one-fourth off regular prices

Handsome assortment of colored silks and fancy leathers. Values 65c to \$3.00 each. Choose at ONE-FOURTH OFF.

Seal and walrus hand bags with coin purses, very fine quality at \$6.00 each. Choose while they last at ..... \$4.38

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