

THE DUSK OF THE CLUBS.

Visible Signs of Their Speedy Decay Abroad.

MORE than once before this crisis of affairs in England have pointed out the growing decrepitude of the social club. In London club memberships have been dwindling for a long time. The club finances have been an increasingly difficult problem. The usually stiff barriers about most of the older clubs have been markedly lowered, such has been the need for membership of some character, though not of the exalted order once required. Now again the voices of lamentation are heard; an elegy goes up over the dying social club of London.

Is the day of the London club over? A shrewd observer in a friendly country seems to think so. "Hotel smoking-rooms, restaurants, flats, and motor cars," says the London correspondent of a New York paper, "have combined to make the London clubs unnecessary." He might have added a far more potent rival—the golf club.

During the last few years London has been girdled in by a circle of golf links, where a man can have sport and society at once. Why remain in a stuffy room looking out on Pall Mall or Piccadilly when you can spend the afternoon amid the gorgeous verdure of Hanger's Hill or on the high, wind-swept downs of Windlesham? The time and money put aside 30 years ago for the luxury of a club in town is now devoted to more healthy and pleasant paths.

Who will weep the downfall of the London club? I do not mean the club with an object—the sporting clubs, like the Leander, the M. C. C. and the Alpine, which have still a fine tradition and a common inspiring purpose; the

at Tyburn and the pillory at Westminster I doubt whether the civilized world has possessed a more barbarous relic of medieval times than the little oblong box in the hall of the Athenaeum club, where visitors are generally incarcerated. But even that is an advance on the true old spirit of the British club. There are clubs in London, as all the world are set foot within the building. These are dreary buildings, haunted mainly by elderly bachelors, gated and barred like baronial castles in the central flood of London multitudes.

Now it is good that such clubs should perish. For they are obsolete survivals of an extinct spirit. Inhospitality was once the cure of these islands—an inhospitality born of a union between insular pride and insular fear. Exclusiveness to those beneath you; exclusiveness to the foreigner—these were the two laws of old British social life. They were especially the laws of that early nineteenth century period when so many of these clubs were founded. But now few people except barbarians take any pride in mere exclusiveness. The vital part of our old aristocracy shows its energy in an immense inclusiveness—an instinctive desire to spread its influence, instead of confining it. These old clubs have no use for such men. The best aristocrats do not wish to be shut up with the decaying members of their own class.

Take one notable contrast in this matter of clubs. Everyone who travels much over the world knows that in America and the British colonies—as, indeed, also in many British provincial towns—the club is now the most hospitable of institutions. You are visiting a town for the first time. You have perhaps one introduction. After the first private hospitality, your new friend turns round in his mind how he can help you. After some thought, he

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Any intelligent person can be his own doctor in the ordinary case of liver trouble, for the symptoms cannot be mistaken. If the white of the eye becomes yellowish, if the skin becomes sallow, if pimples and blotches appear, if the bowels do not move, if you have sick headache, if you are bilious, you may be sure that your liver is torpid or inactive.

The quickest and surest remedy yet found for the cure of liver trouble or any of the symptoms of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound. This wonderful remedy is not only a laxative, but a tonic as well. It will start the flow of gastric juices, thereby enabling the liver to do its work naturally. A bottle of this great liver remedy can be bought of any druggist for 50 cents or \$1, and in many cases a single bottle has cured a chronic case.

For example, John W. Lee, 619 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., had a stubborn and very long-standing case of liver trouble, with pimples, blotches, jaundice, etc., and it cured him. Mrs. B. Flinchum, Jackson, Ky., says the same of it. Thousands of families keep it in the house against just such an emergency, as you can never tell when some member of the family will need a good laxative.

In order to have you or any other sufferer from the liver make a free test, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin without personal expense, Dr. Caldwell will send you a free test bottle. If you will send your name and address, the sample will show you that you have found a cure. What is the object of the sample, and the doctor urges you to send for it today.

If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want a medical opinion, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 516 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

In London as the English visitor is entertained, say, in Toronto, Quebec, or Melbourne? When we talk of organizing British hospitality, here is a side, outside the scope of governments, which cannot be ignored.

Then think of the way that women are treated in these old London clubs. In a few London clubs women are now let in by back ways, and allowed to sit in small rooms or on chilly terraces. But those are not the old London clubs, which, like the old guard, "die, but do not surrender." It is the proud boast of many such clubs that no woman has ever darkened their doors. The laws of chivalry stop at their gates. The hall porters—sort of products of ancient British manners—are trained to treat women with a firm disrespect. Perhaps the present great rebellion of womanhood had its beginning on the steps of a London club.

There are, I have been told, in many of these old London clubs, groups of men who make it a rule to let black-ball everyone who desires entrance. With masked faces, they will bolt and bar the gates on all without. Noble products of the club spirit! Capital results of the "Baron's Castle" theory of social life! Bankruptcy is now overtaking them. They are perishing of their own isolation, dying of their own exclusiveness. The world will get on very well without them.

For the law of the club of the future will be hospitality, rather than exclusiveness.

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BEAR UP!

About the Latest Attempt to Reach The North Pole.

At the great animal-training establishment at Hamburg presided over by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the famous animal dealer, four young polar bears are being trained, with a view to their enabling the daring Norwegian explorer, Capt. Amundsen, to make a successful dash for the north pole during his forthcoming Arctic expedition.

To learn something more of this novel scheme, a representative of Answers waited upon Mr. Hagenbeck at his hotel when in London the other day.

"Yes, it is quite true," he said, "and, by contract, I have to deliver the troupe to Capt. Amundsen by May 1. Furthermore, I have guaranteed that the bears will be as tame and as docile as dogs."

"Before I tell you how I am training them, perhaps you would be interested to learn how I secured them. The four were chosen from a collection of 14, for not every polar bear one gets hold of can be tamed. They were caught on the great ice floes by whalers when mere cubs, and sent to me at Hamburg in great tubs or casks."

"When they arrived at the depot, in September last, they were about six months old, and very savage. Knowing that I had to train four of them, I placed 10 of them in a very large cage, and, on the very day of their arrival, one of my men was sent into the cage to feed them. The object of this was to get the beasts used to the presence of a human being while it also has the effect of taming them somewhat. They at once flew at the intruder, but a few strokes from a long stick sent them back to their corner. In a few weeks they realized that it was useless to attack the keeper, so they allowed him to enter and leave their den as he pleased."

"He then carried them honey, sugar, and fruit, of which they are very fond. In a little while some of them got so tame as to run up to the man and take his offering out of his hand. At this point we selected the four he decided to train for the explorer, consigning them to a spacious cage. Another man was now called into service, and the two spent hours together among the bears every morning and evening."

"At the moment, all that the bears are actually doing is to learn how to draw pieces of wood round their cage by means of a sort of harness, while the trainer endeavors to steer them in various manners. Sometimes he walks beside them, and indicates his wishes by clapping them on one side or the other of their soft fluffy heads; at other times, a crude sort of bit is placed in the animal's mouth, and they are steered by this."

"Very shortly now, the bears will be harnessed to carriages, and then to sleighs that run on wheels. It is Capt. Amundsen's intention, of course, to use the bears to draw the sleighs over the frozen ice."

"By next May the bears will be nearly full-grown, and weigh close upon a ton apiece. The polar bear is the biggest bear in the world, and is exceedingly strong. Indeed, we calculate that a full grown polar bear is as strong as 10 horses or 100 sleigh dogs. Four bears, therefore, will be equal to 40 horses, or to 400 dogs."

"No creature is better fitted for drawing sleighs over the frozen wastes than the polar bear. He is the only bear with hair on the soles of his feet. The naked feet of other bears would slip on Arctic nights, when the mercury

THE IDAHO REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.



JAMES H. BRADY.
(Pocatello, Bannock County.)

The Republican candidate for governor is a typical American—a capable business man, an empire builder with record of accomplishment and a man of sterling character. James H. Brady is the friend of capital and labor alike and eminently fitted to be the state's chief executive.



CHIEF JUSTICE JAMES F. AILSHIE
(Grangeville, Idaho County.)

Distinguished as the youngest chief justice in the United States but no less capable than others who have reached a much riper age, Judge James F. Ailshie has been a prominent figure in Idaho since 1901, when he began the practice of law at Grangeville. He was elected to the supreme bench in 1902 and is now the Republican nominee for a second term.



ROBERT LANSDON.
(Weiser, Washington County.)

The Republican nominee for re-election to the office of secretary of state, is a native son who has risen to prominence through the force of his ability. Robert Lansdon is popular in his home county and is a public official who in every sense has made good.



F. CUSHING MOORE.
(Wallace, Shoshone County.)

F. Cushing Moore, the Republican candidate for state mine inspector, is a man of large experience in mining and is well trained for the position to which he is nominated. He is a native of Idaho and knows the state's needs.



SENATOR W. B. HEYBURN.
(Wallace, Shoshone County.)

Idaho's present senior senator and candidate for re-election is an able lawyer and legislator who has loomed large in Idaho affairs since the early '80s. Vol. don B. Heyburn did effective service in the constitutional convention of 1890, served four years as national committee man and is known as one of the ablest debaters in the senate where he effected the great pure food reform.



LEWIS H. SWEETSER.
(Burley, Cassia County.)

The Republican nominee for lieutenant governor is a man of breadth and exceptional educational attainments, and one who has had wide experience in various industries. Sweetser served in the Idaho legislature, and is now the Republican nominee for a second term.



CHARLES A. HASTINGS.
(Lewiston, Nez Perce County.)

Selected by his party for a second term as state treasurer, Charles A. Hastings has been active and successful in the pursuance of his duties and has made an excellent record in office.



MISS S. BELLE CHAMBERLAIN.
(Boise, Ada County.)

Miss S. Belle Chamberlain was chosen, because of her ability and efficient services, to be the Republican nominee a second time for the state superintendency. She has an enviable record as an instructor. She is a native daughter of the state and Idaho is justly proud of the educational achievements attained by her.



COLONEL THOMAS R. HAMER.
(St. Anthony, Fremont County.)

The Republican candidate for Congress is an able lawyer and orator and one who has served his state and his country upon the field of battle, enlisting with the Idaho volunteers in the Spanish-American war and rising to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Thomas R. Hamer comes from a long line of soldiers and statesmen and is eminently fitted for legislative duties.



D. C. McDOUGALL.
(Malad, Oneida County.)

An able lawyer and substantial citizen was determined on by his party as its candidate for the important office of attorney general. D. C. McDougall is excellently prepared for the position and will fill it with credit to himself and to the state.



STEPHEN D. TAYLOR.
(Bonner's Ferry, Bonner County.)

The Republican candidate for state auditor is editor of the Bonner's Ferry Herald and a man of large experience. S. D. Taylor has been active in state affairs for many years.

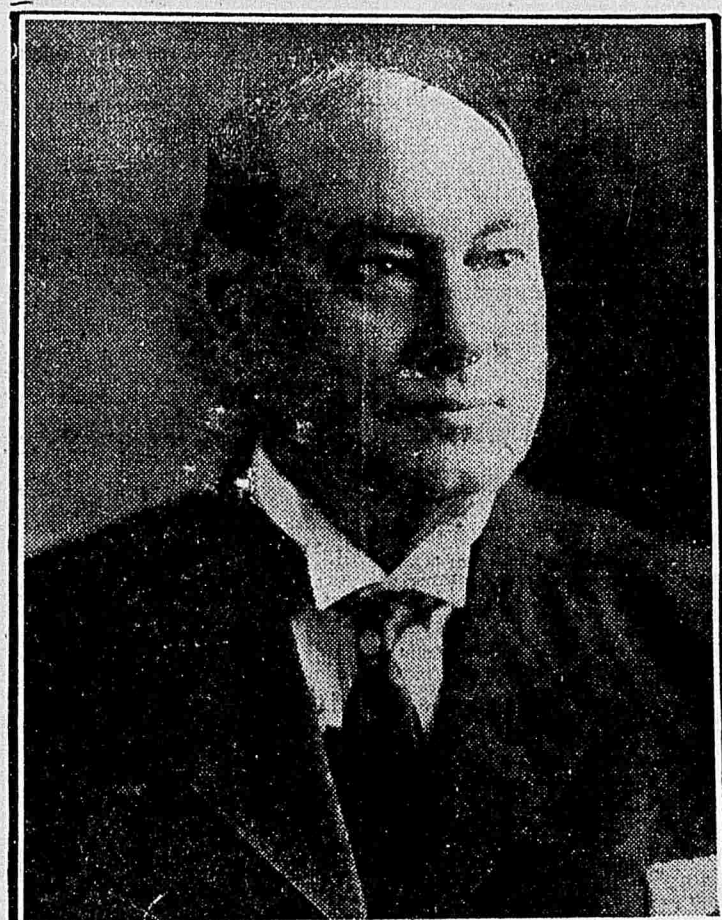
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DR. WILEY, CHIEF GOVERNMENT CHEMIST TO REPORT.

Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley, the head of the government Bureau of Chemistry, is a noted scientific observer who has done superior work for the government for many years, but who came into widespread public notice in connection with the so-called poison squads. These were men who were hired to eat adulterated foods so that the results on the population could be closely studied. Dr. Wiley last summer carried on interesting experiments, and is expected to make some new disclosures shortly after Congress meets, and official Washington has gotten settled down for the full winter's activity. Dr. Wiley is a bachelor, and was born in Indiana in October, 1844.

Literary clubs, like the Authors and the Whittierians; the political clubs, like the Reform, the Carlton, the National Liberal, and the Constitutional, which help to hold together our party-system of government. All these clubs have their uses and their objects. Clubs of that kind will not decay. If anything, they are increasing in numbers and prosperity. The club which is decaying is the old "social" club—the club which expresses sociability in terms of exclusiveness, and tries to bind men together by nothing but a common selfishness. It is the sort of club which Thackeray ridiculed in his "Book of Snobs," and which, then and now, has always been the parent of all kinds of British social cruelty. That kind of club is decaying; and no one need weep at its grave.

For when the old British club is dead we shall marvel at the memory of its savage selfishness. In such clubs the governing law is that you should take no thought except for what you should eat, and for what you should drink. Your chief pride is that your friend is a stranger and you refused to take him in. Since the destruction of the galleys

almost always makes the same suggestion. "I will put you down for my club," he says. He puts you down, and you are able from that moment to see with ease all the people you wish to meet in that town.

That is the club of this new age—the age of travel.

But we are far from it yet. For contrast our London treatment of our foreign or colonial visitors. There are a few clubs, such as the National Liberal, that set a good example. There you can, after the carrying out of certain forms that may be necessary in so large and central a city as London, secure a few days' hospitality to a foreigner. But the old London social club—the club which is perishing—rigidly closes its doors. No foreigners for that institution. To them, as to the barbarians of Tartary, the stranger is the enemy, fit only for sacrifice. So the foreigner or colonial goes back with a very sore heart, the Frenchman perhaps wondering how the Englishman translates the words "entente cordiale," and the colonial harboring resentful reflections on London imperialism. I wonder how many colonials have been entertained

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freezes, but prevent him from slipping on the ice slopes, where his claws might not catch. His fur coat is proof against the coldest storm that ever blew.

"Indeed, the advantages of trained bears over dogs are many. Should open water be encountered, the bears could easily swim across it, drawing with them the sleighs, which will have water-tight bottoms, enabling them to float on the surface. I see no reason at all why the venture should not be a complete success."—London Answers.

ORGANIZED ART FORGERS OF FRANCE.

It is not only in New York that people are imposed upon with spurious works of art. Only recently criminal proceedings at Limoges, in France, disclosed the fact that there is a fully developed, well organized industry of forgers and falsifiers long ago become specialists, and they can serve you with any

class of art that you may need. Many of their tricks are highly ingenious. They will make two semi-original, genuine works of art out of one, for example. A piece of carved wood is sawed through, making two pieces, and in each of these the missing half is replaced by a careful reproduction of the original. An authentic but only poorly painted Sevres or Meissen cup may be richly painted after a good pattern, exactly in the style required, and returned. A real but plain knight's armor is damasked with all the fineness of the craftsman, chased, gild-

ed, and rendered "old" again. This necessitates cost and labor, but it pays; a thing that, genuine, was worth 500 francs may, falsified, be disposed of for 500. There are saucers and saucers and juicers and varnishes that convert entirely new productions into art masterpieces of great age. Nearly fabricated pieces are carried into "historical" country estates, whose owners lend themselves to the game, and the purchaser learns—for the profits are convincing—that the dust-covered relic has been the property of an old noble family "for centuries."—Harper's Weekly.