

MORE LETTERS

FROM A
SELF-MADE
MERCHANT
To His Son.

Bringing Up the Kid

How to Raise Children, by the
Stockyards Philosopher.

I'm so blame glad it's a boy that I'm getting over feeling sorry it ain't a girl, and I'm almost reconciled to it not being twins. Twelve pounds? Bully! Maybe that doesn't keep up the Graham reputation for giving good weight. But I'm coming home on the run to hert him myself, because I never know a fellow who wouldn't lie a little about the weight of No. 1, and then, when you led him up to the hay scales, claim that it's a well-known scientific principle that children shrink during the first week like a ham in smoke. Allowing for tare, though, if he still nets ten I'll feel that he's a credit to the brand.

It's a great thing to be 60 minutes old, with nothing in the world except a blanket and an appetite and the whole right ahead of you, but it's pretty good, too, to be sixty years old and a grandson, with twenty years of fight left in you still.

I want to raise our kid to be a poor man's son, and then, if it's necessary, we can always tell him how to be a rich one. Child nature is human nature, and a man who understands it can make his children like the plain, sensible things and ways as easily as the rich and foolish ones. I remember a nice old lady who was raising a lot of orphan grandchildren on a mighty slim income. They couldn't have chicken often in that house, and when they did it was a pretty close fit and none to throw away. So, instead of beginning with the white meat and stirring up the kids like a cage full of hyenas when the "Feeding the Carnivores" sign is out, she would play up the pieces that don't even get a mention on the bill of fare of a two dollar country hotel. She would begin by saying in a pleasant don't all speak at once tone, "Now, children, who wants this dear little neck?" and naturally they all wanted it, because it was pretty plain to them that it was something extra sweet and juicy. So she would allow it as a reward of goodness to the child who had been behaving best and throw in the sixpence for nourishment. The nice old lady always helped herself last, and there was nothing left for her but white meat.

It isn't the final result which the nice old lady achieved, but the first one, that I want to commend. A child naturally likes the simple things till you teach him to like the rich ones, and it's just as easy to start him with books and amusements that build sense and health as those that are filled with slop and stomach ache. A lot of mothers think a child starts out with a brain that can't learn anything but nonsense, so when Maude asks a sensible question they answer in goggle gush. And they believe that a child can digest everything from carpet tacks to fried steak, so whenever Willie hollers they think he's hungry and try to plug his throat with a banana.

You want to have it in mind all the time while you're raising this boy that you can't turn over your children to subordinates any more than you can your business and get good results. Nurses and governesses are no doubt all right in their place, but there's nothing "just as good" as a father's mother. A boy doesn't pick up his words when his mother's around or learn cussedness from his father. Yet a lot of mothers turn over the children, along with the horses and dogs, to be fed and broken by their servants, and then wonder from which side of the family Isabel inherited her weak stomach, and where she picked up her naughty ways, and why she drops the I's from some words and pronounces others with a brogue. But she needn't look to Isabel for any information, because she is the only person about the place with whom the child ain't on free and easy terms.

SIZING UP YOUR MEN

Their Way of Answering Questions Often Helps.

One thing that helps you keep track of your men is the habit of asking questions. Your thirst for information

EVER WATCHFUL.

A Little Care Will Save Many Salt Lake City Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health. The discharges not excessive or infrequent. Contain no "brick-dust like" sediment. Doan's Kidney Pills will do this for you.

They watch the kidneys and cure them when they're sick. Thomas Curtis, engineer, of 217 south Second St., West, says: "Pain in my back and hips as the weeks and months rolled by became so severe that I grew anxious about my condition. When there was a pain in my back, I was in a wretched condition of the kidney secretions. I reasoned that something serious might result. Added to the above were dizziness and a blurring before my eyes and on more than one occasion I came to the conclusion I would be compelled to give up my occupation for different remedies, and all of them standard. Did not bring relief and the use of plasters and other makeshifts were useless. An advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills influenced me to go to the F. J. Hill Drug Co.'s store for a box. While I am not prepared to say that the treatment has radically cured me of kidney complaint I know that my health is better and my back is considerably stronger. I have every confidence in this remedy and am more than pleased to publicly endorse it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Extracts From "Old Gorgon Graham," George Horace Lorimer's New Book, By Special Arrangement With the Publishers, Doubleday, Page & Company.

must fairly make your tongue roll out. When you ask the head of the cutting department what we're netting for two-pound corned beef on the day's market for corned, and he has to say, "Wait a minute, and I'll figure it out," or turn to one of his boys and ask, "Bill, what are two netting us?" he isn't sitting coast enough to his job, and perhaps if Bill were in his chair he'd be a lot better in his lap, or when you ask the chief engineer how much coal we burned this month as compared with last and he says in thunder we burned it, if he has to feel him have and say he hasn't had time to figure it out yet, but he thinks they were running both beaches in the tackinghouse most of the time, and he guesses this and reckons that he needs to get up a little more steam himself. In short, whenever you find a fellow that ought to know every minute where he's at, but who doesn't know what's what, he's pretty likely to be it. When you're dealing with an animal like the American hog, that carries all its weight in the tip of its tail, you want to make sure that your men carry all the latest news about it on the tip of the tongue.

It's not a bad plan once in awhile to check up the facts and figures that are given you. I remember one lightning calculator I had working for me who would catch my questions hot from the belt and fire back the answers before I could get into position to catch. Was a mighty particular case. Always worked everything out to the sixth decimal place. I had just about concluded he ought to have a wider field for his talents when I asked him one day how the home of last week's run had been averaging in weight. Answered like a streak, but it struck me that for hogs which had been running so light they were giving up pretty generously. So I checked up his figures and found 'em all wrong. Tried him with a different question every day for a week. Always answered quick and always answered wrong. Found that he was a baseball roter and had been holding out the batting averages of the Chicago for his answers. Seems that when I used to see him busy figuring with his pencil he was working out where Anson stood on the list. He's not in "Who's Who in the Stockyards" any more, you bet.

Serving a Life Sentence

"Old Gorgon" Shows What One Kind of Wife Will Do For a Man.

As long as fond fathers slave and ambitious mothers sacrifice so that foolish daughters can hide the petticoats of poverty under a silk dress and crowd the dolms of cheap society into the space in their heads which ought to be filled with plain, useful knowledge a lot of girls are going to grow up with the idea that getting married means getting rid of care and responsibility instead of assuming it.

A fellow can't play the game with a girl of this sort, because she can't play fair. He wants her love and a wife; she wants a provider, not a lover, and she takes him as a husband because she can't draw his salary any other way. But she can't return his affection, because her love is already given to another, and when husband and wife both love the same person and that person is the wife it's usually a life sentence at hard labor for the husband. If he wakes up a little and tries to assert himself after he's been married a year or so, she shuts her eyes and looks at him as if he were a brute he is, or if that doesn't work, he still pretends to have a little spirit, she goes off into a rage and hysterics, and that usually brings him to heel again. It's a mighty curious thing how a woman who has the appetite and instincts of a turkey buzzard will often make her husband believe that she's as high strung and delicate as a canary bird.

It's been my experience that both men and women can fool each other before marriage and that women can keep right along fooling men after marriage, but that as soon as the exchange of money gets started he gets found out. After a woman has lived in the same house with a man for a year she knows him like a good merchant knows the stock, down to any shelf worn and slightly damaged morsel which he may be hiding behind fresher goods in the darkest corner of his immortal soul. But even if she married to a fellow who's so mean that he'd take the pennies of a dead man's eyes (not because he needed the money, but because he hadn't the change handy for a two cent stamp) she'd never own up to the worst about him, even to herself, till she gets him into a divorce court.

A Good Kind of Discontent

There are two kinds of discontent in this world, the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There is no cure for the first but success, and there's no cure at all for the second, especially if a woman has it, for she doesn't know what she wants, and so you can't give it to her. Happiness is like salvation—a state of grace that makes you enjoy the good things you've got and keep reaching out for the better ones in the hereafter. A home isn't what's around you, but what's inside you.

Playing a Fool Game.

NEVER ask a man what he knows, but what he can do. A fellow may know everything that's happened since the Lord started the ball to rolling and not be able to do anything to help keep it from stopping. But when a man can do anything he's bound to know something worth while. Books are all right, but dead men's brains are not good unless you mix a live one with them.

It isn't what a man's got in the bank, but what he's got in his head, that makes him a great merchant. Rob a miser's safe and he's broke, but you can't break a big merchant with a jimmy and a stick of dynamite. The first would have to start again just where he began—hoarding up pennies; the second would have his principal assets intact. But accumulating knowledge or piling up money just to have a little more of either than the next fellow is

a fool game that no broad gaged man has time enough to sit in. Too much learning, like too much money, makes one that backs and fears and leaves sagged edges behind it. Say yes or no—seldom perhaps. Some people have such fertile imaginations that they will take a grain of hope and grow a huge definite promise with bark on it overnight, and later, when you come to pull that out of their brains by the roots, it hurts and they holler.—From "Old Gorgon Graham: More Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

The Kind of Decision that Wins

I want to impress on you the importance of deciding promptly. The man who can make up his mind quick makes up other people's minds for them. Decision is a sharp knife that cuts clear and straight and lays bare the fat and the lean; indecision is a dull one that backs and fears and leaves sagged edges behind it. Say yes or no—seldom perhaps. Some people have such fertile imaginations that they will take a grain of hope and grow a huge definite promise with bark on it overnight, and later, when you come to pull that out of their brains by the roots, it hurts and they holler.—From "Old Gorgon Graham: More Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

Being more letters of a self-made merchant to his son, a new book by George Horace Lorimer, illustrated by F. H. Gruger and Martin Justice—\$1.50. Desert News Book Store.

ENGLAND NOW HAS TITLED AUTHORS.

(Continued from page 13.)

are those of Cromartie and Pembroke, the first of whom recently published a volume of short stories called "The End of the Song." The Countess of Pembroke, who is a sister of the Duchess of Leeds, is represented by only one work—an account of Wilton House, her husband's splendid estate near Salisbury which is famous for its literary associations. There Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" and near by on the banks of the River Nadder, Isaac Walton composed his "Compleat Angler."

AN EARL WHO SCRIBBLES.

After the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Idlesleigh, whose latest novel has just made its appearance, is perhaps the most gifted of English noblemen who write. That is not saying much, however, for the male members of the peerage who have gone in for literature have done so much less successfully on the whole than their female colleagues. But the Earl of Idlesleigh's novels are not half bad, and so far each one of them has been better than its predecessor. His lordship's father who was leader of the house of commons under Disraeli was a great book man and he and Dixie used to have fierce arguments as to the merits of Charles Dickens of whom Gladstone's great rival could say nothing good. The present earl was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is now 55, and commenced novel writing only about 10 years ago, his first book being called "Belinda Fitzwarren." Then he wrote "Mrs. Peter Liston," and his new book, which, with a few good exceptions, has been generally favorably reviewed, is called "Charmers." There is also the Earl of Ellesmere, who has published half a dozen novels or more, the best known of which is called "Sir Hector's Watch." This earl comes naturally by his literary tendencies for his ancestors, the Bridgewater family, patronized the poet Milton and figured in his masque of "Comus." The Earl of Crews writes possible verses. The Earl of Ronaldshay, who is a son of the Marquis of Zetland, made a bid for literary renown with his "Sport and Politics Under an Eastern Sky." And, of course, the Earl of Roslyn, who went to South Africa as a war correspondent, published a book about the Boer war under the title of "Twice Captured."

Prominent among the other lords and ladies who write is Lord Ernest Hamilton, who it will be remembered once edited William Waldorf Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine," and who has published several novels. Lord William Nevill, too, published his prison experiences under the title of "Penal Servitude." There is not space to mention all the "ladies" who dabble in literature, but they include, besides our own Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Helen Forbes, who has written several novels, Lady Londonderry, who was among the contributors to the Anglo-Saxon Review; Lady Colin Campbell, who has written a lot for the London "World," and Lady Henry Somerset. If it is true, as announced, that Lady Idlesleigh is writing a novel it is likely to be worth reading for she is one of the greatest of London hostesses and knows the smart set from A to Z. Perhaps her husband will be able to suggest a few suggestions. He ought to be president of the British divorce court.

HAYDEN CHURCH.



"Never mind, my boy," said the Pot, "wait until Kettle supplies me with fresh boiling water and I'll do my part. I'm old fashioned but you can't improve on me. Let Cook keep me clean, give me one tablespoonful of Golden Gate for each cup, one for myself and boil five minutes—satisfaction!"

Nothing goes with GOLDEN GATE COFFEE but satisfaction. No prices—no coupons—no crockery. 1 and 2 lb. aroma-tight tins. Never sold in bulk.

J. A. Folger & Co.
Established half a Century
San Francisco

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumors, Catarrhs, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, and would have his principal assets intact. But accumulating knowledge or piling up money just to have a little more of either than the next fellow is

Walker's Store

The Christmas Annual Sale of Black Silks!

RIGHT BARGAINS AT THE RIGHT TIME.



WOULD YOU DELIGHT A WOMAN ON CHRISTMAS MORN. ing give her a black silk dress pattern. Back into time immemorial the custom dates as a never failing, pleasing present—the one above all others to bring joyful remembrance until the year, or years mayhap have gone by. Our entire choice regular stock is offered. And a better stock isn't to be found in the whole country round from Chicago to San Francisco. America's most reliable makers as well as those over seas are represented. Such names as insure absolute protection to buyers of black Silks. Sale Monday and the week.

Consider These Remarkable Under-Regular Prices.

BLACK TAFFETAS.

Our Famous "Fortes."

\$1.15 quality, 21-inch, to be sold at—84c.
\$1.25 quality, 24-inch, to be sold at—93c.
\$1.40 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—\$1.07.
\$2 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—\$1.33.

BLACK TAFFETAS.

Grimshaw's "Wear Resisting."

\$1.25 quality, 24-inch, to be sold at—89c.
\$1.40 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—\$1.

BLACK TAFFETAS.

Arnold Constable Well Known Silks.

\$1 quality, 19-inch, to be sold at—75c.
\$1.25 quality, 24-inch, to be sold at—92c.
\$1.40 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—\$1.06.
\$2.25 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—\$1.43.

BLACK CHIFFON TAFFETAS.

Bonnet's Imported Choice Silks.

\$1.25 quality, 20-inch, to be sold at—89c.
\$1.50 quality, 22-inch, to be sold at—99c.
\$2 quality, 22-inch, to be sold at—\$1.29.
\$2.25 quality, 22-inch, to be sold at—\$1.39.

PEAU DE SOIE, PEAU DE CYGNE, IMPORTED MESSALINES.

\$1.50 quality to be sold at—\$1.
\$1.75 quality to be sold at—\$1.25.
\$2 quality to be sold at—\$1.35.
\$2.25 quality to be sold at—\$1.45.

TAFFETAS, PEAU DE SOIES, PONGEES AND INDIAS—AN EXTRAORDINARY BUY TAFFETAS.

75c quality, 19-inch, to be sold at—46c
\$1 quality, 24-inch, to be sold at—59c
\$1.25 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—79c
\$1.50 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—89c

PEAU DE SOIES.

\$1.25 quality, 21-inch, to be sold at—69c
\$1.40 quality, 21-inch, to be sold at—79c
\$1.50 quality, 21-inch, to be sold at—89c
\$1.60 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—\$1
\$2 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—1.25
\$2.50 quality, 36-inch, to be sold at—\$1.50

BLACK PONGEES AND INDIA SILKS.

65c quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—50c
\$1 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—70c
\$1.25 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—85c
\$1.40 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—\$1
\$1.75 quality, 27-inch, to be sold at—\$1.10

Wonderful Underpricing on Most Excellent Shoes—

\$2.50 to \$5 for—\$1.95. The \$4.50 for \$3.15.

The \$1.95 lot is made up from oddments of the regular stock. Lines that do not show full runs of sizes, but every size shoe is to be found in something and all being good, made of excellent leather with every style to choose from. It's a mighty wonderful bargain table full for all wanting shoes. For women, misses and children, \$2.50 up to \$5 shoes—\$1.95.

The \$3.15 lot is a snap indeed. Wright & Peter shoes, made of glace kid, on three of the very newest lasts of this season, but—the manufacturer was himself to be blame for putting on wrong labels. Knocked down price to us and to you. Take regular \$4.50 Wright & Peter shoes for women at—\$3.15.

Women's Coats Get a Reduction Price

A goodly group of stylish coats. All the smart / three-quarter lengths; perfectly tailored. Made of tweeds, novelty cloths, mixture cloths; tourist with belted backs and others. Lot of fifty—

The \$12.75 coats—\$8.95.
The \$17.50 coats—\$11.75.
The \$22.50 coats—\$15.75.

A Bargain Snap in Shirt Waists.

Up to \$5 for—\$2.50. Up to \$8 for—\$3.95. Up to \$13.50 for—\$5.95.

You'll find them to the amount of three hundred on tables in suit section. Samples. Every waist a fac simile of the kinds we bought and paid full regular prices for when our buyer went to market only a few weeks ago. Made by the best, reliable manufacturers. Every style waist known to the present season. Many unusual beauties. Albatross, voiles, luster, batistes, canvas cloth, velvets, Scotch mixtures, etc. White and all the colors.

Those that should be \$2.75 to \$5 go at—\$2.50.
Those that should be \$5.50 to \$8 go at—\$3.95.
Those that should be \$8.50 to \$13.50 go at—\$5.95.

WOMEN'S STREET SUITS

\$17.50 for—\$11.95. The \$22.50 for—\$12.95.

One group consists of gray novelty cloth suits. The jackets made three-quarter length and fitted. Splendidly tailored. Excellent style. Reduced from \$17.50 to—\$12.95.

Another group consists chiefly of blue and black mixture cloth suits. Three-quarter jackets, fitted at back; straight fronts. Smart styles, well cut, stylish tailor-frocks. Reduced from \$22.50 to—\$12.95.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.