

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"Man, good man. Drest in a little brief authority. Most ignorant of what he's most afraid of."

His glassy eyes—like an angry ape—stare with fantastic tricks before him—As make the angels weep."

A STORY is told, beginning with "once upon a time," of a man—a very wicked man—who had gone through life as a model of all the virtues. At the approach of that last earthly hour, he was naturally afraid to die, knowing in his heart that he was not worthy of entrance within the gates of heaven. But to and behold! He was admitted. And when he asked of the angel-keeper of the gate what he had ever done to deserve admission, the answer was—that because he had ever been the friend of God's dumb creatures, in that he had shown them every kindness and had stood between them and cruelty, therefore was he saved.

There is an age in the life of most every boy, when he is given to visiting creatures upon every creeping and flying creature that happens within reach of his hands or feet, or within range of his business yet death-dealing toy weapon. Grasshoppers and butterflies and darting needles are never certain of living the course of their natural lives with the full use of their legs and wings, birds and squirrels are not even sure of their lives, cats are singled out as special objects of torture, and the stray alley dog spends half of his pathetic little life running in terror through the streets with a tin can tied to his tail.

Some men never grow. That is, they never grow to real manhood. In other words, they never grow out of that cruel age of boyhood. There are just such men in our town. In the measure of their dark mind, ripping out oats that cause sensitive horses to fairly quiver, and lashing poor, helpless hicks until great veins sicken the hairs of the beholder, seem to be the only treatment dumb animals are entitled to. A scene of horror was witnessed last Sunday—yes, they do not even give the teams a rest on Sunday—when a man was doing his duty by his horses; they could not move another inch with their already impossible load, yet must they still make the attempt, and at the same time, while leveling their backs to the ground, must they receive lash-

ings and blasphemy, that turned one's blood cold. That is a wretched place at the entrance of City Creek canyon—that is on Sunday—where men, and teams, and dust, and lashings, and profanity, mingle freely, hurting the eyes and ears of people quietly strolling and driving up the canyon; it also rises with startling clearness to the height of the new boulevard.

Two little children ran home to their mother the other day. They were breathless with running and quivering with indignation.

"Mamma," said one, "we saw a cruel man hating his horses, and—"

"I told him," broke in the other, "that I would tell the humane society."

"And what did the man say?" asked the mother.

"Why," he said, "he told me, 'the humane society be damn.'"

Surely, no one can read that chapter in Booth Tarkington's "Conquest of Canada," describing the cruellest visitation upon poor "Respectability," the little yellow dog, without shedding real wet tears.

He passed through the main street of the little town of Canaan one day in quest of his kind master. He is just a wet, muddy, dusty yellow dog, and eminently kickable. A small boy fairly aside the head which it matched in size. "It is not easy to keep things in mind," says the author, "when one is violently smitten on the mouth, nose, cheek, eye, and ear," so the poor little fellow goes yelping up the street, half blind, only to be met by a man, "heavily built about the legs," who drives his toe into the little runner's side, and with some vigor, raises him into the air. Glorious and manly feat! Men and boys run out to look, and to shout, and to enjoy. Respectability emerges from a grocery with a dinner potted at his already bruised head, and a shower of pebbles from excited boys. The dead town comes to life, and all at the expense of a helpless little dog, who has to keep going or be killed outright, when a policeman joins in the chase, and lifting his revolver shoots the dog in the forehead. Still Respectability keeps running "with no yelp left in him, but with the agony of a cry in his eyes, more than tongue could utter—O master! O, all the god I know! Where are you in my mortal need?" An old man saves him from his final and mortal blow of a pitchfork, at the same time exclaiming, "It's



MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

WILL STUDY LABOR FOR GOVERNMENT.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, by direction of President Roosevelt, has been detailed from the department of justice to investigate the condition of woman and child workers throughout the country. Legislation on this subject is pending before Congress.

Last year Mrs. Foster accompanied the Taft party to the Philippines and made a special report to President Roosevelt on the condition of women and children there. Mrs. Foster returned from a trip around the world a few months ago, in the course of which she studied the condition of women and children in China and India.

A town you couldn't even trust a yellow dog to! You couldn't trust a dog to some men in our town either. A gentleman stepped on the platform of a street car, one day in the not very distant past, and in an instant his dog had joined him. He turned quickly to order the dog off, but the kindly conductor saved him the trouble, by giving the little fellow a vigorous kick that landed him across the road, where he lay very still. Some in the car, not sure

as to the right thing to do in such a moment, laughed. But the women and children did not, nor did the dog's master; he was white with mingled rage and grief and threatened the conductor, yet so full of concern over the suffering of his trusty little friend, that he took no note of the fellow's number, but hastened to quiet that heartrending whining. The conductor? Hurried his car away, of course. Whether he received his just deserts for so fastidiously an act no one in the car could learn. The last passengers ever knew of the unpardonable affair, was a glimpse of the man in the distance passing up the street with the wounded dog in his arms.

The Master tells us something about the great Father-love that holds precious even the life of a tiny sparrow.

In one of our business blocks, a man holding the position of janitor, aired his little brief authority, the other day, in a manner that, to say the least, was not what might be called gentlemanly. A passenger and a dog were waiting for the elevator. The janitor was stooping to the place of the elevator boy, while said boy was at lunch. Now, it may have been supreme sensitiveness over being out of his proper robes, whatever that may be, or he may have been suffering from disposition due to other causes. Be that as it may, it was hardly kind to vent his feelings upon a dog, and a poor dead dog at that. The little fellow bounded into the elevator after his mistress. From the particular wag of his tail, the janitor might have known that the dog was not suffering from disposition, also, but that he felt kindly toward the whole world, and would not harm anything or anybody in it; and that he was ready to obey the slightest rule of the building. But anyway, the man was blind to any sense of what was due the dog or his mistress, and in a twinkling, the former found himself rudely landed into the lobby at the tip of a most unexpected boot. The woman, naturally, turned with indignation in defense of her dog, but before she could say a word, he had bounded back into the elevator—large enough minded himself to think the janitor was just a bit merry with him, no doubt—and the manly foot was again in evidence. This woman said: "If you kick that dog, I'll have you arrested; I can take care of him, if you will give me time." The man only sneered and lifting the dog by the collar, yanked him into the air, turned him roughly about, and hurled him into the lobby again, with the gentle movement of his foot. The mistress followed her poor abused companion, of course, not caring to ride in the elevator with one who could not aspire to the dog's level, and the two climbed five flights of stairs. It was an outrage, and the man certainly deserves something that will remind him that he is not supposed to be dealing with violent people running at large. It was not necessary that he use brute force. He had but to say, "Mamma, it is against the rules," etc., and that dog would have remained where he was toiled to until all was blue, before

he would have thought of disobeying a law. The dog limped home. In Mark Twain's beautiful story called "A Dog's Tale," a man had inflicted a blow upon the hero—a dog—it was cruel pain, the dog says: "I did not know what I had done to make him so bitter, yet I judged it was something a dog could not understand, but which was clear to a man and dreadful."

One often wonders if it is really clear to a man—his reason for cruelty to a poor, helpless, dumb animal. He certainly lives so far inland, that God's goodness and kindness is completely lost on him, else he could never show anything but the same generous treatment to those creatures supposed to be under him, yet in many instances so far above him.

Two beautiful thoroughbreds were made, compelled to fight, one day in this town. They never would have fought each other of their own accord, for they belonged to that kind of dog whose disposition is unusually gentle. But those gentle dispositions were played upon and roused, until the brute nature was uppermost like that of the so-called men urging them on. It was to the death. One finally killed the other, and was so far spent himself, that he died in a short time after. The humble little friends had gone, "where no the boots that perish," and through no fault of their own, but for the noble sport of these noble men. Surely a game of this kind amounts to nothing short of crime. And surely, in the all divine summing up of things, there is punishment to meet just such crime.

LADY BABBIE.

G. B. BURHANS TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking more than ten bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick-dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am a decided convert to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." Sold by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

CEREAL HARVEST OF 1906 WILL BREAK ALL RECORDS.

The London Economist, in a long review of the wheat harvest this year, asserts that "the world's cereal harvest of 1906 cannot fail to prove one of the greatest ever produced." It remarks that "oats alone, among the cereals in England, seem likely to turn out below the average in productiveness." In most of the countries of continental Europe the harvest is a good one. The wheat crop in France, for example, in the great producing provinces in the north of France, has suffered from drought in the south and

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WILLIAM E. BASSETT, Director, Provo, Utah.

An Ideal Institution of Its Kind.

Cure of the Worst Cases Absolutely Guaranteed. Particulars furnished on application.

Special attention given to children entrusted to our care.

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west. It is thought that France will need to import very little if any wheat. Spain has reaped a good harvest generally, while Germany has good crops of barley and oats as well as of wheat and rye. According to the latest official estimate, Austria-Hungary will produce a much larger wheat crop this year than last. From Russia reports vary greatly. The winter wheat crop has been officially reported to be a good one, while the more important, all but a few provinces, owing to the smallest crops of recent years, are expected. Roumania is now expected to produce a record wheat crop, and Serbia and Bulgaria have good crops of wheat. The Canadian wheat harvest on the whole will not prove a very increase of area in the comparatively new Canadian provinces it is doubtful whether the production will make up for last year's good crop, and possibly the total will be less than that of 1905. In Australia the crop shown under favorable conditions generally, have yet to undergo the hazards of the spring and summer seasons. India's wheat crop harvested last spring was the greatest but one ever known.

EUREKA AND RETURN \$2

Via D. & R. G. Sunday Nov 11

Leave Salt Lake 8:30 a. m. Return via Eureka 7:00 p. m. Salt Lake and Eureka Sucker Football team will contest at Eureka for the state championship. Big purse. Good game. Don't miss it.

# ENORMOUS SAVINGS! GREAT OVERSTOCK SALE STARTLING VALUES!

A most remarkable opportunity is now presented to all the Ladies of Salt Lake City and vicinity in this Great, Timely and Genuine



Any Suit in the House

## 1/3 OFF

For one week only every Suit in the House is Reduced 33 1/3%

The most extraordinary event of its kind so early in the season and so opportune. A sale event that will cause a stir in shopping circles tomorrow, for 1-3 off Cohn's famous low prices means a half off the regular selling prices of similar merchandise elsewhere.

The backwardness of the season and our tremendous purchases have resulted in our having too great a stock on hand by half. STOCK REDUCTION MUST BEGIN AT ONCE, no waiting for colder weather. We must have the reserve room for Holiday specialties and we therefore offer these very tempting bargains for one week only, beginning Monday. At these prices this stock should be cut in half in a few days.

The suit stock consists of garments of exceptional beauty and design, stunning creations in Panamas and Broadcloths in all the leading shades, English Tweeds, Scotch Mixtures, Men's Suitings and Novelty Mixtures in blouse Etons, Jaunty Peplum, Pony and Prince Chap Jacket styles, tight and semi-fitting models with handsome collar, cuff and vesting effects, braid, velvet and Persian band trimmed, long or 3/4 length sleeves.

The skirts are all cut and fashioned in all the entirely new pleated styles expertly finished.

Any Suit in the House

## 1/3 OFF

The \$10.00 kind, this week cut to	The \$15.00 kind, this week cut to	The \$17.50 kind, this week cut to	The \$20.00 kind, this week cut to	The \$25.00 kind, this week cut to	The \$30.00 kind, this week cut to	The \$45.00 kind, this week cut to
\$6.65	\$10.00	\$11.65	\$13.30	\$16.65	\$20.00	\$30.00

Every Suit In The House Reduced Proportionately 1/3 Off

No Suit Escapes This Reckless Knifing For One Week Only. So Take Advantage Of This Sweeping Reduction Sale While It Lasts.

### Great Dress Goods Special!

39c, 39c, 39c, for regular 65c and 75c fabrics

This sale offers a great saving opportunity in good grades of fancy wool and mohair dress goods, in the neat suiting mixtures, checks and novelty plaid effects, about 75 patterns in all to select from. Very desirable for suits, skirts, waists and children's dresses. The original prices were 65c and 75c per yard, now cut for positively one week only to, per yard—

39c. 39c. 39c. 39c.

### Special value in high grade Washable Wool Waistings 59c

75c, 85c grades

Big variety of handsome waisting novelties in plaids and figured effects, mostly light grounds and washable. These are the newest wool waisting novelties of the season and very much in demand for separate waists for street and evening wear.

### BLACK SILK SALE.

Special Price Inducements for One Week Only.

65c quality all silk black Taffeta, 29 inches wide, cut to per yard	45c
75c quality all silk black Taffeta Chiffon finish, 29 inches wide, cut to, per yard	59c
85c quality all silk black Taffeta, 27 inches wide, pure dye, cut to per yard	69c
1.00 quality all silk black Taffeta, 27 inches wide, colored edge, special waisting finish, cut to, per yard	75c
1.15 quality, 27 inch, all silk black Taffeta, rustling or chiffon finish, cut to, per yard	\$1.15
1.19 quality, 36 inch, all silk black Taffeta, rustling or chiffon finish, cut to, per yard	\$1.19
1.25 grade full yard wide, all silk black Taffeta, quality guaranteed, extra heavy coat, dress and waisting silk, cut to per yard	\$1.49

### Great Showing of TAPESTRY COUCH COVERS

Immense showing of finest grades of tapestry couch covers in great variety of colorings and oriental designs, all full size, fringed all around, priced as follows—

\$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3.75

### Flannel Specials!

Big showing of bleached and unbleached Canton and Dover Flannels.

10c grades, per yard	8+c
12c grade, per yard	10c
15c grade, per yard	12+c
20c grades, per yard	15c
White Wool Flannels in a number of different grades all specially priced	
25c grades, per yard	20c
35c grades, per yard	25c
45c grade, per yard	35c
60c grades, per yard	50c
85c grades, per yard	65c
1.25 grade silk wrap wool Flannels, per yard	1.00

### OUR GREAT BLANKET and COMFORT STOCKS

Enable you to select the most desirable grades in endless variety and the prices are all exceptionally low for the qualities they represent.

75c cotton blankets in gray or white, per pair	59c
1.00 cotton fleeced blankets, gray and white, per pair	75c
1.25 cotton fleeced blankets, tan and fancies, per pair	\$1.00
1.45 cotton fleeced blankets, white, tan and gray, per pair	\$1.25
1.65 cotton fleeced blankets, light and dark fancies checked, per pair	1.45
2.00 cotton fleeced blankets, white and gray, per pair	\$1.95
4.50 gray wool blankets, per pair	\$3.25
5.00 gray wool blankets, per pair	\$3.75
5.75 gray mottled wool blankets, per pair	\$4.50
6.00 white wool blankets, per pair	\$4.75
6.50 California white wool blankets, per pair	6.50
6.00 California white wool blankets, per pair	\$5.25
8.50 fancy silk-blend covered comforters, beautiful floral designs, quilted and lined with pure white cotton, per pair	\$11.95
8.50 for a high class comforter, handsome design, silk-blend covering, with satin border, fluff with white cotton, per pair	2.25
8.50 quilted sarong covered comforters, with special appeal	\$3.95
8.50 down filled comforters, quilted design, all weight and quilt, per pair	5.75