

There is a possibility of Mr. Knox and Gus Holmes journeying down to these palm-fringed islands. Mrs. Knox, Mrs. A. P. Taylor and Mrs. Egbert Roberts were the members of the committee which decorated the Roof Garden and the two dancing pavilions of the Alexander Young hotel for the Mardi Gras ball on Monday evening, February 22, as the close of the Floral Parade festivities. The rooms and garden were decorated in green, red and yellow—the carnival colors—and the result was favorably commented upon by the merry crowd of maskers.

Princess Kawananakoa, one of Hawaii's most beautiful women and a royal entertainer, who is now in New York and will shortly go to Europe, will return in four months and pass through Salt Lake on the way home. She will stop over in Salt Lake for a couple of days, having letters of introduction to several people there, some of whom have already visited Honolulu. She is a splendid dresser, and will display a wealth of Paris gowns when she visits the Utah metropolis.

THE UNCHANGEFUL SEX.

(The new fashion which is to follow the Directoire style demands a smaller and much lower waist above an ample skirt.)

And so the stern decree is uttered, Phyllis!
No more in dainty sheath-like gowns arrayed,
Slender and graceful as the daffodil is,
Shall I behold your classic form displayed,
For you who own Dame Fashion's sway must tremble

At thought of meriting her slightest frown,
Even though she may bid you to resemble
A tulip upside down!

Your waist must show a notable compression,
And must be lowered in no small degree,
And, though I do not ask for a confession
Of how the feat is done, it puzzles me.
Youth, I am well aware, is most elastic,
But you, as fashion changes her design,
Seem to be quite miraculously plastic.
I would the gift were mine!

My tailor is a man of understanding,
And I have often seen him much distressed
On finding that my figure was expanding,
for he loves to make me look my best.
But yet the fellow never pulls or pinches;
He cannot mould me to his will, 'tis clear,
Only, when calling out my extra inches,
He drops a silent tear!
—London Daily Mail.

Teacher—Johnny, what is an isthmus? Johnny—A narrow strip of land connecting two scandals.—New York Herald.

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;
And morns shall fade, noons pale, and shadows
darken
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain;
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of Summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half-broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters thro' salt
tears;
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished
token
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious
years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty.
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only
duty—
O God! O God! have pity on that one.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The French nobility is exactly twice as numerous now as it was before the great revolution which was aimed at the aristocracy and by which all titles were abolished. Previous to that time there were 238 French princes and dukes. Today there are upwards of 460. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 38,000 titled persons in France of whom less than 20,000 had a legal right to a coat of arms. There are now more than 200,000 individuals duly possessed of patents of nobility. When the nobility was all powerful their aggregate wealth was only one-tenth of what they possess today.

Doctor Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services at an Indian village in one of the western states, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects in the lodge. "Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."

"Why don't you come in occasionally between drinks," demanded the wife, "and see the play?" "I don't need to," replied the bibulous husband. "The bartender is familiar with the plot, imitates the actors, and also knows a lot of gossip about their personal and family affairs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

William P. Cullen has bought from John Cort the rights to "The Alaskan."

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