INTEREST TO WOMEN

GOOD LUCK.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

Jimmy popped his head in at the door Say," he shouted, "Mrs. Brently wants et and papa to go over to Beechwood git her! She's got the surrey out on the

stiage, Mrs. Harrows, lifting an etching to her husband who stood half-way up a step-ladder, could only shake her head in

declination
Tell her I'm ever so much obliged,
Jumnle, but it's impossible."
"Hold on Jim!" called his father. "I'm
not so sure of that, Minna. You're thred
ext Your old nervous headache will come
back if you keep on fussing around the
louse. The rest of these pictures can
wait. Or Bert will help me."
He looked interrogatively at the young
nan stretched out in a low rattan steamer chair, a magazine in one hand and a
digarette in the other.
"To be sure I will!" he answered, heart"To be on Minna! The drive will de-

Little Mrs. Barrows, plump, dimpled and black-eyed, held up a positive fore-

freer. I don't go without Henry," she de

'a bird in a gilded cage!" sang Harrows gayly
Barrows looked affectionately at
spand 'Precisely Come on.
I'll be ready in a flash if you'll ome, too."
The step-ladder groaned as the big man showed down.

a an awful tyrant, Minna!" He sing pat on the shoulder "But we will knock off groomed and crisply

oked in on Herbert to say a word a before joining their friend. t let any one steal you," advised Barrows won't," he laughed back. "Hand-men are scarce."

men are scarce, cetted monster, cried his sister-and made a feint of throwing her i at him.

parisol at him.
"You better hurry" counseled Jimmy,
agel six. "Mrs. Brentley's horses'll get
tred waiting. Don't bother about Uncle
Ert, Aunt Vivia will take care of him."
Herbert Barrows sat suddenly erect.
"Vivia" he repeated. "Are you expecting Vivia." You did not say anything id and wife exchanged a guilty

well, we knew that you and Vivia vere not the best friends in the world," Mrs. Barrows began, faiteringly. "Ill go up to town on the 5.29 train," tedded Herbert. His clean-cut, clean-faxen young face looked tremendously determined. He had gone oddly pale un-

ittle woman here, rbert sprang up, tall, nervous, atnobert sprang up, tall, nervous, atnober sprang up, tall, nervous, atnober sprang up, tall, nervous, ts allogether different. Minna never to allogether different. Minna never to allogether different sprang up, tall, nervous, at allogether to the sprang up, tall, nervous, at allogether to the sprang up, tall, nervous, at all property at all property at a sprang up, tall, nervous, at all property at all property at a sprang up, tall, nervous, at all property at a sprang up, tall, nervous, at a sprang up

"Look, Undo Bert, what I found?" A ballered horseshoe was held triumphant. I look, Undo Bert, what I found?" A ballered horseshoe was held triumphant. I loft in a grimey little hand. "That's trod luck, overy time. Nail it up over the form will you? Mamma'll be awful that have it there. She had one nailed to a our house—in town. Here's the bamer?" Herbert Barrel.

Hertert Barrows, the friend of children a reteral, and or this small nephew in fallicular, rose obediently. Lock out for those pictures" cautioned

Lock out for those pictures" cautioned flamy.

They were ranged along the wall preparatory to hanging etchings, passe-parbut, squarelles, and one long Venetian bieter.

"Jimmy," sighed the uncle of that estimable boy, "if your advice were only as slubble as it is frequent, what an advirable young person you'd be to have for a tensitant companion. Hallo! Great Soil Look out there!"

Too late! Leaning forward from the step-ladder to fasten the horseshoe in the step-ladder to fasten the horseshoe in the step-ladder to fasten the horseshoe in the portable state of a blue gown on the porch has caught his eye. And as the weater deped lightly over the threshold, the brousness engendered by his sudden mognition caused the bit of battered iron to ly from his fingers. For one horrified blast he hardly dared look. Then he was that it had only grazed the arm of the gif entering, and, deflecting, had rashed into the gleaming recesses of the Ventian mirror.

"Oh what bad luck!" she cried, regard-

Oh what bad luck!" she cried, regard-br the shattered fragments.

But my horseshoe would have brought

Bed luck, Aunt Vivia, if he hadn't let
if fall, protested Jimmy, indignantly.

"I'm so corry," apologized Herbert, in
a lew voice. "I was unpardonably awk-

Im so corry," apologized Herberi, in lev voice. "I was unpardonably awk-ward voice. "I was unpardonably awk-ward voice." It was unpardonably awk-ward voice and the strend plane of the other, then at the broken looking-glass. She may down on a rattan divan and burst his beloese laughter.

"It's too absurd. The idea of breaking allrow with a horseshoe. What a combination of good and bad luck."

For the time being she had forgotten the psculiarity of her present relations with the culbrit.

"It's all his fault." sturdily insisted dimmy, picking up his treasured possesses. "My won't mamma give it to you, lack Bert, when she finds out you've maken Miss Sibley's mirror?"

Some of the pink bloom went out of this Grant's face.

"Did Laura Sibley give Minna—give roor mether—that, Jimmy?"

This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure

spepsia, Constipation, Sick Readache, Biliousness

And ALL DISEASES arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion

The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose small; elegantly sugarcoated and easy to swallow. lake No Substitute.

Her voice sounded so cold Jimmy looked quickly up in intuitive interrogation.

"Yes—last Christmas Why. Aunt Viyla."

"Oh, nothing!" returned Vivia Grant. A strange, swift suspicion shot through the mind of Horbert Barrows. He leaned forward eagerly. Thoughts, recollections, were crowding up in bewildering succession.

"Vivia-tell me" he half pleaded, half commanded. "Was it because of my-my attention to Miss Sibley at the commence-ment dance that you sent me back my ring Frank Lennard was away that night and he feared Laura would feel lonely So, as we both had belonged to the same fraternity—

Frank Lennard" Vivia exclaimed "Frank Lennard" Vivia exclaimed.
"You don't mean to say—"
"Why, of course! I suppose you knew they are to be married in October, dearest. What's that—you're hurt?"
A thin red line showed through the pale, transparent stuff of her sleeve. He had

pushed the material up in an instant and was binding the slight wound with his handkerchief.

was binding the slight wound with his handkerchief.

"It's only a scratch, Bert!" She was laughing—a trifle hysterically. "We've—we've both been—at least I've been—awfully foolish!"
"Jimmy." said Barrows, "I'll give you fifty cents if you'll take that broken glass out and throw it in the ditch."
"Betcher life," responded Jimmy. He loaded a basket and started off.
"To think that a broken mirror should bring—" the girl was maying.
"Helle, Jimmy." Back so soon? Here's your half!" Herbert dipped the one hand at liberty into his pocket. He brought out a dollar. "Say." he bargained. "I'll give you all of this if you stay out and watch—sentry fashion—like a soldier, you know, that no one takes that glass out of the ditch."

"Will It?" resided Jimmy. "Pat. It here!"

"Will I" replied Jimmy "Put it here! I knew my horseshoe would bring me good luck" The face against Herbert's shoulder was

"Is it good luck, Bert?" she questioned, quizzically.

THE INSIDE STORY

Among the "Four Hundred" in New York

Dear Muriel Before I could look the opening of the pera season in the face-I may tell you right at the start-I had to put in a weekend in the country. The horse showlunches, dinners and suppers thrown inwould in Itself have left me dead in my tracks the week before, but on top of it all four weddings out of eight I was invited to demanded my presence. Then, oo, there was something else that week But getting up to date I did manage to brace up for Monday's occasion. I never could if it hadn't been for that Sunday I shan't tell you where I went. Saturdays to Mondays have become more of a drag than any other time simply because every one flocks to Long Island—or some other smart place—and instead of test an uninterrupted effort is demanded. So I'm keeping secret my New Jersey retreat and it is still a really truly rest. Still every one looked pretty well and moderately wide awake at the opera, although the woman who can't "get away with it" across the Metropolitan horseshoe, and in artificial light, might as well give up. As usual, nearly all the women wore white. It is general at the opera at all times, and almost universal on an occasion like the opening of the season. Alice Roosevelt is again the sensation. She came to town for horse show week and was all over the place then. She is still a great hit and very much made over. That is at first people—especially mennake a lot of her, but she sheds their flattery so easily that they give up almost before they start. In the enthusiasm of striish galety she does the maddest things which some people like to misunderstand.

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Alice Roosevelt is again the sensation. She came to town for horse show week and was all over the place then. She is still a great hit and very much made over. That is at first people—especially mennake a lot of her, but she sheds their before they start. In the enthusian of tribis pately she does the maddest things which some people like to misunderstand. They should know better, but I suppose strangers can't see why she doesn't put on more clightly. Last summer she used to make a how to repeat the stories of her eccentricity to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't. Whether she really does wind herself about with a trained snake, I haven't the least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't. Whether she really does wind herself about with a trained snake, I haven't the least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't. Whether she really does wind herself about with a trained snake, I haven't the least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't. Whether she really does wind herself about with a trained snake, I haven't the least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't who they will be least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't who they will be least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't who they will be least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't who they will be least idea and can't say to you, and besiden as they are all hearsy to me, I won't when the stories of her eccentricity to you, and besiden so they are all hearsy to me, I won't who they have known of the proportic proper entreed the proper proper the proper proper the

Miss Roosevelt was distinctly part of the "something else" that I mentioned as crowding upon fashionable attention horse show week. It was Ethel Barry-more's return to the New York stage No. I won't tell you about the play, not so much as its name. That's out of my line —not, of course, that I don't enjoy the theater, but any critical knowledge of it. I mean. But certainly "all society" was theater, but any critical knowledge of it I mean. But certainly "all society" was in the audience. If you want to know who were there just get a Social Register and crowd all the best names you find into one theater. That was really about it. Alice Roosevelt was in a box. She and Ethel are, I understand great friends. Anyway I see thom much together. La Barrymore has been continually on view since her return, appearing as charming as ever, and still, obviously, a net of society.

ually on view since her return, appearing as charming as ever, and still, obviously, a pet of society. The Drew family at lunch are really worth pausing to consider. They all work hard and together for social position, or rather did until they got it. Now they simply hold it. Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, their daughter. Louise, and Ethel and John Earrymore I mean especially. Occasionally, Lionel Barrymore and his bride are along, but he is more like his unfortunate father. Maurice now hopelessly ill, who never bothered to so much as know society was. John Drew started carly, got some Standard Oil stock, I believe, and has been a full-fledged gentleman for years. But by a strange chance it was really his plece Ethel who bound him closest to the smart world. That's why he's known as "Uncle John." I suppose I imaging it was a disappointment that his only child never cared for the social game, and I know it was against his wishes that she went on the stage. She is a lovely girl, simple and sincere, with none of Ethels affectations or her father's snobbishness. Why she is called Tee" I don't know unless it is because she is Louise B. Drew—probably for Barrymore—just as her consins are Ethel Drew Barrymore and Georgiana Drew Mendum.

Bat I didn't set out to give you an his-

Drew Barrymore and Georgiana Drew Mendum

But I didn't set out to give you an historical sketch of a famous theatrical family but rather to describe the more ephemeral matter of their little luncheons at Sherry's "Uncle John" usually arrives first, faultiessly dressed in a morning suit, in fact a very "morning ault." No use talking, "Uncle Tom" is certainly a grand gentleman. When Jack Barrymore is near town he runs in The idea scens to be to make them family parties—to give the public an intirate view of family life in high circles and at the same time to impress on the general mind that sense of "family" which is the very foundation of aristocracy. Incidentally a Barrymore gives a lot of real tone to a Drew gathering. When Jack and Lionel are out of town "Uncle Lulu" is occasionally brought alons to supply the necessary second male: "Uncle Lulu" being Mrs. John Drew's brother, Lewis Baker. Mrs. Drew is an indefinite lady with well-bred, subdued manners who doesn't appear to have a leaning for society, the stage, art or indeed anything in particular. When one has said she was "among those present" the whole matter has been exhausted.

Mrs. Drew is not pretty—she has the

"manner" and is always an attractive sight. She somewhat resembles Alice Roosevelt. When Ethel Barrymore is out of view either of these girls is good for a sensation. It was said that Miss Drew was engaged to marry "Billie" Courtenay—who has since been reported engaged and unengaged to "Cissie" Loftus. I am assured the rumor is groundless, having arisen from the usual chat that pursues actors, Mr. Courtenay, a duck of a boy whom you have probably seen on the stage—has visited the Drews at their country place on Long Island. That meaningless fact would be ground enough for matinee girls to start a rumor on. Still Georgiana Drew Mendum married an actor—some name like Parsons. But she never entred materially into the Drew-Barrymore social scheme. She is a pretty girl and has much of that elegance of carriage that runs through the family. I don't think the girl Llonel married was ever on the stage, but all her tecolle were. Her narents are Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, wife of "Uncle John's" half-brother. The other, Phyllis Rankin, married Harry Davenport of a theatrical family quite as famous histriconically, if not socially, as the Drews. They live happily in the suburbs, or something like that, I believe.

Really, I must be the property of the suburbs.

Really I must interrupt my general chatter to wonder why our smart women dress so horribly why, why, the getting to the point that the only 'swell

dress like that," whispered my what on-the-fringe-of-society hos-takes a soubrette or a four-hun-

trakes a soubrette or a four-hundreder."

It zet me thinking, and I looked about me The place was crowded; a third of the people I knew really, another third I knew by sight and a third third were obviously observers. Actually, of the observed hardly a woman looked more class than a French cocotte. It was principally the dressing. Many of them had, of course, very hard faces. The life we lead here rules the best in a woman's face while she is yet comparatively young. Most of them seem to imagine rouge and penciled eyes can bring it back. But after all it is the gowns that are most awful imagine Mrs. Clarence Mackey-Mrs. Mackey of all women-in that veritable robe de nuit!

Mackey of all women—in that veritable robe de nuit!

The other day I was calling on a friend and just as I was going a strange red gown appeared with a woman in it. At the start I may tell you it was May Van Alan. She looked as if she had dressed herself in honor of the visiting firemen. It may have been a Horse Show remmant, and certainly it would be safer to wear it there than to a buil fight. If she ever did, alas for May! I intended to describe it to you, but now that I am face to face with the undertaking, I don't seem to know how to go at it. All I can say is red, and then remark red, and as a finish gurgle red again. I might vary it with scarlet, magenta and royal rose, perhaps. Every manner and shade of red seemed to be on it. Really, though, it was a shricking red slik, tremendously full of skirt, and spread out almost to a hoop effect. When I tell you that the skirt was so spread-eagle, and the sleeves so puffed that May's ample waist seemed small you may get some idea of the amount of floor space she covered. If she ever carelessity stands over an air shaft in that baloon, this daughter of the Astors will have to undress in midair if she hopes to ever drop back to earth again.

Apropos of nothing—and therefore in narenthesis—someone spoke of May Van Alan's grandmother the other day as Mrs. William Astor, and my' the look that girl got! So right here let me warn you. Our Queen of Society is Mrs. Astor.—Mrs. "Jack" Astor, as your intimacy or your nerve permits. But there is only one "Mrs. Astor," and, as the advertisements used to say about something or other. "No more, no less." You might as well speak to an Englishman—or a pretentious American, for that matter—of King Edward as anything but "The King." So don't forget that Astor point, my dear. And now let us wriggle out of this parenthesis.

John Drew's brother, Lewis Baker. Mrs
Drew is an indefinite lady with well-bred,
subduced manners who doesn't appear to
have a leaning for society, the stage, art
or indeed anything in particular. When
one has said she was "among those presone the whole matter has been exhausted.

Mrs. Drew is not pretty—she has the
unfortunately large nose of the Lanes,
her grandmother's family—but she has

most attractive chap who isn't known here. Doubtless he has lived in New York all his life, but he has never existed in a social sense. Indeed, we didn't know he even lived until this girl took him up. She didn't take him up all the way, and thereby hangs my little tale. She never introduced him, and when I've passed their hansom she invariably just happened to have her handkerchlef to her face. They frequented tea-rooms in the most obviously conscious way. In short, last spring and again this fall they have acted that familiar, absurd farce of being continuously together and trying to make the goesips think they were not. He merely assisted her—it was her desire.

Well, finally, it seems he refused to continue to know her below stairs, as one might put it, and said in effect. "If I'm good enough for you to know I'm good enough for you family and your friends."

Everyone says, of course, that he was merely angling for the prestige of social recognition by so influential a family as hers, but I'm inclined to think it was honest self-respect. In any case, his demand was positive. She refused, not point-blank. I suppose, but didn't accede. So he stayed quite away and wrote her somewhat in this wise. (The story is much over the tea cups and highballs these days, but the girl's family has succeeded in keeping it at least within the limits of our set.). To get back, the letter was this idea: "Either you publiely recognize me or I play in my own yard." She made no answer. A week passed, then ten days. The lady held

Alfred Vanderbilt is telling the latest. Horse Show mot and it is making such a hit that no one asks if it is true. He was standing in the promenade taiking "up into" a box to the lovely Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, I think, but that has no bearing on the story. That the lady was charmed and above all obviously of the quality, was what impressed the curious multitude of deliar-a-head rubbers who stood gazing at the box I remember the sensation she made, not only with that class, but when she came up from New Orleans, a stranger to us, before she married Whitehouse. But that's going back five years or more. According to Vanderbilt, he was earnestly chatting to her over the rall of the box and quite unconscious of the gathering mob of sight-seers, when a female hand tapped him on the shoulder. He turned to see a large, well-meaning soul, who had better have stayed in her happy Harlem home "mindin' the kids." "Look here," she said, in her capacity

of self-chosen spokeswoman of the crowd of catalogue-holding sightseers, "how do you expect us to know who that lady is when you keep standin' in front of the

Good-bye, Muriel, I'm for another plunge in the Social Living. When I get to the surface again I'll write to you about what I saw IDA INNEPLY.

DEEP BREATHING BEAUTIFIES

Woman Explains Subject to Audience of Other Women.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27 -"Every beautiful woman is a deep breather," said Mrs. Amelia L. Caulkins, while the members of the Political Study club almost strangled in their efforts to take long breaths during her talk on "The Ethical Value of Things Commonplace," yesterday after-

"All our beautiful actresses know the All our beautiful actresses know the value of exercise, sunshine, water and fresh air. And you scarcely ever meet a beautiful woman who wears any victous device in private life." Mrs. Caulkin's lecture was becoming al-

sir. Why the fresh, rich blood rushes to my face," she continued, waving her arms expressively.

"Just as if the fresh, rich blood didn't rush to my face," retorted Mrs. Cory.

"Who can doubt that if Foe had used dumbbells more his poems would have been less uncanny?" continued the lecturer, when she got a chance. Then the chair called for a general discussion of the subject, and among others Mrs. Lee of Boston told the women that in her town they all believed in fresh air, and that in addition to the five senses that New Yorkers have, the Bestonese have two more—the electric and magnetic temperaments.

"And it depends upon whether your stomach is alkall or acid what kind of air, food and exercise you are to take," she said. She so startled her interested audlence with her seven-sense theory that those who had been trying long, deep breathing suddenly stopped, fearing theirs was the wrong kind of stomach for such treatment, and that some awail fate a waited them.

Many light-hearted matrons firmly decided to consult their physician before

cided to consult their physician bef they change their habits of life, desp the excellent advice they had received

WOULDN'T LISTEN TO LOVE

Husband Pleads With Wife Who Sues for Divorce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27 .- Matthew T. Chapman as a writer of love letters had a style of his own After his separation from Mrs Helen Leet Chapman of Auro-

from Mrs. Helen Leet Chapman of Aurora he sent her several missives, containing these sentences.

I know you are miserable without me I love you so.

My home and happiness are destroyed. You only can restore them.

I know you must still love me at heart, even us I do you.

Life without a home and you would not be worth living.

Life without a nome and you would not be worth living.

I have been anxious to know, as I do know, that you love me still.

If you would not believe the lies told you, there would be no trouble between

you, there would be no trouble between us.

I can not say the word "home," for there will be no home for me without you in it.

A man cannot tell beforehand the amount of trouble and misery a woman can make for him.

We can only be happy by making others happy, and vice versa.

Mrs Chapman introduced the letters yesterday as evidence in her suit for divorce after she had sworn Chapman had "bothered" her for a reconcillation ever since her suit was begun. Every Sunday, she said, he called her up by telephone and begged her to return to him.

Mrs. Chapman also swors the defendant used to buy whisky by the case—"one case a month"—and that she told him he was "a fine temperance man and church trustee."

"When you obtain anything yourself for half price, somebody else must have paid The other half."

'Tree Tea Selected Wisdom'

The pure, good tea, sold in packages only.

M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO., Importers, San Francisco.

Only a Beggarly \$816,000.

market, for it appears from settlement of

belleved, have slumped in the British market, for it appears from settlement of the Alice Thaw trusteeship less than a million was all the Countess of Yarmouth was able to pay for hers. There was talk at the time of the welding of Miss Thaw to the noble carl that he detayed the welding until her family met his terms as to the size of the heires's dot.

Lord Yarmouth denied that vigorously, or friends did so for him, but the supposed incident aroused a good deal of interest in the sum actually to be settled on the Pittsburg girl to equip her for her new position. It was assumed by those who knew how liberal Mrs. Thaw had been to her son Hurry that the young Countess would receive a fund running well into seven figures and it was recognized the income thereof would be enjoyed by the affable Briton who had bestowed his title on the Yankee lass.

The Fidelity and Trust company has filed the first papers settling the trusteeship created for the Countess. It turned out Miss Thaw's dowry, instead of souring into the millions, was only a beggariy \$16,000-hardly enough for a baroner's bride, to say nothing of an earl's or even a buron's. Worse still, it became known, only \$20,000 of that sum would be given to the Countess of Yarmouth in cash. The remaining \$616,000 is to be delivered in the form of bonds and stocks, which, while of the variety known affectionately to Wall street brokers and English noblemen as "gilt-edged," cannot be regarded by extravagant young persons, it is assumed, as complacently as the same sum in Uncle Sam's legal tender. The list of securities includes 11.000 shares of Pennsylvania railroad stock.

GETS \$4 A WEEK.

Society Girl and Actress Takes a Job

PHILADELPHIA Nov. 27 - Miss. Mareanne Honeyman Wood has given the smart set another twinge, and enraged her family by hiring out to her cousin, Miss Louise Wood, as maid of all work. Miss Wood's present wages are \$4 a week, but she says her cousin is so well bleased with her services that she has promised her a "Pagie".

been here five weeks." she said. a particle of difference what snybody

CASTORIA. Bears the Chart Fletchire Bignature

EXCURSIONS EAST

Tickets on sale Tuesdays and Fricach week. See agents for particulars City Ticket Office 201 Main St.

ding Presents. NEW YORK Nov. 27.-Miss Katherine

Engel of Hoboken and Samuel N. Hertel of Jersey City Heights were to have been married last night. The bridegroom did not appear, and after waiting two bours for him the guests started to play euchre and kept up the game for four hours in the hope he would arrive. The minister sat watching the players until he gave up hope. Then ho want home. The prospective bridegroom is still missing and the bride-elect is prostrated. Nearly 200 guests had assembled at the home of the young woman. Messengers were sent out, but they reported that they could not find Hertel. Then some one suggested progressive cuche: The eards were brought and the guesis played until after midnight. The wedding presents were put up as prizes.

"We had a nice time of it, anyway," said the bridegroom's closest friend. "I wen a nice umbrella that I had presented the young man who was to have been married, so I saved that. The more valumble articles, however, we left for the bride."

TEA

Let us have your confidence; we are entitled to it. So is our tea.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE, Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., November 10, 1944—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 8th day of December, 1804, and then opened, for the Installation of two electric passenger elevators in the United States courthouse and postoffice at Salt Lake City, Utah, in accordance with drawings and specification, copies of which may be obtained at this office, at the discretion of the Supervising Architect.

JAMES KNOX TAYLOR, c1871

Supervising Architect.

SLUMP IN CORONETS.

Countess of Yarmouth's Dowry Was

elleved, have slumped in the British

Doing Housework.

Via Oregon Short Line.

Pacific and Wabash lines.

BRIDEGROOM DIDN'T COME.

Guests Played Euchre for the Wed-

Engel of Hoboken and Samuel N. Hertel

Schilling's Best is a good foot-rule to measure your grocer with.

ESTABLISHED ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

and think what these 2 Monday Morning Specials Mean to You! From 9 to 12 o'clock this morning

There'll be a rousing rally of the economical in our FLANNEL DE-Yard Wide Crapon or Ripple all-wool Eiderdown

With a beautiful heavy fleece and a downy stockinet back, suitable for slumber robes, dressing gowns, bath robes and baby's coals, colors red, gray, old rose, light blue, medium blue, pink and cream, Regular price Se, at, a yard.

Limit 10 yards to a customer.

GOLF GLOVE

For Ladies and Children. A Great 3 Hour Sale

Important Specials Scheduled for This Afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock.

\$4 Bedspreads

You will grow enthusiastic over this bargain the moment you see it. A glance at the spreads will reveal their true worth and a glance at the price will convince you that they are approximately one-half their value. They are WHITE ENGLISH MARSEILLES SPREADS, with elaborate

Another Great Ribbons

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS.

Black Grosgrain Ribbon in Nos. 12 and 16. Satin Ribbons in Nos. 4, 5. Plain Taffeta Ribbons in Nos. 5, 7 and 3, Satin Taffeta Ribbons, in 17 and 3 and a number of fancy Plaid Ribbons, worth up to 15c, go on sale today, 2 to 5 o'clock, at the uniform price of, a yard.



See that hair cloth, set with stays of Tailors' canvas?

That's what gives the perma-

nency of shape to the Gardner You can dig into the inside of any of them from \$12.00 up-

And find it just as shown

As a proof that Gardner Suits are carefully finished in-

side as well as out. There's an aperture left in the lining of each for your inspection.

Instead of taking our word

Come and see for yourself.

J. P. GARDNER MAIN ST. THE QUALITY STORE-

DENTAL SPECIAL Only three days left to takee advantage of my November cut in The prices will positively be higher next month, so come

Dr. West, Dentist, 261 Main St., SIGN OF DIDN'T HURT A BIT BOY

HALL'S CANKER AND DIPHTHERIA REMEDY

For the Mouth. Throat, -- Never Fails -- For Sale by All Druggists Stomach and Bowels NELDEN-JUDSON DRUG CO., General Agent. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

HAND SAPOLIO

For Toilet and Bath. It makes the toilet something to be enjoyed it removes all stains and roughness prevents prickly heat and chafing, and leaves the skin white, soft, healthy. In the bath it brings a glow and exhibitation which no common scap can equal, imparting the vigor and life sensation of a mild Turkish bath. All Grocers and Druggists.

HUSLER'S **FLOUR** BREAD. SATIS-FACTION OR

THAT'S

APPETIZING TO

LOOK AT, SWEET

TO THE TASTE-

MONEY BACK.