

EIGHT DAYS OF ELKS' GLITTER AND SHOW.

FOR THAT PERIOD THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL PURPLE WILL HOLD FORTH WITH REAL MONARCHIAL SWAY—FULL, OFFICIAL PROGRAM AS REVISED AND PROMULGATED BY THE COMMITTEE—FESTIVITIES BEGIN ONE WEEK FROM TONIGHT WITH AN ELECTRICAL PARADE THAT WILL DAZE ALL BEHOLDERS.



LESTER D. FREED, Grand Ruler Salt Lake Lodge No. 53.



CAPTAIN M. F. STOLL, Director General of Carnival



CHARLES O. ELLINGWOOD, Member Executive Committee.



R. B. WHITTEMORE, Chairman Executive Committee.



A. E. LYON, Member Executive Committee.



J. W. LANGLEY, Secretary Executive Committee.



A. D. TOBIN, Member Executive Committee.

MYSTIC SYMBOL "B. P. O. E."

"I Can, You Can, Be at the Elks' Street Fair," the Magic War Cry That Will Bring Thousands of Strangers Hither.

JUST one week from tonight Salt Lake will cast off what somber, serious moods she may entertain in her working hours, and throw care to the four winds. No sound, sane person residing permanently or temporarily within the limits prescribed long ago as the boundaries of this city will be given an opportunity to say that he, she or it didn't have a good time. Pleasure will come so thick and fast that one will have to dodge to escape it.

voice and the brassy megaphone, telling the people all about it. It is easy to do this, because it was only a short time ago that the howling speller was abroad in the land at a certain street fair held here recently. That there will be a vast difference between the alleged event of a few weeks ago and the real article now coming close, is assured by Capt. Stoll, director general of the Elks' carnival in emphatic tones.

In the first place, the Elks' fair is going to be a big thing, and no one will be unaware of its presence once it gets started; but far better than that, Capt. Stoll is responsible for the statement that it will be absolutely clean in all its particulars. There will be an oriental theatre, but it will be a much different affair from Colorado Charlie's offensive show. As Capt. Stoll says, his eye flashing and his lips set firm.

"There will be no hula-hula dances at this carnival. It will be fit for women and children to see, in ever particular," and he adds, as an habitual after-thought, "and all for a dime, ten cents."

Within the carnival enclosure, there will be 200 booths occupied by merchants having myriads of electric lights strung around in all directions, in the color of the order, purple and white. That it will be a beautiful sight at night, lighted, musical with the strains of many bands, gorgeous with gay colors, hilarious with the shouts of revelers, is as certain as it is that the carnival is coming, or that the sun rises daily and sets just as often.

Principal among the attractions will be the Jarbour shows, consisting of 125 people and constituting one of the biggest entertainments ever seen at any street fair any place. There will be the acrobat "Streets of Cairo"—different though from the unclean performances of certain Cairo shows that have appeared here—a Mexican theater, streets of all nations, Algerian theater, animal show, German village, and the famous Austin sisters. In the animal show is the big lion, Nero, conceded to be the largest in the world in captivity. Mr. Jarbour, in fact, has a



THE ELK OF ALL LOCAL ELKS, TO BE CHRISTENED SEPTEMBER 21ST.

standing offer of \$10,000 to the man who can produce a larger lion than is Nero. He has had that offer standing ever since he brought the king of all animals to this country, and it is still standing.

Those are the Jarbour attractions, but "there are others." The executive committee has a right fine show of its own, secured by a concession of the United States government. This is an Indian village, and the Indians who are to take part are coming from the reservation with their families to the number of about sixty. The beauty of this part of the entertainment will be that it will be entirely genuine, and there will be no fakirs' tricks about it.

This is the first time any Indians have been permitted to leave a reservation to take part in a show since the World's Fair at Chicago, and the local boys feel more than pleased with the concession made by the government. From this, they argue that Uncle Sam is an Elk.

As is well known, the battle cry at the carnival is "Help the building fund." The Elks propose, if it is at all possible, to have their new building ready for occupancy by January, 1902, so that when the big national gathering of antlers comes to Salt Lake next August, nothing will be left undone to make their stay a memorable one. One way of increasing the fund is the Kan-

garoo court, which is to be run during the week within the enclosure. There are to be three presiding judges, Booth, Pardee and Kinney, with Judge Silks as associate judge. H. O. Shepard is to be the defending attorney of the offenders, and Judge Chris. Diehl is to prosecute those who go wrong. F. Shirer is clerk of the court and Patsy Sullivan chief of police, with a large corps of Kanjaroo policemen in special uniform. The idea of the court is to arrest and fine the Elks for all kinds of offenses. That antler who has too good a time will be called to account, as well as he who does not have a good enough time. Fines will be imposed for talking too much and for not talking enough,

QUEEN MABELLE'S REIGN WILL BE INAUGURATED WITH MUCH CEREMONY ON MONDAY THE 16TH AT HIGH NOON—KEYS WILL BE GIVEN HER BY MAYOR THOMP-

SON, AFTER WHICH THE CARNIVAL WILL BE ON—BIG AFFAIR WILL COST A SMALL FORTUNE—THE MEN

WHO HAVE WORKED TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS.

as well as for talking just the right amount. All of the money collected for these fines will be put in the building fund.

One of the features of the week will be the naming of the mascot of the lodge, the live elk, which has been kept at Liberty park for a year past. This will come on Saturday, September 21, the last day of the carnival. The committee some time ago instituted a ladies' guessing contest for the name of the Elk, and the fortunate lady is to receive a handsome \$100 gold watch. Thousands of answers have been received. It will be decided on the 20th, Elks' Purple Day, when two gentlemen, not Elks, will award the prize.

Another contest which is arousing considerable interest is the ladies' equestrienne contest, which is to take place on Purple Day. The ladies who participated are to be attired in the colors of the order, and prizes of \$100 and \$75 have been offered.

He who guesses the name of King Rex will receive a prize of \$100 and he who says when that merry individual will arrive will draw down \$50. These contests are attracting a great deal of attention and Captain Stoll has several clerks busy every day handling the mail matter in relation to them.

The queen of the carnival, chosen after weeks of consideration of different names, is to be Miss Mabelle Snow, daughter of President Snow. Her maids of honor are to be Misses Jacketta McCune, Florence Scholes, Alice Needham, Genevieve Young, Cora Cameron, Salt Lake; Mae Taylor, Moab; Anna Hatch, Heber City; Constance Thatcher, Logan; Henriette Neff, Provo; Vida Eccles, Ogden.

That the carnival is going to be something elaborate, is evidenced from the fact that the executive committee has already spent \$12,500, and the real expenses of the fair have hardly yet begun. To fence the enclosure, there will be required 72,000 feet of lumber, and 3,200 lights will be used in illuminating it. It is expected that 200 Elks' lodges will be represented among the visitors, and that there will be 10,000 people in the enclosure every day.

Director General Stoll has had the affair in charge, under the advice of a

hard working and capable executive committee, consisting of R. B. Whittemore, W. P. Read, J. W. Langley, A. E. Lyon, C. O. Ellingwood, A. D. Tobin and Lester D. Freed. Captain Stoll sums up the carnival in these significant words:

"When we are through with this carnival, the people of Salt Lake will insist on its being made an annual affair, not alone because of the opportunity for genuine enjoyment that it affords, but because the benefit to the city in advertising will be incalculable."

The official program for the week is as follows:

Saturday Evening, Sept. 14—Salt Lake Lodge No. 53, electrical parade. Monday, Sept. 16—Governor's day. Opening of fair and carnival at 12 noon. Presentation of keys of the city by the Hon. Ezra Thompson, mayor of the city, to Queen Mabelle, with twenty maids of honor in parade. Parade at 10 a. m., comprising Salt Lake lodge No. 53, Queen Mabelle and maids of honor, Indians, Jarbour attractions. Opening of fair at 12 noon sharp. At 1 p. m. opening address to the Hon. Heber M. Wells, governor of the state of Utah, Senator Thomas Kearns and Congressman Sutherland. Exalted Ruler Lester Freed, of Salt Lake Lodge No. 53, presiding officer.

Tuesday, Sept. 17—School children's day. Each and every school child in the state of Utah, under the age of 15, will on this day, between the hours of 1 and 6 p. m., be admitted to the carnival enclosure free.

Wednesday, Sept. 18—Salt Lake Lodge No. 53, merchants, civic, fraternal day. Parade at 10 a. m. Jarbour attractions, Queen Mabelle and maids of honor.

Thursday, Sept. 19—Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and California day.

Friday, Sept. 20—Elks' purple day. Electric parade by Salt Lake Lodge No. 53, Ogden, Tintic, Pocatello, Rock Springs, Rawlins, and Cheyenne, and all visiting brothers.

Saturday, Sept. 21—Traveling men's day. Parade at 10 a. m. by commercial travelers.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE LOVE SURVIVED MATRIMONY

By Rev. E. J. Hardy in "Detroit News-Tribune."

It has been said that marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth, but this is by no means always the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon, if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion" or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass, soon broken. There is a love that is feverish, violent and full of passion, but having gained its object, its force is soon exhausted. It cannot endure in the hour of trial. If beauty, health and wealth should fall, it would fall. How different is true love. It is sympathetic in every state. The rosy time of courtship is not degraded by its decline. When the flowers begin to fade and when the winter of life is come, and when its object till life is extinct, and when it longs for reunion in a better world. We are so often assured now-days that marriage is a failure, that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows: "I have gone over the twenty-four years of my life, and I find that I was never more contented than when I was married, and today she is my sweetheart, my wife, and she tells me I am still her king among men."

when 22, a girl of 20. People used to wonder which of the two would die first. The woman died aged 84, and the man 14 months afterwards. Talking of their married life, he would say: "Me and my missus never argued."

"ALWAYS A LOVER." To be polite and pleasant to each other and never to argue is the way husband and wife cause love to survive their marriage. A friend who was with me at a hotel said of a couple who were also staying there: "I did not know they were married, for the lady always conversed with the man and is so polite to him." What a satire on other couples! Shakespeare says that men are "April when they wed," and December when they wed. But if this be the rule, it is one to which there are a great number of exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor, Garrick, said of hers: "He never was a husband to me; he was always a lover."

Brides and bridegrooms of 10 years' standing think that those who have been married 30 or 35 years longer than themselves are very prosaic and unromantic. We would remind those who manifest this newly-learned intolerance of what an old minister of the Church of Scotland said to a young Scotch dissenter who was finding many faults: "When your lum (chimney) has reeked as long as ours, perhaps it will have as muc heot." In the jubilee year of our late queen two women were seen in a tramcar in Scotland discussing the meaning of the word "jubilee." One did not know the meaning of it. The other thought that she did, and gave the following explanation: "Twenty-

ty-five 'ears marrit's a silver waddin', an' '50 'ears marrit's a golden waddin', an' the jubilee's when the maun dees!'" Even when the man does not die there are many jubilant marriages in which the couples remain sweethearts until death separates them as far at least as this world is concerned. "There is real love just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I never have seen a ghost, but I have often and often seen love surviving matrimony, growing stronger and truer as the years passed on instead of fading away. I have seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-wife.

Old Robert Burton relates several cases of more than lovers' love existing between husband and wife. He tells of women who died to save their husbands, and of a man who, when his wife was carried away by Mauritanian pirates, became a galley-slave in order to be near her. Of a certain Rubenius Celar he says that he "would needs have it engraven on his tomb that he had led his life with Ensea, his dear wife, 43 years 8 months, and never fell out." With this compare a wish of a more modern husband. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, used laughingly to say that he wished it put on their tombstone that he and his wife had never been reconciled. They never had a falling out and their married life has been described as being "as near perfection as anything this side of Eden could be." Speaking of his marriage, Baxter said, "We live in invidious

luted love and mutual complacency, sensible of the benefit of mutual help, nearly 19 years."

Bishop Hall "enjoyed the company" of his helpmate for the space of 49 years. Yes, "enjoyed" is just the word that expresses the comfort in each other's society that is felt by many couples who have lived half or more than half their lives together.

Benjamin Franklin experienced the truth of his own proverb, "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." After a married life of 40 years, he said: "We thrived together and ever endeavored to make each other happy." Poets are an irritable race, but some of them have made good and loving husbands. "And what did you see?" one was asked who had been into the Lake country and had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife." They were both quite old, and he was almost blind, but they seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." So, too, Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbor, tells how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him, and watch over him till he awoke.

A friend was talking to Wordsworth of De Quincy's articles about him. Wordsworth begged him to stop; he had not read them, and did not wish to ruffle himself about them. "Well," said the friend, "I'll tell you only one thing, he says, and then we'll talk of other things. He says your wife is too good for you." The old poet's dim eyes lighted up, and he started from his chair, crying with enthusiasm: "And that's true! There he's right!" his disgust and contempt visibly moderating. The poets Thomas Moore and Thomas Hood were happy though married. It is true that the enemies of the former said that he preferred the company of aristocrats to that of his wife, but this was a calumny. Whatever amusement he might find in the grand society in which he mixed, he always returned to his wife, "his Bessie," and children with a fresh feeling of delight.

Many wives deserve but few receive, such an I. O. U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side): "I never was anything dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fall. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause." Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom may have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence—all that is wifely or womanly—from my pen." Referring to the obscurity of much of Browning's poetry, Wordsworth said, when he heard that the poet was going to marry the poetess, Miss Barrett: "I hope they'll understand one another." Certainly Mrs. Browning did think that she understood her husband, for she wrote to a friend: "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear his breathe." If it is rash to marry a poet it is seemed to Miss Barrett's friends a doubling of this risk for two of the ir-

ritable profession to wed. Contrary to the expectations of all, the result was exceptional happiness. Mrs. Kemble, who saw a great deal of the Brownings at Rome, remarked that Mr. Browning was the only man she had ever known who behaved like a Christian to his wife.

SOUTHEY'S LOVE OF HOME. If Mrs. Kemble had known Southey's husband; this is what Charlotte Bronte wrote of him in a letter to a friend, a Mr. W. S. Williams: "Some people assert that genius is inconsistent with domestic happiness, and yet Southey was happy at home, and made his home happy; he not only loved his wife and children though he was a poet, but he loved them the better because he was a poet. . . . He found his prime glory in his genius, and his chief felicity in home affections." Nobody could have appreciated a home more than did Southey. He would say: "Oh dear, oh dear! there is such comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and one's fire-side, one's own writing desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck and saying: 'Don't go to London, papa, you must stay with Edith!' and a little boy whom I taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jacksasses, etc., before he could articulate a word of his own. There is such a comfort in all these things, that transportation to London for four or five weeks seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve." Mrs. Alexander, wife of the primate of Ireland, was the writer of hymns that are everywhere sung by children. Her husband also writes poetry, but

perhaps the sympathetic life they lived together until she was taken from him was the best poem which either of them produced. The famous Bishop of Exeter, an ideal couple. They were real chums, if it be not audacious to speak in this way of an archbishop and his wife. Dr. Arnold often dwelt upon "the rare, unbroken, the almost awful happiness" of his domestic life and carried the first feelings of enthusiastic love and watchful care through 22 years of wedded life.

The great orator, Edmund Burke, and his wife were a sweetest couple. He used to say that every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof, so tender, sympathetic and serene was his wife. "I think many vicarages his wife would have said: 'an ideal couple.' One who knows him said: 'In the house of commons only the fiercer peculiarities of his character were seen, while at home he seemed the mildest and kindest, as well as one of the best and greatest of human beings. He poured forth the rich treasures of his mind with the most prodigal bounty. At breakfast and dinner his gaiety, wit and pleasantness endeavored the board, and diffused cheerfulness and happiness all round."

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness," might be said of many famous soldiers. That Lord Lawrence, of Indian fame, enjoyed an earthly paradise in his home may be seen by the following anecdote. His lordship was sitting in his drawing-room at Southey, with his sister and others of the family, all engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been en-

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