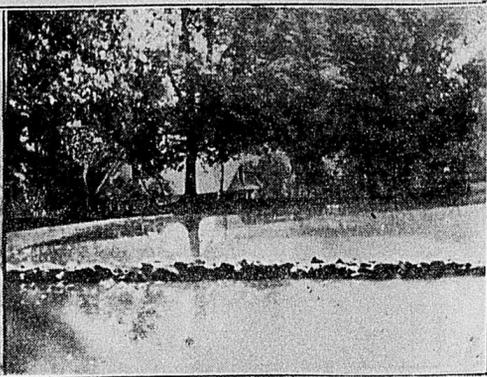


Strawberries Are Ripe and Mill Creek Is Busy.



PICKING STRAWBERRIES.



THE OLD MILL POND.

The strawberry season is at its height at East Mill Creek. Everybody, big and little, is out picking berries. The fruit is in a fine condition, and there is a big crop. This is a good thing, because strawberries are practically all the fruit they will get out here this season, the heavy frost earlier in the year, having killed all else. A covering of snow during the night of the frost saved the berries.

And so the wise and fortunate ones are enjoying the fruit in the season thereof, and are not only preserving it for winter use, but are having strawberries for breakfast, strawberries for dinner, strawberries for supper, they come fresh from the patch in their naked beauty, or supplemented with cream and sugar; they are to be found in short-cake, in pies, as preserves, and as jelly—can there be anything more to be desired, this reveling in the best berry that grows?

ART OF BERRY PICKING.

Henry Ward Beecher once wrote beautifully about the excellencies of strawberries; but, of course his knowledge was not first-hand. One doubts if he ever picked strawberries all day in the hot sun. If the occupation was not so backbreaking, one would say that strawberry picking is one of the finer arts. Some never learn it, while others become expert. For an adult whose vertebral cartilage pads have

lost much of their elasticity, this back bending labor is severe. The writer has tried it, and has concluded that until such times that man is endowed with a much looser hinge in his back than he now has, strawberry picking is for children and Japs.

To the man with a large ripe field of berries, there are trials with children pickers. Though physically the most able, there is something in their mental make up that goes against them; they carelessly step on the vines, and even sit on the berries; they pick the over-soft and the bad ones, making a lot of extra work in sorting; they each morning to get a job. For half a day they revel in the rows, and stuff themselves full of the delicious fruit; then the afternoon sun gets hot, and by night they are done—"Can't come tomorrow." Then there is a new lot in the morning—and so it goes.

VERITABLE PANORAMA.

The view from East Mill Creek is at its loveliest now. The Salt Lake valley lies at one's feet, and it is green from the Jordan to the Wasatch. The whole presents a wonderfully beautiful panorama. The Pioneer monument in Salt Lake is five miles north and four miles west from the East Mill Creek meetinghouse, near by, from which point one looks over the valley, and can plainly see the Deseret News building, the Temple and the New-house buildings as dark blocky shapes. The City and County building tower sticks up plainly from the common mass. The spires of the Temple lifting up from the thin blanket of smoke which covers the city, cut into sections the Salt Lake's silvery-ribbed surface, and stand boldly against the blue-gray background of Church Island. Saltair appears as a dark knob

near the lake. Over in the western mountains, Garfield and Bingham belch forth their smoke, as does Murray down in the middle of the valley.

GREEN LANDSCAPE.

From this viewpoint the floor of the Salt Lake valley reminds one of a stretch of English landscape. At this season of the year the whole is intensely green, not having a brown or yellow spot to modify it.

Fields and trees cover the valley, with the Jordan gleaming on its western edge. The wonder is that in an irrigated section, such a luxury of growth should everywhere be seen.

The view at night is no less entrancing. Then the lights come out. To the northwest Salt Lake City glows with electricity, the north bench being more plainly seen, the lights being arranged, as the farmer plants his trees, in rows intersecting at right angles. Wandamere glows in light, and Murray looks quite a town. The red blaze of the furnaces may be seen at Murray, and even the western hills are aglow with red fire.

Mill Creek is near the mountains. Their crazy summits streaked with snow, are just east and south. Every evening they send down cool breezes, driving away any smoke which might come from the city or the smelters. These breezes are more than mild in winter; but then, in early spring they drive away the frost, which makes this part of the valley the best fruit-growing district in the state. Last spring's frost was the only serious one they had experienced since fruit trees were planted here.

PROSPEROUS MILL CREEK.

Signs of prosperity abound everywhere at East Mill Creek. The farm-

ers live in substantial houses, usually surrounded by lawns and flowers, and shaded by trees. The fields and gardens are well kept, indicating an up-to-date community.

Among the beautiful spots of East Mill Creek is Mrs. Emory-Holmes' country house. It stands on the bank of the rushing creek, embowered in trees and surrounded by well kept walks, lawns, and flower beds. The "honk," "honk" of the automobile may often be heard when Mayor Bransford takes a party from town to spend a day at Oakwood, the name in big white letters which stand over the driveway leading through the hedge into the grounds.

Mill Creek was one of the first places to be settled in the valley. A flour mill was built on the creek the year after the pioneers arrived, in 1848. This mill was operated by John and Franklin Neff, and was the first in the valley to make a profit. The mill pond is now part of Oakwood, and is made into a miniature pleasure lake.

ORIGINAL BISHOPRIC.

The East Mill Creek ward was organized July 15, 1877. John Neff was selected as bishop, and his counselors were Henry B. Skidmore and Samuel Oliver. This was 32 years ago, and there has been no change since. Bishop Neff and his two original counselors still reside at East Mill Creek. This is a remarkable record of service. To look at the bishop, who is hale and hearty, and the ideal picture of a white-haired man, bright, active, and full with the wisdom of a long life in the service of his fellow men, one would conclude that there need be no change, yet awhile, in the bishop of the ward. NEPHI ANDERSON.

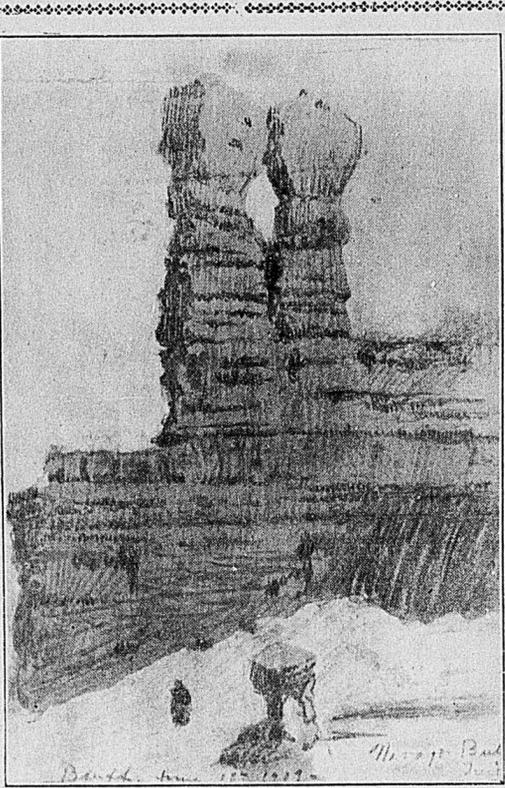
DIARY OF AN ARTIST-STUDENT WITH THE U. OF U. EXPEDITION

(Special Correspondence.)

LUFF, Utah, June 16, 1909.—After 50 miles of absolute desert and two days of hot sun we are arrived at Bluff, mostly blisters and dust. Dr. Hewlett, director of American archeology joined us here and we shall start for the "Moonlight" country with our pack of mules and saddle horses tomorrow morning. Dr. Hewlett is full of enthusiasm for the prospects of the summer and has already found a very mysterious piece of wood about 18 inches long, six inches wide and three inches thick, perforated on one side with small holes in rectangular patterns. It probably dates back many centuries as the wood is dried up until it resembles cork. This along with the unique masonry found by Prof. Cummings at Moab makes a particularly encouraging commencement.

Perhaps you have never heard of the "Moonlight" country? Well, it has reference to that belt of territory lying east of the San Juan river stretching far down into Arizona and dotted over with ruins of the Moki. The story of its naming describes quite drastically the nature of its plains and solitudes. A cowboy had ridden for several days without water and finally in the last extremity of despair he ran across some Indians and demanded where he could find water. They refused to tell him and that night wandering over the plains in the moonlight he found a little spring and so saved himself. He named the place Moonlight Waters and the country has taken the name from that.

Dr. Hewlett has just returned from Europe and reports that he believes we shall soon know a great deal more about early America than we do now, for the reason that he has found about 2,000,000 manuscripts at Seville, Spain, which relate the experiences of the various explorers who have penetrated America. There are many maps, for example, which give the exact location of the many pueblos in Arizona and New Mexico that he found simply by glancing through a few of the packages given to his disposal. He says he believes there are enough manuscripts at Seville to keep several men busy several centuries issuing a fair sized volume each year. This should be of particular interest to us as Utah received its share of exploration by these same adventurers.



CRAYON SKETCH OF THE BLUFFS.

The San Juan is running at high speed just at present and is washing the city of Bluff out of existence. Already a plot of ground of 50 or 60 acres of field land has been washed away and this is serious, when one thinks that there is only a very narrow strip of land on the north bank of the river that is fit for cultivation. The city lies between two high bluffs only four or

five feet above the water's edge, and the people are much excited over the probable outcome. The San Juan is full of quicksand and therefore it is dangerous to attempt to change its course.

The thermometer is high at Bluff, but the trees are laden with fruits, and afford a picturesque view in combination with the high red sand stone cliffs rising precipitously in every direction.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The new German method of fighting fire in light liquids, like benzine or gasoline, consists in covering the surface with a layer of foam containing inert gas. It's cutting off the air and making combustion impossible. The approved apparatus made by a Prussian company near Minden, as described by Consul T. H. Norton, consists of a simple metal cylinder, divided into two chambers, and provided with a long spout. One potash alum and sodium sulphate, the other with a solution of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice root extract. As the two cylinders are inclined or reversed, the two solutions mix as they issue from the spout, and the chemical reaction between the alum and bicarbonate gives a prompt evolution of carbon dioxide, converting the licorice solution into an exceedingly stiff and persistent foam. Even when the burning liquid has become so hot that its fiery vapor bubbles up through the foam, the carbon dioxide rapidly cools it, in a test by the Hannover fire department, 18 gallons of benzine—partly in a shallow iron pan and partly scattered on the ground—was allowed to burn three minutes, and then received the contents of two foam extinguishers, which quickly arrested the fire. When the foam was removed and fire rekindled, water from a 2-inch hose was insufficient to check the flames, which spread rapidly, endangering nearby buildings.

Bees return to their hives in a direct line when they have been carried away and liberated, up to two miles. This has been supposed to be due either to the sense of sight or of smell, but the experiments of Gaston Bonnier have proven that neither sight nor smell can serve the purpose, and that bees have a special "sense of direction." This sense is not in the antennae.

A novel luxury for the hotel bedroom is a new signal apparatus that gives the exact time at any minute. A small telephone receiver is placed near the head of the bed or even under the pillow, and pressing a button causes a set of gongs to strike, announcing through the telephone the hour, quarter, and number of minutes past the quarter.

Divers increase the time that they can remain under water by a little preliminary deep breathing. A late experimenter has found that without preparation he could hold his breath for only 42 seconds; but after one minute of forced breathing he could hold it for 2 minutes and 21 seconds; after three minutes, for 2 minutes and 21 seconds; and after six minutes, for 4 minutes and 5 seconds. The effect of the forced breathing appears to be a freeing of the blood and body tissues from considerable carbon dioxide. It proves to be undesirable, however, to continue the forced breathing more than three or three minutes, for if it is prolonged, the muscles of the hands become rigid, and remain completely paralyzed for a minute or two after holding the breath begins. In actual practice, the pearl divers of Ceylon take only a few deep breaths before descending.

The trackless land is as difficult to travel without a compass as the track-

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That's What They All Say

"I WAS SICK, BUT DR. SHORES MADE ME WELL."



MISS EMILY MONK, 4678 Fifth East St., Calders Station, Salt Lake City.

READ MISS MONK'S STORY.

Miss Monk says: "I have been sick for a long time, in fact for years I have been ailing; but last winter I became so much worse I decided to consult Drs. Shores. I had Catarrh. My head ached, I was short of breath, tired; no ambition; generally run down and discouraged. I began Drs. Shores' treatment a month or so ago, and in a week began to feel better. And to make it short, I will say I am feeling better in every way now—head clearer, and all my symptoms steadily improving, and I am pleased to recommend Drs. Shores to all who need good, reliable Specialists. (Signed) "EMILY MONK."

Was It Consumption



R. E. ELVIN, 148 THOMPSONS COURT, BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND EAST AND SEVENTH AND EIGHTH SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY.

"For a long time I have suffered terribly with my head, throat and lungs. I had headaches continually—never free from them. My breathing was so heavy that my wife could sit in one room and hear me breathing in the next. At night I would cough spells and cough incessantly, and nothing checked or relieved it. I would get up tired in the mornings; had no appetite; bowels irregular; and when I went up in the residence district on the bench I would lose my breath and have to come back at once. Doctors here and elsewhere told me my lungs were affected and Consumption inevitable. After trying everything I heard of my wife persuaded me to go to Drs. Shores, the local Experts, and I did so not quite a month ago, and began treatment. The second night after starting their treatment I did not cough, soon my headaches ceased, and, today, after three weeks' treatment, I do not cough at all, my head is clear, appetite good, bowels regular, and I can walk all day and do my work easily, and that tired-out feeling is entirely gone. It has been such a wonder to me that I deem it a duty to tell my experience for the benefit of others who suffer. I will be glad to talk with anyone interested who will call on me. (Signed) R. E. ELVIN."

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CATARRH—Deafness, nose and throat troubles, eye and ear diseases, bronchial and lung troubles, asthma, stomach, liver and kidney diseases, bladder troubles, female complaints, chronic diseases of women and children, heart disease, nervous diseases, Shores' (St. Vitus' dance), rheumatism, spinal trouble, skin diseases, sciatica and rheumatism, diseases of the bowels, piles, fistula and rectal troubles, goitre (or big neck), blood diseases, tapeworm, hay fever, hysteria, epilepsy, insomnia, etc., and all curable nervous and chronic diseases. Prices and terms low and uniform. Can be arranged to suit your convenience.

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less sea. The chief engineer of the Honduras National railroad cautions engineers to take special precautions against being lost, as in the tropical forest one speedily becomes bewildered and without a compass there is absolutely no way of determining direction. The sun is always invisible, except possibly when directly overhead. There is no moss on the trees to serve as a guide, and any neighboring elevations are hidden by the density of the foliage. It is further pointed out that there are sunny plains where also the compass is much needed. On the treeless clanos of South America, with no hills in sight, the sun indicates direction when it is near rising and setting, but at midday it gives no clue, as it is directly overhead, so that a man covers his own shadow.

Colds that hang on weaken the constitution and develop into consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures persistent coughs that refuse to yield to other treatment. Do not experiment with untried remedies as delay may result in your cold settling on your lungs.—F. J. Hill Drug Co., (The never substitutes) Salt Lake City.

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