Help the Weary Shop Girl To Enjoy Her Christmas

A Story Which Gives Only One Reason for Shopping Early During The Holiday Season.

This brief story was told me by a doctor who works in a tenement section of the city of New York. It is no bright Christmas story—the bells ring out but once. Its only interest for Christmas day is the interest it would have for Christ.

It's common enough—the doctor began—and I'll give you all I can remember. The trouble is that I'm no writer, and I've seen so many cases more or less like it, that a good many details have slipped by mind. I'll give all I can.

Last year on Christmas eve—late, about 11 o'clock—a girl came into my office as I was closing up. She was young, slim, worn, her face so white that I took it for granted she was a patient. But she settled that with a quick nervous laugh. She had a young sister "really sick"—so sick that she wanted me to come at once. She could barely wait to get started.

They lived in a cheap furnished room—fourth floor back—with two windows looking into a court. I wish I could give you the room as it was. You might fill that in from what you know. Make it vivid. You can do that of course, and still make it true. The point to be shown is this. The room was a desperate try at a home. Bare enough—but clean. Furniture cheap and ugly—the landlady's taste. But the small things different, quite different, and so arranged as to cover the ugliness. Some of the ugliness. On the whole it failed. And the small woman touches made the attempt the more painful.

On the double bed lay the young sister. She was 16 but looked three years younger—small, thin and weak—a child. Her shoes were off and some of her clothes. She lay on her back, her hands opening and then clinching, her face twitching hard, her wide open eyes staring up at the ceiling. When I tried to ask questions, her only reply was a short shaking laugh.

BOTH WERE SHOPGIRLS.

I turned to the older sister, who was 18. And she gave me the details of the case. While she talked she sat now stiff on a chair, then rose and moved about nervously. But her voice was quiet enough. She had herself well in hand. Only I wish I could put it all in her words, and in full, for she made it real, vividly real. Her story was plain and to the point. It ran about like this.

Their mother had died long ago. They had lived with their father, a clerk. He had died two years back, and since then this room had been their home.

Each had worked since the legal age of 14. One four years, the other two. They were in the same store. The older girl sold children's toys. The younger wrapped up parcels. Six and four dollars a week made their wages.

This money paid for rent, food and clothes—Room, $3 a week; breakfast for two, 4 cents; lunch for two 20 cents; supper for two, 34 cents on an average. Breakfast, coffee, was cooked over the gas. The other two meals were bought in lunch rooms. The total for meals was $4.20 a week. Adding the rent made $7.20. Carfare, when it rained, added 30 cents more, and made the average—$7.50. Of the $2.50 left, each girl spent $1 a week on "laundry" clothes and amusements." Fifty cents a week had been saved. In two years they had saved not quite $50—a brief illness having wiped out $11.40. They were saving to live in a "regular home."

The scheme for a home grew out of the girl's club they belonged to. It met one night a week. In this club they had joined with six other girls in a plan to save up and rent two small tenement flats—flats adjoining—and so make "a regular home." Forty-eight dollars saved. They needed $56.

The Christmas season had come on. For the last six weeks they had worked overtime—with "supper money." At first only two nights a week till 10 o'clock. Then three nights—and in the last stretch six nights a week till 11 o'clock. One girl sold toys, the other wrapped 'em up. The pace was fast and never let up.

"Is that package of mine never coming? Can't you hurry it up?"

The girl who wrapped 'em up grew sick. "Not really sick," but enough to make both sisters nervous. Three nights ago, it grew bad enough so that on the way home at 11 p. m. "she couldn't walk quite straight." Her sister had to help her.

IF SHE QUIT WORK.

They had faced the thing that night—faced the thing till 2 a. m. The objection to her quitting work was this. Last winter New York had 200,000 out of work. If she threw up her job she might not get it back. If she didn't—goodbye to that "regular home." They found a way out. The name of the way I needn't give. It was one of the worst of the patent nerve tonics. And the thing worked at first like a charm. She hardly needed meals even—and "simply sailed along" until the day before Christmas.

"Something began to happen inside," that afternoon. It happened more each hour. By 9 o'clock at night it was bad enough for her to lean down from her wrapper's perch and tell her sister to keep one eye on her—in case anything queer should take place.

The queer thing took place about 10 o'clock. An ambulance had been summoned. And that was about all that the older girl could tell me—except that her sister had been like this as soon as they reached the room. It had scared her and she had come to me. By now, it was near 12 o'clock.

A writer like Dickens, I suppose, at this stage in the game would have gone to the window, stared silently out at the city with eyes that saw into a million homes, into misfiction scenes and the like. Would have felt "the great hush that lay over the town." For in a few minutes the hour would strike and Christmas day, with its message of "peace and good will to men," would begin. But I was only a doctor—with a damnably bitter message to give. And standing by the window I only racked my brains for some other way out of the trouble.

"Well?" she asked from behind me.

"It's nervous prostration and a bad case. She'll have to quit work; go to the country and stay there; get a good rest. Two months at least."

"How?" she asked.

WAS IT "MERRY CHRISTMAS?"

This of course was the trouble. I went over it all in my mind again. Hospitals won't take such cases—they are overcrowded at this time of year. Charitable organizations won't send a girl to the country for two months free when the girl has $48 saved. At least not last winter. There were too many sick girls who hadn't a cent. And what money I had, I had already used.

"Have you no relatives?"

"None."

There was one of those long mean silences.

"You mean that $48," she said.

"I'm sorry. Yes."

Another tense silence. She was quiet enough.

"Well," she said, "then it can't be helped. Anyhow, thanks for coming so late at night. Perhaps you can come again tomorrow and tell me where to send her. What ought I to give her tonight?"

As I was giving a few brief directions, the midnight bells began to strike.

Some fool across the courtyard threw open wide his window and shouted "Merry Christmas!" to somebody rooming down below.

Yes, the girl pulled through. It wiped out the money, of course. They're living still in the same furnished room. The younger one got back her job in May.

In August she came to me "for a tonic"—and said they had already $9 saved. I've tried to make her change her job, but times are still hard and jobs are few. So she'll probably stay where she is—and I'll do what I can to pull her through this coming merry Christmas. As to what you want to write there's no need of adding many facts. Ask your readers to look for themselves—while they shop—at the faces behind the counters.

Only as a doctor I want to add this. Most people don't know that in tenement rooms and cheap boarding house rooms, thousands of men, women and young girls—some nothing but kids—lie sick and exhausted on Christmas day. I've heard bitter talk on sick beds, but none so bitter as talk I've heard then. Hospitals fill up way over their limit. Five or six hundred at least from New York's busy shops are sick in bed for a week or more. Probably close to a hundred die.

For it's not only just after Christmas that trouble comes. In this tense rushing city life, the keen autumn months and the month of December are the time to store up the strength that takes people through the raw months ahead. Sap their strength at Christmas—and pneumonia finds easy victims in March. So the shadow of Christmas is cast ahead.

THERE IS A WAY OUT.

What's to be done about it, this jovial Christmas rush? Of course it's a knotty problem. The public, I suppose, might do its shopping earlier, or in some way force the big stores by law to hire even more extra help than they do, and work them in day and evening shifts. Of course there is a way out, if the public cares to find it.

"It's a pity," some people may say, "to force such gloomy thoughts on us on Christmas day. It's a time for happiness, Christmas is."

And that's what I was thinking myself, as I watched the white face of the child on the bed. Yes—it's a knotty problem. One of the kind that Christ, I suppose, would be tackling if he were here, on this mighty birthday of his—while his followers gather round Christmas trees to celebrate his name.

WIRELESS CLUB FORMED.

Enthusiasts Meet to Organize Intermountain Wireless Association.

To study wireless telegraphy and telephony, the Intermountain Wireless association was formed last night at a meeting of several enthusiasts at the home of O. H. Ritchie, 1171 First avenue. The future meetings of the association will be held in the lecture room of the Signal Corps in the Pierpont street armory of the National Guard of Utah, where modern professional apparatus is available for study. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Capt. E. Le Roy Bourne as president, with D. McNicol, late manager of the Postal Telegraph company's local offices, as secretary. J. G. McCollam presided at last night's meeting for organization. The association invites all interested in the subject to be present at next Friday's meeting at the armory, which will begin at 8 p. m.

DEATH OF BENJ. CLUFF.

Benj. Cluff, Sr., father of Supt. Benj. Cluff of the Utah Mexican Rubber Co's. plantation, died yesterday of old age and general debility at the home of his son in Tabasco, Mexico. His remains will be interred at the company's cemetery at San Fernando.

SENIORS STUDY HYDRAULICS.

University Class Leaves for New Power Plant in Alpine Canyon.

The new power plant of the Utah County Light and Power company at Alpine canyon is the destination for which the senior class in hydraulics left this morning. The students will also inspect the city water systems of Lehi and Alpine.

No "mere man" who could not show a trace of silver among the gold was allowed at the "girls' party" Friday night. It was purely a feminine stunt with the faculty and the wives of the regents as honored guests.

A system of sprinkling the campus is the one question which is absorbing Dr. Richard H. Lyman these days. He has it partially worked out and the work which has thus far been done on the instalment plan will next year be reduced to a very exact science. The football field is to be sodded and presents some difficult features in regard to sprinkling, but Dr. Lyman thinks that he has overcome them.

The Scribblers think they have a winner in an original comedy by L. L. Butler. It is called "The Only Way Out of It," bright and scintillating.

A MAGNIFICENT OPENING.

Throngs of Admiring Men and Women Visit Calloway-Hook's New Store. Rare Display of Art Revealed.

Alongside the latter are seen fine hardwood chests filled with all the late new and popular designs in silverware; and beautiful new brass dining room gongs are suspended in dainty fashion from pillars.

In the gallery, known as the dinnerware department, are numerous tables set in luncheon, soup, dinnerware and desert courses with rare and beautiful chinas. Here also as one passes through are seen white china and decorated china, all unspeakably elegant and beautiful.

The art department on the ground floor, north, is most alluring in its artistic splendor. Oriental brasses, electric mission lamps and all sorts of ornamental and legendary pieces are on display, in suggestive ideas for the dining room or den.

All of these exquisite creations of art must not mislead, for all are not costly all are not forbidding in richness in this store of taste and elegance. In the basement are steins, are figures and everything needed by the housewife for the kitchen and for real hard use in the home at moderate cost.

The stockrooms of this really mammoth establishment are astonishing in their magnitude. Here one sees hundreds of shelves and hundreds of barrels filled with all lines of china and glassware, some of it as elegant in its luxurious beauty as the market can supply. Then in the packing department are enormous barrels packed ready for shipment to different points in western America. In fact the address of the largest barrel was "Stockton, California"—a significant fact in showing the breadth of this praiseworthy establishment's operations. But why say more, to visit such a place is to appreciate a little of what makes luxury, taste and culture.

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"Exquisite," "beautiful"—how replete with the adjective must be any description of the Calloway Hoock & Francis store, which opened today in an elegant Thanksgiving display! To walk through the various departments is to feast the eyes upon the finest creations of the table decorating art, for everywhere is seen the artistic, the fragile, the delicate in china and glassware. It is the Thanksgiving opening the late autumn aesthetic appeal.

Upon entering the establishment one sees cases, tables, stands and shelves upon which are arranged in captivating style the various costly and exquisite wares. The first table is set with an English Minton dinner service and Bohemian glassware, all in gold. The next contains specimens of the newest ideas in tapestry and Creton trays, while the tables following give displays of Libbey glassware in rock crystal and other fine cuttings. One wall case contains bric-a-brac and fine china from all the noted European factories, while the other displays are reliable lines of silverware, both plated and sterling, as well as new styles and shapes of chafing dishes and coffee percolators in copper and nickel.

SOCIETY VAUDEVILLE A "GO."

Packed Audience Greets Program With Laughter and Applause.

Whitney hall was packed to its capacity last night with an audience gathered to witness the vaudeville performance given by prominent Salt Lake people for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten. There must have been 500 present, all paying a dollar a ticket. The cast, with the many pieces, living pictures and separate specialties, included about 45 people and the variety of entertainment provided features to meet every taste. The program was under the direction of Mrs. Martha Royle King, and perhaps the most popular features were her group pictures representing popular plays, the list including "The Doll's House" given by a charming group of little girls in long trains playing with dolls in front of a typical doll's house, "Held by the Enemy," a bevy of young girls holding as captive in ribbon bonds and effectively resigned young man; "Arms and the Man," a black-coated figure with back turned to the audience, and a pair of white arms (owner unknown) clasping his shoulders; "The Merry Widow," on a pedestal surrounded by a group of kneeling admirers, and "The Girls of Gottenburg," a bevy of Dutch girls in typical costumes, this picture forming the finishing piece. The program opened with a classical dance by Miss Louise De Lancy, who gracefully interpreted a musical composition in a dance originated by herself. The next regular piece was a farce, "The Facts in the Case," given by Mrs. W. P. Kiser, Mrs. L. L. Gordon, Miss Mildred McMillan, Mr. William Leary, and Athol Rawlins, which created much amusement, Mrs L. L. Gordon doing a neat bit of character work as the French maid.

An effective number was the "Scarf Dance," directed by Mrs. King, given by a half dozen young girls and Mrs. Arthur White made a hit with her song aided by a wonderful group of Italian street musicians.

Mr. Boyd gave a laughable exposition of an orator declaiming with the accompanying gestures of a cork arm, and Mr. Kenneth Kerr kept the audience in a roar with his Chinese and schoolboy imitations. Mrs. Henry Dinwoodey and Miss Edna Cohn gave beautiful contralto numbers and Mr. Lee Davis contributed a vocal solo. An orchestra conducted by Miss Esther Allen furnished appropriate music throughout, among the numbers being the "Gypsy Waltz," and "Country Dance."

Mrs. C. E. Richards made a brief talk explaining the aims of the entertainment and the necessities which the proceeds were intended to meet. The audience responded heartily to the efforts of the ameaturs, and the affair will net a handsome sum for the kindergarten.

USES OF A POSTOFFICE.

Absent-minded persons are becoming very much persona non grata to Postmaster Thomas. There is hardly a day passes but what the postmaster becomes the custodian of something dropped into mail boxes which properly belong elsewhere. They vary from hat pins to purses of gold. Yesterday a memorandum book presumed from hieroglyphics contained in it to be the property of one A. L. Sweeney was delivered to Mr. Thomas by a mail carrier and is awaiting its owner at the postoffice.

THE CHRISTMAS NEWS

Will be issued on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

It will contain in full and complete fashion

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE YEAR 1909

In Salt Lake City, Utah and Idaho.

Our Mines and Smelters, our Building Record, our Agricultural and Stock Interests, Dry Farming, Mercantile Banking, Home Manufacturers, and all other branches of business will be fully and authoritatively treated.

THE MAGAZINE AND ART SECTION

of the issue will be kept up to the high artistic standard of previous years. The cover will be printed in colors, bearing a striking design on the front page.

News dealers and agents are requested to place their orders early, as the size of the issue will prevent a second edition.

Price 15 cents. In magazine form, 25 cents.

PRIZES FOR PEACE ESSAYS.

Announcement Issued by the American School Peace League.

Two sets of prizes, to be known as the Seabury prizes, are offered in an announcement just issued by the American School Peace league for the best essays on one of the following subjects:

The United States, the exemplar of an organized world.

The history of international arbitration.

The history and significance of the two Hague peace conferences.

The opportunity and duty of the schools in the international peace movement.

The evolution of patriotism.

One set of prizes is to be open to competition for seniors in the normal schools of the United States. The second set is open to seniors in preparatory schools. Three prizes, $75, $50 and $25, are offered in each set. The judges will be Nicholas Murray Butler, George M. Phillips, George W. Kirchwey, P. P. Claxton, Wilbur F. Gordy, James M. Greenwood, David Starr Jordan, James H. Van Sickle, Katherine H. Shute and Harlan P. Amen.

The conditions of the contest, which closes March 1, 1910, are as follows:

Essays must not exceed 5000 words (a length of 3,000 words is suggested as desirable), and must be written, preferably in typewriting, on one side only on paper 8 by 10 inches, with a margin of at least 1½ inches. Manuscripts not easily legible will not be considered. The name of the writer must not appear on the essay, which should be accompanied by a letter giving the writer's name, school and home address, and should be sent to Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary American School Peace league, 405 Marlborough street, Boston, Mass., not later than March 1, 1910. Essays should be mailed flat, not rolled. The award of the prize will be made at the annual meeting of the league in July, 1910. Information concerning literature on the subject may be obtained from the secretary at the above address.

NEW AGENCY MANAGER.

Elmer A. Ricker With Equitable—Kutnewsky Is Agency Supervisor.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Ricker of Deadwood, S. D., arrived in Salt Lake City this week and will make their future home in this city. Mr. Ricker becomes agency manager for the Equitable Life for Utah, having held a similar position with the society at Deadwood.

Mr. C. F. Kutnewsky has associated himself with the Equitable Life as agency supervisor. Mr. Kutnewsky was for a number of years one of the managers for the Equitable for Utah, and now returns to the society in the capacity of supervisor for Utah, Idaho and the intermountain country, with headquarters at Salt Lake City.

NEW CHRISTMAS STAMPS.

Twelve Hundred Artists Submitted Designs in Red Cross Contest.

The Red Cross Christmas stamp for this year is a right little "sticker," for use on letters and parcels that is very different in design from the one used last year. The new stamp was chosen out of 1,200 designs submitted to the American Red Cross by as many different artists over the country, the award for the best design going to Carl Wingate of New York. The stamp is one inch square, printed in bright, Christmas colors, red and green, the inscription being in white letters. The most conspicuous thing on the stamp is a red cross, significant of the cause for which the stamp is sold. Above the cross on green holly leaves are clusters of red holly berries. The stamp is surrounded by a border of small red crosses, and the whole design presents a cheerful Christmas appearance. The stamps sell at one cent each, and the Red Cross will use the money to fight the white plague in Utah. All the principal stores carry them.

THANKSGIVING DAY RATES

Via Oregon Short Line November 24th, and 25th, Limit November 29th. City ticket office, 201 Main Street.

Does not Color the Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

Show this to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

Coats and Opera Capes

Near Half Price

For Ready Cash our New York buyer gets the season's best models 60c on $

Shown for the first time, Monday, 100 of the best coats and capes we have seen this season, and they go at these near half prices.

$16.00 Coats.... $9.50	$30.00 Coats... $18.00
$25.00 Coats... $15.00	$33.00 Coats... $16.75
$28.00 Coats... $16.75	$39.00 Coats... $23.75

Every wanted color and fabric are in the above coats. Silk and satin lined, best workmanship fine trimmings. Materials are broadcloths, wide wale serges, coverts and lightweight kerseys.

These are the cape prices:

$33.50 Capes...$20.00 $35.00 Capes...$21.00

$43.00 Capes....$25.00

Double Trading Stamps

To show what beautiful and useful articles can be obtained free with the famous Green Trading Stamps, we will have an exhibit in our suit department all next week.

And to help you fill your books at double speed we shall give double stamps with all cash purchases, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. But you must bring this coupon.

Double Stamp Coupon

Entitles holder to double stamps with all purchases Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. No double stamps without coupon.

Cohn's

Z. C. M. I. Great Sale of English Diagonals and Scotch Mixtures

Commencing Monday Morning.

Right when this class of goods is most needed and popular. They represent the season's newest productions, particularly desirable for ladies' and misses' suits, dresses, separate skirts. etc, In all colors and black, from 44 to 54 inches wide. They are certainly bargains at the prices quoted:

Anticipate your Christmas gift purchases now by taking advantage of these greatly reduced prices.

Regular $1.25 values, a yard 95c

Regular $1.50 values, a yard $1.15

Regular $1.75 values, a yard $1.35

Regular $2,00 values, a yard $1.50

Regular $2.25 values, a yard $1.65

Sweater Sale

For three days only—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—our entire line of ladies' and misses'

Sweaters 20% off

White, Oxford, gray, red, black, brown, pearl gray, smoke, and white and color combinations. Prices range from $2.50 to $15.00 regular, your choice for three days at ONE-FIFTH OFF.

Staple Section Reductions.

All Amoskeag Apron Ginghams

Commencing Monday and continuing all week—

7½c yd

All A.F.C. Red Seal Apron Ginghams

10c yd

All Bates Seersuckers

10c yd

Z C M I

Colored Outing Flannels

All colored Outing Flannels are included in next week's special sale—pinks, blues, grays and combination colors in stripes, checks and figures. Suitable for men's shirts, women's and children's undergarments, petticoats, night gown, shirt waists, etc.

Regular 8½c a yard for 7½c

Regular 10c a yard for 8½c

Regular 12½c a yard for 10c

Flannelette Reductions

The largest and most desirable line of Flannelette in the city, A Kimono, Dressing Sacque, Wrapper or House Dress would be especially appropriate for a Christmas gift. Buy your materials next week at these reduced prices,

Regular 10c a yard for 8½c

Regular 15c a yard for 12½c

Regular 12½c a yard for 10c

Regular 17½c a yard for 15c

OUR DRUG STORE IS AT 112-114 SOUTH MAIN ST.