

MANY FAKES ARE TURNED DOWN

Elks Receive Offers From Side-show Men.

AN OYSTER BED GRATER WOULD SOW BIVALVES IN JORDAN'S MOUTH.

The executive committee of the grand lodge session and reunion is receiving many requests from people all over the country to come to Salt Lake during the second week in August and give all manner of fake and illegitimate side shows. Several proposals of this kind have been presented to the committee along those lines which were just a trifle shady in their general aspect.

The committee has turned all such propositions down with a firm hand, to the effect that the amusement committee will not sanction the permit any entertainments of any character in Salt Lake during that week, excepting those that are perfectly legitimate and proper.

Snake Swallower's Offer.

A snake swallower from the Pacific coast wanted to come to Zion during the convention and swallow the wigglers for the edification of the crowd at the coast as much a swallow. But he got the same cold shoulder from the committee as the coast wanted to do the high jump act from the top of a seventy-five foot pole, turning a somersault in the air, landing in a tank of water below.

A circular letter is being sent out by the executive committee of the grand lodge and union, asking the secretary of each lodge in the United States for definite information on the opinion of Elks and visitors expected to attend the convention in this city in August. The committee has a general idea as to the number of guests to be invited to come to Zion next month, but to prevent the congestion and provide lodgings for every one, this more definite information is asked.

EXPIATION IS SURE

Rev. J. Brainard Thrall Talks of Policy of Imperialism.

At the Phillips Congregationalist church last night the Rev. J. Brainard Thrall delivered an interesting sermon on the subject, "The Christian Side of Patriotism." Mr. Thrall is a resident of Peppercorn, Mass., and is minister of the Rev. Dr. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational church, who is on a vacation in California. Mr. Thrall took as the main thought of his sermon the value of manhood. He said in part: "I do not stand for land, any land apart from manhood. I do not stand for America, for anything in America, save that which is represented in the manhood." Tracing the value of manhood back to its part in the earlier years of the nation's life he showed how in the outbreak of the war the emphasis was laid, not on independence, but on liberty. The fathers fought for over a year for the simple idea of liberty, he said, the thought of independence coming only in the necessity for securing that which would insure those fundamental rights which man fought for in the preceding year.

The speaker insisted that patriotism must be subordinated to Christianity because the latter is the greater. Christianity cannot be patriotic, he said, because it makes a rounded man. In the present day the greatest temptation is to put manhood second. Washington and George the Third stood at the opposite of this question. The patriots put the value on the man, the English on the thought of empire. In the great questions of today, the danger lies not in imperialism of itself, but in the fact that the temptations arise to forget the simple principles of liberty that have been the peculiar glory of this country.

"We are passing through a great crisis in our nation's life," said Mr. Thrall. "New policies and creeds are being tried and followed. We must guard well our heritage and principles, keeping in view the essential and supreme value of manhood, for we must remember that for every departure from the best and highest we must pay the price. There are coming hard times, times in which expiation must be made, expiation hard and bitter, for the departures evidenced on every hand in our life and practice are expiation and eloquent throughout."

GRASS FIRE CAUSES SCARE.

Department Called to Capitol Hill Blaze.

A disastrous explosion was prevented yesterday by the timely arrival of the fire department, which had been called to stop a grass fire which had been burning in a field of grass near the Capitol hill. The alarm was sent in by a storekeeper in a quantity of gasoline and other explosive.

The fire originated, supposedly, from a heated match which had been carelessly dropped by someone on the Capitol hill. It started a blaze which spread rapidly in the grass. With a slight wind which was blowing it swept toward the building, and the fire department was called and arrived when the fire had reached a point within a few feet of the building. Sparks had already been seen on the roof, and it would have been a matter of time before the fire had extinguished on the arrival of the department, with small loss.

Park City Ore Shipments.

Following are the shipments of ore from the Mackintosh sampler for the past week:

Table with 2 columns: Ore type and weight. Includes items like Park City, Silver King, and Grand total.

FRANK McCUNE DEAD

Three-year-old Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. McCune Passes Away.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vivian McCune will be shocked and grieved by the expression of the news of the death of their son Frank. The boy was a little more than three years old, a bright, handsome, manly little fellow, who was loved by all who knew him. The death of any child is a sad blow to its parents, but this case seems particularly tragic, because Frank was the only child. He was ill only twenty-four hours.

The cause of death was pneumonia. Saturday he was apparently as well as he had ever been in his short life. Late Saturday evening, however, a cold developed which was at first not considered at all dangerous. In spite of watchful, loving care and the services of the most skilled, the boy grew rapidly worse until the end came shortly before last night. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been perfected.

Death of a Child.

The thirteen-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. William Patterson died yesterday of pneumonia and will be buried tomorrow at 2 o'clock from the residence, 328 West Third South. The father and mother are the Pattersons who have been involved in the escape of the father's stolen car.

HAVE MANY CALLERS

Robertson and Duke See Friends in Their Cells at the County Jail.

Aside from the fact that both men had a large number of callers yesterday, it was a busy day at the county jail. In the careers of Duke and Robertson, the alleged defaulters, they were taking their incarceration philosophically and getting the morning sun. As his cell door is seldom locked he, too, can take his constitutional in the corridor of the upper floor.

The friends of the prisoners deny that they will give up trying to get bail for them. If any cessation in their efforts is noticed, they say, it will not be so after the preliminary, which, they do not believe, will take place this week. Thacker would prefer that additional charges against the men to keep them in prison, in the event that they get bail, for they are of the opinion that the detective is wise enough to realize that such action on his part would quickly turn public sentiment against the prosecution.

Manager Homer King has not yet arrived and the two San Francisco officials, Messrs. Redding and Knight, are still poring over the accounts at the bank, without making any vigorous effort to get into the newspapers. R. M. Dooley, a brother of Cashier John E. Dooley, is in the city from Portland, Me., and is assigned as cashier of the Wells-Fargo bank at that place.

CUDDIHEE KNOWN HERE.

Brother of Washington Sheriff Deputy Under Ireland.

Sheriff Ed Cuddihee, who is in charge of a posse that is pursuing the murderous convict Tracy into the mountains of Washington, is well known in this city and is a brother of John Cuddihee, formerly deputy United States marshal here. The latter served under United States Marshal Ireland, and for a time was city marshal of the city. He is a popular officer, and those who know him are interested in knowing that it is his brother who has undertaken the important task of running the blood-thirsty escaped convict to earth.

RED MEN MEET.

Washington tribe was in regular council last Monday evening and devoted the time to routine business and the election of chiefs for the ensuing term with the following result:

Prophet, J. E. Bosch; sachem, S. T. Smith; war chief, W. C. Killingsworth; junior sachem, D. E. Williams; keeper of wampum, J. Fred Corker. The appointment of the number of ten, will be named by the incoming sachem this evening, when all will be installed in office.

The Judge's Advice.

A young man bashfully approached a popular official a few days ago and said: "Judge, I have come to ask your advice. You have always been like a father to me, and I have now come to you in a very important matter. I am thinking of getting married."

"Well, young man," interrupted the judge, "if you are thinking of getting married go do it right away. Don't wait, because when a girl might not be willing this time tomorrow."

"But you see," protested the youth, "I'm afraid I'm not able to take care of her."

"Put, tut," depreciatingly retorted the judge. "Why, when I got married I was 21 years old and \$1,800 in debt."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other, with happy encouragement gleaming from his eyes. "And I suppose you must now be well about."

"And now," concluded the judge, "I'm only \$3,000 in debt."

Nature His Hired Man.

(Chicago News.) It was in the far south. "How's times?" asked the tourist.

OPERATOR AT WA-KA-RU-SA

Why the Operator at Kaw Decided Not to Avenge an Insult.

(James Barton Davis in Denver Post.) When I was sent out from Topeka to take charge as agent and operator at the Santa Fe railway station at Kaw City, I felt that one great ambition of my life had reached its realization in taking a course of instruction at a business college at the Kansas capital I had formed the determination to enter upon a commercial career, while mastering the details of single and double entry, bills of lading, invoices, cash balances, etc., had cast the pen and the pencil.

One day I heard of the arrival of a new operator at Wa-ka-ru-sa, the first station east of me, and there was a gleam of encouragement in the thought that might find in him a more congenial neighbor than his predecessor had proven himself to be. The day following his arrival I called him up and he as an opening wedge to what I hoped might prove a mutually pleasant acquaintance, asked him how he liked his new station. He expressed the fear that he might find it a very lonely one, as he had no friends in the neighborhood, and he had not had time to take an occasional train order from the wires. I told him of my loneliness, and suggested that when the wires were quiet he might be able to talk while away the lagged hours in an agreeable conversation. We talked for nearly an hour, and he then excused himself to go to his dinner. During the afternoon I "kicked" him up and fired my execrable "Morse" at him, and was greatly pleased at his witty replies to my prattling. Kansas has a reputation for being a land of old fellows with silvered hair, and I was delighted with this cheering oasis in the desert.

"You would no doubt advise me to begin at the bottom and work my way up," I replied, sarcastically. "First take a kick or two on the head, and be subjected to the abuse of an illiterate boss with a north of Ireland brogue, eat execrable grub cooked by a woman whose habits of cleanliness would be open to grave suspicion, and have my occupancy of a rude bunk nightly contested by troublesome insect pests, which would regard me as an intruder?"

"No," I would advise nothing of the kind," he retorted. "Your commercial course included railway bookkeeping, and that is a leading order in railway advancement. I will take you to my office and teach you telegraphy, and you can gain a general knowledge of moving trains over the road by telegraphic orders. I have a position which will be given charge of an unimportant station and as you grow in railway knowledge, promotion will follow. A more important station will be entrusted to you at each advancement, and some day you may be here as I am, with the superintendency of the entire system."

His words gave me food for very serious reflection. They were thoughts from the beacon light which gleamed on the heights of mercantile fame, and directed them to what appeared a much brighter light on another eminence. The idea of wearing my hat and becoming round-shouldered bending over ledgers in a counting room became odious to me as new and brighter ambitions thronged the older ones in my youthful brain, and I began to wonder how I could ever have thought of a life of such drudgery. I recalled that I had seen a poster for boys in railway offices having risen to superintendencies, of railway presidents who were once peasant and fruit vendors on trains, and I fell into the habit of lying awake at night, habitually making tours of inspection over a great line in my own private car drawn by my own private engine, and surrounded by my faithful retainers, the superintendents of divisions, I pictured myself sitting at a desk in a luxuriantly furnished office dictating short, crisp, direct orders to my confidential stenographer, while my men sat in a reception room near by, each awaiting his turn to consult me on matters of vital interest to the progress of the country which I was governing. As a result of this visionary dreaming, I entered the office of my friend, Lamont, and after a few minutes' talk, he suggested that I should take the cheap desk in the cramped depot at Kaw City, practicing upon an imposing signature to attach to my daily reports to the general offices and gaining withal upon the word "Agent," which followed the oft-written name on the sheet before me. Some day it would be relegated to the past and be succeeded by that of "Superintendent," and with prophetic eye I glanced ahead into the future when I would sign the name with a characteristic flourish over the typewritten "General Manager."

"I thought how men high in official and business life might some day seek for that signature when it was attached to an artistically-embellished report."

As the days passed, the novelty of my new life began to wear off and a feeling of loneliness would at times steal over me as I sat in my room, strolled about the depot platform. There were but two buildings in the "city," named in honor of the murky Kaw river, which ran near by—the depot and the section house. During the days the latter was inhabited by a red-faced Milesian woman who went barefoot during the week to save her everyday shoes, and during the week-end brood of half-clad, dirty children and a sleepy dog of the malignant "yaller" color, and at night by half a score of sun-browned section laborers, whose only real enjoyment of life seemed to be drawn through the blackened stems of once white clay pipes. In this house I got my meals, and although I was accorded a seat of honor at a table "wid de boss an' de missus," and was served with food presumably better and in greater variety than that of the laboring men, I rarely ate anything more pleasant while eating it.

Among these lonely, ungenial surroundings, the hours passed, and perceptibly lengthen, the days to seem almost as weeks, and looking back after one month's official duty in the dreary spot it seemed to me an age since with heart-ache with pride, I had assumed charge as the company's agent.

I longed for companionship, for someone to talk with, and not being able to secure such a one at short range, I sought for it over the wires, would "call up" this station and that and endeavor to draw the distant operator into a telegraphic chat, but after the exchange of a few commonplace remarks of an introductory character, each would plead "busy," and unceremoniously shut me off. Not one seemed to sympathize with me in my loneliness.

Telegraphers will be able to assign a reason for this shabby treatment when I explain that I was by no means a skilled manipulator of the key. I was "plum" or "ham" of the most pronounced type, and as I now recall my early words, my telegraphic hand could almost imagine that the bones of the sainted Morse would rattle about in their narrow bed in indignant protest at the manner in which I mangled the wires and dashed characters which he left behind to benefit the world. I soon ceased to seek for pastime in that quarter and busied myself smoking, and the dash characters which he left behind to benefit the world. I soon ceased to seek for pastime in that quarter and busied myself smoking, and the dash characters which he left behind to benefit the world.

"I don't care," he said, "I'll fix that face of his in my supercilious shape that his mirror will turn pale when he looks into it!"

"If you will take my advice you will not tackle that fellow," the conductor quietly replied. "If you do you will come back wishing you had not made such a fool of yourself. He is no ordinary man, I tell you."

"I don't care," he said, "I'll fix that face of his in my supercilious shape that his mirror will turn pale when he looks into it!"

The caboose stopped at the platform of the small station building, and we alighted. As we stepped out, I pulled off my coat and threw it down on the platform just outside the office door. For I did not know what nature of beast might be lurking in the shadows. As pretty a young girl as I ever laid eyes on rose from a chair by the telegraph table as we entered, and greeted the conductor with a pleasant "good morning" and a sunny smile. She gave me but a passing glance, evidently believing me to be one of the train crew. With a wicked twinkle in his eyes the conductor said: "Hello, how are you?"

"This station is Mr. Durant, the agent at Kaw City. He came down with me to make you a neighborly call and get acquainted."

He then hurried out to his train, leaving us alone facing each other. I was well paralyzed. I turned all sorts of colors, felt queer spots all over me, and my tongue seemed as a lump of lead in my mouth. She extended a pretty, plump hand and said: "Indeed, I am glad to meet you, Mr. Durant. How good of you to come to meet me. Mr. Lamont at Topeka told me you would be my next telegraphic

neighbor, and said some real nice things of you. Your visit will prove an agreeable break in the almost unbearable monotony of this quiet place."

"I came, too," I added, "to offer you an apology and beg your pardon for my rude words over the wire a while ago. I know am a very poor operator and have been compelled to break me so often I grew yet more cross and said some sharp things to you."

"Oh, don't mention it," she replied, with a merry laugh. "I confess you did provoke me just a little, for I tried real hard to get you, but really, if any apologies are needed they should be mutual ones. I said just as sharp things to you as you said to me, but I was half-funning. Come out behind the depot and I will show you something I am very proud of, for I did it all myself—my flower garden."

"That is my coat, Miss Preston," I said, confusedly. "It was very warm in the caboose, you know, and I pulled it off."

"Why didn't you bring it in and hang it up instead of throwing it down on the dirty platform? I will take it in and put it away for you."

"No, I will put it on, if you please."

"She led the way to the rear of the depot, and pointed with an air of pride to a small patch of ground laid off in beds of really remarkable design. Through the loosened earth many tender shoots were peeping forth."

"I did it all myself," she said, with childish enthusiasm. "I borrowed a shovel and dug the beds, and you should have seen my poor blistered hands when I got through digging up the earth. I did it just to pass the time, and because I love flowers."

"And is this what so engrossed your time when I desired to talk with you?" I asked, with a guilty feeling.

"No, I was just to hear you calling while I was out here at work with my hands just caked all over with dirt, and I could not go in and answer you. I told you one day I was posting my boxes, and when I began to click my pen is not a bit of business! I would not tell you over the wire what I was doing, for the operators along the line would really wonder at my feeble pen about my farm, and I did not feel at liberty to write to you, for you were a stranger to me, you know. When I had completed the work and had time to talk, you never called me up any more."

"I thought you did not care to talk with me," I replied. "I feared my knowing sending had thoroughly disgusted you."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," she laughingly replied. "I can read your sending quite readily. Now that we know each other we can converse more intelligently. I hope we may have frequent chats."

"When the train took me back to my more than ever dreary station, I bore the image of my little neighbor in my heart. The falsehoods which I had told her were keen stings in my conscience, and the following day I wrote her a letter and told her the true cause of my visit and assured her that had I found a man in charge there would have been a lively 'scrap.'"

"I suspected as much," she replied, "for you were terribly flushed when you came into my office. And that is why you 'hung up' your coat on the dirty platform. Well, when I recall your splendid physique and evident muscular strength, I thank my lucky stars that I was not a man."

"We became the best of friends, and my hostile visit to Wa-ka-ru-sa was not by any means my last one. I have just returned from a tour of inspection of the division of the road now in my charge as superintendent. As I sat myself at the desk in my cosy office to seal this story ready for mailing, a dear little wife bends over me and asks: "Aren't you going to finish it, dear?" I assume a look of mock indignation and shrill: "Have you been reading my private papers?"

"Yes, I read every word of it, and laughed and cried over the memories the reading recalled. It is a true story, it possesses no other merit. But why do you not complete it?"

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