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A TRAGEDY OF SLANDER.

"No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world."

A SALT LAKE WOMAN left last week for New York on the saddest of errands. She went to assume the care of her two sisters who were driven insane by cruel slanders. These sisters had a little store. They had built up a prosperous business and all was well with them until two women began lying about them, began destroying their good name.

The easiest way in the world to gain an audience is to tell something unpleasant about a neighbor. People who are too busy to listen to a story of the neighbor's good deeds, his spotless reputation, his beautiful home life, have plenty of time to hear how the neighbor beats his wife and children and makes his home a hell. The easiest thing in the world to destroy, the hardest thing in the world to restore, is a woman's character.

The women in the case to which we refer were as blameless as babes. Their slanderers now admit that they lied, they say they were mistaken. But the slandered ones are groping in darkness. Through brooding over their ruined reputations the light of their lives has gone out. Helplessly, hopelessly insane, they will spend the remainder of their days in restraint. A more pitiful story has not been told in recent months, nor one so well calculated to arouse the bitterest indignation.

No punishment would seem too severe to visit upon deliberate slanderers. Some Bible writers place them in the same class as murderers and others who commit grave crimes. In the olden days gossips were ducked in the most convenient stream or pool. Today they should at least be sent to prison for a brief period of reflection over the enormity of the offense.

It is too much to hope, in advance of the millenium, that the tongue of the slanderer will be stilled of the slanderer's own will. But it is not too much to hope that the time is coming when the slanderer will be ostracised by decent people.

GOMPERS AND MITCHELL.

AN EFFORT was made at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in San Francisco to make trouble for John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers because they dined some time since with President Eliot of Harvard college. That the trouble was not serious is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Gompers has been almost unanimously re-elected president of the association. Nor is the standing of John Mitchell seriously impaired among the real friends of union labor.

It is quite true that President Eliot spoke of the "scab" as a hero, and that the hotel at which he and the labor leaders ate dinner was what is known as an "unfair" place. However, those facts by no means make traitors out of Gompers and Mitchell. Too many union men have the idea that the mission of their leaders is to fight, fight, fight. They have no notion of conciliation and persuasion. They look upon all who are in any way opposed to them or their methods as scoundrels of the darkest dye.

If labor and capital were less suspicious of each other, if they could only be made to understand that the best interests of one are the best interests of both, the two classes would be very much better off. Few labor leaders have been of as much real service to the cause as Gompers and Mitchell. They have been too conservative to suit the radicals, but an inspection of their record shows that theirs is the conservatism that produces results. Union labor would be decidedly the gainer if it had more such leaders.

NEEDS OF TUSKEGEE.

THE HERALD has often taken occasion to speak of the splendid work being done by Tuskegee institute, the training school for negroes presided over by Booker T. Washington, undoubtedly the greatest of his race. A letter received by The Herald from President Washington tells of the work of the institute and of its needs. The school depends for support, in large measure, on the contributions of its friends in both the south and the north.

That it is worthy of cordial support is evidenced by the fact that since its organization, just twenty-three years ago, it has sent out into the world 6,000 negroes, men and women, who are doing excellent service for themselves and their race. Some of them are teachers in the class rooms and the various industries and in domestic work. Others are conducting farms and industries of their own. And all of them have become vastly more useful citizens than they could ever have hoped to become without the training received at Tuskegee.

The shiftless negro of the old south, the negro who would not work as long as he could steal and who was not wanted long anywhere, does not exist at Tuskegee. "Practically all our graduates," says President Washington, "are in demand even before they graduate, and a large proportion of our men and women are employed by southern white people at an average daily wage that is nearly three times as great as that paid to the average ignorant, untrained colored man or woman. At the present time there are 1,243 students enrolled. The institution has proven its right to exist and its claims upon the public."

Continuing, he says:

"Just now there are three urgent needs which I think the public would like to know about and assist us in meeting:

"First—The annual cost of operating the institution is $160,000. Of this amount we can depend upon $69,933 from assured sources, leaving $90,067 to be raised through the gifts of friends.

"Second—Increase of our endowment fund from its present figures, $1,030,553.28 to at least $3,000,000.

"Third—Sixty-five thousand dollars with which to build a new dining hall—$19,000 of this amount now being in hand. No need of the school is more urgent than this one. The students will make the bricks and do most of the work on the buildings, so that the money would not only provide the building, but would give students the chance to earn money and learn a trade."

The Herald commends Tuskegee to all cheerful givers.

THE DINNER OF HERBS.

"BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," said the wise man.

All of the happy Thanksgiving dinners of last week were not eaten in the mansions. All of the diners did not have turkey and plum pudding and the other good things ordinarily associated with the holiday feast. All of the repasts were not served in courses by deft maids and butlers. In some homes the fare was meagre and plain, but who shall say the participants therein did not enjoy their food and their day as much as anybody.

Turkey and oysters and plum pudding are mighty poor food if you haven't the appetite for them. Bacon and corn bread are rare delicacies when one is hungry. It isn't so much the food as the company and the surroundings. In a family where love does not enter there is no possibility of enjoying food or, indeed, anything else. The cottager looks toward the mansion sometimes and imagines himself a man much abused by the world. Then he looks at his wife and his baby and is sure that he wouldn't trade either of them for the mansion and all the lands, tenements and hereditaments thereunto belonging.

"Love," said Georgiana Carley in the play the other night, "does not make beasts of men; it makes men of beasts." Love can make the meanest home a paradise; the absence of love can make the most splendid palace a hell. All the money in the world cannot buy love; all the misery in the world cannot drive it away. True love forgives everything, forgets everything.

"Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins," said Solomon. And again, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." The highest average of happy homes is not found among the people who seem to have so many things to make them happy. It was not a cottager who first asked the question: "Is marriage a failure?" The records show that there is a great deal more marital unhappiness, proportionately—and marital unhappiness means unhappy homes or ruined homes—among the rich than among the poor.

Perhaps this is because the rich have so many other things to occupy them that they don't have time for love, which is most unfortunate for them. And this brings us back to our "dinner of herbs where love is." If you have that, nothing else really matters.

May it not be possible that the fumes some people think are caused by the smelters are really caused by the incineration of the surplus campaign cigars?

The czar is said to be weary of the cares of state. There is discord at home and bloodshed abroad. And yet it is quite possible that he can find a substitute any time he gets ready to abdicate.

The Colorado Republicans are apparently going to do their best to steal the governorship. If Peabody accepts a second term under such conditions he will stamp himself a mere tool of the politicians.

A New York gambler who was shot and probably fatally wounded the other day by another gambler admits that he got what he deserved. That is something gamblers don't usually get. If they did there wouldn't be so many of them.

An Oregon man who pleaded guilty in a United States court to using the mails to promote a fraudulent mining deal was let off the other day with a fine of $300. If this doesn't encourage other mine promotion frauds we hardly know what will.

As many people as could possibly crowd around his car saw the president eat breakfast at St. Louis yesterday morning. Some of them probably missed their own breakfasts in order to enjoy this great privilege. Verily the office of president has its drawbacks.

The announcement that A. E. Welby is to return to Salt Lake as general superintendent of the Rio Grande lines in Utah, was welcome news to Mr. Welby's hundreds of friends here. Mr. Welby is one of the most efficient railroad men who has ever been in Salt Lake. During his former years of service here he maintained the Rio Grande Western in a high state of efficiency and made friends everywhere. The road is to be congratulated on again securing him.

NOT SUCH A FOOL, AFTER ALL

WHEN the New York newspapers the other day revealed to a wondering public the fact that the new St. Regis hotel possessed a "royal suite with a $10,000 bed," nobody was surprised to hear next morning that young Edward R. Thomas had made haste to hire the suite and try the bed. It was simply the newest freak of New York's youngest, most industrious sensation-seeking multimillionaire. It cost Mr. Thomas something like $125 a night to find out how it felt to sleep in the most gorgeous new bed in town—and incidentally the bed turned out to be several inches too short for him.

But never mind, it was money well spent, thought Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, for they had had their daily thrill of anticipation and novelty and it mattered not if it turned out a poor bargain. Many playthings had this kaleidoscopic young man of millions purchased at all sorts of prices that failed to yield the hoped-for thrill. Money spent for fun is money well invested, is Mr. Thomas' motto.

But to pay a $25 fine for exceeding the speed limit with his automobile is a species of folly at which Mr. Thomas' soul recoils with horror. In the light of his spectacular record as an autoist one can almost hear him saying: "Why has my new Mercedes a speed of seventy miles an hour? In order to enable me to crawl about at a twelve-mile rate?" And so he has become an auto strategist at whom all the metropolitan police held up their hands in admiration.

Only the other day he made a coup in this line that marks him a real genius. The new Mercedes, in the control of a loyal chauffeur, was carrying him from the Gravesend race track toward the Brooklyn bridge, along the boulevard to the south of Prospect park, at the modest pace of about forty miles an hour in the dusk of evening, when Mr. Thomas observed that an ambitious person in a passe Winton was evidently trying to outspeed him. He whispered to his chauffeur, who pulled back the lever a few notches, giving the Mercedes new life. The result was noted by the millionaire with the more satisfaction, as just then he realized that he was not being raced, but chased by "cops."

He knew that the Winton could not exceed a forty-mile gait. This made him easy in his mind while he figured on the outcome. The Winton was lost in the gloom of his wake. Down beside the park the Mercedes snorted, scattering Brooklynites and baby carriages right and left. Mr. Thomas' mind had worked with the desired result. At the Plaza he whispered to the chauffeur, who shut off the power and applied the brakes just in time to shoot Mr. Thomas into the Manhattan-bound trolley car. Then the chauffeur drove the big motor car into the shade, where it remained until the policemen in the Winton had sped by and were safely out of sight. That night Mr. Thomas could afford to contemplate the $10,000 bed from his seven-foot cot with an easy conscience.

A day or two later he gave $40,000 to establish a ward in the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat hospital in memory of his fater, the late General Samuel Thomas, and accepted with equanimity the verdict of a jury that he owed James G. Blaine $3,371 for having sold out the latter's Pennsylvania company stock for the alleged lack of sufficient margins during the panic in May, 1901.

On the very same day Mr. Thomas' good fairy prevented his being charged by the clerk at the St. Regis with $85 for two boxes full of waste paper, alleged to contain two suits of pajamas, two suits of fancy hose, billed from a haberdasher whose name doesn't appear in the directory. It was the same "C. O. D. package game," but Mr. Thomas proved immune, with kind assistance of the hotel detective. This is at least one entry for the credit side of the royal suite ledger.

* * *

All these are recent views of Mr. Thomas through the kaleidoscope—which is the only way in which he can be viewed. His whole career since he left college has been one uninterrupted succession of surprises for the general public. He was taken into his father's stock broker's office and forthwith began to lament the time he had wasted in college. He knew Latin and Greek and calculums, but he couldn't sell stocks on commission. Evidently he had no need to dread starvation, for when the Seventh National bank got into difficulties somebody came forward with $1,000,000 and the presidency of the concern for young Thomas, who until then was much less known in the financial district than the favorite apple woman.

He was only 28 years old—but he was in the neighborhood of seven feet tall, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When gray headed old bankers called and saw him at ease in the president's swivel chair they didn't need a second glance to assure them it was all right. And it was all right. Mr. Thomas—and the $1,000,000—saved the Seventh National.

Another "youngest bank president" would have lost his nerve completely over the weighty matter of another character on which Mr. Thomas had to take prompt action while he was saving the bank. He was engaged to be married to Miss Linda Lee, the famous Louisville belle, and was due to start for that southern city in order to be in time for a grand wedding. He could not save the bank and rush off to Louisville at the same time. But who would imagine a blue grass belle listening to such absurdities as bank troubles with her wedding day at hand, the trousseau ready and the cake baked?

Yet from his brand new seat in the Seventh National's president's chair young Mr. Thomas calmly telegraphed postponing the wedding and cancelling all the arrangements for the honeymoon. Yet there were no seismic disturbances in Kentucky—not even when the new bank president suggested that, as he was too busy to go to Kentucky to be married, Miss Lee come to New York and have the knot tied while you wait. And this is just what happened. The whole of Kentucky and all who knew the fame of Kentucky gasped. After the E. R. Thomas stood high indeed in the confidence of his countrymen.

When, presently, Mrs. Thomas put her young millionaire husband up to establishing a racing stable—as was natural, she being from Kentucky—everybody said she would easily get even for the upsetting of her wedding plans. All the racing hangers-on rubbed their hands greefully, thinking what they would do to the easiest Mr. Easy Mark on the turf. At first it looked as though Mr. Thomas was badly "stung." He bought expensive horses which allowed themselves to be expensively left at the post, and was $25,000 out of pocket on this investment before he made a winning. Then one day his cold Pulsus won $25,000 in the great trial stakes, which more than recompensed him for the series of defeats suffered by the costly Hermis, who later far exceeded the triump of Pulsus. Since that time Mr. Thomas has steadily advanced in his knowledge of turf matters until his stable now is one of the best in the country and his winnings to correspond.

It sounds strange, but it is true, that nowadays the more one goes into horses the more he hungers for automobiles. Mr. Thomas responded to this instinct in characteristic fashion. No half-hearted experimenting for him. He went to W. K. Vanderbilt and caused that gentleman nearly to faint with joy by taking the deadly "White Ghost" off his hands—the machine known in the streets of New York and along every main country road within 100 miles as devilish in its thirst for human blood.

The "White Ghost" had already half a score of victims to its credit, but Mr. Thomas was cool and confident. In his hands the "White Ghost" annihilated space as it never had done before. Presently it scattered a group of school children at Convent avenue and One Hundred and Thirteenth street, New York, catching one of them—little Edward Thies—killing him instantly. The millionaire promptly paid the amount of a judgment in [illegible] his father, but this did not foot up to nearly aggregate of $57 per mile which Mr. Vanderbilt had paid in fines.

Not long afterward the "White Ghost" destroyed a dog, who proved most costly dead than he had living. And there followed other casualties in the streets of New York and Brooklyn available travel to and from the race track which came to make Mr. Thomas more celebrated than any other autoist. At the time crowds in the streets were becoming menacing whenever he appeared in the "White Ghost" he went abroad, taking the machine with him.

He had not been gone long before cablegrams told how Mr. Thomas' auto had run down and killed a peasant woman on the Naples highway, and how the Italian authorities were pursuing him in Paris.

There was quite a diplomatic uproar about it, but an absence of sufficient proof that it was really Mr. Thomas in his machine enabled him to come home unscathed.

When the "White Ghost" reappeared on New York streets it was welcomed with so much violence by east side mobs that Mrs. Thomas was severely hurt one day by a stone which struck her as she was sitting in the machine beside her husband. Finally Mr. Thomas sold the mankiller to Mr. Drake of Chicago, purchasing in its stead a $17,000 Panhard. In that and in his new Mercedes he has been keeping up his record as an ignorer of speed regulations.

Mr. Thomas is also a connoisseur in locomotives—not because he conducts a brokerage business in railway and other stocks, but because of the shrewd deal which made him the guiding spirit of the Monon route.

To buy Stone Acre at Newport of John W. Ellie for $25,000, and become a shining social light was no more than was expected of E. R. Thomas; but when he was suddenly brought into court as a threatrical "angel" there were gasps of astinishment.

This was no joke. When "The Mocking Bird" comic opera ceased to warble and several of the actors had to walk back to New York they sued Mr. Thomas for back salary. Manager H. B. Sire testified that he sold the piece to Mr. Thomas for $8,000 and that he expressly stipulated that Miss Madeline Beasley should play the title part. Mr. Thomas' lawyers made it appear that Mr. Thomas had acted for his friend, Manager Brady Greer, and that that friendship had cost him $18,000 to date. But the court heartlessly declared that Mr. Thomas should pay the footsore actors a judgment of $4,453.17.

This suit revealed also that Mr. Thomas went into "The Mocking Bird" with his eyes open, as he was one of the original "angels" of "Princess Chic," sinking $40,000 therein. In this case Miss Minnie Methot was the tuneful lady who had to be starred.—New York American.

Revising the Tariff.

(J. W. Foley in New York Times.)

"What's the row? What's the row?" asked Business on parade.
"They've called an extra session, sire," the duty sergeant said.
"An extra session, and for what?" asked Business on parade.
"To tinker with the tariff, sire," the duty sergeant said.
"Can't you hear the lusty wailing of the Infant Industry?
He's afraid they'll take his bottle in the scrimmage, don't you see?
And he's just a nursin' youngster, sire, an' feeble as can be.
So he's goin' down to fight it in the mornin'."

"Whats the plan? What's the plan?" asked Business on parade.
"It's friends are goin' to tinker it," the duty sergeant said.
'And why is this? And why is that?' asked Business on parade.
"So's not to harm the precious thing," the duty sergeant said.
"It's enemies might harm it, sire, and that's the reason why
It's friends are goin' to tinker it wherever it's too high.
You know it is a tender thing, an' delicate an' shy.
An' it might get dreadful hurted in the mornin'."

"What's the noise? What's the noise?" asked Business on parade.
"The frightened manufacturers," the duty sergeant said.
'Afraid of what? Afraid of what?' asked Business on parade.
"Afraid of losing confidence," the duty sergeant said.
"You know they are so timid, sire, an' friendless an' alone,
An' when you strike the tariff, sire, you strike their funny-bone.
They're marching down to Washington lest it be overthrown,
An' the country to the bow-wows in the mornin'."

"What will they do? What will they do?" asked Business on parade.
"Oh, congress won't do anything," the duty sergeant said.
"And why is that? And why is that?" asked Business on parade.
"Too many Infant Industries," the duty sergeant said.
"We're all so tender-hearted, sire, an' when the Infants cry
We cannot bear to frighten them, they are so dreadful shy.
But once they get growed up we're goin' t' smash the thing—My eye!
There's goin' to be some slashin'—in the mornin'."

Lord Brampton's Touching Speech.

(London Daily Mail.)

A story with pathetic interest is told by Lord Brampton in connection with a man whom he defended. The man was charged with wife murder, and his two children were in court, dressed in black and sobbing violently. A verdict was given in the prisoner's favor. But the interest in the case did not end there.

"On the same evening," writes Lord Brampton, "I was dining at the country house of a Mr. Hardcastle, and near me sat an old inhabitant of the village where the tragedy had been committed.

"'You made a touching speech, Mr. Hawkins,' said the old inhabitant.

"'Well,' I answered, 'it was the best I could do under the circumstances.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'but I don't think you would have painted the little home in such glowing colors if you had seen what I saw last week when I was driving past the cottage. No, no; I think you would have toned it down a bit.'

"'What was it?' I asked.

"'Why,' said the old inhabitant, 'the little children who sobbed so violently in court this morning and to whom you made such pathetic reference were playing on an ash heap near their cottage, and they had a poor cat with a string round its neck, swinging backward and forward, and as they did so they sang:

"'"This is the way poor daddy will go,
"'"This is the way poor daddy will go."'

"'Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their excessive grief.'"

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

In the course of time the oldest inhabitant becomes a survivor.

If you feel inclined to criticise some one, stand in front of a mirror.

Never judge by appearances; the homeliest girl usually has the most money.

Before jumping at conclusions find out what is on the other side of the hurdle.

When a woman has poor luck with her cake she doesn't save any of it for company.

Never judge a merchant's cash receipts by the number of lady shoppers in his store.

From a hobo's point of view no man ought to do enough work to render a vacation necessary.

Many a man gets a reputation for being good natured because he is too lazy to stand up for his rights.

Occasionally a woman likes to have people talk about her because it gives her such a splendid chance to get even.

A man will never acquire a fortune unless he is proof against the habit of buying useless things because they are cheap.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

(New York Press.)

A girl is mighty clever to have a different way of making a fool of every different man.

What sincerity can be expected from a combination of curling irons, rabbit's foot and stays?

When a woman feels bad because she has no money to spend she comforts herself by going shopping.

When a man always remembers to post his wife's letters it is a sign he can tell whoppers with a straight face.

A woman has an idea if no man speak to her on the street it is because they think her husband is concealed somewhere about her.

The Fashionable Woman.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Dr. Frank—There! I guess I've mortally offended Mrs. Woodby.

His Wife—Why?

Dr. Frank—I told her she had nothing but a "common" cold. She was very indignant.

THE GROCERYMAN.

Cook Convinced Him That He Knew Nothing About Cooking.

(Chicago News.)

"You'll not find any better apples than them at 30 cents a peck," said the groceryman to the pretty cook. "I could have brought you some Ponathans at 35, but the only difference is that the peel looks prettier. Them spots you see is only skin deep, an' once you get the skin off you wouldn't know but they was fancy selects, hand polished."

"That's all right, but you can take 'em right back again," said the cook. "By the time I had pared them spots off there wouldn't be nothin' left but the core."

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" said the groceryman. "You're off. It's just the outside. You don't want apples to put under a glass shade for an ornament on the center table. You're goin' to use 'em as fillin' for pie-crust, ain't you? That's all right, then. I guarantee you won't get no better nowhere. You take an' cut them apples up and fix 'em with sugar an' a little nutmeg or lemon peel to flavor, get your pie-crust good an' short an' see that the bottom ain't soggy an' have it well baked on top, an' if you haven't got an apple pie that's a corker I'll engage to eat it myself. I'll eat the crust, anyway."

"I suppose you think you know all about makin' pies," said the cook, sarcastically.

"Sure," answered the groceryman. "All there is to it is flour an' water an' shortnin' mixed up together, with pinkin, apples or mincemeat or somethin' in between. It's dead easy."

"That's right," said the cook. "An' all you need to make good bread is flour an' water an' yeast, with a pinch o' salt mixed up together, an' all there is to cake is flour an' water an' milk an' eggs, an' sugar an' spices an' a few other things mixed up together. An' all there is to cookin' is jest to cook things. You make me tired."

"You're too sensertive, Evelina," said the groceryman. "I don't say it don't take a whole lot o 'thought an' years o' study to break an egg in a pan an' keep the sunny side whole. I know it's hard on the brain to learn to slap a beefsteap on the broiler an' butter an' pepper it the way it ought to be buttered an' peppered. I ain't knockin'.

"When I said a pie was easy, I meant it was easy when you knew how. I'll bet you know how to warm over beans, but that ain't sayin' you know all about apples. It ain't no disgrace. You wasn't raised in a orchard the way I was. Them spots is where the since's bit 'em. You take an insec' an' he knows what's good to bite. If he sees a poor apple he passes it up. If it's sound an' ripe an' well flavored he take a lunch on it right there. He don't hurt it none; he jest takes what he wants an' leaves the rest."

"That's what I'll do," said the pretty cook. "I'll take what I want, an' I don't want none o' them apples. If you ain't got any better I know a store that has an' won't charge any more than 30 cents either."

"Sure, we've got some better," said the groceryman. "I didn't know you wanted any better than these. Come to think of it, your apples is in the peck measure jest outside the door there. Im awful absent-minded, somehow."

The pretty cook bit her lip. "You'd better get them apples emptied in the drawer an' then foller you mind," she said.

Tabloid Philosophy.

(Chicago Record.)

A sharp tongue may give vent to blunt speech.

Lots of honest men have never been put to the test.

Some people put on so many airs that it makes them stoop-shouldered.

It is possible to talk yourself up without running other people down.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish patience from downright laziness.

Too much beer may make a man fat and at the same time make him lean.

The man who has no money is generally safe from the blandishments of women.

People who live where they have earthquakes naturally kick about the ground rents.

The people who profit by their own mistakes profit doubly by the mistakes of others.

The fellow who sits down and waits for something to turn up should at least be armed with a meal ticket.

Blobbs—Do you think 13 is an unlucky number at the table?

Slobbs—Yes, if there's only enough food for 12.

"An officeholder is a servant of the people," remarked the Wise Guy.

"Yes," agreed the Simple Mug; "and he seldom fails to exercise a servant's privilege."

No Judge at All.

(Chicago Journal.)

"Isn't that young man fond of music?" exclaimed the young woman.

"I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "Judging by the way he will stand up and listen to himself sing by the hour, I should say he isn't."

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236 MAIN ST.
SALT LAKE CITY

SHOE SPECIALS
EXTRAORDINARY
All This Week at
$1.00 $1.45 & $1.95
For MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, UP TO $3.50 VALUES. ALL LEATHERS, ALL SIZES.

Ben Davis, Prest.
Aaron Levitt, Sec'y & Treas.
Davis
MONEY BACK SHOES
238 and 240 Main Street.
Both 'Phones, 695.

A TON OF COAL
FOR A FEW WORDS

Write us an advertisement. Let it be three words or thirty, and you'll stand a good chance of getting one of the three tons of coal we're offering as prizes. Contest closes Dec. 5th.

BAMBERGER
161 MEIGHN ST.,
U. S. A.

E. M. FRIEDMAN & CO.
145 Main Street, Progress Bldg.
COMPLETE LINE OF
Men's Clothing and Hats, Furnishing Goods,
Boys' and Children's Suits.
GREAT REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
We carry only the Most Satisfactory, Well-Finished, Up-to-Date and Lasting Goods

R. K. THOMAS
500
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS AND JACKETS
$5.00
EACH.
All New and Stylish

Rocky Mountain Cough Syrup
COMPOUNDED FROM THE FORMULA OF
DR. WINSLOW
Sold for 30 Years on its Merits at ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Manufacturing Stationery
Plant has been added by the Pembroke Stationery Co. First-class Bank, Commercial and Mining Company busi-

RAILROADS.

WORLD'S FAIR ROUTE — MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY — ST. LOUIS 1904

SHORT LINE TO ST. LOUIS.
If you are going to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York or any point east or south, see that your ticket reads via the Missouri Pacific railway. Elegant coaches, quick time and superb track make this line the People's Favorite Route.
The best line reaching Hot Springs, Arkansas, the Carlsbad of America.
For maps, information, etc., address
H. C. TOWNSEND,
G. P. & T. A., Mo. Pac. Ry., St. Louis, Mo.

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE AND THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN

CURRENT TIME TABLE.
In Effect Oct. 9th, 1904.
LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6 for Denver and East	8:50 A.M.
No. 2 for Denver and East	3:15 P.M.
No. 4 for Denver and East	8:05 P.M.
No. 11 for Ogden and local points	6:05 P.M.
No. 10 for Heber, Provo and Marysvale	8:00 A.M.
No. 8 for Provo and Eureka	5:00 P.M.
No. 3 for Ogden and West	11:40 P.M.
No. 1 for Ogden and West	1:45 P.M.
No. 5 for Ogden and West	10:50 A.M.
No. 102 for Park City	8:15 A.M.
No. 112 for Bingham	9:10 A.M.
No. 114 for Bingham	3:00 P.M.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 12 from Ogden and local points	10:25 A.M.
No. 5 from Denver and East	10:40 A.M.
No. 1 from Denver and East	1:35 P.M.
No. 3 from Denver and East	11:30 P.M.
No. 9 from Heber, Provo and Marysvale	6:00 P.M.
No. 6 from Ogden and West	8:40 A.M.
No. 2 from Ogden and West	3:05 P.M.
No. 4 from Ogden and West	7:35 P.M.
No. 7 from Eureka and Provo	10:00 A.M.
No. 101 from Park City	5:15 P.M.
No. 113 from Bingham	10:50 A.M.
No. 115 from Bingham	9:40 P.M.

PERFECT DINING CAR SERVICE.
All trains except Nos. 1 to 6 stop at intermediate points.
Ticket office, Dooly Block. 'Phone 205.
J. A. BENTON, G. A. P. D.

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD

Time Table
IN EFFECT
NOV. 20th, 1904

ARRIVE

From Ogden, Portland, Butte San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha and Denver	8:25 a m
From Ogden and intermediate points	9:10 a m
Ogden, Cache Valley and intermediate points	11:55 a m
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco	4:20 p m
From Ogden, Cache Valley, St. Anthony, Portland and San Francisco	7:30 p m

DEPART

For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis	7:00 a m
For Ogden, Portland, St. Anthony, San Francisco and intermediate points	10:20 a m
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco	1:30 p m
For Ogden, Cache Valley, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago	5:45 p m
For Ogden, Cache Valley, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points	11:45 p m

T. M. SCHUMACHER, Traffic Manager.
D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
D. S. SPENCER, A.G. P. & T. A.
City ticket office, 201 Main street. Telephone 250.

SALT LAKE ROUTE

TIME TABLE
San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake R. R. Co.

DEPART.

From Oregon Short Line Depot, Salt Lake City:	
For Provo, Lehi, Fairfield, Mercur, Nephi and Sanpete Valley points	*8:00 a m
For Garfield Beach, Tooele, Stockton, Mammoth, Eureka and Silver City	*7:45 a m
For Provo, American Fork, Lehi, Juab, Milford, Frisco, Caliente and intermediate points	6:05 p m

ARRIVE.

From Provo, American Fork, Lehi, Juab, Milford, Frisco, Caliente and intermediate points	*9:45 a m
From Provo, Lehi, Fairfield, Mercur and Sanpete Valley Railway points	*5:35 p m
From Silver City, Mammoth, Eureka, Stockton, Tooele and Garfield Beach	*5:35 p m

* Daily.
Daily Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car service between Salt Lake City and Milford, Modena and Caliente.
Direct stage connections for all mining districts in southern Utah and Nevada.
City Ticket Office, 201 Main Street. Telephone 250.
E. W. GILLETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.
J. L. MOORE, District Passenger Agent.

"THE LAGOON ROAD"
Salt Lake and Ogden Railway.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 6, 1904.

Leave Salt Lake 6:30 and 9 a. m., 3:30 and 5:30 p. m.
Leave Farmington and Lagoon 7:30 and 10 a. m., 4:30 and 6:30 p. m.
Extra trains at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p.m. on Sundays and Holidays.

A. D. PIERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.
J. B. BEAN, Excursion Agt.
Office 161 Main Street.

THE KEELEY CURE.

Drunkenness Cured
A positive and permanent cure for drunkenness and the opium diseases. There is no publicity, no sickness. Ladies treated as privately as at their own homes. The Keeley Institute, 334 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.