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Administering Justice

By H. R. SIDDON

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It was a raw, bleak morning in the late autumn, but Mr. Owens, the western manager of the New Haven Malleable Company, scorned the comfort of a closed car. "Fresh air" was a hobby of his, and pedestrianism was another. He imposed the walk between his home and office, a distance of some two miles, upon himself daily.

His bookkeeper, a slender, pale-faced youth, was just in the act of referring to the thermometer as Mr. Owens entered the office.

"What? Cold as usual, Wilkey? Not steam enough on?" laughed the manager, shedding his overcoat and throwing it carelessly over the railing in front of his desk. "Wilkey, tell you what it is—if you'd walk down of a morning, you'd get up some steam of your own."

Mr. Owens was a man past the prime of life. His accent marked him as a "down easterner," but his manner led one to believe he had lived long in the west. He was tall, broad shouldered, simple, energetic, whole souled, and, above all, sympathetic. He treated the members of his office force with cordial familiarity. He usually addressed Charley, the office boy, as "my son."

He had only just begun to attack the batch of letters on his desk when the office door opened and admitted a gaunt, shabby individual, who looked furtively around the room and quickly satisfied himself that Mr. Owens was the promising one to accost, he

"You're a nice specimen, you are," Owens grunted between each shake of the terrorized and gasping victim. "You're a good thing to be turned loose on a charitable public. You thought you could get the best of Billy Owens, did you? Umph! I'll show you what kind of trees make shingles!"

In an instant they were the center of a curious crowd, and by the time Mr. Owens had worked off a little of his anger, the circle was divided to admit an officer of the law.

"Hello, there! I thought you'd get around before long," Mr. Owens remarked.

"What's the row about?" asked the policeman, laying a detaining hand upon the poor wretch as Owens loosed his hold.

"An overcoat," Owens explained. "It's a chilly morning, and I don't blame anyone for wanting one, but what I object to is being left without one myself. And having it disappear, too, with a Weary Waggles I'd just given money for his breakfast. That was adding insult to injury. Maybe he thought I was easy, but I reckon he's found out his mistake."

"Where is the coat?" asked the officer.

Mr. Owens looked the prisoner over from head to foot and a curious expression dawned on his face.

"I'll be hornswoggled if the fellow hasn't got it on!" he ejaculated, slowly.

The explanation was greeted by an explosion of laughter from the bystanders, in which Owens himself and the officer joined, and even the culprit's face looked less solemn for a moment, for the garment in question now looked much more in keeping with the thief's costume than Mr. Owens'.

"Next time I turn street cleaner I'll take care that it isn't with my overcoat," he added, when the laugh had subsided.

After proving that the coat was unquestionably his by his knowledge of the pockets' contents, Mr. Owens furnished the policeman with his name and address and was allowed to depart with his recovered property over his arm.

He looked sheepish as he once more seated himself at his desk. Presently he called Charley and said: "Say, my son, if you happen to have an errand near Dolan's any time this morning, I wish you'd take this remnant of a coat over with you and see if he can fix it up for me. And if you don't mind a bit of advice from an old sinner, just learn to keep your temper while you're young, for," he added, with a laugh, "you'll never learn when you're old."

"Yes, sir," Charley answered, with a grin that threatened to become a laugh. He had been an eye-witness to Mr. Owens' administration of justice, and had sped back to the office and reported the occurrence before that gentleman's arrival.

The grin aroused Mr. Owens' suspicions. He glanced hurriedly around, only to see half suppressed smiles on all the faces.

"Boys," he laughed, "I guess I'll have to own that this fracas is one on me."

And he passed round the cigars.

An hour later he again addressed the bookkeeper.

"Wilkey, do you suppose there is anything I could do for the poor devil? I hope the law won't be too hard on him."

Penn's Burial Place.

For some time past there has been a movement in the United States for obtaining the permission of the English government to transfer the remains of William Penn from the little burial ground at Jordans, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire, to America, but the Middlesex and Buckingham Advertiser is in a position to state that any fears as to the accomplishment of that object are premature, and that there is little likelihood of the Society of Friends agreeing to any such proposal. But the request has been made, and will doubtless be made again, so that it behooves all lovers of this notable shrine to be watchful.

Mr. Edward Marsh of Luton, who is one of the Friends closely associated with the maintenance of Jordans, informed our contemporary that there were certain negotiations pending in 1881 between a commissioner appointed by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the trustees of Jordans Meeting House and Burial Ground with reference to the proposal to remove the bones of William Penn to Philadelphia. These negotiations came to an end, and they have never been resumed, the sentiment of the official custodians of Jordans being now, if possible, more completely opposed to any disturbance of human remains than it was 28 years ago.—Westminster Gazette.

British Inn Name.

The inn known as the "Same Yet" at Prestwich, England, has a curious history, which Mr. Hackwood relates: "The house originally bore the 'Seven Stars,' but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer, 'The same yet.' And the man took him at his word."



He Shambled, Hat in Hand, to the Manager's Desk.

shambled, hat in hand, to the manager's desk. Mr. Owens looked over his glasses any met the stranger's deprecatory eyes.

"I'm sorry to trouble ye, sir," the man began.

"But you're hungry, and can't get work," Mr. Owens finished, promptly. He studied the unshaven face of the mendicant a moment, then went on: "Well, my man, I've been in the same boat myself and I know how sea-sick it makes a fellow feel. Here you are," and a quarter dropped into the grimy, outstretched hand.

"That's all right. Cut all that out," Mr. Owen interrupted, motioning the man off, and before the beggar was half through with his speech of gratitude his benefactor was deep in another letter. The door had been closed on the vagrant but a moment, however, when Mr. Owen raised his eyes and was vaguely conscious that something which he had seen but a moment before was missing. Suddenly he sprang from his chair, seized his hat, and rushed precipitately from the office.

"Couldn't get work, eh? Well, I'll teach the hobo!" he muttered to himself, but Wilkey's hearing was acute. Mr. Owens looked up and down the thoroughfare and soon singled out his man in the moving throng, and the pursuit began. Down the street the philanthropist sped like a hound that has caught the scent.

A driver on a coal wagon stood up and tried, from his elevated position, to pick the man who was hunted. With one accord men, women and children stepped out of Owens' path and stopped at the side of the walk to follow him with their eyes. At the corner he collided with a young man who was so daintily choosing his steps across a damp place in the walk that he failed to observe the runner.

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Mr. Owens, as he threw his arm round the fellow long enough to steady him.

"I'm surprised you've the grace to apologize," answered the indignant dandy. "Pardon, indeed!"

Mr. Owens stopped an instant to shout over his shoulder: "Pardon was what I said, sir; but I'll be back in a minute if you care to wait for me;" then he rushed on.

"Say, mister, there's not a cop in sight. You'll have time to get your wind," jeered a newsboy.

The distance was not great, and at last Owens was abreast of the man he was after. The tramp hardly recognized the benevolent gentleman of a few minutes before in the irate, fierce, determined man who now blocked his way.

Before the fellow could defend himself, Owens collared him, swung him off his feet and began literally cleaning off the sidewalk with him.

Slogans

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The KITCHEN CABINET



BETTER to hope through
clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted:
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
through.

When the ominous clouds are lifted:
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning:
And the darkest hour, as the proverb
goes,
Is the hour before the dawning."
—Miss M. A. Kidder.

Left-Overs Are a Daily Problem.

Left-overs like the poor are always
with us, and only forethought and a
knowledge of right combinations will
make of them attractive dishes.

Here is the opportunity for inven-
tiveness and real genius for anybody
with plenty of good materials should
be able to present an appetizing meal,
but the world is hers, who can do so
out of bits.

When there are pieces of left-over
muskmelon not enough for a meal,
cut in cubes, add sugar and lemon
juice and when serving-time comes
add enough other fruit to make a salad
sufficient to serve. Bananas and
oranges combine well with musk-
melon.

Bacon fat may be saved to fry fish
in, and to warm over potatoes.

Save all pieces of paraffin paper to
wrap cake, cheese or anything to keep
from drying.

When there are small amounts of
any good thing left from dinner, place
several dishes on a tray and let each
member of the family choose from it.

Ham Rechauffe.

Butter individual cups and fill
three-fourths full of minced ham, re-
heated in a cream sauce, break an
egg into each cup, sprinkle with but-
tered crumbs and bake until the egg
is set. Tongue, chicken, turkey or
other meats may be used in the same
way.

Orange Fool.

Squeeze the juice from half a dozen
oranges, strain and add three well
beaten eggs, and one pint of cream.
Sweeten to taste, stir over hot water
until thickened and serve in a glass
dish, well chilled.

Macaroons.

Beat the whites of four eggs until
stiff. Add three-fourths of a cupful
of powdered sugar, and one cupful of
bread crumbs. Stir in as much coco-
nut as possible, then drop on baking
sheets and bake in a moderate oven.



It's need we complain? Back
settling sun
Is somewhere in truth a rising one;
And whether it be in your world or mine
That stars shall gleam, or sun shall
shine.
What does it matter? The fact holds
true—
It's daytime somewhere, all the year
through."
—Lettie Bigelow.

The Popular Cranberry.

The cranberry keeps better than
any other berry, because it has an
acid (sallylic), in its own composi-
tion, that is a preservative. This
acid acts upon metals so the berries
should always be cooked in earthen,
granite or porcelain-lined dishes. Cran-
berries are usually reasonable in price
and now that they may be kept in
cold storage, need not be sold without
a fair profit. The following recipes are
worthy of a trial:

Cranberry Drop Dumplings.

Put three cupfuls of cranberries,
one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and
three-fourths of a cupful of boiling
water, into a saucepan. Mix two cup-
fuls of flour with one teaspoonful of
baking powder, three-fourths of a cup-
ful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of
salt. Drop on the fruit when it is boil-
ing, cover closely and simmer on the
back part of the range for 20 minutes.
Cook carefully as the berries scorch
easily.

A Cranberry Drink.

Put half a pint of cranberries on to
boil. In a separate dish boil two
quarts of water, an ounce of oatmeal
and the peel of half a lemon, for ten
minutes, then add the fruit, water and
sugar to taste. Boil 20 minutes and
add one cupful of orange juice, strain
and serve cold.

Potted Pigeons.

Clean, stuff and truss six pigeons,
place upright in a stewpan and add
one quart of boiling water in which
celery has been cooked. Cover and
cook slowly until tender; or cook in
an earthen covered dish. Remove
from the pan, dredge with salt, pep-
per and flour, and brown the surface
in pork fat. Make a sauce with the
liquor in the pan. Place each bird on
a slice of dry toast, and pour the gra-
vy over all. Garnish with parsley.

Chestnut Croquettes.

Mash roasted chestnuts to a smooth
paste, add a tablespoonful of butter,
two tablespoonfuls of milk, the grated
peel of a lemon, one teaspoonful of
salt, a dash of cayenne and the beat-
en yolks of two eggs. Form into balls
the size of a large chestnut, dip in
yolk of egg, then in crumbs and fry
in deep fat. Garnish with lemon
slices and sprays of parsley.



ON the pantry shelves there
stood
An onion working hard
To scent the whole establishment
From which it had been barred:
A mutton chop, a chicken bone
And half a cup of lard;

"A roast beef remnant, flat and stale,
Unprofitable as sin,
A lettuce leaf, a celery stalk
A cold, baked fish's fin,
A soft tomato, leaning close
Against its withered skin."

"Just half a dish of cold, baked beans
And two world-weary eggs
Cooked with their eyes wide open, too
And two roast turkey legs,
Were spread respectfully upon
The nail and sugar legs."

"Then swift upon my mind there flashed
The one use for that group
Of sorry leftovers for a feast
That gave our youngest group
"Ah ha!" I cried, "the world is mine!
To-day I make a soup!"
—Olive Green.

Household Hints.

Rolls may be reheated and seem al-
most as nice as fresh ones, by putting
in a paper bag, twisting it tightly to
exclude the air, then place in a hot
oven.

When in a hurry for a dessert, place
a few pieces of cake or gingerbread
in a steamer, remove the cover of the
teakettle, and put the steamer over
to steam the cake, which may be
covered with a dish to retain the
steam.

Serve with egg sauce, made with
one egg, beaten, half a cupful of rich
milk, sugar and flavoring to taste.

Keep a small scrubbing brush to
clean graters, baked potatoes and
vegetables.

A slice of ripe tomato will remove
fruit stains from the hands.

Left-Over Meats.

One of the nicest of ways of serving
cold roast beef or cold tongue is to
reheat the slices in the following
sauce, but it must be made exactly as
the recipe reads, garlic and all, or it
lacks the character of a good sauce:

Mexican Sauce.—Cook one onion
finely chopped in two tablespoonfuls
of butter, five minutes. Add one red
pepper, one green pepper, one clove of
garlic, each finely chopped, and two
tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces.
Cook 15 minutes; add one teaspoonful
of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth of
a teaspoonful of celery salt, and salt
to taste. Lay in this sauce the slices
of meat, and serve when hot.



It's THE power to do hard work
Is not talent, it is the best
possible substitute for it. Things don't
turn up in this world until somebody
turns them up. A pound of pluck is
worth a ton of luck."
—J. A. Garfield.

Timely Information.

A cloth wrung from hot water, then
dipped in a saucer of bran, will clean
white paint nicely. The bran acts
like soap on the dirt.

An ordinary mason jar cover makes
an excellent pot scraper.

Candle grease may be removed from
cloth by laying blotting paper over the
spot and ironing with a hot iron.

When soup can not be cooled to
skim off the grease, lay pieces of tis-
sue paper on the surface of the soup
and lift off lightly. Another good way
is to wring a cheesecloth out of ice
water, and wipe over the surface
quickly. The fat will congeal on the
cloth and is easily removed.

Carrots should be cut in slices in-
stead of cubes, because the outside
part is the richest, and cut this way
it is more evenly distributed.

When using plaster of paris, wet it
with vinegar instead of water, it will
not set so quickly and may be
smoothed better.

Wipe all dishes and greasy utensils
with paper before washing them, then
burn the paper.

Old cuffs from men's shirts, make
excellent holders to use around the
stove.

Beeswax, or paraffine tied in a small
cloth, should always be at hand to rub
the irons when ironing.

When cleaning dark clothes with
gasoline use an old sock rolled up in
a ball, and dab the soiled spots until
they disappear. By keeping a blotter
under the spot, no ring will be left on
the cloth.

Wet a small, soft sponge with silver
polish, let it dry and use it to re-
move all spots on the silver, when
washing and while wet.

Apple Souffle.

Peel, core and boil in a little sugar
and water, six ordinary-sized apples.
When done, mash through a sieve.
Stir over a hot fire until thick; cool a
few minutes, then add the yolks of
two eggs. Beat the whites of six eggs,
add six tablespoonfuls of powdered
sugar, and mix lightly with the
mashed apples. Put the whole in a
well-buttered mold, powder the top
with sugar, and bake until the egg
is set. Serve at once with or without
whipped cream.

Nellie Ma...