



Men! Here's Good News!

Our Mid-Summer Line

of suits and furnishings for men and young men is absolutely the most up-to-date and complete line of merchandise in the city—"Quality" greets you upon entering our store and the values you receive for your money here are with no exceptions the "Best" that can be obtained anywhere.

Straws

Men's Mid-Summer Straws, in the most fashionable styles, ranging in prices from \$1.00 up.



Cool Summer Underwear



Poros-Knit—The underwear that keeps you cool and comfortable—separate garments—50c per garment, or Union Suits 75c.

We also carry the famous line of B. V. D. underwear in both Union suits and separate garments.

Shirts and Neck-ties

The famous Monarch, Green-Hood, and Arrow Brand Shirts—cool and comfortable—\$1.00 and up. An excellent line of neck ties for the well dressed young man on display at 35c.



Men's and Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps

We still have a number of them left over from the sale; come and get a pair before they are all gone. Your choice \$1.00



Men's Suits—Mid-Summer Styles

"Here's where we lead." Our upstairs department is overloaded with men's and young men's mid-summer suits. The entire stock is of the latest styles and just the garments for the careful dresser. "Quality" in this department extends up to the ceiling and the values that are awaiting your participation here are exceedingly astonishing.

We also carry an unlimited assortment of samples of the famous well known Universal Tailoring line.

N. O. OGDEN COMPANY
236 25th St.

SEARCHING FOR MRS. EKMAN'S HUSBAND

Salt Lake, July 4.—A side light on the Ekman murder developed yesterday with the receipt by Chief B. F. Grant of a letter from Mrs. Belle Atkinson of Griffin, Ga., asking for information concerning George Williams, who at one time lived with Mrs. Ekman, and who is said by her to be the father of the child who she confessed she murdered. Mrs. Atkinson, who writes that she is the sister of a George Williams who disappeared years ago, and for whom she has been searching ever since.

Now in California. No trace of him has been found by the police. Sheriff Smith said last night that he would at once start an energetic search for the man. Chief Grant turned the letter from Mrs. Atkinson over to the sheriff's office.

held a conference there with her yesterday afternoon. Secures More Counsel. Her first husband, C. L. Anderson, said last night that he would engage other attorneys to assist in the defense of his former wife. Anderson said last night that he received a telegram yesterday from Attorney Earl Rogers of Los Angeles, associated in the defense of Clarence S. Darrow, promising to take Mrs. Ekman's case. Anderson said that Attorney Rogers and he are personal friends. He further said that Attorney J. H. Johnson of this city had been retained in the case, but denied that he had retained any other lawyers.

Half Holidays All Produce Houses in Ogden will close at 1 o'clock on Saturdays during July and August.



Why Drive Your Auto?

when you can get THIRTY MILES of Mountain Air for less than 1 CENT. Fan Costs you \$9.00.

Electric Service Co.

"The Live Wire Contractors." Up 24th. Phone 88

dressed in a corduroy velvet suit, such as she is said to have worn when arrested.

A letter from Grace Mash of Portland, a former playmate of Frances Williams, the murdered girl, was received yesterday and given by the police to Mrs. Ekman. She read it without apparent emotion. In the letter were two Sunday school cards sent as tokens of remembrance. The letter follows: "Portland, Ore., June 29, 1913. "My Dear Friend Frances—I will let you know I am all right and hope you are the same. Why don't you write to me? What have I done to you? Let me know if it is warmer in Salt Lake. It is good here, but it rains all the time. I took my first communion. Let your mother write for you. When I think of you I cry. Write quick and tell Pearl to write when you go to sewing class. Tell the teacher to write to me. This is all I have to say. Good-bye. Write quick and let me know everything. Friend Grace sends you one hundred kisses. Write to this address, 658 Sixth street Portland."

The letter from Mrs. Atkinson received by Chief Grant reads as follows: "Griffin, Ga., June 29, 1913. "Chief of Police, Salt Lake City: "Will you please give me information of George Williams, first husband of Mrs. Ekman, who is being held at Ogden, Utah, for the murder of her daughter, Frances Williams. I have a brother by the name of George Williams, residing in the account of the murder of Frances Williams in the paper, and as I have lost all trace of my brother, I thought perhaps that her father might be him. I am so anxious to find him until I am testing every cove. If this Mr. Williams is living please give me his address and oblige. "MRS. BELLE ATKINSON, "123 Randle Street, Griffin, Ga."

SETTLERS ARE MISTREATED IN UTAH

Editor Standard: I wish to give the public some facts in which I am sure they are interested, especially that portion of the public who are or might be emigrants to the late Uintah reservation of northeast Utah.

This is a vast and almost undeveloped country in regard to which it is important that the public should be informed; for while it is capable of great and beneficial possibilities to thousands of people from all over the United States who are looking towards it as the Eldorado of their future homes, yet it is well for them to be advised of some drawbacks and difficulties of which they must be aware. There is the most extensive campaign of advertising now being carried on by the U. S. Indian department to put settlers on to these lands ever yet undertaken. Picards are to be posted in postoffices all over the United States telling of the advantages to be attained by moving into this land of promise and purchasing or leasing the Indian allotments. Some people have done well on these propositions in times heretofore, and the fact of their success is scattered broadcast and the homeless invited to buy or lease a piece of land under Uncle Sam's protection and guarantee.

Now I want to tell a few of the people in regard to this protection and guarantee. It would seem that Uncle Sam's guarantee should be all right, and it would be if you could get to the venerable gentleman himself, but his representative is quite another individual. I have been doing business five years as a farmer on the Uintah reservation, and four of it has been, I was going to say, in connection with, but I will say under the dictation of, these same representatives of Uncle Sam. For four years I leased Indian land. I raised a very excellent crop during the first year (prior to the Indian lease), when I farmed lands with which the Indian department had no connection. I raised what was said by some to be the banner crop of the reservation at that time—2600 bushels worth \$3000. I used all this crop and a large amount of money in the next four years trying to farm 80 acres of Indian land, and I may say that I have raised practically nothing. I was charged \$125 per acre each year for this land, that had never been farmed before and I cleared it and fenced it, plowed it and sowed 65 acres of it and tried to redeem it on its wild state, with what result? An enormous quantity of waste water poured over it from a dam, and it was ruined by the Indian department. I ran year in and year out, at random here and there over all the surrounding country, making ponds and pools and mosquito breeding grounds, and so thoroughly saturating the entire country that my lease was wet continually from year to year. The alkali rose profusely and to the exclusion of everything else, all over the place. My land was wet with seepage at all times. The adjoining 30 acres of Indian land was a continual expanse of water and bog the natural growth of desert vegetation, greasewood and sage brush, by the years of flood; and my land was almost as bad.

During all this time I was called on to pay rent, and could get no action from the Indian department to stop the floods. I finally stopped paying rent until they would stop the water. The second year I deposited the funds in the bank, and gave them notice that the rent was in the bank and subject to their order, if they would protect my lease from these floods. I offered to arbitrate. I asked them to come and see it. They finally claimed that they had sent someone out to view and report, and although I was continually at home I was not called to present my grievances to the "examiner" whoever he was; and the report went to Washington that I was not damaged. I was told by the local agent, Jewell D. Martin, practically to shut up and put up, come through with the rent or suit starts for you and your bondsmen. It is 150 miles to Salt Lake City to the federal court, and no railroads. The cost of taking witnesses there is prohibitive and the agent would get judgment for some part of the rent. My attorney therefore advised me to confess judgment as to rent after this suit was brought; as

Celebrate The Fourth To-day

But remember "winter is coming" and a nice dish of preserved fruit will "Strike the Right Spot." Do you know that we make a specialty in fruits for preserving! The choicest and the very best only.

FRUITS—

Strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots, plums, Bing cherries, the biggest and choicest black cherries ever seen in this locality, Napoleon cherries, red currants.

VEGETABLES—

Tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelons, cantaloupes, marrowfat green peas, wax beans, and green peppers.

RANCH BUTTER 30c

Harris Grocery Company.

Phone 2215-2216

"We Please the Particular"

338 25th St.

LIFE—A CONTEMPLATION.

The drowsy sun lies pillowed on a cloud,
And o'er the lea the twilight shadows creep,
And softly as a babe's unconscious smile,
All nature seeks the sweet repose of sleep.

The vagrant winds laugh wanton through the dusk,
And nimble brooks resume their evening play;
And from old meadows waft the clover's breath,
To bathe with fragrant balm the dying day.

The lamps of heaven are lighted one by one,
And in the brook are mirrored from above;
So coy they twinkle in the vaulted dome,
Like young eyes sparkle when they beam with love.

The low green islands in the distant sea
Rest snuggled in the ocean's warm embrace;
The wavelets play about their grassy slopes,
But in the sands their footprints leave no trace.

The scene is changed! Amidst the velvet leaves
Once more the birds awake their cordial hymns,
And from his bed of roses in the east,
The King of Day stretches his royal limbs.

And all the sentient world moves on with zeal,
While floods of light sweep o'er the waiting earth:
The mounting lark inspires the thinking mind—
"A better life comes from this newer birth."

What is this life! Go ask the glittering stars
Whose boundless realms are part of God's own clime
"This vain! No answer fills the silent void,
The stars are voiceless as the grave of Time.

Go ask the endless seasons as they roll—
Ask Winter as it flings its haggled locks
In Spring's young face; the blustering winds
Pass boisterous with a plaint that only mocks.

Go ask the laughing Summer while she makes
Her bed of floss in sly and perfumed bowers;
When joy and beauty crown her radiant brows,
And all her paths are strewn with lovely flowers.

Go ask the man whose heart beats high with hope,
Whose every way in life with joy is blest;
And him whose hourglass runneth low and fast
Toward the far milestone to his final rest.

Ask, too, the cooing babe whose rosebud fist
Would feel the hurt of Zephyr's tempered sting;
(But, O, the strength those little fingers have,
They wield a scepter mightier than a King).

This problem each must answer for himself;
To be! The wheel of Time crushes each day
Unnumbered lives, and in Death's crucible
The very kings are naught but common clay.

To live is to inspire some sinking heart;
Fate oftimes hinders souls however strong;
The pioneer of thought with ne'er a guide
Moves the whole world betimes, not often wrong.

Mind thou the home of poverty and want,
Where wretched walls are cheerless, cold and bare,—
Despise it not, O, thou vainglorious man,
For thou mayst some time find a hero there.

A. S. CONDON.

It finally was brought, regardless of the damages I had suffered. This suit was brought by Jewell D. Martin, a resident Indian agent, and styled Supervisor of Indian Affairs, and the judgment now stands against me and I must pay this rent regardless of the fact that I have not only got no benefit, but my farming operations have been a total failure and regardless of the fact that I am out several thousand dollars and several years of work on the leased allotment rendered worthless by the neglect and carelessness or ignorance of the Indian department as to the effect of their waste waters in producing seepage, soured lands and consequent poisoning and destruction of crops.

Now as to the ignorance of the Indian department officials I do not mean that they are ignorant of books taught in eastern colleges, but I mean that they are ignorant of what is demanded of them, for success in an irrigation proposition, I will be fair and say that I think Jewell D. Martin, the supervisor mentioned, to whom I owe most of my troubles, is excusable in a way, because he is not informed. The Indian department sends hundreds of more or less weak-minded, illiterate boys from the prairies of Illinois out here to show the oldtimers how to irrigate; and he is one of the extreme examples of this erroneous policy of the government, and can't help it individually. He might however make an effort to lessen these natural handicaps.

I am wandering from my subject, Mr. Editor, for the object of this letter is simply to warn the public against these (shall I say) "bunco games" in which Uncle Sam allows the Indian department to engage in order to get settlers on good terms, and get good rent or good prices for lands sold, and make money off them. Shall they be permitted to continue running from the outside unsuspecting white emigrants to toll and work and pay rent, that thereby poor down-trodden Lo may have time for his Monte game; and in order that the bank balances of the Indian department may be kept full and flourishing and show increasing credits and a healthy growth. In order to do this the motto of the Indian official is "Business is Business." The Indian official who cannot help swell the tide of pro-

perity and make money for the department by "protecting the Indian" is not wanted. No matter how he does it so he doesn't get in jail.

The contracts and leases with the white man who rents Indian lands are drawn by experts. The white man signs up thinking that as he is doing business with Uncle Sam it will be fair, of course. He pays little attention to it and goes to work. On the other hand the Indian land agent who draws this contract and sees to its enforcement "for the Indian" is doing everything in his power to get the best of the bargain. His very job depends on keeping the funds of the department in flourishing condition.

I think I have said enough, and that everyone who reads this will take some notice, and if he should become an emigrant into the Great Utah basin, which I would not advise against, this article will cause him to be cautious in his dealing with the United States Indian department. Otherwise he may be separated from useful coin, as I have been without value received, besides having the burden of some years of toll without recompense. If you go into business with them on any terms, buying or leasing, they

(Signed) HARMON VERNON,
Myton, Utah, July 1, 1913.

MUSICIAN SUICIDES
St. Cloud, Minn., July 4.—Ludwig Hamm, aged 32, a German composer and leader of a musical organization touring this country, jumped from the second story of a hotel here yesterday and was instantly killed. Illness, it is supposed, caused him to become temporarily deranged.

DE VILBLISS ATOMIZERS

are the most popular and perhaps the best atomizers on the market; ask your doctor about them.

We have a new supply.
Prices 50c to \$1.50.
Pleased to show them.

THE MISCH PHARMACY

Washington at 25th.
"We are in business for your health."

Specials — At — THE NATIONAL

The values given this week will be well worth your time for investigation. An excellent line of specials on display at reduced prices.



UNB

UNIFORM STANDARD OF SERVICE

Our equipment, facilities, experience and resources enable us to supply a standard of service that is uniform in efficiency. Accounts subject to check are cordially invited.

UTAH NATIONAL BANK

Ogden, Utah.
Capital and Surplus, \$180,000.00