

# Notice!

Patrons of the City Light and Water service are hereby notified that all delinquents will be discontinued on December 20th, 1915.

By order City Council,

**A. H. Hunten, Treasurer**

## PERSONAL

—Neil M. Madson of Scofield is doing business in Price today.

—Samuel D. Hummel of Castle Dale was in Price last Monday.

—Mrs. Dan Manson of Scofield visited with Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchinson at Spanish Fork last week.

—Miss Ethel Williams and Vera Harmon leave tomorrow morning for a two weeks' visit in Salt Lake City.

—Mrs. A. L. McMullen returned yesterday from a visit of several weeks with relatives in Kansas and Oklahoma.

—Miss Etta Beach and Miss Marie Hansen returned to Price last Saturday after a ten days' visit with friends at Price.

—Miss Salome Eichenbath, teacher in the public schools, will spend her holiday vacation with her parents in Missouri.

—Mrs. L. C. Cleveland left yesterday for Los Angeles, Calif., to visit some time with a daughter who resides there.

—E. C. Lee is in town this week from Nine Mile to spend Christmas with his family and incidentally to "doctor up."

—Miss Annabell Warren of Helper has gone to Duchesne to accept a position as bookkeeper with the bank at that place.

—William Jones, manager of the Deer Creek coal property near Huntington, passed through Price Tuesday on his way to Thibet.

—N. E. Nelson of Mt. Pleasant is here today attending a meeting of the board of directors of Price Commercial and Savings bank.

—Henry Thompson from Ferron and former sheriff of Emery county stopped off at Price Tuesday on his way to Salt Lake City.

—W. W. Goodman returned this week from Kansas, where he recently took the remains of his mother, who died in Price, for interment.

—W. M. Crothers, an Eastern buyer of horses, cows and mules, is in the vicinity of Price at this time looking for staff that suits him for shipment.

—L. J. Turner went to Salt Lake City Wednesday evening to attend the installation of officers of the Eastern Star. L. A. McGee left yesterday

# A Child's Thanksgiving.

By La Selle Whitmore.

Editor's Note—This story, "A Child's Thanksgiving," appears in the December number of the *Carlton*, which will be off The Sun press this week. It won the beautiful gold medal recently awarded by the Carlton county consolidated school board for the best Thanksgiving story.

Jane was just six and couldn't be expected to know much about Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving to Jane meant merely the gorging of a charity furnished dinner, of which turkey comprised the greater part. She did know, however, that that occasion was just three days off and that she could hardly wait for its arrival. Jane was a bright eyed, happy little creature who was everywhere at once and never in the same place long. Nobody seemed to notice her, but that is not a thing to be wondered at—she was so small. Jane didn't want to be noticed. All her small efforts were spent in keeping her family at home, safe and well. Home to Jane's family was behind the big woodbox and under the kitchen cupboard. Her family consisted of "Dorothy Peona," a small one-eyed doll with stringy yellow hair, which was always down with either measles or whooping cough, and a later addition, a bedraggled looking black and white kitten. Here Jane held undisputed sway over her little realm.

The house where Jane and her mother lived stood alone on the outskirts of a great city. Here she had been born and here she had stayed. Ever since Jane could remember her mother had taken in washing and sewing to earn their scanty living, and living was a dull matter in the little cottage at times.

Jane loved the long golden summers because it was then she moved her residence from behind the woodbox to the shady side of the house. But now winter was drawing near and prospects were worse than they had ever been before. For the past three days the mother, weakened by toil had hardly stirred from her rude bed, and medical aid was out of the question. There had been no fire and now the meager supply of food had vanished. Jane had borne the trials of cold and fear bravely enough while food lasted, but now that hunger had crept in, she broke down and sobbed. Her doll and kitten could not make her forget the pangs of the hungry little body, as they had made her warm in previous trials. Child though she was, she was being made to suffer as many grownups have never suffered in their entire lives.

Dawn was slowly creeping into the eastern sky in tints of rose and gold. The ground was white with frost and the sting of the morning wind grew sharper as the sun lifted itself above the horizon. As soon as the light entered her window, Jane awoke. It was bitterly cold in the house and the bare floor numbed her feet as she entered her mother's room. Something in the icy quietness made her stop short. Why did her mother lie so still and silent? Softly she tiptoed to the bed and lifted the coverlet from the quiet face. Why were those careworn features so pale and the dark eyes so glazed? The childish fingers were laid caressingly upon the mother's cold forehead, but still she did not stir.

"Mama, Mama, wake up. Jane's told. Jane wants her breakfast," the childish voice pleaded, and yet the silent figure did not move, for the poor woman had passed to her last reward. Death had never entered the child's uneventful life before, and she looked upon it with horror and dread. How could she know that her mother had left all her suffering and pain behind and was now in the Great Unknown? All the child's mind could grasp was that her mother would not waken and that upon her face was an expression of restful peace which Jane had never seen there before. In her utter helplessness to combat this strange thing that had crept into her life she could not weep, so heavy was the load that hung upon her heart.

All that morning Jane entered and left her mother's room, each time thinking that her mother would wake upon the next, until at last from sheer exhaustion, she dropped upon the floor and slept. The early afternoon sun woke her, as it streamed through the window upon the floor where she lay. At first she could remember nothing of the morning's events. Like a flash they came to her, and with a cry, half pain and half sorrow, she tried again to waken her mother.

A few moments later the little figure left the house and trudged slowly across the fields toward a neighboring farmhouse. As she doubtfully entered the big barnyard, she saw a pleasant faced woman throwing corn to what seemed to Jane like thousands of chickens, turkeys and geese, which clucked, gobbled and quacked as they scrambled for their feed. The joy of life was in the air, and as a particularly proud turkey gobbler strutted past her, Jane forgot her troubles and actually laughed with glee. The woman looked up and as she saw the childish figure, she felt a sudden pang, remembering another little face which had been dear to her. How much this little stranger reminded her of her own dead child! Jane looked at her with eyes that filled with tears as she remembered her mother's face. As their gaze met, the child's was one of tenderness and love, the woman's of yearning and desire. The child fell into the outstretched arms and was pressed to the woman's hungry bosom.

Half an hour later, when Jane had drunk the warm milk given her, she told her new found friends a story that brought tears to their eyes. The farmer had been called from the barn and as he listened, he turned away to brush two big tears from his swarthy cheeks.

"Let's keep here here, Joe, for the sake of ours that's gone." But the man could only nod, so heartfelt was his sympathy. This was Jane's first Thanksgiving, and one long remembered. That afternoon Jane sat at a big table covered with snowy linen and fairly creaking with delicacies she had never seen before. "Dorothy Peona" had been restored to her and her happiness was complete. That night after she had been put in bed, in her childish way, she gave thanks to Him who had guided her.

only. They were favorably impressed with what little they saw of Price.

—Mrs. Bonnie Larson left last Thursday for Parker, Ida., accompanied by her son, Arthur, and daughter, Mrs. William Lambson. It is hoped that the change will be beneficial to Mrs. Larson's health, which has been poorly for the past few weeks, suffering from a nervous breakdown.—Helper Times, 9th.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Miller of Huntington were in Price last Saturday evening to attend the social of Masons and Eastern Stars. Mr. Miller is a banker, merchant and live stock man of Huntington and in close touch with all things that spell prosperity over south. The county generally was never in better condition than at this time from any standpoint.

—J. D. Mathew of the contracting firm of Eggleston & Mathew left last night for Chattanooga, Ont., where he will spend the Christmas holidays with his family, and also with his mother, who lives in Canada. He may be gone a couple of months, but will return to Price when his visit is over. The Sun will keep him posted on Carbon county and Eastern Utah affairs while he is absent.

—J. E. Robinson, general manager of the Wamsath Store company, was in the city last Wednesday from Salt Lake City. After inspecting Sunnyside he left for Somerset, Colo., where he will be the remainder of this week.

—E. L. Harmon and C. A. Lee of Nine Mile were in Myton this week purchasing Christmas supplies. Since the postoffice at Harper was discontinued an effort is being made to have a mail route established from Myton to Nine Mile. The distance is forty-two miles. It seems hard for those people to be forced to have their mail directed either to Myton or to Price.—Myton Free Press, 9th.

**FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS PREFER EXISTING SCALE**

During the past week, according to word received from Salt Lake City, A. B. Apperson, superintendent of the Denver and Rio Grande lines in Utah, with James Russell, general manager, J. F. Earlight, superintendent of motive power, and F. E. Rockwell, superintendent of lines in Colorado, have completed a conference with representatives of the firemen and engineers relative to the Chicago awards. The opinion seems to prevail that the men prefer working under existing conditions to the eight-hour rule which is being advocated. A decision in regard to the matter will be reached shortly as a further conference will be held in a day or so.

Carbon sheets at The Sun.—Adv.

# Christmas Suggestions That Solve the Gift Question. Gifts For Each Member of the Family.

<p><b>Table Linens</b></p> <p>The most practical gift for the lady of the house. Priced 88c, 98c, \$1.49, the yd.</p>	<p><b>Art Linens</b></p> <p>Good assortment to choose from, such as table runners, art squares, doilies, etc. 10c to \$1.98.</p>
<p><b>Furs</b></p> <p>Ladies' and children's sets or separate pieces. Priced to suit most any purse.</p>	<p><b>Bed Spreads</b></p> <p>Never come amiss. Fringed, scalloped and plain, square or cut corners. Priced at 98c to \$1.98.</p>
<p><b>Ladies' Kid Gloves</b></p> <p>Useful and always appreciated. Priced 98c and \$1.10.</p>	<p><b>Ladies' Hand Bags</b></p> <p>The latest novelties. Velvet, Moire, Silk, Plain Silk, Seal-skin Leather. Priced 98c to \$2.19.</p>

**WHERE YOU DO BETTER**

83 Busy Stores **The Golden Rule** 83 Busy Stores

# CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT

I take pleasure in announcing that I will hold a FREE Clinic for the benefit of the poor who are sick and desire my services and not able to pay for same. This Clinic will be held daily, at my offices, between the hours of 10 and 12 a. m., beginning Saturday, December 18th, up to and including Friday, December 24th. They will be strictly private and

## ABSOLUTELY FREE

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

**D. L. CECIL, D. C.**  
THE CHIROPRACTOR.  
Golden Rule Hotel, Price, Utah.

**MRS. SAMUEL P. SNOW, SR., PASSES SUDDENLY AT PRICE**

While being taken to Salt Lake City for medical care and attention, Mrs. S. P. Snow, Sr., of Orangeville, whose condition was extremely critical, died last Wednesday morning at the Tavern.

Deceased, who was accompanied here by her husband and her son, R. P. Snow, Jr., and Dr. J. M. Graham, has been suffering for some time. She was 55 years of age and leaves besides her husband a family of nine children. She was one of the pioneers of Emery county and a large number of relatives and friends will mourn her loss.

Mrs. L. A. McGee has opened her studio on North Ninth street and is ready to take orders of give lessons.—Adv.

Carbon papers and typewriter supplies. The Sun.—Adv.

# A. KOPF'S STUDIO

All Work Guaranteed and Prices Reasonable. Photograph Work Of All Kinds.

Up Stairs Over Commercial Bank. Phone 17. Price, Utah.

**Reliable Cutlery**

Often Advertised —We Have It.

We sell it and guarantee it. Ours is the kind you buy and put into every day service and find it stands the test of time. We have many styles and brands to select from at prices which are profit sharing.

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