

"The Old Bank" greets you in its new building

The officers and directors of Walker Brothers Bankers extend greetings to the people of Salt Lake City and the Inter-mountain Region, and invite you to inspect their new home.

The oldest bank between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast is now open for business in the tallest building between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast.

You will always be welcome at the "old bank," though in new, handsome and larger quarters, where it has better facilities to serve you.

To the old friends, some of whom have known this institution during the entire period of its existence—now nearly 34 years—extended a special invitation.

The bank had its beginning when the city was a struggling village in the midst of a wilderness. It prospered with the community.

The new building typifies the great, growing, progressive Salt Lake City. And toward the solid growth and progress of the future this bank will always endeavor to be a potent factor.

Walker Brothers Bankers
Epochs in the History of Walker Brothers Bankers
Founded, 1853.
Moved into location on northwest corner Second South and Main Street, 1865.
Incorporated, 1902.
Absorbed Salt Lake City Branch of Wells-Fargo & Company Bank, 1906.
Moved into factory building, northeast corner of Main and Second South Streets, December 9, 1912.

OFFICERS.
Matthew H. Walker, President.
L. H. Farnsworth, Vice-President.
E. O. Howard, Cashier.
John H. Walker, Assistant Cashier.
W. E. Lake, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.
Matthew H. Walker, John H. Walker, L. H. Farnsworth, P. A. Druell, E. O. Howard, C. N. Strevell, H. G. McMillan, G. S. Auerbach, W. Montgomery Ferry.

Some Departments of Walker Brothers Bankers
Commercial Banking—Facilities for large accounts. Small checking accounts are welcome.
Savings—\$1 will open an account; 4 per cent compound interest paid.
Banking by Mail—You can keep a checking or savings account here and deposit or withdraw by mail, no matter where you may live. This department has active accounts with people as far off as Central America, the Philippines and England.
Exchange—Correspondents all over the world, from Suva, Fiji Islands, to Gjøvik, Norway, through which money may be sent or collections made.
Letters of Credit—For travels, payable all over the world.
Safety Deposit Vaults—Most convenient location in the city.

Disdain for Dignity.
A Scot whose name was Macintosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed to a taxi driver who had transported him to his home in the East End.

The man with the meter talked loud and harshly, and it angered the Highlander.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm a Macintosh."

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said. "I'll have my rights."—Cleveland Press.

How He Made Good.
"Women," said the impassioned sociological orator, "prefer the cave man."

There was much confusion in the hall and some hissing.

Then a lady of problematical years arose and faced the speaker.

"I should like," she severely said, "to ask the age of the women to whom you have just alluded."

The speaker realized that he was on thin ice, but his nerve did not desert him. He hesitated just a moment.

"The stone age!" he roared, and went on with his lecture.

Mistaken Reckoning.
A country boy came to Pittsburg for his vacation, and while he was seeing the city he went around in his country togs. As most country boys, he wore his pants usually short, far above his ankles.

As he was going along Fifth avenue some smart street loafer exclaimed: "Oh, you country boy, your pants are not too short, are they?"

The "rube" turned around and with face flushed, answered: "No; I am only in them too far."—National Monthly.

Helping the Orphans.
Little Harry's parents always kept a barrel of apples in the cellar. Not long ago they moved next door to an orphan's home. Shortly after moving Harry's mother noticed that the apples disappeared with great rapidity.

"Harry," she said one morning, "what is going on with our apples?" "Mother," he replied, "I have to eat a great many apples."

"I am willing that you should have all the apples you want. But why do you eat so many lately?" "Why, I have to eat a great many 'cause the orphans want the cores."

Lays for Him.
Brown—Does your wife always sit up for you when you are out late?
Smith—No; she lays for me at the door.—Milwaukee Sentinel

In Wrong.
"Is this your fiancée, Ed?" asked Jones, picking up a small portrait off the mantelpiece.
"Yes. How do you like her?" asked Ed.
Jones thought a minute. "She must be rich, isn't she, Ed?"

A Child's Question.
Boy—Pa, what is the difference between a humorist and a funny man?
Father—A humorist, son, plays with ideas and a funny man with words.

FOUR BRIDES OF THANKSGIVING WEEK



Four charming young women of Washington became wives Thanksgiving week. They were, as numbered in the illustration, Miss Alice Wright, daughter of Justice Wright of the District of Columbia, who was married to Robert F. Vedder; Miss Eleanor Cullom Ridgeley, granddaughter of Senator Cullom of Illinois, who became Mrs. Harry Parker; Miss Alice Gates Boutell, daughter of the minister to Switzerland, who was married to John Brooks Ladd of Boston, and Miss Laura Merriam, daughter of the former governor of Minnesota, who wedded James F. Curtis, assistant secretary of the treasury.

DEAD JAPS ON SHIP

Weird Adventure of Engineer Off Coast of China,

Seaman Supposed to Have Been Drowned Climbs Aboard Deserted Vessel and Wonders at the Mystery of Sailors' Fate.

New York.—If Banzai, the Japanese poodle and prized possession of William Tweeddale, chief engineer of the Banzai, "I haven't seen the Viscar since the night I was drowned in the South Pacific, but I've heard from my old chief, and he says I'm carried on the log as drowned, and that the Viscar's log is truthful in all things, and drowned I must remain.

"It was about this time last year that I was 'drowned' the Viscar had touched in at Japanese ports and was kicking her way south to Singapore. I had just been relieved of my watch below by the third and had gone to the rail for a breath of air. The night was stifling hot, and whether I had got too much heat or what I don't know, but I was taken with a sort of fainting spell.

"I came to with a sudden shock. I was in the water.
"It dawned on me mighty quick that no one had seen me go overboard and that it might be a couple of hours before I was missed. I shouted a bit more and then I began to save my breath and swim.
"Well, sir, I had some funny thoughts. First I began to wonder how long I could keep up, and decided that by taking things easy I was good for five or six hours and daylight, for I had gone overboard at midnight, I was beginning to tire a bit, and it was something of an effort to keep floating.

"Then, sir, I saw a sight that brought a howl of joy to my lungs. Sweeping along toward me, with all sails set, was a one-masted vessel. I began to swim toward her, yelling 'Help!' every few strokes, but not an answering cry did I hear. I thought it strange, for the vessel was almost on me, but it wasn't for me to wonder about such things with a chance for life so near at hand, and so I bumped

alongside as the boat came by me. Luckily I saw a rope hanging over the side and got hold of it, or I'd never be in New York or any other earthly harbor this day. Finally, with one last awful effort, I drew myself over the side and fell in a heap on the deck. I sat up with a start and there was a blooming puppy dog what had been licking the side of my face. That there pup was Banzai.

"Well, sir, I had come aboard into a pretty mess. The vessel was a one-sticker and was running under mainsail, topsail and jibs, but not a sign of a human being did I see. I got up and went aft, and there doubled up near the wheel was a dead Jap. The fellow was curled up like a fellow who fallen asleep and had tried to keep himself warm by rolling into a ball.
"I went down into the cabin and there stretched out on the floor were four more Japs. It certainly gave me the creeps to look at them. They all had the same ghastly expression on their faces and the same wild look in their eyes as the fellow up on deck. I looked about expecting to see signs of a struggle, but everything was as ship shape as could be.
"The more I looked at those dead men the more the idea stuck to me that they had seen something that had literally frightened them to death. What it was you can guess as well as me. I've often tried to figure out an explanation of those dead Japs, but it's beyond me. The bodies were in a good state of preservation, so the men couldn't have been dead long.
"Well, the first thing I did was to heave those Japs overboard.
"I kept on westward for about four days and then late one afternoon I sighted a steamer low down on the horizon. Then I saw the steamer beginning to slow down. I ran up as close as I could and they lowered away a lifeboat to reach my ship. As soon as it pulled alongside I picked up Banzai and jumped into the boat and was taken to the steamer. The sailboat journeyed on as I had left her, all sails set and heading into the setting sun. She was a ship of mystery. Where she came from, what had happened to her crew and where she went I don't know and never will."

DEER IN A CROWDED STREET
Animal Startles Pedestrians in Cincinnati Until Finally Caught by Member of Salvage Corps.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Shortly after noon recently the crowded downtown streets were thrown into confusion when a deer ran down Walnut street and turned into Seventh avenue. The animal finally plunged through a large plate glass window. Emil Stagnaro of the Salvage corps, with a number of firemen, captured the animal.

DISCUSS FREEDOM OF AIR

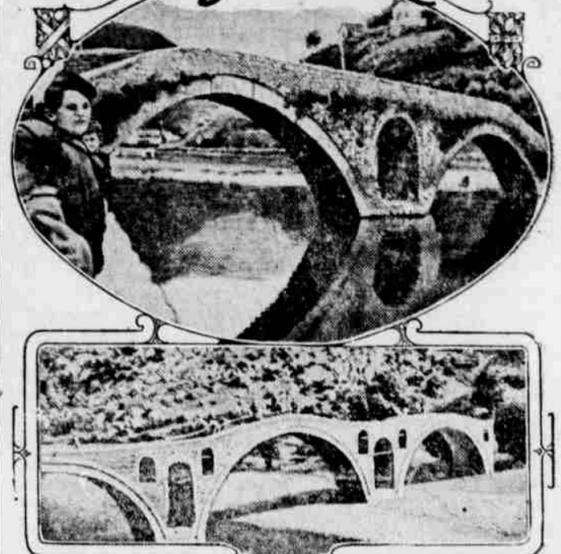
Jurists of the World Are Torn Over Sovereignty of Space Above Territory.

London.—In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the jurists of the world poured forth learned treatises on the freedom of the seas and in those days Englishmen were the great champions of the doctrine of mare liberum, while the Continental scholars upheld the notion of mare clausum.
"Today the jurists of the world are busy with the discussion of the freedom of the air, and the roles are reversed. English professors almost unanimously maintain the doctrine of sovereignty over the air, space above the territory, while their colleagues abroad insist that the state has no dominion.
"The need for the assertion of state sovereignty is implicitly recognized in our aerial navigation act of 1911, which empowers the government to prohibit flying over any area when it chooses.
"At the same time the principal of state sovereignty does not interfere with the right of innocent passage through the air which the comity and intercourse of nations require.
"Subject only to precautions necessary for the safety of the subjacent population and public security liberty to fly over the land will doubtless be accorded by the state to foreigners as well as nationals.
"The position will be similar to that taken up in regard to territorial waters, says the Law Journal, through which there is a right of innocent passage to all vessels, though they are subject to the dominion of the neighboring state.
"In fact, the air juridically resembles not the open ocean, but the marginal sea."

SHOT BY BOYHOOD ENEMY
Youth He Had Sent to Prison in 1870 Gets Bitter Revenge After Many Years.

Denver, Col.—M. A. Root, member of a Denver tobacco firm, was shot and seriously wounded at his home by a man he says he recognized as a boyhood enemy of Ripon, Wis. Root was taken to the county hospital, where it was said there was a chance for his recovery.
Root said the trouble started in 1870, shortly after he left school in Wisconsin, when his home was robbed. He said he recognized the burglar as James Divinney. He had Divinney arrested and he was sentenced to the penitentiary. At that time, Root declares, Divinney swore vengeance.
Several times in the last fifteen years, since he has resided in Denver, Root has been attacked, shot and once locked in his safe and nearly suffocated. On each occasion Root declares he recognized his assailant as Divinney.

Tragic History of Old Byzantium



BRIDGES BUILT IN OLD BYZANTIUM

THE present struggle with Turkey calls one's mind back to an earlier world when all the countries now engaged in forcible disputations were included in the Byzantine empire, which is also popularly known as the Greek empire, and was founded in 295 A. D., when Theodosius the Great at his death divided the Roman empire between his two sons, one of whom, Arcadius, was the first emperor of the Byzantine empire. This empire lasted for more than 1,000 years. Its capital was Byzantium, now Constantinople. Its greatest names are Justinian, who reigned from 527 to 565, and Leo the Isaurian, who seized the throne in 716. During the succeeding ages there were constant struggles with the Saracens and the Bulgarians. It was in the eleventh century that the Byzantine empire was threatened and its power broken by the Seljuk Turks. In 1204 the French and the Venetians captured Constantinople, and there was a period of western rule for nearly 50 years. The Turks first made a permanent settlement in Europe by the taking of Gallipoli in 1354. In 1361 the Sultan Amurath took Adrianople, and made it the seat of government. Ultimately Constantinople was captured by Mohammed II. on May 29, 1453, when the Byzantine empire came to an end. From that day to this the Turkish empire in Europe has been a well-established fact, with many dramatic chapters, the last of which may perhaps be told in our day.

History of Ada-Kaleh.
One of the oddities of Turkish history is the possession by the Ottoman Turks of an island in the Danube. It lies just where the southwest of Hungary meets Roumania and Serbia. This little island fortress of Ada-Kaleh is Turkish territory, its inhabitants are Turks, who are naturally under the jurisdiction of the sultan, yet the fortress on the island belongs to Austria-Hungary, who provides the garrison. The island, which is of great strategic importance, is situated in the middle of the Danube, just where it flows through high cliffs about half an hour's journey from the Iron Gates. In the center of the island is the Turk-

ish settlement with its Oriental shops and coffee houses. These coffee houses are the scene of considerable life, especially on Fridays, the least day of the Mohammedans. Though the tables are thickly thronged, there is no noise; little conversation is indulged in, most of the men merely quietly smoking their long pipes or drinking their Turkish coffee. Pretty girls fill about, maidens as yet unveiled, with henna-redened fingernails and flowers in their hair. From the minaret of the mosque floats the Turkish flag.
Ada-Kaleh has had an interesting history, and played an important part in the Turkish wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. When Ludwig the Great thought of erecting a fortress at Orsova in 1371 the question of the island was considered, but was rejected, leaving it to its primeval forest, which served as a hiding place for robbers and river pirates. But in the year 1687, when the Turks were driven back from Vienna and pursued by Karl of Lothringen and Sobieski of Poland, these two great commanders were struck by the position of the island and ordered it to be fortified.

Small Salaries.
An interesting figure in the Balkan struggle is General Vukotic, now commanding the Montenegrin force in the Sandjak of Novki Bazar. General Vukotic has traveled in America, as aide-de-camp to Prince—now King—Nicholas. While devoted, like all his nation, to his own mountains he is very appreciative of the pleasures of the great capitals, and particularly fond of Vienna. He has very happy memories of a visit he paid to London some years ago, when he made his home at a West end boarding house (for Montenegrin officers' salaries do not run to hotel prices), and has a cordial liking for English people; he does not speak the English language, but converses fluently in French and German. General Vukotic is a man of middle age, splendid physique, and, like all his nation, a warrior born. He was received with wild delight after the capture of Njehopolje, one of the fortresses of the Sandjak before this province of Turkey was evacuated at the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

POLITICAL TRAGEDY OF 1850
Nation's Historical Figure Heard of Defeat Instead of Victory He Expected.

Charles M. Harvey, describing some of the breathless moments in election history, recalls the almost forgotten excitement of Lincoln's nomination, when Lincoln was running against Seward, with the odds overwhelming against him. The World's Work says:
Harvey pictures Seward at his home in Auburn, N. Y., waiting for the returns from the Chicago convention. "An immense throng had gathered in his grounds and on the streets near by to acclaim their distinguished fellow citizen. Democrats were there as well as Republicans. On the porch of his house, surrounded by many of his immediate friends, sat Seward, calm and confident. At their halcyon flags tugged for permission to rise. Cannon, loaded, awaited the word from Thurlow Weed, Seward's manager at Chicago, which would permit them to proclaim the expected glad tidings.
"Dashing down the street, a horseman pulled up at Seward's house and handed him a telegram of the first ballot—'Seward 173, Lincoln 101.' Tumultuous cheers greeted it as it was read to the great concourse. Carried by the same messenger a little later was the second ballot—'Seward 184, Lincoln 181.'
"I shall be nominated on the next ballot," said Seward.
"Intense emotion swayed the throng as it awaited the final word from

Weed. A vast silence seized it as the messenger galloped down with the fateful missive—'Lincoln nominated.' T. W.

"The man who during every waking hour since Fremont's defeat in 1856 had been expecting the candidacy of 1860 and who, in the minds of Democrats, as well as Republicans leaders, figured in the role of his party's standard bearer in that year, passed into the house. Flags were furled. The cannon, voiceless, rolled away. Cayuga county silently dispersed and the curtain fell on as notable a tragedy as American politics has seen."

Unique Seaport.
The position of the port of Southampton is that of England's premier passenger port, and no further evidence of this is needed than the fact that 204,045 passengers and 47,968 troops, giving a total of 352,013 persons, arrived in the port and departed from the docks in 1910. The geographical position of the port is not only unique, in that it is situated almost midway on the coast line of the English channel and within easy access by rail of the metropolis, but it is blessed with the unusual natural advantage of double tides, which give it virtually four hours of high water twice a day—an advantage enjoyed by no other port in the world.

A Mere Surprise.
"I see where the stock recently paid a visit to a sleeping porch."
"Well! well! I guess rich folk will now have their sleeping porches more thickly screened than ever."