

...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews: Aunt Busy has a dear little niece whose name is Loretto Boehler. This little girl is a sweet singer and for the past two years has been a faithful member of the Junior choir of St. Mary's cathedral, of this city. This little girl's dear mother has been very ill and the



Loretto Boehler.

doctors said that the dear mother had to go away to Denver, the beautiful city of Colorado, so Aunt Busy lost her dear little niece and St. Mary's Cathedral lost a sweet child singer. Loretto, always sang "Dear Angel Ever at My Side," and the last time she sang this pretty hymn, she almost cried because she did not want to leave the Junior choir or Salt Lake either. But the dear mother will soon be well, so Loretto and all her friends, including Aunt Busy, will be happy, and some day the dear mother and the sweet little singer will return. The picture here of Aunt Busy's dear niece is taken when she made her first Holy Communion last June. Lovingly, AUNT BUSY.

A SOUVENIR.

It was a quiet, almost deserted street. The time was very early in the spring—one might almost say late winter—but behind the brightly polished windows of a small notion shop a plant was blooming, so sweet, so delicate, that a stranger roaming about the city paused to admire it. A pale young woman was seated at an embroidery frame near the door. The stranger could not resist the impulse of opening it and asking the name of the flower. But the woman could not tell him.

"I have had it for ten years, Monsieur," she said. "Summer and winter it is green and flourishing; and its perfume is, if anything, more noticeable at night than in the daytime."
"Does it grow from seed, Madame?"
"No, Monsieur. Several times I have planted the seeds, but they do not come to anything."
"Where did you get it in the first place?"
"It was a—souvenir, Monsieur. The person who gave it to me has gone away, never to return."
She dropped her eyes upon her work once more, a pale rose-color suffusing her cheeks.

The stranger looked around the neat little shop, hoping to see something he might purchase. But there were only articles of children's attire, with pins, needles and buttons. A pretty little boy, perhaps 3 years of age, was playing behind the counter. The visitor put his hand in his pocket—he had a sweet tooth—and drew forth a small box of bonbons.

"This beautiful child belongs to you, Madame, I suppose?" he said.
"No, Monsieur, but he is just the same as my own. He is my nephew. Say 'Thank you!' my little Paul."
The child lisped "Thank you!" and the stranger bowed and departed.

There was, however, something about the woman which interested him. Her modest appearance, her neatness and that of the little boy, attracted him. He was a student of mankind, and he felt persuaded that she had an interesting story—perhaps a melancholy and romantic one. But he left the place an hour after this short interview and had no time to learn anything more about her.

Several months later another traveler, very well dressed, arrived at Andelys by the Rouen train. He went at once to the office of a notary, M. Gallois, and remained closeted with him for an hour. At the end of that time, the clerk, writing in an outer office, heard the stranger say as he was leaving:

"I rely upon your honor, M. Gallois. It is important that no one in Andelys should know of this visit. I am about to leave immediately."
"The Rouen train does not go for two hours, Monsieur. Stay and take lunch with me. It will be served at once."
"Thank you, but I cannot stay. Adieu, Monsieur!"

He went away, a moment later the clerk saw him walking down the street.
"It was quite cold. There had been a heavy fall of snow that morning. The streets were white with it, except where the sweepers had industriously brushed it away or where cinders had been thrown. The traveler strolled down to the river. There was a promenade along the bank, deserted this wintry day; the fountain in the little park was dry also; all looked cheerless and desolate. Pausing before a stone bench covered with snow, he said to himself: 'It was here that I bade her adieu. Oh, why did I leave her? Why did I not accept the quiet happiness she offered me?'"

He retraced his steps.
"I must see the church again," he said.
And, passing slowly along the streets, he approached the church of St. Clotilde. Every garden wall, every house recalled his youth, the mother he had lost, the betrothed he had deserted. Doubtless she had long been the wife of another. He had returned to Andelys to settle some business belonging to the estate of his father; he had not dreamed that any regrets or tender recollections would intrude themselves.

The Angelus bell began to ring; reverberating through the frosty air, it struck other latent chords of memory.

"I wish the two hours were past," he thought. "I cannot bear it here."
Hastening away, he went in another direction. The sun began to shine brilliantly. Suddenly the stranger halted. He had perceived behind the gleaming windows the beautiful, thrifty little plant the former traveler had noticed, months before. He recognized it at once, and the house in front of which he stood.

"O, my God," he exclaimed. "It still lives and blooms, after ten long years."
Then cautiously approaching nearer, he saw Bertha industriously working. Her head was bent, her fingers swiftly moving. Alas! This was not the fresh, joyous Bertha to whom he had said at parting: "Wait for me. I shall return rich, and we shall be happy." But yet—it was Bertha—there had never been anyone like her.

As he gazed, a little boy ran into the shop from the room behind, and climbed upon her knee. The traveler shrank back, almost knocking down an old woman who was passing.

"I beg your pardon! Have I hurt you?" he asked solicitously.

"Not at all, Monsieur. I am just going in here to see Mlle. Bertha."

"You said Mlle. Bertha, mother?"
"Yes, Monsieur—Mlle. Bertha Maury."
"She is not married, then. Whose child is that she has in her arms?"

"It is the child of her sister, Monsieur. She is dead, and Bertha is little Paul's second mother."

The traveler waited till the old woman came out of the shop, and then he entered. Bertha looked up from her sewing. She had not forgotten him—he had changed but little, looking more prosperous and even handsomer than when she had last seen him. It was he who grew pale, while her thin cheeks flushed.

"Bertha!" he said, extending his hands.
But she placed only one of hers in his right, a little timidly, one might have said almost reluctantly.

"Armand!" came slowly from her lips.
"I am rich," he burst forth awkwardly. "Will you forgive me—and come?"

"Long ago I forgave you," she replied—"if there were anything to forgive. But here is my home and my vocation."

"You are proud, Bertha," he said, wrinkling his stern brows, his cheek flushed darkly. "And yet," he continued, glancing at the window, "your actions belie your words. You have kept the flower I gave you so long ago. You have cared for it and cherished it, and see how it flourishes!"

She looked at him calmly.
"Would you have me destroy it, Armand?" she replied. "It was not I who crushed and wounded the flower of love ten years ago; why, then, should I have trampled upon its symbol, its one memory? Ah, no! I could never have been so cruel."

He did not answer, but turned quickly and left her. When he had gone, she went into the little bedroom where the child now lay sleeping. Softly kissing him upon the forehead, she looked at him lovingly for a moment, and then returned to her sewing.

Winter again, and the traveler who had first noticed and admired the beautiful plant was once more at Andelys. In his wanderings about the town, curiosity led him toward the bright windows of the patient seamstress, whose mild, kind face he had never forgotten.

The flower still bloomed in the window, which was as brightly polished as of old. He lifted the latch and entered, but a strange face greeted him—that of an old woman in a black silk cap, wearing a little shawl about her shoulders.

"Where is Mlle. Bertha?" he asked.
"She is no longer here," was the reply. "I have taken over the shop, and can, perhaps, accommodate Monsieur, although I keep but a few things, if any, that gentlemen can use."

"Where has she gone?" inquired the stranger.
"Married, perhaps?"
"Oh, no," was the rejoinder. "She never had a thought of marriage, since I have known her. Little Paul, her adopted child, died last spring of pneumonia, and Mlle. Bertha has gone to be a Sister of Charity. Can I serve Monsieur?"

"I see you still care for her plant," said the visitor. "That would please her."
"Oh, yes!" replied the old woman. "I shall never forget to do that, Monsieur. She prized it much. No doubt it was left her by her mother."

The stranger made some purchases, and then turned to pursue his way. But he paused in front of the window a moment for a glimpse of the green and white blossoms, saying to himself as he gazed: "This wonderful place that seems to thrive as well in winter as in summer, should be called the 'flower of affection.' It looks as though it might live forever."

For a Yellow Dog's Sake.

A quarter after nine every morning an important ceremony took place in Roy Gilman's school room.

At a quarter after nine, every morning, Miss Fletcher, Roy's teacher, handed a note for the principal to each pupil who had done especially well the day before. These notes the children carried to the principal's office, where they found pupils from other rooms bearing similar notes.

When Principal Thompson had read a note he knew just how the bearer had earned the honor, and he commended him. After he had read all the notes he shook hands with each boy and girl, and said he hoped to see them again. Then the children went back to their respective school rooms. And before night everybody had heard who had gone from each room, and the room sending the greatest number was proud of itself.

The notes were not bestowed only on those who had a high standing in their studies; if they had been, some pupils would have gone to the office every day, while others would never have gone there. Those pupils whom Principal Thompson wanted to see were the girls and boys who had done the very best they could.

For instance, Dennis Deckerman, who was so full of life that he couldn't seem to sit still five minutes, and so full of fun that he was laughing most of the time—when this lively young man was quiet and orderly for a whole day he got one of the little notes the next morning. Then Principal Thompson was so pleased that he clapped Dennis on the shoulder and said, "Good for you, Decker-

man!" just as if Dennis had been a grown-up man. That same morning Gertrude Dodge, who had such a hard time learning to spell, was commended for having written correctly every one of the ten words in yesterday's lesson.

And when Charley Brooks, who hated to get out of bed in the morning, wasn't tardy for a week, he received a note to take up to the principal's office.

Finally, Roy Gilman thought there was a chance for every one but himself. Roy was average "good" in everything; spelling wasn't hard for him, no one was surprised at his behaving well in school, and his mother always saw that he started from home early enough. It was almost time for the summer vacation to begin, and he had not received the desired invitation to Principal Thompson's morning reception.

When the honor did come to Roy Gilman, some time in June, it was entirely unexpected.

The first week in June had been unusually warm; and, when a brisk thunder shower came up Thursday morning, every one was relieved. It washed the heat right off the air, and the children who had been lounging listlessly in their seats sat up straight and drank in the cool freshness. At recess the rain was still coming down briskly, and the pupils gathered at one of the windows.

"I'm glad the rain came on account of the dogs," said Roy.

"On account of the dogs?" repeated Dennis Deckerman. "What are you talking about, Roy Gilman?"

"My uncle Tom told me about it last night," explained Roy. "He says that dogs need lots of water to drink, and that sometimes in summer they can't find any at all—dogs that haven't a regular home, you know. He said that yesterday he was going along the street near his office when he heard some one call 'Mad dog!' and everybody just ran. Then the next minute a poor little yellow dog came tearing along, and his tongue was hanging out, and he looked dreadful. It wasn't any wonder that people were frightened, Uncle Tom said. But Uncle Tom knows about dogs; and he hurried into his office as fast as he could, and came out with a basin of water, and whistled. That dog came running, and 'most tumbled into the basin. He wanted the water so badly. The people all said, 'Why, he wasn't mad at all; he was just crazy for water.' You see, it had been hot all day, and there wasn't a place, a single place, where a dog could get a drink down in that quarter of town."

The children looked sober over their story. Many of them had pets of their own, and they all loved dogs.

Roy went on: "Uncle Tom says he is going to keep a bucket of water outside his office all summer, somewhere where people won't stumble over it, and then the poor dogs won't get chased and have stones thrown at them when all they want is a drink of water. I was wondering if we couldn't keep some in our yards for the dogs uptown."

"I will for one," declared Dennis Deckerman. "There isn't a fountain anywhere near my house where a dog could get a drink."

"And I'll keep a low dish of water out by our back gate so that the cats can get at it, for they need water just as much as dogs do," said Gertrude Dodge.

Then the gong sounded and recess was over. By the time the children went home that night every boy and girl in the room had promised Dennis and Roy to keep a drinking place for dogs full of fresh water as long as the hot weather lasted.

The next morning, when Miss Fletcher handed out the notes to be carried to the principal, she gave one to Roy.

"I recommend Roy Gilman for commendation because of his especial thoughtfulness of our animal friends," Miss Fletcher's note ran.

Principal Thompson smiled at the surprised expression of Roy's face.

But the principal seemed to know all about it; for he said, as he shook hands with Roy: "That was a good thought of yours, Roy; and I can promise you that I'm going to see that the dog in my neighborhood don't suffer from thirst!"—Mary Alden Hopkins in Little Folks.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Down the street came a wagon, loaded with meat and drawn by a well rounded, well fed little mare. Her steps became slower and slower, and finally, in the middle of the car track, she stopped.

"Git up!" said the driver. "Git up, Jenny!"
But Jenny only turned appealingly toward the man on the seat.

"Poor Jenny, poor little horse!" said the big, dirty man. "Is she all tired out?"

At the sound of his voice the little horse sighed a sigh of tired appreciation.

"Never mind," he went on soothingly, as he scrambled down off the seat and took her by the bridle. "Well go right out to the side here and take a rest," and he led her away from the crowd and stood patting her well curried sides while she rubbed her nose against his face.

The other drivers moved on, then turned and looked. Some of them smiled; others replaced the whips which had been taken from their sockets to hurry their own horses after the delay.—New York Times.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH.

(Continued from page 1.)

Mexico. Here his journey northward abruptly came to an end, by a verified account that the negro Estevan, who had been sent forward to report the coming of the priest, was murdered by the Zuni.

Fray Marcos, before retreating to the south, erected a wooden cross on a stone cairn, gave to the land the title of the "New Kingdom of St. Francis," took possession of it in the name of Jesus Christ, and began his homeward travel.—"Con harto mas temer que comida—with a load of fear and an empty sack," as he facetiously writes in his diary.

The aim the great missionary had in mind when he entered on his romantic trip was to open a way for the Franciscan priests who were to follow, to explore the land and report on the disposition of the tribes.

This was one of the most extraordinary, if not the most extraordinary, journeys on foot ever voluntarily undertaken by a single man on the continent of North America. Alone, unarmed, this wonderful priest, animated with burning zeal for the salvation of souls, flung himself into an unbroken desolation of wilderness, fearlessly penetrated the camps and habitations of uncivilized man, and returned to his countrymen after covering 1,200 miles of desert, mountain and river lands in the six months of his disappearance.

Why Mother Is Proud.

Look in his face, look in his eyes, Roguish and blue, and terribly wise—Roguish and blue, but quickest to see: When mother comes in as tired as can be; Quickest to find her the nicest old chair; Quickest to get to the top of the stair; Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak. Look in his face, and guess, if you can, Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this: You can see it yourself in her tender kiss. But why? Well, of all her dears, There is scarcely one who ever hears The moment she speaks, and jumps to see: What her want or her wish may be. Scarcely one. They all forget. Or are not in the notion to go quite yet; But this she knows, if her boy is near, There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast And kisses him first and kisses him last. And he holds her hand and looks in her face. And hunts for her spool, which is out of place. And proves that he loves her whenever he can— That's why she is proud of her little man. —The Independent.

AN AMENDMENT.

"What a stately creature that tall blonde is! She always makes me think of her as the ox-eyed Juno." "Per-ox-ide, you mean."—Baltimore American.

HEALTH

Is Produced By What We Eat

Life prolonged by using sound, healthy food. Good bread is the most essential article of food. You can have the very best every day by telephoning to the

MODEL STEAM BAKERY

G. A. FRIDEL, Proprietor. Telephone 1479-X.

ERSKINE BROS.

PLUMBING STEAM AND GAS FITTING

JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

53 West First South. Telephone 029-X.

A Reliable Prescription Department

Is something any drug store may well be proud of. Accuracy and promptness are added to reliability in our prescription department.

Halliday Drug Co.

State and First South.

R. M. McKENZIE
Largest stock of

Monuments and Headstones

in the west to select from.

422 State St. Op. City & County Bldg. Bell phone 187.
My Motto, Satisfaction.

Phones 964, 965, 966.

United Grocery Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS.

267-269 MAIN STREET.

Specialty, high-grade and Imported Goods.

NATIONAL TEA IMPORTING CO.

(Incorporated)

NEW WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT. 21 South West Temple St.

Schools, Hospitals, Restaurants and Hotels supplied at lowest prices. Sole proprietors of Shamrock Tea and Coffee.

McGurrin & Gustin,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

THE ELGIN DAIRY CO.

8 East First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah. Phone—Bell, 48, 49; Ind., 48.

PURE SWEET MILK, CREAM AND BUTTER.

In a class by itself
ONE GRADE—ELGIN BUTTER
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Both 'phones 29

THE F. W. GARDINER CO.

PRINTERS, RULERS and BLANK BOOK MAKERS.

216 South West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Agents Jones Improved Loose Leaf Specialties.

O'DONNELL & Co.

Undertakers and Embalmers.

Metropolitan Hotel Block, 119 S. WEST TEMPLE STREET. Telephone 699. SALT LAKE CITY.

PLUMBING

"Success is our Motto"

If you want good work and best sanitary results, send for

J. J. FARRELL

Phone 1205-k 335 South Main Street

LEADING BANKS.

Merchants' Bank

311 SOUTH MAIN.

W. J. HALLORAN, President. E. CHANDLER, Cashier.

COMMERCIAL BANKING & SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Established 1859. Incorporated 1903

Walker Brothers BANKERS

SALT LAKE CITY.

Capital \$250,000; Surplus and Profits \$100,000

Safety deposit boxes for rent at \$5.00 per year and upward. Exchange drawn on all the principal cities of the world. Accounts solicited.

National Bank of the Republic

U. S. DEPOSITORY.

FRANK KNOX President
J. A. MURRAY Vice President
W. F. ADAMS Cashier

CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

A General Banking Business Transacted. Safety deposit boxes for rent.

The finest safety deposit vaults in the city. Letters of credit issued. Interest paid on time deposits.

The State Bank of Utah

Commercial Banking in all its Branches. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED. Special attention given to country trade.

EDUCATIONAL.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

OGDEN, UTAH.

Boarding and Day School.

The highest intellectual advantages, a beautiful and comfortable home, and careful attention to all that pertains to good health, sound mental training, refined manners, and the best general culture. Superior advantages in music and art. Send for catalogue to Sister Superior, Ogden, Utah.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

Salt Lake City, Utah

Boarding and day school for young ladies. Complete Classical and Commercial Courses. Music, Drawing and Painting. For catalogue address, SISTER SUPERIOR, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Joseph Wm. Taylor

UTAH'S LEADING UNDERTAKER AND LICENSED EMBLAMEUR.

Telephone 81. Office open day and night, 21 S. W. South West Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.