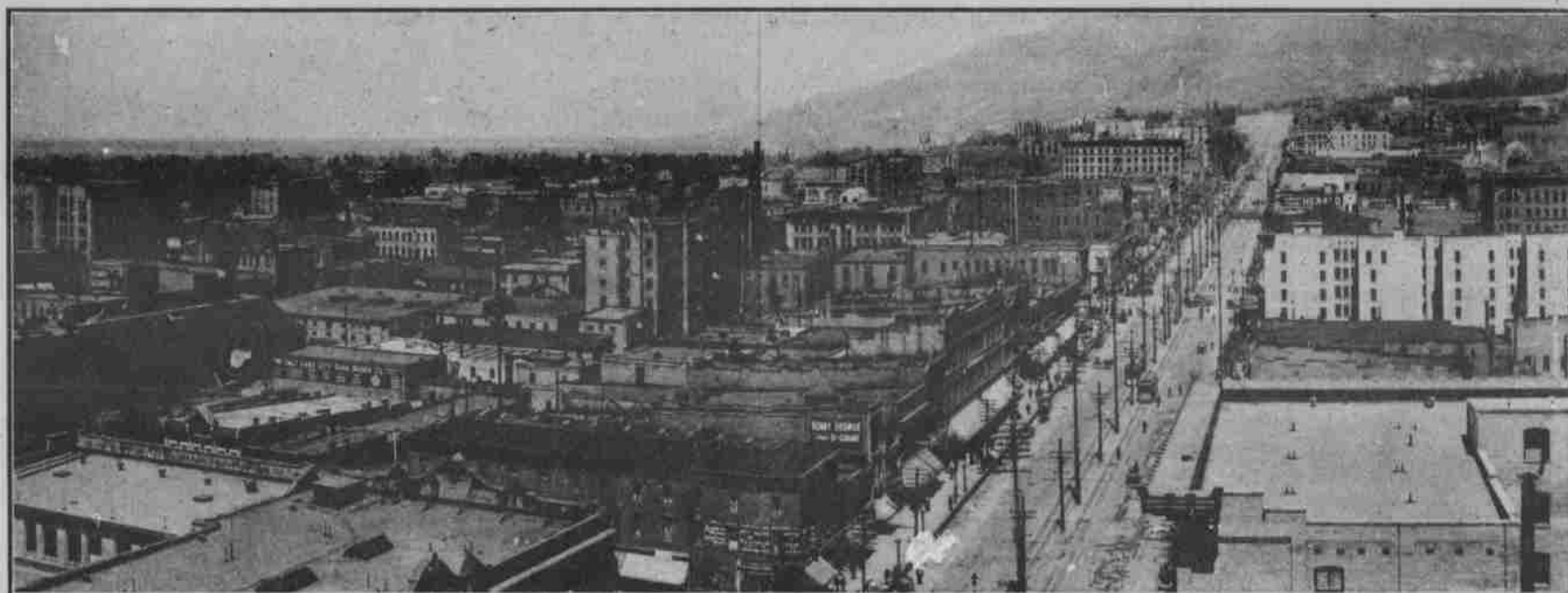




The City Looking North and East

GREATER SALT LAKE--THE METROPOLIS OF THE INTER-MOUNTAIN WEST

As seen from the Top of the Boston Building



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The City Looking North and West

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Dan entered with a tray.

"Hey, where's Bowers?" they asked him.

"He left here an hour ago ridin' on top of a hack," said Dan. "He ain't no amateur booze hound, but this time he was potted ES-pecial. Couldn't talk no more."

The six great reporters looked at each other and then sighed heavily.

"Then he can't write," said Phillips, regretfully. "I guess the jig is up. Darn him! Why couldn't he stand prosperity? Now we'll ALL have to go back to work!"

"I don't reckon," said the young man called Doane, "that we better show up around here again in a hurry. Old Horace would murder us—that's all—just murder us."

The six young men departed, going separate ways.

At ten o'clock Horace was a raving maniac; at eleven he was ringing the telephone wildly and securing connections which profited him nothing. At twelve he laid his head in his hands and groaned.

"Flattened out on the three biggest news stories of the year!" he said. "Skinned! Crucified! Ripped open from end to end! What'll we do?"

"I told you not to be too sure o' them tramp reporters," said the news editor.

Horace threw a paper weight at him.

Meanwhile the man who was taking an unconscious revenge, opened wine and pawed the bar rail with his left foot, careless that his graft had been destroyed.

The next week T. Ross Bowers was looking for a job. He found one under a city editor who wore no blue ribbons.

PLUM PUDDING

IT IS THE rule now in England to fill the Christmas pudding with rings and small coins, intended for presents for the guests. The fashion started in 1895, according to an English paper, and now it has become a rage. No plum pudding is up-to-date, unless it has jewelry.

It is a good idea, and if anyone happens to swallow a guinea or a half guinea or a ring, the

chances are it would digest about as quickly as the ordinary plum pudding, for the man who can eat a large portion of plum pudding and feel all right next morning is in better health than a certificate from a doctor would make him.

THE PERIL OF "BUTTIN' IN."

In his address before the students of McGill University, Rudyard Kipling told the following story:

"A certain man owned a dry goods store, and one day, to his great disgust, he heard a new clerk say to a woman:

"No, madam, we have not had any for a long time."

"With a fierce glance at the clerk, the smart employer rushed up to the woman, and said:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am; plenty upstairs."

"Lady and clerk looked dazed, and afterward the smart proprietor learned that the clerk's remark had been made in answer to the woman's 'We haven't had any rain lately.'—Exchange.