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A Missing Souvenir.

"I have heard all kinds of queer names for much abused automobile drivers," said Contractor John L. Joyce, who himself is an enthusiastic chauffeur, "but the queerest I ever heard was used a few days ago by an old gentleman from Crab Creek.

"It was the day after Earnest Salow's fire, and I was going out on the Albert street car line. The old gentleman took a seat alongside of me, and the conversation turning to current events, we fell to discussing the fire.

"That was quite a fire, wasn't it?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes," I replied. "Three machines destroyed."

"So I heard," said the old gentleman. Three machines destroyed and now they can't find the souvenir!"—Youngstown Telegram.

Bread in Sheets.

Women of the Moki Indians in the deserts of New Mexico make bread in sheets no thicker than a sheet of paper. The corn, of which the bread is made, is ground between two heavy stones until it becomes very fine. Then it is mixed with water and a very thin batter is spread on a hot stone over the fire, where it is allowed to bake for considerable time.

When one side is baked the other is turned. Sheet after sheet is baked in this manner. No salt is used in the batter, and the bread has a sweetish taste. It is usually blue, taking the color of the corn from which it is made.—Christian Science Monitor.

His Hobby.

A gentleman formerly attached to the American embassy at London tells how an old country sexton in a certain English town, in showing visitors round the church yard, used to stop at one tomb and say:

"This 'ere is the tomb of 'Enry 'Ooper, an' 'is eleven wives.

"Eleven!" exclaimed a tourist, on one occasion. "Dear me! That's rather a lot, isn't it?"

Whereupon the sexton, looking gravely at his questioner, replied:

"Well, mum; yet see, it was an 'obby of 'is'n."—Harper's Magazine.

Just Stood Pat.

Talk about being between two fires, a Camden man was aroused by his wife the other night, who said she thought a burglar was in the house and wanted papa to go downstairs and chase him. Papa promptly declined.

"What's the matter?" scornfully asked wife, "are you afraid?"

"No," replied the old man, replacing his head upon the pillow, "But while I'm downstairs chasing the burglar you'll be going through my clothes, so it's about six in one and a half dozen in the other."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Sixth Sense.

In a primary school examination, over which I once had the pleasure to preside, one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus:

"The five senses are: Sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."—Woman's Home Companion.

Sorry He Spoke.

Myrtilla's beau was bantering Myrtilla's 8-year-old sister. "I hear that Jimmy Jenkins is courting you, Elsie," he said; "now don't you think he's beginning rather young?"

"Oh, no," said the wise child; "he'll probably have his mind made up to propose by the time we're both grown up!"

Specialization.

Doctor—What can I do for you?

Patient—I have cut my index finger.

Doctor—Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger.—Fleegende Blaetter.

AMELIA FOLSOM YOUNG DEAD

Woman Who Aided Famous Leader in Early Struggles in Utah Succumbs to Paralysis.

Salt Lake City.—Amelia Folsom Young, widow of President Brigham Young, and one of the best known women in the United States, died Sunday at her home in this city.

At her bedside at the time of death was a notable group of men and women, whose lives and doings, along with hers, date back to the early days of Mormonism.

Death was due to a fatal form of paralysis which had been creeping steadily upon her for three years, following a stroke which temporarily disabled her.

Amelia Folsom Young was born at Buffalo, N. Y., August 3, 1838. She was married to President Brigham Young on January 24, 1863, having been acquainted with President Young since, as a child of five, her future husband had held her on his knee.

Moved by his infatuation for this beautiful and intelligent woman, President Young built the famed Amelia palace, filled it with beautiful things and placed his wife in it as queen of all its beauties. There she reigned, a goodly woman, using her influence in all directions to the bettering of things in Utah. With the death of Brigham Young in 1877, she sold the Amelia palace, and bought the old family home at No. 6 South First West, where she spent the remainder of her days.

BANKER CORBIN'S BODY FOUND.

Became Lost While on Hunting Trip and Died From Exhaustion.

Boise, Ida.—After a search lasting three weeks, the body of Bert E. Corbin, the Boise banker, was found by two ranchmen at a spot where Corbin's party camped when they first set out to hunt elk. The camp is only twelve miles from Big Springs, Ida.

The two men who found the remains were members of one of the posses that has been searching for Corbin. They wore snowshoes and had been hunting in places far from the trail. They reached the road again at a spot where the hunting party had camped, and there lay the body, badly mutilated by wild animals. The body of the horse was close to that of his master and had been partly leovoured by wild beasts.

Corbin was last seen on November 19, when he left Harry Lamberton, a fellow hunter, near Reas Pass, telling Lamberton that he proposed to remain out through the night, hoping to get an elk.

Gridiron Club's Annual Dinner.

Washington.—Politics, past, present and future, was the dominant note at the annual fall dinner of the Gridiron club Saturday night. President Taft was there with members of his cabinet; Vice-President Sherman; senators and representatives in congress; latest presidential possibilities; newly-elected governors of states and men of mark in various positions and of all shades of political belief, and ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary of foreign countries, who were numbered among the club's guests, heard with wonder the good-natured grilling administered by the newspaper men to their victims.

Macon Doubts Peary's Story.

Washington.—Representative Macon of Arkansas threatens trouble when the question of honoring Captain R. E. Peary comes up on the floor of the house. Macon is a member of the naval affairs committee, which has before it a bill to make Peary a rear admiral. Macon contends there is no more proof that Peary discovered the pole than Dr. Cook had, and if the committee reports the measure he will fight it to the last ditch.

Cyclone in Spain.

Madrid.—Spain has been visited by a second cyclone, more severe than that which swept the western portion of the country a few days ago. Many persons have been killed or injured and the low lying districts are flooded. Lower Seville is submerged and it is feared the entire city will be under water shortly. A railroad bridge at Alcala has been destroyed and numerous villages are in a critical situation. Railroads have been washed away at Caceres, Aranjuez, Castillo, Sastileja, Vilasca and Malaga.

Hurled to Death.

Salinas, Cal.—Hurled from his auto as it skidded and turned a complete somersault, Lerdal Morton Gray, president of the Cosmos Steamship company, was killed on the road two miles south of Gonzales.

J. R. Maxwell is Dead.

New York.—J. Rogers Maxwell, former president of the Central railroad of New Jersey and a leading yachtsman, died suddenly of cerebral apoplexy at his home in Brooklyn Sunday night. He was 64 years old.

How December 25 Was Chosen

How many people know why Christmas came to fall on December 25?

Everybody knows that it is the day celebrated alike by the Catholic, Protestant and Greek churches as the nativity of Christ, yet nobody knows if it is the actual date.

The uncertainty is due to the prejudice of early Christians against the celebrations of birthdays. They regarded such a custom as heathenish, and made no exception, even to the Savior's birthday.

It was not until Christianity had triumphed, three centuries later, that the prejudice against the observance of birthdays died out, and an investigation as to the date of Christ's birthday was begun.

Julius, pope or bishop of Rome, asked St. Cyril in 386 to ascertain the real anniversary of the nativity. St. Cyril reported the date to be December 25, to the best of his knowledge, after extensive research, and the date was accepted by Julius and promulgated as the anniversary of Christ's birth. Before the end of the fifth century the date was accepted by all Christendom.

January 6, April 20, March 20 and March 29 are some of the dates that were serious contenders for the distinction before December 25 received the seal of Julius' approval.

Even after the date was generally accepted by all Christian nations the holiday had its struggles. The English roundhead parliament of 1643 abolished Christmas and for 12 years it was not observed in England. Royalty gained the ascendancy, however, and Christmas was re-established as a national holiday.

Governor Bradford of Plymouth, in 1621, history says, had occasion to rebuke some young men who had come over in the ship Fortune, following in the trail of the Mayflower, because their consciences would not allow them to work on Christmas, with their sterner Puritan brothers.

In 1659 the general court of Massachusetts passed a law fixing a fine of five shillings against anyone who should by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other method, observe Christmas.

CHRISTMAS JIBES

All Paid For.

"Your wife was telling my wife that you've got all your Christmas presents paid for," remarked the man in the corner of the city train to the lean individual sitting by his side.

"Yes; paid for the last of them yesterday," was the reply.

"Lucky dog! I haven't even begun to think of the presents I've got to buy."

"Oh, neither have we for this year. My wife was speaking of last year's presents."

Santa Is Easy.

Bobby (on Christmas morning)—"Where does Santa Claus get all his things, mamma?"

Mamma—"Oh, he buys them."

Bobby—"Well, he must be a jay to let anyone palm off a tin watch on him!"

Seasonable Thoughts.



At this season thoughts of boys lightly run to Santa Claus.

Where They Come From.

Guest (dining at merry Christmas party)—"Tommy, where do turkeys come from?"

Tommy (pointing to that on the table)—"Dunno; but ma got this one from a tramp for a shilling, 'cause he said he stole it. Didn't he, ma?"

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

A prudent quotation on the bill of fare: "They are sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing."

"The gadding vine" must be of the Christmas variety, for that splendid tendrill is creeping through the whole earth.

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