

I

THE FIRST WIFE

THERE are straight, broad streets in Salt Lake City — the Mormon "Zion" and they are pleasant with shade-trees and little gutter streams of clear mountain water that refresh the eye on dusty Summer days and make a cool murmur in the heat. Under the trees of one of the quietest and pleasantest of those streets, on a green lawn, stands a cottage home—such a home as you may see almost anywhere in America—no large or pretentious, but pretty, neat, homelike, with vines climbing the porch, and flowers brightening the pathway.

Often, in the afternoons, a woman sits reading on the porch. She can raise her eyes and see the mountains, high and