

subject which trenches the least bit upon that other kingdom to which his first allegiance is due, he will be seen to hedge and will ask to be excused from voting for conscience's sake, or will pair with Senator Tillman. His position will be to all appearances a Senator of the United States, but at the same time he will be an enemy in disguise making secret drawings of the fortifications of the Republic for use when enough more like him can reach the same place to become a power. Our correspondent must be a recent immigrant to Utah.

#### WHAT WILL THE OUTCOME BE?

When one reads of the great combines of capital, sees stocks watered up to double values, and marks how they are piling up until there is not money enough in all the world to purchase them, and marks, further, that they are going on and increasing month by month until more than half the business of the country is absorbed by them, the natural question is where will the business stop? "How long before all the mighty financial edifices will come tumbling down like rotten icebergs?"

On the other hand, when we see the ranks of labor, through their unions, consolidating with more unanimity, more discipline and more exactions every year, we wonder where they will stop at last and how capital will dare to engage in great enterprises that will involve the employment of hundreds and thousands of men. Again, we see hundreds of thousands of people who depend upon the capitalist on the one hand and the laborer on the other to supply them with many of the essentials of life, put to great expense and often placed in great danger through the differences and misunderstandings between labor and capital, and the wrongs thus worked upon them are most serious. We have recently seen one of the quarrels almost bring on a coal famine in the most thickly settled portion of our country. Then, outside, is a school of economists who despair of redress for wrongs and exactions until the Government takes direct control, until it absorbs the great industries and carries them on as it now does the Postoffice department. What is the solution to be? It looks as though the greater combines were preparing for the time when some party will come into power that will insist upon condemning many of the public utilities, taking them in charge and issuing interest-bearing bonds to pay for them. Take the railroads, for instance. Suppose they were tomorrow to pass under Government ownership. At half their present charges they could pay their operating expenses, their repairs, and yet easily pay the interest on their cost and provide in addition a sinking fund which would in a few years pay off the debt.

But suppose that the insistence is that they shall not be bought for what they have cost, but for what they could be duplicated for, what will the magnates do then? Again, with the purchase laborers will be paid what the Government pleases to pay. There will be no strikes, no need of labor unions. Men seeking for work will take the wage offered, or they will have to seek some other field.

The outlook is that the contending forces are even now preparing for what Herbert Spencer designates as enlightened socialism.

There must be an improvement over present conditions. Money and steam and electric power make possible such combinations, that the man without capital can, by his individual efforts, make no headway in attempted competition. The result is too many rich men on the one hand, too many poor on the other.

There must be a solution. Our Republic is the world's hope and it must be maintained, but it cannot be under a system which breeds perpetual discontent among the masses.

So far our Government has been able to meet every great trial. The chiefest one of all is drawing near and the problem must be solved. How can the great work go on and how through it can justice be done to rich and poor alike? Who is the statesman who will suggest a just solution?

The Salvation Army is collecting funds for the purpose of giving a big Thanksgiving dinner to the city's unfortunates to whom turkey and plum pudding would otherwise be strangers. This is a good work and they should receive the financial and moral aid of all good citizens.

#### NO USE TO PROBE THE LOTTERY.

Mr. Bryan in his Commoner threatens to find out through the laws whether the Tribune's late guessing project was or was not a lottery in disguise. Mr. Bryan is a bright man, but there are a few things which he is not posted on. There was a deep underlying principle beneath that Tribune guessing contest. The Bible is filled with allegorical illustrations. A learned writer, some years ago, tried to establish that the whole book was made up by astronomers whose writings in the sacred volume were to show by allegorical illustrations the effects of the seasons through the stars, upon the animal and vegetable world. Thus the flood was made of rain that fell forty days and nights—the exact length of the rainy season in the Holy Land. Samson's hair was the vegetation of the summer and autumn—all strong. It was the coming into the ascendant of the star which rules the winter months which was the Deliah that clipped his locks. That is, the trees shed their leaves and the migratory birds flew away, leaving him naked and shorn of his strength, and he only grew strong as his hair grew again, that is, when the spring came with its new foliage. In the same way Methuselah's age was reduced to fair proportions, and it was shown that Jacob only served three years and a half, instead of fourteen years, for Rachael.

Well, the Tribune's guessing match was purely allegorical. The manager of the Tribune understood the signs and what star would be in the ascendant on the 4th of November, and, dissembling, determined to forestall foreordination and see how many suckers were left who could not read the political signs outlined in the heavens and on the earth. That he intended to make it profitable was entirely excusable if not justifiable, for his thought was to teach the people through an object lesson, for only fifty cents, not to gamble, even when they thought they had a sure thing, for the whole election was intended, so far as Utah and southern Idaho were concerned, to show, with a great church all attuned, by the allegory of a pretended election, how a despotism could get in its work, could make a monkey of the Great Republic and play for chumps the whole body of the America people, even like that loaf of bread that smashed the tent of the Midianites.

In the history of the church in latter days it will be told how, in the year 778 of the prophet Maroni, in Utah an election was ordered under American forms; how one great star from Wyoming shone over Utah; how one other star of sinister influence from Nebraska came to shine and to beguile people even as did the serpent in the garden, but how the prophets' rod swallowed up all the lesser rods and showed the people how they might deliver themselves. And the manager of the Tribune, being a favored son on whom the prophet looked with favor, was posted and taught how the suckers might be assessed and bled successfully. And on election day the armies of the Lord triumphed gloriously and the hosts of the Philistines and the hosts of the Machine were overthrown utterly, and their tents destroyed, and their camp despoiled, even to the borders of Cache and Utah counties, only the Tribune's guessing school was saved, without loss, and after the bat-

tle the hosts of the Lord returned to their tents with much spoil and at night painted the city a bright crimson. And the hosts of the Philistines and the hosts of the Machine were utterly discomfited and only the manager of the Tribune's guessing school was saved and he cried out, "It is well. My native Heath has escaped."

#### Literature of the Rushed.

How do the journalists grind their grist?  
Learn, sir, from the lay of an optimist.

Scuttering in on the train,  
Crowded and vulgar and hot,  
Jostled at elbow and back,  
Writing "society" rot.  
Scratching a pad on your knee,  
With pencilings jagged and rough;  
Interrupted by telegrams three:  
"Why the blank don't you hurry your stuff?"

Or, perhaps, you sit down at the side  
Of the crude rustic telegraph plug  
Who wires off your screed while you scrawl  
And by his fool question are dug:  
"That word 'cut'? Why, I thought it was 'cat.'  
That 'Johnson'? Looks like it was 'Jones.'  
Guess you never learned how to write."  
And so on, in spite of your groans.

Or crushed in a stale, stuffy hall  
Where you write down the speech of a dunce  
While flanked by a hundred old hens,  
Eighteen of them cackling at once;  
And even if all take the floor,  
While the chairwoman screams like a hawk,  
Still, still you must follow the trend,  
Though the trend be a tangle of talk.

And when you sit down at your desk  
To write up a long interview,  
On one side the typewriter clicks  
And your poor head is dictated through  
By the great star who never can write  
But bawls in a regular flow,  
And you grind while they click and they clack,  
Whether you love it or no.

Or grabbing each sheet while you write,  
A boy takes it up to the room  
Of the night man, whose job is to feed  
The great typographical loom.  
As you scrawl, thunders break above;  
Their roarings your tired ears rend,  
And clenching your fingers you cry,  
"How the deuce did that last sentence end?"

Wise men read the paper and say,  
"He split his infinitive there,  
And the wrong tense he used in this place.  
Such rhetoric—'isn't it queer?'"  
It ought to be perfect, of course,  
And never by any chance mused—  
Smooth of phrase, clear of thought and well-  
turned

This literature of the rushed.

—From "Songs of the Press," by Bailey Millard,  
published by Elder & Shepard.

The latest addition to Utah literature is now on the presses of the Utah Publishing company, from the facile pen of one of Salt Lake's best-known writers, Mr. S. A. Kenner, whose long residence in the inland sea state has well equipped him to handle intelligently the subject, which is covered in "Utah As It Is." The book will contain a complete history of Utah, covering mining industries, business enterprises, resorts, portraits and sketches of prominent people and officials of the state, as well as other items of interest too numerous to be detailed in a brief notice. The book is sure to be interesting, instructive and amusing, as the author is gifted with a abundance of qualities essential to success along these lines.