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PROMISE AND FULFILLMENT.

On the 19th of April, 1903, Senator W. A. Clark wired The Herald an announcement that he had taken over that portion of the Oregon Short Line railroad lying south of Salt Lake, and would begin immediately the completion of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake road. He added that he hoped to have the line in condition for active operation within two years.

Beginning tomorrow, May 1, the Clark road will run trains between Los Angeles and Salt Lake, so that Senator Clark came within exactly twelve days of realizing the hope expressed in his message to The Herald in 1903. It is entirely within bounds to say that no work of similar importance and magnitude has ever been completed so nearly within the time limit set by its projector, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the work of construction has been carried forward under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

With the possible exception of the first overland railroad, no line has had to traverse a region so utterly lacking in supplies, either of water, food or material as the new road faced in its construction across the desert from Caliente to Daggett. With the exception of the water at Moapa and Las Vegas, there was scarcely a point where the engineer corps and contractors could rely upon a base of supply. Food for the men and feed for the teams had to be brought in from both ends of the line at enormous expense, and handled with difficulty into the construction camps. The torrid heat of the summer made physical exertion next to impossible under the best conditions possible, and yet the work was expedited continuously and with remarkable results.

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In the old days, it was customary for financial reasons to construct the transcontinental roads more with a view to cheapness of first cost and convenience than with an idea of low operating and maintenance cost, with the result that mileage and grades were multiplied, running time was unnecessarily long and the cost of operating was high. The Clark road has reversed all transcontinental precedents, in that it has been built from the first on the most modern lines. With the exception of one short grade in the California desert, its maximum grade is .6 per cent, or about thirty-two feet to the mile, and its curves are 1 per cent or less, except through the canyon below Caliente. The layman can scarcely realize the significance of these easy grades and light curves, but to the railroad world, they mean everything because they permit the transportation of maximum trainloads at a minimum of cost, they insure the operation of trains at high speed with small fuel consumption, and they make luxury of travel. The roadbed is wide, the rails heavy, gravel ballast is on or being put on as rapidly as possible where it remains to be laid, so that in the final event there will be no long line in this country or abroad of finer construction. The equipment is likewise of the highest modern standard, and the new road begins operation under conditions which have attracted the attention of railroad men all over the country.

Another factor to the advantage of the line is the use of oil as fuel from Las Vegas into Los Angeles, giving perfect freedom from smoke and cinders and furnishing an ideal fuel with large economy in cost.

While no attempt is made in the initial operations to establish a fast schedule until the roadbed has settled and become solid enough to permit high speeds, the running time between Los Angeles and Salt Lake has already been cut down and the distance between the cities reduced by half. By the time the tourist travel to California sets in next fall, the running schedule will have been lowered still more and the through time from Chicago will be down to as low a notch as safety will permit.

The value to Salt Lake and its territory of this new service has already been discussed extensively in The Herald; and the result on the development of the intermountain region, particularly Utah and Nevada, can only be dimly foreshadowed. It has brought new life to the mining camps south and west of Salt Lake; it is pouring new capital and energy into every one of them, and its mission has only begun. It has opened an avenue whereby the tremendous wealth of the desert mines can reach the smelters, a way by which the supplies miners and prospectors need can reach them from convenient bases, and it has infused into the one great area of obscure territory in this country a spirit of hope and courage that means unlimited development and production for the richest mineral region on the continent.

* * *

Hitherto Salt Lake has been a way-station on one route, and a side-trip point on another; tomorrow it becomes the most important point on a continuous through trip from Chicago to Los Angeles, excepting Omaha only. To the casual observer this may not be an important fact; to Salt Lakers it means that their city has finally taken its place as the most important railroad center in a territory of nearly 1,000 miles in circumference. Pending developments promise to make it the most prominent railroad base betweeen the Missouri river and the Pacific coast, a fact due to its strategic command of an immense territory, as the one great commercial and distributing point in the richest mining region in this country, if not in the world.

What all this portends for the future is not half understood by those of us who live here and should appreciate the signs of the times, for the impulse which begins with the opening of the Los Angeles line will be felt for indefinite years to come in every artery of trade, in the mines, the fields and on the range.

FITZHUGH LEE.

His share in bringing together the north and the south should entitle Fitzhugh Lee to a place in the grateful memory of the whole American people.

He was one of the first to lay aside the bitterness. By deed as well as by word he proved his reallegiance to the old flag. The blue uniform covered in 1898 the scars that the gray brought in 1864, and marked the culmination of the efforts of years spent in bringing about an understanding—an understanding that was complete.

Although he served with distinction in many important civil capacities, General Lee will be remembered chiefly as a soldier, one of the brilliant cavalry lieutenants of his noted uncle, Robert E. Lee. A grandson of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and son of Commodore S. S. Lee, it was natural that Fitzhugh Lee should be a soldier. He was graduated from West Point in 1856, and before the close of his twenty-first year had received a desperate wound in an engagement with Indians in the west. He was an instructor in the military academy when the civil war began, but at once resigned and joined the confederate forces, where he displayed so great ability and gallantry as a cavalry officer that at the close of the war he had been advanced from first lieutenant to major general in command of all the cavalry of the army of northern Virginia. He was opposed to Sheridan when that great fighting man was making his whirlwind dashes through the Shenandoah valley in 1864. It was during one of Sheridan's raids that Lee received his most severe wound after three horses had been shot under him.

When the war closed General Lee applied himself to the work of reconstruction with an earnestness no less marked than the vigor with which he fought for the lost cause. His speech at Bunker Hill in 1874 has been regarded as one of the great agencies in obliterating sectional lines. As a Lee of Virginia, and one of the men who had gallantly served the south, his utterances had a wide influence, and his talk was all for union.

General Lee had been conspicuous in public life for many years. He was elected governor of his native state in 1885, and in 1893 was appointed United States consul at Havana, where he remained until war was declared against Spain. During the time between the blowing up of the Maine and the formal declaration of war, General Lee handled a delicate situation with rare skill.

The final proof that General Lee had won the full confidence of the United States government came after war was declared, when he was appointed major general of volunteers and placed in command of the Seventh army corps at Jacksonville. His corps saw no active service, but he won recognition by the splendid manner in which he cared for the 30,000 men placed in his charge. His camp passed through the summer with a lower death rate than any other camp in the country.

After the close of the Spanish-American war General Lee was transferred to the regular army and made military governor of Cuba, where he continued to render the country good service until his retirement. At the time of his death he was at the head of the Jamestown exposition commission.

Few men who were conspicuous in the confederacy had so completely won the confidence and esteem of the entire country. Personally he had all the charm of the cultured southern gentleman, while retaining a democratic manner that made him at home with every one he met. His death will be a personal grief to hundreds who knew him, and he will be mourned by all who are familiar with his great work for a reunited country.

FRENCH EXCITATION.

While the German attitude toward Morocco is doubtless a matter of grave concern to France, some of the French manifestations are irresistibly amusing. True to their excitable nature, the French are daily working themselves into new frenzies over the most trivial incidents. Luncheons, dinners and even afternoon calls are utilized to furnish cause for the gravest forebodings and the utmost relief.

For instance, in a recent Paris dispatch it was stated: "The Moroccan question is exciting renewed anxiety despite the fact that Premier Rouvier dined with Prince von Radolin, the German ambassador to France, at the German embassy last night."

Wouldn't conditions have been awful if M. Rouvier had contented himself with a ham sandwich in his room that night?

Then the Matin came out with the following:

"No matter what his power may be, the German emperor must renounce the hope of inflicting a check upon us, even to our self-respect. France is no longer isolated as in 1870. The isolation is now on the side of Germany."

Nothing very "hot" in that, is there? Yet, to allay the great excitement which affected even the bourse, the foreign office and Premier Rouvier were forced to deny that the statement had official sanction. Coupled with this was a statement which in effect declared that Prince von Radolin had entertained M. Rouvier in a hospitable manner.

All France breathed easier.

Then came the announcement that King Edward would take a bite with President Loubet at the Elysee palace on Sunday, an event which "promised to be another notable demonstration of Anglo-French cordiality," and the excitement subsided.

Theatrical Optimists vs. Pessimists

By FRANKLIN FYLES

New York, April 28.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and James H. Stoddart were not superfluous laggers on the stage. The public was glad to have them stay there as long as they could and until they were older. I think, than any other American actor than John W. Jennings, who is now in Annie Russell's company. I once asked Jefferson if he wasn't tired of "The Rivals" and "Rip Van Winkle," and why he didn't resort to a new play?

"I shan't be tired of Bob Acres or Rip till my audiences are," he replied, "and they will be my last roles, for I am too old to risk a failure in a new one."

When Stoddart was preparing for "The Bonnie Briar Bush," he said: "I am too old to study new parts. This one must last me out."

Neither of those rare old gentlemen of the stage, survivors of old-fashioned days, and excusable if they had been old-fashioned in their views, was a condemner of the modern changes in their profession. Good old Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the only equal of Jefferson in the affections of people who go to theatres, spoke admiringly, within a few weeks of her death, of the new ways that had come into stagecraft. But Fanny Janauschek never missed a chance in her later years to berate the innovatory methods, and Helena Modjeska has denounced repeatedly what she declares is dramatic degeneracy. So there stand three old optimists against two old pessimists, and you don't have to bother to make up your mind as to which are right. You may prefer to seek theatrical diversion without prejudices, being glad when you get it to your liking, sorry when you don't, and never much agitated in either case.

Minnie Maddern Fiske does the best stage work that is done in the modern method by any American player excepting Richard Mansfield, and I assume that, before quitting her theatre for a tour she had a hand in the preparation of "The Proud Laird," which is introduced there this week. The characters look and talk exactly as they ought to, their surroundings are right in every detail and the illusion of reality raised at the beginning is maintained to the end. The Invermorachs of Skye are proud to live in their own castle of Invermorach on their own island of Invermorach, and so poor that they can't keep leaks out of the castle's roof nor rags from island's clan. The thousand and eleventh anniversary of the family's history is celebrated, with bagpipes playing, peasants cheering, the laird making a grandiloquent address and his mother posing queenly in a throne chair; and next day comes a furious rainfall, which drips through the ceiling of that same hall, forming pools on the floor, and the ladies of yesterday's function now hold up their skirts as they tiptoe to dinner. From the broad brogue of the Scotchman to their bare knees, and from the bagpipes that are actually played by the actor who carries them to the rainstorm that is wet as well as noisy, the production is as careful as that which Mrs. Fiske made of "Leah Kleschna."

But "The Proud Laird" is no such play as the other. Its satire of the Scotch trait of canny thrift is well set forth in the impoverished family's scheme to marry the young laird to an American heiress, but the authors have been less effective in every other respect. The title might well be "Mooch Ado Aboot Nawthin'," as the mother's method of bringing her son and the girl to the altar, by privately telling each that the other is pining with unrequited love, is the same that matched Shakespeare's Benedick and Beatrice. That makes the newer composition seem all the poorer by comparison. Likewise, the Hamilton and Cartwright formulation of the play looks all the clumsier along with the Fiske fine presentation.

That freak of fun, Frank Daniels, has a new play from London, "Sergeant Brue," and a new curtain speech, of his own native make, to go with it. The speech wanders with wild metaphors from high mountains to deep seas, from fields of lilies to gilded halls, until finally it gets, somehow or other, to the little acorns from which great oaks grow—whereupon Daniels gives a cry of delight at seeing his way out. He has not only been worried as to where his similes will carry him to, but has cast apprehensive glances, as usual, at an imaginary director who, from the wing, warns him to stop. He has told us of this man's behavior under the eloquence, from the time of putting ice on his head to a final fainting fit.

All of that is very silly, and so would seem the plot of "Sergeant Brue" if told in words of sanity, but in action it makes as funny a libretto as any of these irresponsible musical farces has had. It comes from a London rounder known as "Jimmy" Davis when he gives suppers, and as Owen Hall when he writes pieces, such as "Florodora" and "The Girl from Kay's," especially to give suitable comic parts to Willie Edouin. That formerly American comedian, one of the early Hoyt actors in "A Bunch of Keys," came here to show how he had made London laugh at his phrenologist in "Florodora," but we didn't like him well enough to get him instead of Sam Bernard for the bounder in "The Girl from Kay's," nor to want him rather than Frank Daniels for the cockney policeman in "Sergeant Brue." This bobby is a worthy but somewhat mild and timid officer on the London police force, whose most successful service has been to lift his hand in a signal to stop traffic on the Strand at congested times. It is thus that he betokens his hidden love of a pedestrian no less alluring than Blanche Ring in the guise of a mercenary yet merry noblewoman. By a comic opera kind of will, Brue inherits a fortune if he indicates his worthiness by earning the place of an inspector. After failing in many attempts to distinguish himself, he hires two crooks to let him arrest them in his titled inamorita's bedroom with her connivance. He hides under her couch to be ready. But she gives the alarm too soon and Brue himself is hauled out by other policemen. He retrieves himself, however, by holding a baccarat party in his own house and then raiding it as a gambling hell.

That seems a strange story for Liza Lehmann of "In a Persian Garden" and "Daisy Chain" fame to set to music, doesn't it? Well, she has expressed in tunes her contempt for it. Mrs. Herbert Bedford, as that talented musician is when among her friends in the fashionable society of London and Rome, hasn't let herself down to the requisite light melody of musical farce. For the best of verses, however, and they are extremely clever, she has written blithely humorous music. A merry tune gives point to the ballad of three crooks who sing for the jailer to "put me in my little cell." They are freely wandering in society, two "of it" as an army officer and a clergyman, and one serving it as a waiter. But they look forward with pleasure to being locked up again, where they will feel so at home, the warden will "call me just as you used to do," and they can know what they'll have for breakfast without the bother of ordering it. That is sung in the calm, languid manner of the late Dan Daly, and when the three men dance lock-step it is with the same smooth, weary grace. It is the song hit of the piece, although Daniels and Blanche Ring have supplied themselves with ditties of a popular sort. Daniels' funniest advises the audience "never to be born on a Friday," and tells of his mishaps through having made that mistake and excuses himself with:

"I'd not have been born on Friday,
If mother'd have stayed at home."

Blanche Ring got into Broadway favor from the Bowery by singing inimitably "The Good Old Summer Time" and stayed there with "Bedalia." Upon her re-entrance, after two years' absence, she tries to repeat those triumphs. She nearly does it, too, with another "Bedalia" called "My Irish Molly O," helped by a string of chorus girls, that winds its way in and out and round about, without entangling itself with a string of chorus boys similarly meandering. The other song hit the first-nighters peculiarly. After two verses the rounders sneered among themselves at what a mere echo the tune was. Then out came the breezy Blanche and sang their own criticism to them in a stanza, in which she said she would tell in the chorus where the air came from; and she did it by singing to almost the same notes the refrain of the new ballad, a composite waltz song with old "Annie Rooney," "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "The Good Old Summer Time" dovetailed in. It was a case of putting into practice Robert Hitchin's famous advice: "Reggie was very frank. When he couldn't be witty, he often told the naked truth; and truth without its clothes on frequently passes for epigram."

* * *

Charles H. Hoyt had a knack of finding in obscure places exactly the kind of actors he needed for his farces. Frank Daniels, who had been an inconspicuous negro minstrel, was Hoyt's selection for the rural sporting enthusiast in "A Rag Baby"—the fellow who was proud to grasp the hand that had grasped the hand of John L. Sullivan. Hoyt had the peculiarity, rare among the people of the stage, of lacking confidence in his work. His method of making a play was to first write it out roughly, send a company on a tour of one-night towns with it, alter it daily until he got it into a satisfactory condition and then bring it into New York—but never until then, no matter if he spent a whole season on the road, which therefore was a hard one for the actors to travel. His farces seldom failed under this slow process. So everyone concerned in one of them felt sure of its success by the time its travel and travail brought it at last to Broadway—everyone but Hoyt himself. His courage usually failed on the day of the opening, and he tried to brace it alcoholically, but pouring spirits down didn't send his spirits up, and during the first performance he paced the lobby, confiding to his friends—sometimes even to newspaper critics—his dissatisfaction with his chief actors.

* * *

In the case of Frank Daniels and "A Rag Baby," he struck his finger through a buttonhole of my coat and put his lips confidentially close to my ear.

"I told 'em so," he whispered, with tipsy tears in his voice, "I told 'em so," and his face was a study of woe.

The play was doing well, however, and next day I met Hoyt and Daniels in Broadway. Their faces were radiant. The author introduced the actor, slapped him admiringly on the back, and exclaimed, with laughter this time, in his still tipsy voice: "Didn't I say I'd told 'em so?" What he really had told them I didn't find out.

* * *

My account of "The Freedom of Suzanne" last Sunday lacked the foot of Suzanne; and as the foot was bare, it was too salliant a novelty to belt out. The play was brought out before an audience so late in the week that I couldn't wait, but went to a dress rehearsal. At the end of the piece, after Suzanne has tired of grass widowhood, and returned home to her husband at midnight, she puts, not her hand in his, but her foot, as a token of fond reconciliation. In the rehearsal that was no more than indicated in the action, but in the full performance it is the thing most talked of, and I feel I ought to make the difference clear to you. In the previous act, the divorced two have met accidentally at a summer hotel, where the woman finds out through jealocy that she wants to get the man back; so she impulsively chases him and a girl companion to London in an automobile. When we see her next in his apartment, she is a funny figure in the get-up of a chauffeur, with the skirt of her dinner gown fastened up under the coat and her stockinged shins in view below. She and he warm up to each other on champagne, but one of her feet remains cold, because it has been wet by rain. He removes the shoe and stocking, and she rests her bare foot in his hand

"Oh, you tickle," she exclaims, but when he lets go she says, "not that it is unpleasant," and puts her foot back in his hand.

* * *

Now, the author of the play is Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and the actress is Marie Tempest. He knew that she had shapely little feet, and it is reasonable to suppose that he was glad of them, but notwithstanding that, he is the cousin of an English duke, some of us are in doubt as to the good taste of his dramatizing one of those feet for public exhibition. However, there is no uncertainty as to the business value of the exposure. It makes the fashionable town talk about the play, and the theatre is filled by people whose carriages line Broadway as on a grand opera night. Marie Tempest is a neat actress and her feat with her foot is nicely done. But the assistant actor, Allen Aynesworth from London, is to be pitied—so I think—for the service he has to render. He can't like to do that sort of thing before folks. The text compels him to discover that her feet are wet. He offers to strip and dry them. She demurs at first, for they are no longer husband and wife, but at length consents. He removes one shoe, she pulls off the silken hose, and the audience focuses its glasses on the foot, which is left on view long enough for a critical examination. The foot is good, but is the feat?

* * *

By putting her boldest, if not her best, foot forward, Marie Tempest gets a long step ahead of her countrywoman, Hilda Spong. It chances that Marie and Hilda are simultaneously impersonating giddy wives. The one that Hilda stands for in "The Firm of Cunningham," the new comedy by Willis Steel, is less courageous than the other. She is making "a collection of boys," but doesn't desire to exhibit her young lovers; and she is delighted when Joseph Choate hushes up the scandal and forestalls a divorce. When I say that the advising lawyer is our former ambassador at the court of St. James, I repeat what the theatre manager said beforehand—that the diplomatic friend would be in the writing and in the acting a study of Mr. Choate. The similarity isn't discernible. And, while the lawyer in the play may have counselled wisely, Hilda Spong would be better off in money, though not in modesty, if she had followed Marie Tempest's example—and gone her one better—by thrusting both feet out bare to charm her jealous husband on the stage, and to send the people from the auditorium to talk about it.

An Ominous Situation.

(Washington Post.)

People are flocking into Nevada in such numbers that there is danger the Southern Pacific may have opposition hereafter in naming candidates for office in that state.

Testing the Wedding Presents.

(Modern Society.)

Pearl—Oh, we had a delightful wedding and received so many silver presents.

Ruby—That was nice. And did your father give something in silver, too?

Pearl—No; he gave us a bottle of acid to test the other presents with.

LIVE WIRES

At any rate, it is reasonably certain Senator Cannon did not leave in response to a summons from box B.

If Paderewski had been sensible enough to play the piano with his hands as other folks do, he wouldn't have a twisted neck this day.

Bears and other afflicted creatures in Colorado will rejoice in the announcement that the big hunt is to end one week earlier than planned.

First thing we know Salt Lakers will be kept so busy dodging trains that we won't have time for anything else.

Russian time is eleven days behind ours, except when the Japs take up the chase.

It is some relief to know that our ball team really can lose a game now and then. The way it ate up amateurs around home made it seem almost uncanny.

If Isaac Steinhardt, who is said to be heir to $125,000 in New York, cannot be found, we will undertake, for a reasonable commission, to find a man who will answer to the name under the circumstances.

We thought everybody had heard of Senator Smoot, yet here we have an applicant for naturalization declaring Joseph F. Smith is governor of Utah.

Washington dispatches indicate that the next time we write to Castro we shall say "Fudge!" Indeed, it would occasion little surprise if we should say "Tush!"

Tax Collector Smith of San Francisco is not one of those who delay moving until May 1. Mr. Smith, accompanied by some thousands of dollars that once belonged to the city, changed his address several days in advance of the conventional date.

Johns Hopkins university has received from the king of Wurtemburg a bronze bust of Schiller. America owes more to Schiller than to Frederick the Great, and the gift of the king of Wurtemburg is a more appropriate one than the more pretentious offering from the German emperor.

Commisisoner Garfield is pleased by his investigation in Kansas. So is the Standard Oil company.

Those who contend that man's creative faculties end with his fortieth year are cited to the fact that Elder Penrose presents a new excuse for the light company each day.

Exercised Her Prerogative.

One of the unique incidents which serve to break the monotony of the life of a street carman was witnessed by a car full of passengers a few days ago on the First street line. A woman stood near the track and signaled for the car to stop. She chanced to be in the right spot and the car was brought to a standstill at the exact place indicated in the contract. The conductor was within collecting fares and he waited with his hand on the bell cord for the head of the passenger-elect to appear entering the door. He waited so long that all the passengers turned their heads to see what was detaining her, and he started to the rear of the car to see if assistance was needed. Just as he got to the door she looked up and then down again at her foot, which was placed on the lower step and, in a quiet, meditative tone, she remarked: "I guess I won't get in. I think I'll just walk."

HUMOR OF THE STATE PRESS.

Brigham City Sights.

(Box Elder Report.)

A good many pretty stockings are seen these days at the different street crossings.

Wonderful Ability Demonstrated.

(Manti Messenger.)

Attorney Larson demonstrated wonderful ability as a lawyer by objecting to everything that was incompetent, irreloquent and immaterial.

New Holiday.

(Grand Valley Times.)

Last Saturday was Ardor day. Wonder how many there are in the valley who thought about planting a tree?

Boomers and Boomerangs.

(Mt. Pleasant Pyramid.)

The difference between the hustlers of Los Angeles, who want to see their town grow and get big and be prosperous, and the hustlers of Salt Lake (too many of them, at least), who say they want to see the same things for their town, is that the former are boomers, while the latter are boomerangs.

Acknowledges the Mess.

(Mt. Pleasant Pyramid.)

The Pyramid editor acknowledges receipt of and returns thanks for a mess of fine rhubarb presented him by Mrs. A. Wilcox. It was grown by her on her city lot in this city and is a fine sample of the plant.

Strange Weeds Will Flourish.

(Richfield Sun.)

Congressman Howell is entitled to a vote of thanks from the citizens of Sevier county. Because of his thoughtfulness, many strange and almost forgotten weeds will flourish and obtain a foothold in this part of Utah the coming summer.

Train is Held Up.

(Murray Eagle.)

Joe Lester and his girl stopped a Rio Grande Western passenger train Tuesday last. The couple were seated upon the track near Murray and they were too busy to notice the train approaching, and the engineer brought his train to a halt and saved their lives.

All Hands Are Busy.

(Spanish Fork Press.)

All nature, the birds, the bee and tiny insects are flying with their brightest wing, sucking honey all the day from the sweetest flowers, tending their young with all the love and care of a kind mother ere long the swallow will be twittering and skimming in the air in quest of food, even the homely sparrow has gladness in his chirp.

DIDN'T LOOK RIGHT.

Smoot's Mustache Too Pretty According to Judgment of Tourist.

(Utah County Democrat.)

The Smoot investigation has made our senator so notorious that he has become a subject for the curious gaze of strangers. Senator Smoot was on a Rio Grande Western train Thursday morning going to Salt Lake City, and at American Fork a company of "outsiders"—people who do not reside in our state—boarded the train. One of the company happened to recognize the senator and he immediately set about pointing Mr. Smoot out to the balance of the company. The wise gentleman said to his little lady friend beside him:

"See, that's Senator Smoot, the Mormon whose seat in the senate is being contested, crouched down in that seat just across the isle."

The lady raised to her tip toes and craning her neck to the limit to see the senator, exclaimed: "Why, no, Fred, you're fooling me, that's not the Mormon senator, that man with the pretty mustache; he looks just like other men."

The company of strangers passed up and down the isle of the car a number of times before they reached Bingham Junction, trying to look the senator in the face. Mr. Smoot was busily engaged reading a book and was therefore quite unconscious of the curious gaze that was being thrust upon him.

What Ails Richfield?

(Richfield Sun.)

This has been one of the very dullest weeks in Richfield that the editor of the Sun has yet noted. Business men have been complaining, little money has exchanged hands and social happenings have not helped to enliven matters. It has been a miserable week to obtain local news and the editor of the Sun has been wrestling with an aggravated case of spring fever which has made him as cross as a bear and so enervated that he hasn't felt like constructing a three-line item.

Edits a Country Paper.

(Murray Eagle.)

The features were a discussion of the power of the country press, by Frank J. Cannon, himself an editor of a well known country paper, and a talk on patent medicine advertisements by Charles England of the Logan Journal.

(Logan Journal.)

The Polk directory man is in town, and in Logan as elsewhere he has some funny experiences. The other day he called at the home of an aged pioneer and as usual asked the question "I suppose you have an occupation?" "Yes sir I have" said the old gentleman, "I have, and usually it keeps me pretty busy too." "What is it?" asked the directory man. "Rheumatism" was the laconic response.

Schoolboy Renunciation.

(Life.)

Hear is thee wring u alwus lett me ware,
Hear is ure lettur ann thee lock uv hare
u sent me wenn u promist too be troo,
becuz ure fals i sepnd unn back too u.
Doant rite ann ast me wi becuz uno
Wott u have dun too mee thatt greves me so;
u road too skool on billie peerson's sledd.
Hearafftur u wil be eas iff ure dedd
Ann i wil pass u bi with skorn ann awl
mi friends wil neaver speke too u a tall.

sum boize wood hate u fore a hartless flurt,
But no, tho u have throne me in thee durt
I wil nott hate u. I wil lett u be
a sower ole made, ann sumday wenn u sea
Me goen bi u with a hansum wife
ule nash ure teath in pane, ann awl ure life
ule sitt ann si becuz you throo me down,
Ann ile be rich ann own most awl thee town,
butt wenn ure dyen in sum lonly plais
ile kum ann drop a teer on ure dedd fais.

uve broak mi hart butt thare are uther gurls
With just uz luvly faises, they are purls
Beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho
Too be mi awl fore they have tolled me so.
butt u ann me are dun ann iff u kum
on bennded neeze ann offered me ure gum
too choo, ide waiv u skornfully aside
Ann wood nott eaven kare how much u kride.
Taik back ure lettur ann thee wring i woar
fore u are dedd too me foarevermore.

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