

LEVY LICENSE FEE ON "BITTERS"

Patent Medicines Containing Alcohol Must Pay an Internal Revenue Tax.

NEW RULE NOW IN EFFECT

IT WILL PROBABLY CAUSE AN INCREASE IN THE PRICE.

The internal revenue license levied on all retail dealers who sell patent medicines containing more than 33 per cent alcohol, goes into effect today.

This tax will undoubtedly cause a raise in the prices of the medicines under the ban. The consumer will also have to pay a higher price for his medicine "which drives away all cares, restores the appetite and purifies the blood."

APRIL CONFERENCE—SANPETE, ATTENTION.

Wait for announcement of Sanpete Valley trains. The Pioneer line, J. H. Hornung, G. A. Mantl.

O'HAVER IS STILL IN JAIL

His Case Will Be Called for Hearing Tomorrow Before Judge C. B. Diehl.

Unable to secure another bondsman after one had been disqualified, H. H. O'Haver, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, was taken into custody again Friday night and is still in the county jail.

The complaining witness in the case is C. F. Little of Little & Co.

SEVEN HAIR FACTS

ONE

Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a microbe.

TWO

Dandruff is a forerunner of itching scalp, falling hair and baldness.

THREE

Chronic baldness is incurable.

FOUR

The cause of dandruff can not be washed out of the scalp with soap and water.

FIVE

The only way to cure dandruff and falling hair is to kill the germ that causes it.

SIX

Each day that dandruff is neglected, adds to the permanent injury of the scalp, for dandruff does not cease voluntarily while the hair lasts.

SEVEN

The only safe and satisfactory remedy that will kill the dandruff germ and keep it out of the scalp is Newbro's Herpicide.

Kill the dandruff germ with Newbro's Herpicide and the hair is bound to grow as nature intended. Almost marvelous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide.

AT DRUG STORES.

Send 10c in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich., for a sample.

Smith Drug Co. SPECIAL AGENTS.

ODDITIES IN BROADWAY PLAYS

BY FRANKLIN FLYNN.

New York, March 30.—The birth of a third John D. Rockefeller joggles the attitudes given to the first and second John D. Rockefeller in two plays. In the same week that a burlesque of "The Lion and the Mouse" is introduced in "The Vanderbilt Cup," with J. D. I. represented as opposing an abandonment of bachelorhood by J. D. II, the newspapers are giving much publicity to the fact that J. D. II is a husband and a father, to the delight of J. D. I.

The Standard king goes to the Vanderbilt cup race to see that none but his gasoline is burned in the automobile. There he encounters his son, the Sunday-school teacher, who is made to seem profligate, for in all innocence he is found asleep with a gay girl's head on his shoulder and an empty champagne bottle in his lap.

Thus far it has been all foolery, too silly to hurt. But of a sudden comes a travesty of that scene in "The Lion and the Mouse" where the obdurate Rockefeller father is defied by the Tarbell daughter-in-law-elect, with Elsie Jamis as a mimic of Ida, and the two fat comedians, Henry V. Donnelly and Otis Harlan, crowd in and weigh in cruelly on the Rockefeller father and son. Here the wild fun becomes almost earnestly satirical, and the shafts of wit are tipped with anti-trust dynamite.

There is millionarism in the new drama of "Margaret Pryor," and high financing, too. A Rockefeller and a Morgan or a Harriman and a Rogers, other in a fight for a railway, I have been extra wily to avoid designating any one of these six as a prototype of the Wall street operator who in the play, hires a wire tapper to steal his adversary's secrets as the means to a "phone to 'phone over a private line. The thiefing is done in a room underneath the roof across which the special wire is strung. The tapping plant has colored electric bulbs to signal the approach of foes, and there is a button to touch which will give an intruder a stroke of lightning before he reaches the mechanism operated up where the plotting high-low financier's own daughter has the button pushed for her by a blunder, and is brought down dead from electrocution.

Why have the theatrical thrillweights been slow to put an electrical torture chamber into a play? How can they have been so dulled in all their inventions of misery-making machinery as to leave out the dynamite as a producer of anguish? But it is on the stage at last; and "Oh, my!" a woman gasped in front of me, "Good gracious!" a woman shivered behind me. "Hot stuff!" a man exclaimed beside me, and from across the aisle came the outcries of a scared child. The boss wire tapper's wife comes in and is accused of peaching, which she hasn't done, and so his whacking and choking don't make her tell things that she does not know. Thereupon he opens a door and flings her out of sight. She is invisible but a moment, though, for the wall kindly obliges by becoming transparent, so as to reveal the first electrical torture chamber known to melodrama.

A few faint flashes show the man of dazzling light fling himself at her body, and there is a volley of explosion like a bombardment with thunderbolts. Those things seem to hurt her very much. She writhes and screams in agony, begs for mercy and at last confesses to anything that the man wants her to. The author of this play is not named in the bill. But, my dear Mr. Edison, you may as well own up. But Edison has a collaborator, whom I easily identify as Victorian Sardou. Who is so practiced or so ingenious as Sardou in the hiding of lovers in wives' bedrooms? Who else than Sardou, at this late day in matrimonial triangle plays could give new circumstances to the old situation? Margaret Pryor has been a bride since this morning only. Family affairs have prevented her starting on a honeymoon journey. She goes home instead and the husband promises to stay away from her. Now it is night, and she prepares to go to bed as of yore, as usual. But her lover has hidden himself behind a curtain. He means to grab her away from wedlock. Her husband raps at the door. He is determined to take immediate possession. The curtain falls on a faithful yet disgraced bride.

Now, after all, "Margaret Pryor" isn't a play to poke fun at. It is far and away better than any other I have ever seen produced originally for 15 to 50 cents. But for its present audiences the acts with the torture chamber should follow, not precede, the act with the bridal chamber; for the curtain has to be raised many times for the woman whose husband pains her body with electric shocks and only once for the woman whose husband accuses her soul with an accusation of infidelity. Indeed, some of the people, at the matinee which I attended, regarded the bride's predicament as a practical joke. Probably they had seen something like it in a farce from the French. Yet Mrs. Spooner came out at once with beaming smiles.

"I want to thank you," she said, "for the manner in which you have received that scene. During the week, I regret to say, there has been a rumor where it didn't belong; but this afternoon there was only a little tittering and that is a credit to your intelligence." Mrs. Spooner looked like a motherly soul, and her manner was that of a kindly matron talking to a rural Sunday-school. Besides managing a stock theater in Brooklyn—a borough of New York, yet the biggest village on earth—she is president of the Brooklyn branch of the Church and Stage society and a truly representative village. I am glad that her production of a regular "Cecill Spooner" drama, a both "Margaret Pryor" and Mrs. Spooner were worth while.

"Next week, my friends," she went on in a heart-to-heart talk, "we shall present 'Only a Heart,' a drama so world famous that, really, I ought to have given it to you before. Both my daughters will be in the cast—Edna May Spooner as the shopgirl and Cecill in regular 'Cecill Spooner' soubrette part—you know what that means. The next play after that will be 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' from the great book by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, sister of our illustrious Henry. The next citizen of Brooklyn, Henry Beecher, Edna May will be Eliza, and I've told Cecill that she must be Topsy. Cecill hasn't ever blacked up, and she doesn't want to. I guess she will, if you really desire it." After the audience had replied with applause, Mrs. Spooner smiled affably and said: "Now I invite all you ladies and gentlemen to 5 o'clock tea with Cecill, Edna May and me here on the stage when the play is over."

Abraham Lincoln walks into theatrical view simultaneously with John D. Rockefeller, impersonated almost as large as life by Benjamin Chapin, and fully as ugly. Although the Lincoln play started but a few miles out of town (as described in this correspondence last month) it surprised and puzzled the audience as though it had dropped from the sky instead of coming in from New England. I hate to talk against my own city, but the truth is that these New Yorkers who go indiscriminately to the theater, are perplexed by an untheatrical play, and in cases of absolute novelty they wait for their morning paper to tell them what to think. It was so with "Abraham Lincoln" with its study of Lincoln's characteristics and depletion of his personality. The lack of ordinary dramatic interest bothered them. They were bold enough to laugh at a caricature of Rockefeller, but they hesitated over Lincoln until his homespun humor became distinct and his rugged strength unmistakable. By the time he waved a flag and the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner," they stood up and cheered. I doubt, though, if Mr. Rockefeller's theatrical tours will ever take him through the south.

When circus hits drama: Bill Down goes drama, leaving circus lusty on its legs. New York is a pretty good show place, but there, there comes a week in which two circuses have a hundred thousand visitors, theatrical managers delay productions of new plays. "Abraham Lincoln" was brought into Broadway to fill a gap caused by the postponement of a costlier and less problematical venture. The Barnum & Bailey show crowds the Madison Square garden twice a day, yet the immense Hippodrome has empty spaces, and that means much money diverted from the theatres, as large proportions of the Barnum & Bailey and the Hippodrome audiences pay \$2 apiece for seats, as do folks at the topnotch theatres. The circus is fashionable. Seven-eighths of the Barnum show is the same this year that it was last year, and every other year since the three-ring era in circuses began. What was at first an amazing aggregation has become a matter of course, and now we expect to see an acre of ground alive to a height of seventy feet or so with all first rate circus doings. Time was when a single bareback rider, like James Robinson, or a lone clown, like Dan Fee, was a sufficient toll for an entire though small tent show. Now a pad rider would be derided among the Barnum dozen Robinsons, and Rice is multiplied in antics, though not in jesting, by two dozen pantomimic foils. With the voice of the talking clown has been silenced that of the peasant and emonade man, and the only hawkers are those who sell programmes.

But the enchanting scent of a menagerie remains, for the single elephant of the olden time, become twenty, though it would take two of them to make up the size of Barnum's joy and bride, the lamented Jumbo. And that object of Barnum's care and triumph, the museum of a natural history, has no giant like Ling Foo, though there are as tall a pair as Captain Bates and Anna Swan; nor any dwarfs as small as Tom Thumb, and Minnie Warren were when first exhibited, although there are two no bigger than Tom and Minnie grew to be. What is to be done to check the degeneracy in human traits? Ball's ideals are no doubt as lofty as Barnum's were, but nature is against him. Anna Swan-Bates and Minnie Warren-Thumb gave birth to babies of ordinary size. But, then, neither the tragic Edwins, Forrest and Booth, fathered any kind of an actor, much less a dramatic phenomenon. Don't blame Edwins. He is surer than you can be that the Stamese Twins, no joint heirs, and that the best he can show is a man with a third leg dangling.

The new thing to thrill beholders in the Barnum show is a somersault in the air by a leap-gap car—which would be called a backward flip-flap if it were done by a man. Really, yes, a clear and complete revolution, between the end of an inclined track and the level on which the vehicle strikes. Of course the car carries a girl to make its feat interesting. She looks no more than 18, with her loose hair and short frock, her sweet smiles and graceful bows, as she is first taken around the spacious arena in an automobile. It is feasible to make a houp-la-loopers beautiful, because no skill whatever is required of them, but just a willingness to risk their lives. There really is danger. No matter how carefully the apparatus is set up, there may be a slip or break to throw the girl to death.

Octavia Latour mounts on foot to the top of a 35-degree incline, where she gets into a car and is strapped to the seat. It is a wadded vehicle, and so small that she looks like a baby tucked in a perambulator for an air-ride in the park. Any indeed is the ride she takes—a whizzing slide down the slope. At the bottom the wheels strike with tremendous force a sharp upward turn of the rails and a hidden bunch of stiff springs. The car is forced down on thickly-padded surfaces, the shock of the stop is so violent that the girl is dazed, her cap flies off, and her hair is tousled around her face and shoulders. Even so, the dismemberment makes her the loveliest

when she springs to her feet, throws kisses in all directions, takes a seat in the motor car for an exit circuit, and is as proud and happy as a president's daughter on a trip of admiration around the world.

It would be a safe bet that Josie de Motte was hating Octavia Latour at that time. Josie is one of six Barnum equestriennes. She comes of a family that rides bareback horses. Her father and mother did it, so does her husband, and she began to rock-a-bye on a circus horse pretty soon after she ceased in a cradle. She had that evening through three flip-flaps on an unsaddled and unbridled piece when, at the fourth, the beast started and the woman was thrown into the wooden edge of the ring. Only a third of

the spectators saw her feet, throws kisses in all directions, takes a seat in the motor car for an exit circuit, and is as proud and happy as a president's daughter on a trip of admiration around the world. It would be a safe bet that Josie de Motte was hating Octavia Latour at that time. Josie is one of six Barnum equestriennes. She comes of a family that rides bareback horses. Her father and mother did it, so does her husband, and she began to rock-a-bye on a circus horse pretty soon after she ceased in a cradle. She had that evening through three flip-flaps on an unsaddled and unbridled piece when, at the fourth, the beast started and the woman was thrown into the wooden edge of the ring. Only a third of

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Table with columns for Depart Daily, Arrive Daily, and Depart Daily. Lists various train routes and times.

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THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

CURRENT TIME TABLE. In effect Dec. 10th, 1905.

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Table with columns for Train No., Destination, and Time. Lists routes to Ogden, Denver, and other locations.

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Table with columns for Train No., Origin, and Time. Lists routes from Ogden, Denver, and other locations.

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Time Table IN EFFECT FEB. 18, 1906.

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Table with columns for Train No., Origin, and Time. Lists routes from Ogden, Chicago, and other locations.

DEPART.

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D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A. D. S. SPENCER, A. G. P. A. City Ticket Office, 201 Main Street, Telephone 228.

Note.—The train numbers shown above are Oregon Short Line train numbers and do not apply to the Southern Pacific east of Ogden, or the Union Pacific east thereof.

"THE LAGOON ROAD"

Salt Lake & Ogden Railway Co. SIMON BAMBERGER, President and General Manager. Time table in effect Nov. 26, 1905. LEAVE SALT LAKE. 6, 8:30, 11 a. m.; 2, 4:30, 6:30 p. m. LEAVE LAGOON. 2, 8:30, 12 m.; 3, 5:30, 7:30 p. m.

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