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UTAH LABOR IN POLITICS.

If the union leaders follow their declared purpose of putting an independent labor ticket in the field this fall, the outcome will be watched with unusual interest.

Not only will it offer an opportunity to measure the strength of the labor vote in this state, but it will show just how far such a ticket can command support from the members of unions when an entire list of candidates is presented.

In England, after long experimenting, the trades unions went into politics as a body under the direction of a central committee which had the confidence of the unions, and managed their campaign with the utmost skill and adroitness.

As a result, the votes in parliament at the command of the laboring classes is almost strong enough to wield a balance of power and has been recognized by the selection of a cabinet officer to represent this particular force in British politics.

The parliamentary program, also, has been framed to meet some of the important union demands, so that the movement there has been a brilliant success.

In America, however, conditions differ in important particulars. The line of demarcation between employer and employed is in no wise so distinct as in Great Britain, and the American politician is not often deaf to the demands of labor constituents however much he might at times wish to dodge his responsibility and avoid going on record.

Until recently there has been no great issue on which a division of parties seemed possible so far as labor legislation is concerned, but the Panama canal and its labor conditions seem to have discovered an issue in which the administration has defied the sentiment of organized labor and has ignored the protests of the American Federation which voices this sentiment.

At the last session of congress the federation asked, and thought it had secured, legislation which guaranteed an eight-hour day on the isthmian canal and prevented the importation of alien labor.

In spite of this impression the administration is advertising for Chinese coolies to be imported under the contract labor system on much the same plan which was permitted by the Balfour ministry in the South African mines, and which plan played no small part in the overthrow of that ministry.

It may be true, as claimed, that labor cannot be secured to build the Panama canal except by bringing in Chinese; it may also be true that no American labor will suffer from competition with the Chinese there. But it is also true that American sentiment is decidedly averse to the contract system and American labor is bitterly hostile to the use of Chinese under what amounts to a limited slavery.

Be that as it may, the union men of the country are on the warpath against the administration for this and other indications of hostility to union demands, and they are making a vigorous campaign against the men in congress who have been most conspicuously identified with the administration's anti-union activity.

Here in Utah conditions peculiar to local politics make a concerted independent labor movement more of an experiment than it would be in communities where party lines are sharply defined and the sympathies of men are known and understood. This state originated the eight-hour law for mines and smelters, a measure which made a distinct advance in labor legislation for mining regions and was sustained by the supreme court of the United States, but that law was gained without an independent labor movement and in the face of strong antagonism.

If the unions break away from both old parties their leaders will have to be of more than ordinarily strong fiber to resist the temptation to trade which is sure to be offered them; and it goes without saying that an announced independent move which results in affiliation with any other party, directly or indirectly, is foredoomed to disappointment and distrust among its own followers. Indications are not wanting now of a concerted plan to solidify the labor vote in the interest of one or two candidates and secure for them an advantageous alliance with a party organization already in existence. If such a deal can be made, there is nothing to prevent other candidates from following suit, and while it might benefit some candidates it certainly would disrupt the union party as an organization at the outset.

Although the experiment promises to furnish food for speculation among the politicians of all parties and confuse the calculations of the oldest heads, the socialists who are most active in

political propaganda stand to capture the organization at the outset, and if they do, this state will have four distinct tickets in the field—Republican, Democratic, "American" and Socialist-Labor union. With four such combinations to stir things up the coming campaign ought to be lively enough to suit the most captious seeker for excitement.

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD GAME.

In a recent number of the National Geographic Magazine, Representative George Shiras of California tells something of the delights of hunting wild game with a camera.

He declares that it is just as exciting, just as full of thrills, just as interesting, as hunting and killing wild game. There was never a true sportsman who did not, even in the moment of his victory, feel regret for the life he had shed.

The bird that a moment before was a beautiful, wild creature, is now a beautiful mass of feathers; the deer whose life blood is swiftly ebbing away had been running harmlessly, gracefully, over its native heath.

Dear nor bird had done the hunter any wrong. Their lives were dear to them, they were full of the zest of living. Often wild game is killed for the sheer lust of killing, but even when the hunter stays strictly within his legal right, when he matches his wits against the wits of his quarry and gives it at least a sporting chance for its life, he cannot, if he is a genuine sportsman, get away from that fleeting moment of regret. With the camera all this is changed.

There is no closed season in camera hunting. Every bird and every beast can be photographed as often as the camera hunter can get close enough to them for the purpose. And he can have lots of sport with game that is protected by law the year round.

When his vacation is over and he returns to office or factory or workshop he brings with him only pleasant memories, and, if he is lucky, a collection of photographs that will make him the envy of his friends. People who have tried both kinds of hunting say there is "more immediate and lasting pleasure in raking a running deer from stem to stern at 20 yards, with a 5x7 bore camera, than driving an ounce ball through its heart at 100 yards."

The writer continues: "While it is true that whatever is game to the gun is game to the camera, it must be particularly noted that the latter's field is much enlarged by the immense variety of birds, animals and reptiles which are never considered fair prey for the huntsman. Game in the early days was declared to be only such as was edible, and this standard exists at the present time, though certain predatory animals and those possessing handsome pelts have at times been pursued by sportsmen in the vain effort to broaden the ever-narrowing sphere of their activity. Non-game birds and animals outnumber the edible class a thousand times, and it is this great advantage which makes and will continue to make camera hunting the more attractive and permanent of the two methods of pursuing wild life, and at the same time largely counterbalance the greater difficulty of photographing birds or animals when compared with the ease of shooting the same under similar circumstances; for the difference between stalking within rifle range of a moose, a deer, or a bear and getting within a few yards of the same, in broad daylight, with the camera, need not be pointed out."

It is a lot of fun to kill wild game, and hunters there will always be to kill it, but camera hunting is a sport that deserves encouragement, for nothing could be more sportsmanlike.

As we understand the "American" position, no man is entitled to object to church influence in politics unless he has been elected by it at some time in his career; and even then he must not object unless he has been sidetracked and left on the siding.

It was rather cruel of B. H. Roberts to call attention to the fact that the Democrats protested against church influence in politics years before the "Americans" tried to copyright the notion.

Apparently somebody is needed in the czar's dominion to sit on the lid, but the chances are he would be blown so high, lid and all, that he'd never come down. Even a Taft couldn't hold down that job.

Both the Republicans and "Americans" profess to believe the Democrats are a negligible quantity, but you'll observe they devote a good deal of time to telling why.

About this time of year the small boy, looking forward to the opening of school, wonders why the days have become short so suddenly.

This recent blip in New York stocks is all right except that the men who profited most by it don't need the money.

In Russia, be it observed, the premier's lot is not a happy one—nor the life of his guests.

Kermit Roosevelt has finished his ride in Dakota. We had hoped he would keep going.

THE GENERAL DIAGNOSIS.

The messenger boy looked with pride on his new official suit.

"This," he murmured, as he paused for the sixteenth time in his mad flight of a block and a half, "is the real fatigue uniform."

IT SEEMS THAT WAY.

(Philadelphia Press.) "Say, pa," asked little Willie, "what is a 'nonagenarian,' anyway?"

"A nonagenarian, my son," replied Willie's pa, "is usually a man who has or has not used tobacco all his life."

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

A Kindergarten Would Be Better. (Pittsburg Dispatch.) There seems to be a first class opening for a mission to teach astute business men of the east that a charming widow with \$10,000 a year income can get a husband without advertising for him.

Nothing Satisfies Him. (New York Mail.) It is probable that if Anthony Comstock had been in Eden he would have required Eve to wear at least a peckbo waist in addition to the figleaf.

Why Kaiser Bill Is Cheery. (Detroit Free Press.) Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch has added his testimony that nothing will take the conceit out of a man so quickly as to be shot at.

It's Usually the Other Way Round. (Chattanooga News.) They killed a policeman in St. Petersburg yesterday, and "they" was considered of sufficient importance to be cabled in this country.

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Are Schoolboys Gay at Sunday School. (Buffalo Express.) A dispatch from Cleveland says that John D. Rockefeller was "gay" as a schoolboy while at Sunday school last Sunday.

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Chicago Gets the Place Money. (New York World.) Pittsburgh has a way of keeping in the news, what with rich men and stock exchanges and bank cashiers who turn defaulters.

Practice Makes Perfect. (Chicago Tribune.) It is asserted that every preacher in St. Joe can repeat the marriage service in his sleep without missing a word.

Because They Don't See Many. (Houston Post.) A London paper says the Americans are all afraid of germs. Not those that infect the \$10 bills.

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM.

The full text of Rudyard Kipling's poem, in which he denounces the English government for its proposed actions in South Africa, is as follows:

The shame of Majuba hill Lies heavy on our line, But there is shame complete still, And England makes no sign.

Unchallenged in the market place Of Freedom's chosen land, Our rulers pass our rule and race Into the stranger's hand.

At a great price you loosed the yoke (Neath which our brethren lay; (Your dead that perished 'twas broke (Are scarcely dust today.)

Think you've freed them at that price? (Wake, or you'll tell your van; (Our rulers jugglingly devise To sell them back again.

Back to the ancient bitterness Ye ended once for all— Back to oppression none may guess (Who have not borne its thrall) Back to the slough of despond; Helots anew held fast By English hands "seal upon the bond" As helots to the last.

What is their sin that they are made (Rebellion's lawful prey? This is their sin—that, oft betrayed, They did not off betray; That to their hurt they kept their vows; That for their faith they died; God help their children of our house, Whom England hath denied.

But we—what God shall turn our doom, (What blessings dare we claim; Who slay a nation in the womb To crown a trickster's game? Who come before amazed mankind For worn in party feud, And search the forms of law to bind Our blood to servitude?

Now, even now, ere we return (Dominion to the dust— Now, ere the gates of mercy close Forever 'gainst the line That sells its sons to serve its foes— (England make no sign? Now, even now, before we learn How near we broke our trust—

SHE KNEW HIRAM'S VOICE.

(American Spectator.) An astonishingly fat couple boarded a Chicago sleeper not long ago, and secured two berths—the upper and lower of a section. It was with considerable difficulty that the man, a bearded fellow with a lumpy nose, and the woman, a stout, round, and very much discomfited and protesting hulk, the noise of whose heaving ascended to the stars.

"Oh, laws," the occupant of the lower berth was heard to groan. "Just listen to that. Hiram has started to snore, and I can't get up there to make him turn over."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES. (Chicago News.) Mamma—You have been very naughty today, Tommy.

Tommy—Shucks, I could have been twice as naughty if I had wanted to.

One day small Elmer was given a portion of tripe for lunch, prepared according to the Spanish method.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed after tasting it. "Ain't we got nothing to eat but this old sort of bath towel, mamma?"

Little Elsie—Mamma, how much do people pay a pound for babies?

Mamma—Babies are not sold by the pound, dear.

Little Elsie—Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?

Teacher (junior grammar class)—Johnny, what gender is "phonograph"?

Johnny—Feminine gender.

Teacher—No, no; it's neuter.

Johnny—Well, it ought to be feminine 'cause it repeats everything it hears.

FROM THE UNDERTAKERS.

(Hagston Post.) A bit of shredded gull, A bit of odder, too; Some lamb, dead and creaturely, All fixed up in a stew; Put in a can and labeled, The appetite is bound to be, In flaring words and colors— "Perfection Potted Chicken."

JUST A BLIND.

(Yonkers Statesman.) "Why do you wear those colored glasses, my man? Can you see better with them?" asked the lady at the back door of the tramp.

"No, ma'am," replied the itinerant. "I can see better without 'em. But I'm always lookin' for work, ma'am, and I always 'ave a chance of seein' any I put on the glasses."

Romances of Great Pictures.

Strange Places in Which Famous Works of Art Have Been Discovered

(London Tit-Bits.) The recent discovery of a valuable Correggio in the mountain home of a Moroccan bandit furnished the latest example of the romantic vicissitudes of old masters, many of which are at least as strange as fiction.

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Mrs. Fish Is Hard to Photograph

America's Foremost Society Leader Is a Remarkably Frank Talker, But Draws the Line on the Camera Men.

(Kansas City Star.) Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is this summer, as formerly, the leading society personage in America. Mrs. Fish is undoubtedly the hardest notable woman in America to photograph. She is continually on her guard against the snapshooter, especially when she does not wish to go to extreme lengths to baffle him.

Owing to this dislike on her part the ordinary photographs of Mrs. Fish that have been going duty show her as she was years ago.

Mrs. Fish enjoys the distinction of being the leading society personage in America largely because of the fact that she has given more novel, not to mention bizarre, social "functions" than any other person in or beyond the pale of the so-called Four Hundred. She is the original, the entertainer, the exhibitor, of the Newport summer colony. Whatever she does makes that dated coterie of multi-millionaire families sit up and display decided interest. Incidentally the same effect is noticeable pretty generally throughout this country.

Mrs. Fish's Fourth of July contribution to the entertainment of Newport, and the gossip of a nation was to have been a party of four hundred, but a downpour of rain caused the plan to be changed, the guests appearing in conventional garb.

Mrs. Fish's party, however, and the costly functions were given three years ago, when she hired the entire "Chinese Honey Moon" company to provide the entertainment, and she was the only one of her guests assembled in her Newport cottage. This happened on St. Valentine's day, and was the talk of the society elect for weeks, so successfully did she surprise them out of their state of real and assumed ennui.

Mrs. Fish's earlier social successes was the "umbrella dinner." Each guest sat beneath a costly shade piece as the agent of the hostess, and the cure. Another much talked-of entertainment was the "party of four hundred."

THE REAL SUWANEE.

How It Struck a Distinguished Foreigner Who Knew the Song.

(Nashville American.) Perhaps Calvee sang, "Suwanee River" as others have sung it, neither could Ole Bull play "Arkansas Traveler" as many an old time darkey has done, yet we were glad to listen to the sweet strain, which because of a human interest, appeals so strongly to a sentimentality, and while listening we were reminded of a letter written to a London paper by Sir Edwin Arnold when he was in America, as follows:

"When we were passing through Georgia, and at the moment when the team of the journey was worst, the rain approached a long hollow in the hills, where one of those pleasant surprises occurred which is not to be had elsewhere, and consecrate a locality. A river, not very broad or deep, but with a certain special grace and character of its own, lay before us. It was not a river, but a stream, and it was not a stream, but a brook, and it was not a brook, but a rill, and it was not a rill, but a trickle, and it was not a trickle, but a drop, and it was not a drop, but a dew, and it was not a dew, but a mist, and it was not a mist, but a haze, and it was not a haze, but a veil, and it was not a veil, but a shadow, and it was not a shadow, but a gleam, and it was not a gleam, but a spark, and it was not a spark, but a flame, and it was not a flame, but a fire, and it was not a fire, but a sun, and it was not a sun, but a star, and it was not a star, but a galaxy, and it was not a galaxy, but a universe, and it was not a universe, but a God, and it was not a God, but a Christ, and it was not a Christ, but a Saviour, and it was not a Saviour, but a Redeemer, and it was not a Redeemer, but a Deliverer, and it was not a Deliverer, but a Liberator, and it was not a Liberator, but a Freeer, and it was not a Freeer, but a Healer, and it was not a 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