

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE. Fair. Silver, 65% per ounce.

THE METALS. Copper (cast), 13 1/2¢ per pound. Copper (anodes), 20¢ per pound.

CIVIC BUSINESS SENSE. During the Morris administration of the city an effort was made to concentrate the purchase of city supplies in one office...

Some Sound Advice. Asa G. Briggs, general attorney of the Chicago & Great Western railroad, made an address to the Association of Transportation and Car Accounting Officers...

Trust-Busting as a Diversion. In the midst of the congratulation and felicitation the country over on Judge Landis' punishment of the Standard Oil by a fine which may or may not be paid...

Just One Who Can't Strike. In these days of strikes galore, when switchmen and brakemen and telegraph operators and boiler-makers are all quitting work to effect improvement in their condition...

Massie's Creek. I've just been wondering, Bill, if you remember Massie's Creek. Or "creek" they call it nowadays...

Remember how we used to loaf sedately through the town and out into the pasture land, and then would hurry down...

Remember how we used to throw our bare selves down and lie A-logging through the checker work of good green leaves and sky...

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can't even run away for a short vacation. The bigger the scope of operations the smaller the chance of escape.

The clock ticked ominously while the teacher was trying to think of an original and effective sentence which might appeal to the victim of idleness and mischief before her.

When the minister came to take dinner with the family he was requested to ask the blessing. While doing so he bowed his head but slightly and his eyes closed his eyes.

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the too, too utterly utter sort. His eloquence, like the Democratic party's present politics, was of the hollyhock kind, more gorgeous than splendid, a house of cards, a garment of shoddy.

He is an indefatigable man, and works around the globe for material gain, a single word that on the Philippines. In the wilderness of language that oration is made of it is possible to find a passage here and a sentence there that sounds like Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

BY SAVOYARD.

Do you all remember the enthusiastic admiration Miss Fanny Squiers had for Mr. Nicholas Nickleby's legs? That is the way many of our fellow politicians look upon the eloquence of Senator Albert J. Beveridge, with this difference—everybody could see the symmetry of Mr. Nickleby's legs; nobody has sounded the profundities of Mr. Beveridge's eloquence.

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WIT AND WISDOM

FROM CHILD LAND

He Knew How to Live Without Working.

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AUTOMOBILES AND ENVY.

Why Should Ownership of a Motor Car Make a Man Unpopular?

"B'ye know, before I got the price to buy an automobile for myself," remarked the man with the oily splashes on his cuffs, "I didn't hate the friends of mine who possessed motor cars. Fact, didn't even feel jealous of 'em."

"Well, I've got one now. I've had it for about two months. And I notice that quite a number of my old friends are beginning to treat me some frigidly, especially when they catch me in the act of driving my car about. I should add that all of those who stoke my car, and even those who have not, haven't got motor cars of their own."

"I have heard, indirectly, that some of these friends express the conviction that I have developed a case of the swelled head. On these friends I have announced his belief that I have become too large for my breeches. Another of my friends has advertised to me a 'puffy-wuffy,' whatever that may mean."

"A man with whom I used to be on cordial terms resents my flaunting past his house at all hours in a big lumbering car with red bux wagon. This kind of car, as you know, is used by many vehicles. I never knew, or imagined, 'll I heard of his remark that I hurt him by going past his house in my car."

"I hate to annoy any of my neighbors and friends, but because some of them object to my having a motor car it's not up to me to sell the automobile or convert it into junk, is it?"

"You see, I enjoy the thing. I like to drive it about. It's one of my few pleasures. Now, I know lots of fellows who enjoy playing poker. I don't believe I'm a poor poker player, and I can't stand the loss of sleep any more, anyhow."

"But I don't object to their playing poker. Not in the least. I listen to the stories of men I know go in for full against the other fellow's pat fluff and how they didn't do a single thing to the other fellow, with real interest and enjoyment. I don't hate them for playing poker, because I know that they like and love the game, and I'm glad that they're glad."

"I've got plenty of friends who drink a great deal of liquor because they enjoy it. I have a few who are and presumably know their own business. Now, I don't object to their drinking."

"I know lots of fellows who are crazy over golf. I don't object to their golf. Plenty of men I know go in for naphtha launching. They talk to me at great length of their favorite subjects during the season, and I always listen to them with interest and gladness, though I never cared for canoes or naphtha launches myself."

"I don't learn to dislike the fellows I know who are bug over fishing or hunting. These things are their pleasures, and they're certainly entitled to 'em."

"Why, then, should these chaps dislike me because I have a good motor car and drive about in it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. You can search me. Ask me an easy one."

"But the automobile certainly does seem to arouse envy, malice and hatred in those who don't own one. Why is it?"

FRANK'S DAY OF SACRIFICE.

The August American Magazine contains the story of a wonderful negro, "Big Frank," whose loyalty to his master must surely stand as unsurpassed. In the course of his narrative the author tells how Frank came to be married. This particular event, which is quite apart from the main story, happened in this way:

"One morning, before I was out of bed Frank came in and stood at the door, just inside, dropping his hat to the floor. At the instant of my turning downcast eyes the door opened, trust, confidence and affection, the eyes of a faithful dog."

"Well, Frank?"

"If you please, sah, if you got do time, kin you loan me two dollars?"

"Do you need it bad, Frank?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Don't Doctor Joe pay you enough?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"I know he does; wasn't Saturday pay-day?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Didn't you get your money?"

"Ya-as, sah; but Aunt Sue got it."

"What do you want with two dollars today?"

"I needs it."

"What for?"

"To get a marriage license."

"When are you going to get married?"

"'Fo' long."

"'Fo' long."

"Well, when? Next week?"

"'Fo' dat."

"'Fo' dat."

"Well, when?"

"Dis morning."

"Who are you going to marry?"

"Who knows her?"

"Aunt Sue?"

"You don't mean that you are going to marry that old harridan? Why, she's old enough to be your grandmother!"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Why, what on earth! Why, Frank! I'm amazed at you! What are you marrying old Sue for? She'll make life miserable for you!"

"Ya-as, sah; I know dat; but she's terminally ill, and I do not want to sign my consent—an' terday's de day er sackyee."

SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

(Acheson, Kan., Globe.)

There are some kitchens that always smell like the lunch basket the second day on the trip.

The average woman who belongs to a lodge thinks here is the most sociable order in existence.

Some people spend half their time telling what they intend to do, and the other half explaining why they didn't do it.

The people complain of nearly everything else, but seem satisfied with that scolding noise in phonographs.

The trouble some men will take to get whisky is not small, but it seems trifling compared with the trouble the whisky brings.

Meekness is one virtue that never seems properly distributed; the commander of an army may possess it to a degree, but you never see a Pullman porter thus endowed.

Be careful of little issues; they have ruined many a man who would have otherwise succeeded. If you give your business proper attention, you will have no time for side issues.

If a woman writes a letter without telling a secret, she is pretty apt to have something to say about one she has to tell the next time she sees the party to whom she is writing.

Nothing will pay you better than politeness. It makes business done in a hundred different ways; in addition to this it makes your business more successful.

AWKWARD MISTAKE.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mrs. Upmore (making a call)—Why, this is your latest photograph, isn't it? It's an excellent likeness of you, but it isn't so good of baby. Wasn't he—

Mrs. Highmuss—The idea. Did you think the little darling in my lap was baby? That's right.

CHANGE OF DICTATORS.

(Houston Post.)

"He hasn't got that pretty typewriter any more," said the woman who had carried last week.

"No, she's got him now; they were carried last week."

WANTED 'Lasses and then Molasses.

A young negro matron had an only child whom she was trying to teach to speak correctly. Accordingly, at the breakfast table one morning, this dialogue occurred:

"Mamma, I want some 'lasses."

"How often must I tell you, my child, to ask for molasses when you want some," with strong accent on the "mo."

"What for should I ask for no 'lasses when I hain't had none at all yet?"

Ansel and Robert were visiting their aunt in the country and when she put them to bed she always said, "Now, bairnies, cuddle don." The next time their mamma put them to bed Ansel said, "O, mamma, you don't do it right, you should say, 'Now, bare knees, cuddle don.' Auntie May always said that."