

ing and turnings that this paper has been guilty of know how much it would have counted gain if only the church could have been brought into the game of the senatorial contest.

And because it failed miserably in its attempt the Tribune has determined that none of its readers shall ever hear the truth about Utah.

LITERARY JUNK.

Have you ever considered the existence of a book trade almost totally unknown to those elements of society we have in mind when we speak of the "reading world." There is, in fact, a distinct underworld of books; an undercurrent literature; a moving, populous, overlooked "other half" of the book world; not criminal, not desirous to be vicious, but, as we charitably say in society, "impossible." The commerce of them is to the respectable book trade as a junk business is to its more self-complacent neighbors; their authors are the non-trespassing tramps—their publishers the fairly well-meaning fakirs—of their respective callings.

Nor should any of us give ourselves superior airs in speaking so. They have their readers and their purchasers, who after some fashion or other enjoy, prize and even prefer them, and these readers being not our human brethren only, but our fellow-citizens, the matter, if only from the standpoint of a selfish wisdom, deserves to be regarded with a kinder condescension and a more modest seriousness than the lovers of true literature commonly accord. These books have their degrees of merit and demerit, and it might be not wholly a waste of time even for the critics—when not otherwise too busy—to dip up some of this sedimentary stratum of the world's pen-product and see what lost valuables or things of more or less luster or other curious quality he can find in its silt and rubbish. Nay, an occasional study of such dredgings, duly tempered with patience, amiability and persistence, might give the makers of our real literature good hints for making the atmosphere of their own books rightly acceptable to those who now are all too content to breathe the miasms of this subterranean book world; a generosity and wisdom at present much oftener shown—and much easier to show—by scientific writers than by the producers of belles-lettres.

No doubt it would be found, for one thing, that this rank stuff is the more readable to some sorts of people, and they not always in the humblest social ranks, because few or none of its periods require the reader to be already well read in order to understand or enjoy them. For another thing, when one comes to reflect upon it, there must be in much of our most refined literature far more numerous assumptions and implications offensive to the self-regard of the ignorant and unrefined, than the cultivated reader is likely to notice, or than the accomplished author had any conscious intention of expressing. The one who is bespattered knows best how much mud our carriage-wheels throw. One point about this nether literature is that so commonly its only effort is to entertain. It wages no crusade; it has no quarrel with anybody or anything, no views to enforce, no doctrine to preach, no uninvited information to smuggle in, falsely invoiced as silk or sugar.

CARL COULDN'T WAIT.

There is at least one man in Logan who believes thoroughly in the saying that "it is not good for a man to be alone." He is Carl G. Lindblad, of the Seventh ward, who obtained license to wed Augusta Peterson, on Tuesday. Lindblad's former wife died one month ago.—Logan Journal.

AN ENDOWED THEATRE.

An endowed theatre would be a good thing if you could get the man to endow it. I am enthusiastically in favor of it; but, to be frank, it seems to me impracticable. In the first place, who would endow it? Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been most delicately and indelicately hinted at. I have seen large pictures of Mr. Carnegie exploited over the words "An Endowed Theatre"; but, so far as I can make out, Mr. Carnegie has said nothing. He seems to be in hiding, and his castle in Scotland stands unshaken.

Let us assume that we could have such a theatre in America. Where would we get any person, or set of persons, who could and would run it? There are, of course, plenty of those people who pose as being intelligent, and clever and literary, and who are in consequence fatuous and self-satisfied; but they could not run a theatre. Because a man edits a magazine and because a woman writes a novel, or because some other woman is interested in the question of helping women in journalistic or other careers, it does not follow that they know anything about the drama.

That is the trouble with all efforts that have been made in America to establish an independent theatre; they are all run by the wrong people. To conduct such an enterprise requires an enormous amount of tact and skill and power. In France they carefully train people for careers in the theatre, and they have the Francais, an endowed theatre that has been running for many generations, and all classes of French people take an interest in the theatre and go to see plays.

In an endowed theatre in this country, I presume the plan would be to put on good plays and have them well acted, not simply to put on literary plays. A good play is always to be desired whether it is literary or not. You may remember the attempts to run such a theatre in America a few years ago. It started under splendid auspices; it had also a good deal of money. And what did the directors do? One of the first things they did was to put on a five-act play by a writer of one-act stories. The attitude they took was distinctly literary. To be able to write stories for the magazines was taken as an evidence that one could write a play. As a consequence the new enterprise didn't give as good plays as the most commercial managers had been doing.

To make an endowed theatre really useful you must have a man, or a committee, perhaps of both women and men, and it can't be a big committee, because with a big committee nothing could ever be accomplished. The time would be wasted in contention. Say a committee of three persons, because two would not do. But how are you going to get men and women of ability to serve? Think of the responsibility! Every time they produced a play that had no dramatic quality they would give the drama in America a slap in the face. Now, where will you find people who can guarantee that the plays produced will be good ones?

There are certainly some right-minded people in this country. Whether the theatre would get into their hands is another thing. If the

charge were given them, would they have sufficient patriotism to accept it? It is exactly like the question of politics in our country; a great many of our best men have kept out of politics because they are not willing to go through the work and unselfishness and to fight with all their might and main to keep their souls and bodies clean, and keep the same high ideals they have ahead of them.

The man who should run a theatre would, no doubt, have to face all kinds of opposition. The namby-pamby would want him to produce one kind of play; the literary, the clever, the charming people would want something else.

You see I have been writing about the endowed theatre as if it were possible. Well, perhaps it is possible; but I fear, as I said at the start, that it would not work, or at least that you can't get the right people to work it. But what an attractive ideal it is!—Clyde Fitch.

NOT A TEN-DOLLAR RATE.

A report, that is silly on its face, is being circulated in the city to the effect that the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake road, when its line is opened for traffic, will make an excursion rate of \$10 to Los Angeles and return. This is emphatically denied by the San Pedro people, who add that such a low rate would bring more traffic than they could possibly handle under any circumstances. As it will be some weeks yet, the officials say, before the line is ready, no ar- been perfected.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of Salt Lake County, State of Utah.

Jelima M. Byrne, plaintiff, vs. Thomas Byrne, defendant.—Summons.

The State of Utah, to the Said Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action, and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which within ten days after service of this summons upon you, will be filed with the clerk of said court.

WM. R. HALL,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, 75 West 2nd So. St., Room 10, Eagle Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.



T. C. Glosz, 270 Main St., the leading Furrier of Salt Lake City, has opened in connection to his fur store a ladies' Tailoring Department, and it is certain that this new enterprise will prove equally successful, Mrs. Glosz has just returned from New York City, where she has been exceptionally fortunate to secure thoroughly competent workmen, and has inspected the very latest imported novelties in design. Cloths and materials that will be positively fashionable of the spring and summer season of 1905.



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In Black and Brown Fedora and Grace shapes worth 85c, Special this week for45c

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