

because I cannot always understand the language. When Samson gave Delilah "a bum steer," I don't know in the least what is the nature of the transaction indicated, though I suppose, in a general way, he was probably headed straight for perdition. (Mr. Seed is an Englishman.—Editor.)

Samson—that is to say, Billy Sunday's Samson—had one thing in his favor—he had plenty of "honest slang;" and "honest slang," says Mr. Sunday, "is better than hypocritical cant—and it is better than five-syllabled Greek adjectives, or pretty verses of poetry. Greek adjectives or pretty poetry have never yet saved a man from sin."

If one were inclined to be facetious—and why should Billy Sunday have all the fun to himself?—one might remark that this last dictum is rather hard on St. Paul, seeing he never used any but Greek adjectives, and therefore, I suppose, never saved a man from sin. If I am frivolous, that is the unfortunate effect of Billy Sunday's Biblical method, for I was perfectly serious at the outset.

I will, however, make one more desperate attempt to be serious. Billy Sunday, who comes so close to Jesus, naturally has no diffidence about linking his name with so comparatively minor a celebrity as Shakespeare. Doubtless the latter would appreciate the compliment:

"If Bill Shakespeare says it, it is literature. If Bill Sunday says it, it is sacrilegious." If I were to say it, it would doubtless be blasphemous.

The remark has often been made that Billy Sunday is doing a great service to the "infidels" by making orthodox ridiculous. I believe that is true, but unfortunately he is still further obscuring the elements of good which underlie Christianity, and making the path of constructive Liberal Religion more difficult. For that reason I hope he will rest content with the present excellent book of coarse humor, and keep his clumsy paws out of the New Testament.

Later: Someone has brought a suit claiming compensation for writing this book. Sunday has been convicted of lifting passages from Robert G. Ingersoll. The slang in this book is therefore suspected of not being his own. Furthermore, it is said by experts to be obsolete slang. So it seems Sunday's honesty is as questionable as his taste or his humor—God save the mark!—Reedy's Mirror.

CAPTAIN HANKS OF ALBANY

(Continued from Page 9.)

Albany, according to the oldest inhabitant and the census man, all of whom have heard the captain's reminiscences often, for the captain, charming veteran, is a voluble person.

"I know more about the river than any man living," he remarked.

There was no reason to doubt it.

"Did you ever know Mark Twain?" I asked hopefully.

"No!" The captain snorted his answer. "Wouldn't want to! I know all about some of the things he wrote,

though. Mark Twain was one of the biggest liars I ever. * * * His indignation strangled him.

Which would have tickled Mark had he been able to hear it.

The captain is very proud of his kinship with Lincoln. He celebrates it year after year, every day, without waiting for February 12, with long accounts of his own exploits on the river.

I rose to go.

"Glad yeh came," said Captain Hanks. "Say, yeh couldn't spare me another dollar, could yeh?"

I gave him another dollar and fled to the Marshall House, where an hour later came Captain Stephen B. Hanks, muffled to his ears and looking every inch the frontiersman. He broke one of my dollars for a plug of tobacco, and jingled the change pleasantly in his pocket. Then he dropped into a favorite chair and placed his feet on a hot air register in the floor.

"When I was a pilot on the river," he began * * *

I sneaked out quietly and betook myself to a friendly printing shop, where the local weekly is published. The next few hours, or until train time, I spent in conversation with the excellent fellow who was at once editor, compositor and proofreader. Half an hour before the train was due, I went back to the Marshall House. The captain was still there.

"Good-bye, Captain Steve," I said. "Hope to see you again!"

"Glad yeh came," he responded heartily, and sidled alongside. "Say," he whispered confidentially, "Yeh haven't got another dollar yeh could spare?"

I gave him two and fled; but the interview wasn't worth what it cost.—Reedy's Mirror.

HONESTY

THE man in the corner seat looked worried. At last he spoke.

"Madam," he said, "will you kindly take this nickel and give it to the conductor when he comes around? I have been trying to catch his eye, but he apparently does not see me. Will you see that he gets it?"

The woman sat bewildered in the presence of such extraordinary honesty, but she good naturedly accepted the trust. After the man left the car

she, too, attempted to establish a line of communication with the conductor, but failed. She was nearing her own destination, but conscience forbade her leaving the car until her neighbor's fare had been paid. Before that feat was accomplished she had been carried four blocks beyond her street. When she finally got home her temper was slightly damaged.

"But you shouldn't have been so accommodating," said her husband. "You should have got off at your corner."

"But how could I?" the woman argued. "With that man's honesty before me as a sample of right living I simply had to turn his nickel over to the conductor."

"Maybe you are right," said the man, admiringly. "Women certainly do have fine notions about these things. But it is too bad. You had to walk back."

"Oh, no, I didn't walk," she said, "I rode."

"And that cost you another nickel?"

"No, it didn't," she said. "The conductor never even looked my way when he came through, and I got off without having to pay."—New York Evening Post.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

WHY was Prohibition forced by Congress on the country at a time when all of our energies were needed to prosecute the war?

Why has Leonard Wood been relegated to oblivion?

Why was a pacifist chosen for secretary of war?

For the progress of the war, is the cause of woman suffrage an essential or a non-essential?

Why were all contracts for the army, including blankets, tents, clothing, etc., kept secret and not open to competitive bidding?

Why did Secretary of War Garrison resign?

When a pronounced German sympathizer talks and acts like an alien enemy, why does it take so long before he is interned—if at all?

And if he is taken up, and anything happens to him afterward, why is he fed on the fat of the land?

What is the total amount of property destroyed in this country by Germans since the war began?—Ex.

BAILEY & SONS CO.

Are Featuring their new

FLORAL DEPARTMENT

Your inspection of our stock for Easter is cordially invited

Salt Lake's
"Flower Phone"
Wasatch 3904

61-63
East Second South
Salt Lake City

HER PREFERENCE

The wife of a congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nurse maid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learned the situation.

She then went to the pretty nurse and by a little fineness disarmed her of thinking she was displeased.

"Minna," she said, "which of the boys do you like to go out with best, Tom or Harry?"

"Well," said the maid, "I think I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best."—Ginger Jar.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

Deseret Mountain Mines Company.
Assessment No. 1.

Principal place of business, 503 Utah Savings & Trust Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 27th day of March, 1918, an assessment of 1 cent per share was levied on the capital stock of the Deseret Mountain Mines Co., payable immediately to S. J. Truman, Treasurer, 503 Utah Savings & Trust Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 22nd day of April, 1918, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment thereof is made before, will be sold on the 6th day of May, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessments, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WM. D. LIVINGSTON,
Secretary.

Room 503 Utah Savings & Trust Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. 3-30-4-27

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

Big Cottonwood Coalition Mines Company.

Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors held on the 19th day of February, 1918, an assessment of 1 cent per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to W. C. Hurd, secretary and treasurer, at the office of the company, 201 Dooly Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 19th day of March, 1918, will be delinquent and advertised for sale, at public auction, and unless payment is made be-