

## IN THE TRENCHES

By Maurice Hewlett.

As I lay in the trenches  
Under the Hunter's Moon,  
My mind ran to the trenches  
Cut in a Wiltshire down.

I saw their long black shadows,  
The beeches in the lane,  
The gray church in the meadows  
And my white cottage plain.

Thinks I, the down lies dreaming  
Under that hot moon's eye,  
Which sees the shells fly screaming  
And men and horses die.

And what makes she, I wonder  
Of the horror and the blood,  
And what's her luck, to sunder  
The evil from the good?

'Twas more than I could compass,  
For how was I to think  
With such infernal rumpus  
In such a blasted stink?

But here's a thought to tally  
With t'other. That moon sees  
A shrouded German valley  
With woods and ghostly trees.

And maybe there's a river  
As we have got at home  
With poplar-trees aquiver  
And clots of whirling foam.

And over there some fellow,  
A German and a foe,  
Whose gills are turning yellow  
As sure as mine are so.

Watches that riding glory  
Apparel'd in her gold,  
And craves to hear the story  
Her frozen lips unfold.

And if he sees as clearly  
As I do where her shine  
Must fall, he longs as dearly,  
With heart as full as mine.  
—San Francisco News Letter.

## SPICE

Fond Mother—Improvise Why my daughter can improvise any piece of music you put before her.—Judge.

"Poor old Jiggs! He found this a hard world." "Died in poverty?" "No; he fell out of an airship."—Buffalo Express.

"Mamma, is papa goin' to die an' go to heaven?" "Why, Bobby, what put such an absurd idea into your head?"—Life.

Redd—He started out with a \$5,000 automobile. Greene—And what car is he using now? Redd—A street car.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I follow the medical profession," remarked the newcomer proudly. "Surgeon?" was asked politely. "No, undertaker," he replied gravely.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" asked the

kindly old lady. "No'm," responded No. 777,444; "they're all here wit' me."—Buffalo Express.

Crawford—I see the belligerents are calling out the older reservists. Do you think that married men should be compelled to fight?—Crabshaw—Why not? They are used to it.—Life.

"Society is so shallow," mused the parlor philosopher. "It's a good thing it is," retorted the mere man, "or half the people who are wading around in it would be drowned."—Life.

"Perkins will never make a good golf player," remarked the first golf bug; "he neglects his game to attend to business."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There are things more valuable than money," ruminated the philosopher. "Sure," retorted the iconoclast, "that's the reason I need money to buy them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Look here, Mose, I thought you were going to be baptized into the Baptist church!" "Yaas, sah, I is. But I done been sprinkled into de 'Piscopal till de summer comes."—Dallas News.

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front)—Good-bye, my dear boy, and try and find time to send a post-card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches.—Punch.

Madge—So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work  
Marjorie—Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the paper nine times.—Puck.

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband," exclaimed the woman.  
"What size?" asked the clerk.  
"I don't know, but I think he wears a 14½ collar."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Your daughter's very fond of music, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. It's no trouble for her to practice on the piano when I need some one to help me with the dishes."—Detroit Free Press.

"As nearly as I can make out," said the supercilious person, "he is what they call a literary hack."

"No," replied Mr. Penwiggles, "he is not even a hack. He's a jitney."—Washington Star.

Gibbs—So you went after the job? I thought you believed that the office should seek the man?

Dibbs—I do; but this is a fat job, and I thought it might get winded before it reached me.—Exchange.

"Pa, doesn't precipitation mean the same as settling?"

"It does in chemistry, my son; but in business you'll find that many persons in settling don't show any precipitation at all."—Boston Globe.



FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 8

## The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One an important part in the "Leeward Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is

easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry, because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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**Budweiser**  
Means Moderation.



Mrs. Strongmind (about to start with the picnic party)—Let me see—here are the wraps, here's the lunch basket, here's the opera glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got everything, and yet—children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we?

Husband and father (standing meekly at the horses' heads)—Shall I get in?—Exchange.

"I suppose you want all the friends you can get."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "only I can't help wishing a whole lot of them would be as assertive before election as they are afterward."—Washington Star.

Geraldine—I don't believe that you fully trust me.

Gerald—What makes you think so?  
Geraldine—You never write me love letters like they read in court.—The Club-Fellow.

If you don't take  
Press Clippings  
Why Not?

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

A special meeting of the stockholders of Salt Lake Aerie No. 67, Fraternal Order of Eagles, will be held at their meeting hall, 168½ South West Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Friday, July 30, 1915, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the following purposes:

To consider the passing of a resolution for the sale and conveyance of that certain parcel of real estate situated in Salt Lake City and County, State of Utah, being part of Lot 8, May, 1915, so many shares of each