

by comparison; apples like those that beguiled our great, great, grandmother; peaches that reflect the color of Utah girls' cheeks, and carry a honeymoon flavor! grapes like those the spies carried back from the Promised Land to the children of Israel.

Then the Utah potato should have a special chapter. A big potato crop in Ireland used to be the herald of a revolution. In Utah they mean that peace which comes of satiated desire. Utah spuds stand alone in excellence.

Dr. Higgins

A GREAT old doctor was he. He early cut loose from the ethics of the code which hedges doctors about and forbids them from advertising what they are or what they believe they are, and was thenceforth under a professional ban. But that neither humiliated nor discouraged him. He still had left his Prince Albert coat, his whiskers, the cheek beneath the whiskers, a professional education and below all a courage that could not be bluffed.

When he first came to this city, the city was crude in more ways than one. A band of Utes came down Main street and one of them was wearing a white woman's scalp as was evident from the long, silky brown hair.

The doctor saw it and in a transport of rage seized it and snatched it from the savage, at the same time hurling invectives at the red murderer more terrible than a surgeon's scalpel. The Indians were here under a safe conduct from the authorities. The disturbance brought the police—the police in those days were all saints, but not all angels, and they intimated to the doctor that he must go slow. Then he turned from the savages and launched his anathemas at the police.

Bystanders intervened and drew the doctor away, but the incident could not be referred to in his presence for years after without an outburst of fury.

The doctor loved high-stepping standard-bred horses; in his younger days he always had three or four of them and they were one of his pleasures and his advertisements.

The best side of him was his love for children. He was wont to stake them with money for goody-goodies and gave a band of them horned-toads, stuffed serpents, birds and lizards, to start a museum.

He had some very deep sorrows in his life. Sorrows that would have driven some men to desperation, but he hid them in his own heart and smiled as usual at the outside world. Many who knew him well did not know his deeper nature, how public-spirited, how good a neighbor, how true a patriot he was, or how much he loved his friends.

It is a comfort to think that his passing was painless and to hope that the sleep that has come to him will not be vexed by one disturbing vision, but that should a vision come it will be of a Drosky with gilded bow, a toppy buckskin steed in the center with bay and black yoke-mates.

General Tracy

GENERAL TRACY, who has just died in New York, was a marvelous man, a great lawyer, a great judge, a great general, a great secretary of war—one of those men whose mind seemed to be a perfect cube, who filled every position as though for that particular duty. Then mingling with and handling men at will, his perfect integrity was never doubted through all the eighty-five years of his eventful life.

He was one of the highest examples of the perfect American. From the first mind, heart and soul he was a watchman in the temple of his country's liberties and he goes to his grave leaving a memory that makes on more and more honor the more it is studied.

Judge Van Zile

JUDGE VAN ZILE has shrunken a little in volume and age has fastened a few marks upon him during the thirty years that he has been away, but he is still hale and strong and has all his old winsome ways.

The judge was United States district attorney here when things were somewhat different from what they are at present. But he was true to duty then and the office of judge that he has held so long in his own state is proof of the faith that the men of Michigan repose in him.

He is a very welcome visitor.

Welcome

THE lawyers and judges who are arriving in Salt Lake for the convention next week are very welcome. They are to be congratulated too, that Judge Taft is coming to meet for at least a brief visit with them, for there is no better-trained legal mind than Judge Taft's.

He is, moreover, one of the most genial and companionable of men. Had he been as aggressive when president as President Wilson is, things might be different now and very much improved.

All these eminent gentlemen are most welcome, whether they can agree upon a uniformity in state laws or not, we trust they will when they go away, hold a uniform belief that Salt Lake City is a good place to come to.

THE commander of the Russian "far-flung battle line" in Manchuria, in the Japanese-Russian war, begged his government not to treat for peace, declaring that the Japanese had exhausted their strength and that in the next battle he would turn the tide of war, but the treaty was made. That it was Russia has always held as a reproach, and she evidently does not propose to repeat the mistake in this war. Her armies may be hurled back but it will not quicken by a throb her slow beating pulse.

ITALY is sending six hundred and fifty thousand trained men to the front; it is said that no one but the war authorities knows how many hundreds of thousands of men Great Britain has sent into France; France is putting up her full strength; every military station in Germany and Austria has been converted into a camp of instruction.

A great many thousands of brave men are yet to be killed or maimed before there will be any effective peace talk.

"South America open for hardware trade." So is Europe.—Wall Street Journal.

Ty Cobb never drinks, but it is thought that he does not object to seeing the bases full.—Columbia State.

OUT OF ROME

Clinton Scollard.

Cut of Rome they march as when
Scipio led his serried men,
While the cry of "Viva! Viva!"
Rings again and yet again.

They, in dreams of high desire,
Rousing them to holy ire,
On the Capitolian altars
Have beheld the vestal fire.

Rear and vanguard, first and last,
They have caught the virile, vast,
Emulous centurion ardor
From some legion of the past.

Win they laurel wreath or rue,
We must feel that this is true,
That the ancient Roman valor
Thrills through Italy anew!

—New York Sun.

THE PRIVILEGE OF AN ENGLISHMAN

You laugh and loaf, while others dare and do,
And yet—a woman risked her life for you!
Braved her ordeal, counting not the cost,
So she might add one man to England's host;
His arm her shield—prize of triumphant pain,
O bitterest pang! to know her travail vain.

—London Spectator.

THE PARAGRAPHERS

Americans never hunt a fight or run away from one.—Birmingham News.

Caruso is the last man we imagined Italy would exempt, considering his unequalled experience in charging.—Columbia State.

Just because the president works his own typewriter, von Jagow mustn't think he takes dictation.—Columbia State.

Who would have suspected that Thomas Edison was a "deserving Democrat?"—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Bryan's advice to the people seems to be "Support the president. I can't."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

"I am thinking of the country," says the Colonel. Not, we trust, what he thought of it three years ago.—Columbia State.

Reports that the smart set are staying away from Europe ought to cinch their claim to the title.—Washington Post.

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