

PRESIDENT J. C. LYNCH

The board of directors of the National Bank of the Republic met on Tuesday afternoon. The only business transacted at the meeting was the election of a new president to succeed the late Frank Knox, and Mr. Lynch was unanimously chosen. There has been some speculation as to who the president would be and the name of Mr. Lynch was freely mentioned, but it was not certain that he would accept the place owing to his varied interests and the many calls on his time. However, he was prevailed upon to do so and in the opinion of those who are interested, a better selection could not have been made. Mr. Lynch has been an active director in the institution for the past fifteen years. There is no more popular citizen or keener business man in the city and he is probably the best informed man on credits in the state. Withal he is affable, democratic, his tendencies are those of a big western man of affairs, and his elevation to the presidency of the Bank of the Republic has proven a very popular choice.

DeWitt Knox, assistant cashier of the bank, will probably sever his connection with the Anglo & London Paris bank of San Francisco to become actively associated with the bank here.

AETNA AGENTS HERE

Five special trains bringing eight hundred and seventy officers and agents of the Aetna Life Insurance company of Hartford, Conn., and the wives and families of many of them, arrived here Sunday. The day was spent in visiting the points of interest about town, a dinner at the Utah and Newhouse following in the evening. They were entertained by the local agents and others who were formerly interested in the company. Morgan G. Bulkley, president of the company, headed the party. The visitors were here on their way to the great convention in San Francisco and were accompanied westward by Wesley King and Fred E. Smith, of the firm of Ed. E. Smith & Sons who recently took over the agency from Mr. King.

"GERMAN BITTERNESS AGAINST U. S. AKIN TO HATE OF BRITISH"

The following New York dispatch was published in a recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle: "The feeling in Germany against the United States is second in its intensity only to the feeling of Germans against Great Britain," said Dr. James J. Hogan of San Francisco, who returned today from Germany on the American liner St. Paul.

"It is first 'Gott straffe England' and then 'Gott straffe the United States,'" said Dr. Hogan.

The surgeon went to Germany at the request of the German government to demonstrate his recent discovery of a fluid used in blood transfusion. Dr. Hogan says the fluid takes the place of actual blood, and by chemical transformation after the fusion gives the same results and is as efficacious.

Dr. Hogan told of a British doctor who had gone to the succor of a wounded German soldier on the field. The German soldier drew his revolver and shot the doctor dead when he approached, according to Dr. Hogan. He said British colonial troops in Europe had earned for themselves the sobriquet of "the White Ghurkas," on account of their ferocity in attack. He said that when wounded soldiers were brought into hospitals, attendants would point and say to him, "There, that is the result of American ammunition."

Compared with Germany, Dr. Hogan said conditions in other belligerent nations were chaotic.

"Everything in Germany is wonderfully well organized," he said. "There is no waste of any kind, and conservation of resources has reached a remarkable degree of perfection. Other countries are, however, fast following Germany in this respect."

"MISSING"

Among all the terrors of the war, the one which falls heaviest upon the non-combatants, for the most part women, is the long, hopeless uncertainty as to the whereabouts and fate of those dear ones who are accounted among the missing. The widow of a war hero has at least the solace of a certain prestige, but the woman who is neither wife nor widow, the distracted families of those about whose fate nothing definite is known—what hope or comfort is there for them? This war has set in operation, apparently, as many agencies of mercy as it has those of destruction. Among them, we learn from a Lausanne correspondent of the Living Church (Milwaukee), are two whose sole purpose is to find the missing, to ascertain definitely if they are living or dead, and finally, if possible, to bring them back into touch with their friends and relatives. Both societies are Swiss in origin. One, a branch of the Swiss Red Cross, traces missing soldiers; the other, an independent organization, endeavors to bring scattered families together and search out the wanderings of isolated fugitives who in the panic of flight have hidden away and lost themselves in strange communities. There is no doubt of the great need these societies fill. As a member of the former remarks:

"Imagine the most terrible catastrophe that can strike you, of which the name alone may make you pale; when it has come and you have lost all hope of escaping it, it loses some of its terror; its very coming brings an element of relief. At last, you know. But what gnaws is not to know; to turn in one's mind the thousand suppositions which make out of the hope itself one grief more. That is why those who are obliged to remain at home and to wait, often suffer more than those who are in the thick of the fight."—Literary Digest.

A gentleman gave an address on temperance at the local hall. The next day he received an invitation from an old lady to come and see her.

"Oh, sir, pray forgive me for worrying you," began the old dame eagerly. "I heard you speak last night, and you reminded me so much of my poor brother, who was took from me, that I felt I must see you again."

The gentleman looked very sympathetic.

"Dear, dear!" he murmured. "I'm sorry to hear of your loss. How long ago did your brother die?"

"Bless ye, sir, he ain't dead," replied the old woman. "He was took to an asylum."—New York Journal.

When William H. Crane was younger and less discreet he had a vaulting ambition to play "Hamlet." So with his first profits he organized his own company and went to an inland western town to give vent to his ambition and "try it on."

When he came back to New York a group of friends noticed that the actor appeared to be much downcast.

"What's the matter, Crane? Didn't they appreciate it?" asked one of his friends.

"They didn't seem to," laconically answered the actor.

"Well, didn't they give any encouragement? Didn't they ask you to come before the curtain?" persisted the friend.

"Ask me?" answered Crane. "Man, they dared me!"—Kansas City Star.

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