

Karl A. Scheid, Candidate for City Commissioner



Karl Scheid needs no introduction to the citizens of Salt Lake, having lived here for upwards of twenty-five years during which time he has taken

an active part in business affairs. He came here from Pennsylvania and engaged in the insurance business, beginning at the bottom of the ladder and working up until he became manager of the Board of Fire Underwriters for the district comprising Utah and part of Idaho. Subsequently he was appointed city recorder and his work in that position has been marked by skill and efficiency. Mr. Scheid is in every way qualified to serve the city with credit to himself and beneficially to the community by virtue of his familiarity with the details of city government.

If elected he will serve the whole community and not any particular section as he is directly and materially interested in the welfare of each municipal ward equally on the east and west sides. Mr. Scheid believes that a city commissioner should devote his entire time and attention to the city and not to personal affairs. The commissioner should be a representative not of any particular section, but a champion of the city's interest as a whole and should be elected without regard to political affiliations.

He contends that public improvements should go forward as rapidly as possible, but not without due consideration for the tax burden imposed upon the property owner, small and

large. That preference in the employment of workmen should be given to citizens of the United States or those having declared their intention of becoming citizens, and more particularly to bona fide residents of this city who are heads of families. He believes that we should have a municipal bath house at the Warm Springs and that the emergency hospital should be properly equipped to perform its functions.—(Adv.)

SPICE

"You see that old chap? The war's cost 'im a pretty penny." "How's that?" "Well, 'e used to 'ang round our works money-lending. Lend a bob to any man 'oo had a middle of the week thirst, and get eighteenpence back from him on Saturday. And all the chaps 'oo've gone to enlist took it out of old Tom by borrowin' a bob on their last day. He says this war's a disgrace to civilization."—Manchester Guardian.

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the town election, "for whom did you vote this morning?" "I crossed off the names of all the candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their personal ambitions."—New York Times.

"HERE COMES THE LENS LOUSE"

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appreciated by any person who has spent the greater part of his childhood days under the blue sky.

"However, it is not my intention to convey the idea that the life of the motion picture actor is one continuous round of pleasure. There is plenty of hard work and so anyone who shies at this screen acting will prove most difficult. I don't mind it myself. Very often I get up at three o'clock, have my car at the door, go to my hunting lodge at four o'clock, do an hour's shooting and after I have bagged twenty-five ducks, I ride back to the bungalow, take a cold shower, have my breakfast, go to the studio and at a little after seven start work for the day.

"Let me tell you that by the time six o'clock in the evening arrives one is about ready to tumble into bed, especially when you consider you may have to jump from the side of a ship; swim against Indians; ride at breakneck speed down steep hills, not once, but many times after the command is given and "all the stage is set."

"A contradiction of certain reports to the effect that I am at present in the east would perhaps not go amiss at this time. My activities at present, I am pleased to say, are confined to my work under the Pallas pictures brand in and around California where I will remain for some time to come, due to a long term contract with this concern, which I have just signed. After "The Gentleman From Indiana," on which I am now at work, will be the well known "Davy Crockett" followed by others, including Charles Neville Buck's famous "The Call of the Cumberland."

Host—Must you leave so soon, Mrs. Tootles? I thought you were very fond of good music. Mrs. Tootles—Yes.—Musical America.

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