

Continued from page 14

valley. It produces hay, grain, fruit, sugar beets, wool, livestock, poultry, all kinds of small fruits and berries, watermelons, cantaloupes and garden products. The sugar beets are the highest in saccharine qualities of any beets in the state. It has ideal facilities for extensive farming, owing to the unusual conditions for marketing the product. Millard county also produces gold, silver, copper, lead, sulphur, salt, gypsum, marble and other minerals.

Over a great portion of the valley the finest lithia water may be obtained by driving wells to a depth of 170 feet. Some facetious person has said that the residents of Pahvant valley were plutocrats because they could wash their faces, without cost, with water that sold at Salt Lake City for 25c a bottle. An epoch has been closed in the history of this region and a new era is beginning. Great changes are being made at Oasis, Millard county, Utah, and in the gray, green plains of Pahvant. Those vast stretches of silent, sun-flooded delta lands of the Sevier are being transformed into veritable gardens with the advent of the engineer in kahki, the streams of canal-borne water and the whistling plowman. Already the song of the lark takes on a sweeter note in anticipation of broader fields and the wealth of waving grain. Homes are beginning to dot the valley here and there, where yesterday only the cry of the coyote was heard. So does the well-directed energy and enterprise of a few men in the west bring about a transformation, awake a sleeping empire and change in a year the entire map of a region as large as the state of Rhode Island. Is it any wonder that western men are proud of their west with its illimitable resources? Do you want to be identified with the upbuilding of a great country and gain health and riches?

Come to this imperial valley, destined to be in a brief space a great commonwealth, an inland empire, whose broad, fertile acres and beneficent

climate will yield sustenance to wide neighborhoods of men.

Come to this sunland, in the morning or the noonday of your life, place the foundation of your home on a soil that for a thousand years has been garnering riches from the far uplands; plant your home tree here, and in the evening of your journey, when the sunset falls aslant these beautiful Pahvant mountains—in the peace that comes of work well done, a life well chosen—say to him who wanders afar:

"O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may the storm-beat vessel safely ride,
This is the port of rest from troublous toil;
The World's Sweet Inn from pain and wearisome
tumroll."

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son; "but it's more important still that you should first know yourself. For instance. A noisy bunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly: 'What do you want?' 'Is this the residence of Mr. Smith?' inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow. 'It is. What do you want?' 'Is it possible I have the honor of shpeakin' to Misshus Shmith?' 'Yes. What do you want?' 'Dear Misshus Shmith! Good Misshus Shmith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Shmith? The resh of us want to go home.'"

Jimmie: "Watcher waitin' around de corner wid dat fist full er mud fer?"

Mame: "I'm waitin' for Sally Ryan!"

"Wot she done?"

"Nuthin'! Only she's de Queen of de May!"

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at seventy, as I told you?

Mrs. Hooligan—Eh, an' Oi hov, docthor. There's th' devillish thing in a toombler av warrum wather at this blissid minnut.—Judge.

"How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow.

"Heavens! We never did. We just got married in a decent way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

(Continued from page 12)

are more bored than you. If the actors seem to object to your conversation or show annoyance or impatience, try to remember that they are not society people, and are ignorant of all little graceful social conventions.

On leaving the opera with the ladies, do not go into the side corridors with them, or you will surely be forced to look out for their carriage, a tedious and bothersome occupation. The wisest thing to do is to say that you have an appointment, and merge yourself with the rabble who are leaving by the front door, leaving the ladies in the drafty side entrance, where their footman will sooner or later discover them.

Bachelors no longer leave cards. It is considered oute. After dining a good many times at a house, a man may give a butler two dollars and his card. In return the butler will, during the next afternoon, discreetly slip the card upon the tray in the hall while the lady of the house is out driving.

If you are literally forced to pay a call, merely ask the butler if the ladies are at home. Should he say "yes," explain to him that you have mistaken the house, and that you are looking for the residence of another lady. Slip him a dollar and retire noiselessly down the steps.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Judge Building Nearing Completion

*Splendidly
Furnished
Offices*



*Absolutely
Fireproof*

THE JUDGE BUILDING

J. C. DALL - ARCHITECT

We are making reservations daily for office space in our new FIREPROOF building which will be ready for occupancy in a very few weeks. Come in and see us about a new, clean, modern and thoroughly up-to-date office or suite.

HALLORAN-JUDGE CO.

Telephones 823

14 W. Third South St.