

JOEL PRIEST IN NEW FIELD.

Joel L. Priest is to leave the Herald and enter the railroad publicity field. On the fifteenth of the present month he becomes industrial agent for the O. S. L., with headquarters at Boise, Idaho.

He will remove his family to that city about September 1. Personally he leaves for Boise next week.

The well wishes of a host of friends go with Mr. Priest in his new work. Few newspaper men in the west are better known than he, and none better liked. He has made an enviable record for himself as a special and editorial writer. His departure is a loss to the newspaper fraternity of Salt Lake and a personal loss to every man who



JOEL L. PRIEST

Who Has Been Appointed Industrial Agent of the O. S. L. knows him. That he will enter his new work fully equipped to steadily advance, is beyond question.

He has had all sorts of experience in newspaper work. He began it when he was a youngster, studying law in his home town, Henderson, Ky. In 1892 he went to Chicago on the staff of the Chicago Record. His first work was on sports, and from that he graduated into the night police department, one of the most important branches of newspaper service in the big city. In 1893 he spent all his time on the grounds of the World's Fair, still in the police department, which included all the accidents, fires and casualties, as well as the criminal and secret service records. Here he distinguished himself by his ability to write news as well as get it. At the close of the Fair he took charge of the same newspaper in Henderson he had written for when he was a youngster. From there he came to Salt Lake in 1897, entering the employ of the Tribune as a reporter. In 1899 he joined the staff of the Herald and has been one of its star writers ever since.

Although much of his work has been devoted to the editorial columns and the dramatic criticisms of the paper, his most conspicuous and successful writing has been in the special field. Possessing the narrative faculty, he has distinguished himself by his picturesque style in reporting such events as the return of the Utah battery when it came home from the Philippines; the San Francisco earthquake, to which he was detailed as a staff correspondent; the visit of the High School cadets to San Francisco during the great naval celebration and other similar occasions of note. He reported the Kansas City convention of 1900, and has attended all the state conventions of both national parties in Utah and Idaho for years.

It is no exaggeration to say that Joel Priest, both personally and through his writings is more

widely acquainted with the prominent men of Utah, Idaho and Nevada than any other newspaper man in this region. Not only has he a wide acquaintance, but wherever he is known he is liked. He has the rare faculty of chronicling facts without prejudice; his work has always been noteworthy for its fairness, and in all his career in Salt Lake has never been charged with shading his reports either for friend or foe.

Among the members of his profession, Priest has been regarded with a regard that has amounted to affection. His professional standards have been high, he has always been considerate of the younger newspaper men and his departure from newspaper work is a matter of regret with all of his associates.

IMMORTALITY.

By Kathleen Cooney.

Something has gone from the heart of things,
 Something that went with thee;
 Heavy with blossoms the red rose clings
 Close to the lattice, the morning brings
 Joy to the world, and the linnet sings
 Bright from the maple tree;
 But something has gone from the heart of things,
 Something that went with thee.

Something has gone from the heart of things,
 Something that went with thee;
 Children are laughing in careless play,
 Love-breathes its vows, and the summer day
 Lingers and listens, as glad to stay,
 Sharing sweet revelry;

But something has gone from the heart of things,
 Something that went with thee.

Yet something has come to the heart of things,
 Something that is of thee;
 For deep in the peace of the early star,
 And pointing the way to thy joys afar,
 Where weakness nor weeping, nor watching mar
 The calm of thy victory,
 This something steals into the heart of things,
 Something that is of thee.

—Bohemian.

FOR YE LADYE'S FANNE.

Supposing you and I hadd quitt;
 Thatt I hadd gone belowe;
 Supposing you were pushing clouds,
 And I, NOTT shovelling snowe;
 Supposing you were nice and cool,
 Supposing I was hott;
 Supposing I was amoking there,
 Supposing you were nott;
 Supposing that I yelled to you,
 While Satan grinned with glee
 And poked the fire a little moare;
 Would you send This Fanne to me?

—A. W. C.

RETIRED EARLY.

Mr. Borebeigh—Were you up late last night?
 She—No; I was rather expecting you this evening.

Keith - O'Brien's

Round-Up Sale

will be continued one week. **U**The biggest bargain event in the history of the store

After REMAINING COLLIER'S WEEKLY