

moment the enterprise begins to pay. That, for example, should a man wear out his life in finding a gold mine; should he then employ 100 men to run a tunnel to strike the vein, he should pay full miners' wages to these men? But should their work strike the vein and it should yield, say, \$1,000 per day, then the proceeds would belong to the 100 men, for was it not their work that produced it? This was precisely the claim that a big band of toughs made in Goldfield a year ago last winter. The old sentence was: "By the sweat of your face shall you earn your bread." The modern socialist says: "If you earn more bread than you can swallow, then the rest is ours." It says to the industrious and the gifted: "If you, by brain and hand, can amass a fortune, all right, but it must not be for your children. What you leave is but labor perpetuated, and it will belong to us all." Socialism is a blow aimed directly at honest ambition and faithful and gifted industry, at home, and all the high things that man aspires to accomplish. Is it not a fact that could it succeed, it would in three generations disintegrate society and make wild beasts of men?

— + — + — + — + — + — + — + — +
 + The disgraceful state of drunkenness +
 + in which many of the lobbyists and dele- +
 + gates of the Smoot Republican state con- +
 + vention were found during the proceed- +
 + ings, in the intermissions and after the +
 + convention, was the subject of no little +
 + comment among those used to political +
 + gatherings. +
 + It was especially noticeable, con- +
 + sidering the spirit of prohibition with +
 + which the Smoot Republicans are sup- +
 + posed to be imbued, and hardly impressed +
 + those who witnessed a number of the star +
 + performers with any regard for the sincer- +
 + ity of their former protestations. +
 + Temporary aberration caused by the +
 + excitement of the lickspittles in the fear +
 + that they might make some error in carry- +
 + ing out the assignments given them by the +
 + boss, may have been responsible for their +
 + actions, but from the outside, looking in, +
 + it appeared like several large cases of +
 + plain drunk. +
 + — + — + — + — + — + — + — + — +

"Is your new cook broken in yet?"

"We hope so. She's on her second set of dishes."

POLITICO-PERSONAL

Machine Slips a Cog or Two, As Usual, But Winds Up With a Church Ticket.

For a fine-grained, unadulterated sample of the political farcery so peculiar to Utah wherever the church Republicans figure, the state convention held Tuesday is probably the finest specimen on record.

With Senator Sutherland in the chair, Reed Smoot keeping score in President Smith's box, and Harry Joseph and Dan Harrington out in front ready for any old excuse to get up and yelp, the six hundred and thirty-odd delegates went through the rigmarole of nominating a cut and dried slate with a few deviations and tried to look as though they liked it.

The ticket isn't as lovely as the machine would have had it. At least three counties are sore enough to start almost anything.

The nomination for auditor went to Jewkes after a fight between Ajax and Calderwood. It was difficult to determine where the machine support had been promised, so completely did the gang keep their hands off, to all appearances, while the votes were being cast. Ajax and Calderwood both claim they were promised the machine vote and really the nomination of Jewkes was about the only bad break in the ticket.

The real fight of the convention was that over the state treasurership. The Weber delegation came down fighting mad and told Howell that unless they could put Mattson on the ticket they would swing every vote in the delegation to Christensen and would pull a few other counties with them. Right here the machine went up against it hard. White and Smythe had been promised Howell's support. Howell, however, feared the Weber crowd more than any other delegation and stood with them. Some semblance of keeping his promises to Smythe and White was made by splitting a few of the machine delegations over them when the voting came up, but after three ballots Howell swung every vote at his command to Mattson and the Ogden man went unto the ticket with a good majority.

Spry is before the voters for governor and indications point to his election. Whether the man who succeeds the flannel peddler now occupying the gubernatorial chair, to that position be Mr. Spry or not, it will be a relief to get some one there who when he shakes hands with you will make you feel as though you hadn't grasped a dead fish.

It is just possible that after the landslide he moved a little and he digs himself out, Parley P. Christensen will see the light and refrain from any further attempts to force himself on his party and the public generally. The vote of 42 to 135 in favor of Howell ought to demonstrate to Christensen pretty thoroughly in what sincere esteem and regard he is held by the church Republicans and how much one of their pledges is worth. A man possessed of any degree of acumen would have known better than to butt his head against a stone wall or attempt to jam his avoirdupois into that particular corner of the public crib occupied by a seasoned machine man, more particularly when that man is Howell.

Christensen never stood the ghost of a chance and had he not been blinded by his egotism he would have realized the situation before the gang brought him to on Tuesday afternoon.

Jobbed?

Of course he was jobbed. What did he expect? That the machine would keep its word, and deliver a barrel of delegates from the cow counties? Ha! Haw! Haw! Not that the machine is to be blamed much, either. There's no particular reason why a bad matter should be made worse. Now that Parley P. has been put it is to be hoped he will stay put, and stay good and plenty.

Smacking of political nuseryism, as have most of Parley P. Christensen's actions during his various attempts to force himself upon the state politically, it is scarcely fair to hold him responsible for the ludicrous exhibition foisted upon the convention late Tuesday afternoon by Dan Harrington.

Mr. Harrington's oratory is about as inimitable as his brain work. The derisive shouts of "sit down" and "shut up" that greeted him from the delegates when he arose after Spry's nomination for governor by acclamation, to declare that he hadn't been given time or opportunity to place another candidate before the convention, would have effectively squelched any one else in a like position, Harry Joseph, of course, excepted.

With hearty disgust written on the face of every man in the convention, the nomination of Spry was voted reconsidered and with anticipatory impatience the delegates turned to hear the latest gem jarred from the versatile gentleman who thinks Lincoln was his prototype.

After five minutes of his peculiar rhetoric, in which the virtues of the unknown candidate for

Veuve
Clicquot
 Champagne.

Dry and Brut

The standard
 of fine
 champagne

Sold by all
 high class dealers

No Dyspepsia in Royal Milk Bread

Made of spring wheat flour and pure milk, baked in its own steam on the oven bottom without pans or grease. It's our hygienic method of baking that produces the healthy, delicious crust and flavor.

ASK YOUR DEALER

ROYAL BAKING CO.



TAFT or
 BRYAN

You will need
 Coal just the
 same.



We Have It

Castle Gate, Rock
 Springs, Aberdeen,
 Clear Creek

Bell Phone 955
 Ind. " 137