

voice of God. But it must be every man's own thought that is expressed to make it sacred. A government of the people is the will of all the units that make up the people, and the man who sells his vote or is coerced into voting as dictated to, should at once be disfranchised, for he by the act violates the very foundation principle on which our government rests.

The man who assumes the right to dictate to the humblest voter how he shall cast his ballot is an enemy of the Republic.

We wish that every voter in Utah would read the above before he goes to the polls on Tuesday morning next, and then exercise his high privilege as God gives him to see the right.

**The Land That Is Ours**

IN A current magazine is a picture of a Swedish family, just arrived from native land on our shores. They are in peasant apparel, and their few belongings are in rude sacks. On their faces are the marks of patient toil and resignation, the outward signs of lives devoted to labor and expecting nothing but a ceaseless battle with poverty, with no hope save of making a mere existence.

Below the first picture is another of the same family three generations later. Bright American boys and girls, in dainty attire, with faces lighted with hope and exultation, and refined, because the shadow of unceasing want has been driven from them, and in lieu, is the hope and confidence of assured success, the self-respect which comes with the assurance of independence. They are simple pictures, but within them there is more than can be found in all the salons of the old world, for it does not require much imagination to trace the evolution, which amounts to a transformation of that one family, and by the changes presents to the world a picture of why our country is not like any other country, and why her children should hold native land as the infinite superior of any other land that ever existed from the very beginning of time.

The immemorial poverty; the servitude which comes of poverty, the look of resignation to an implacable fate; the acceptance of a life filled with toil and without comforts, all changed to exultant hope, to the confidence which comes of plenty; the self-respect which is awakened when a soul, that has been cast down from the cradle, suddenly realizes that the richest and freest land that ever the sun shone on, is before it, and all its gifts, all its opportunities, are open to the brain and the hand of him who may grasp them, and that no bar is placed upon honest endeavor toward fortune and honor.

The picture should be studied by all young Americans, that they may the more fully appreciate the land in which their lives are cast.

And with it should be impressed upon their souls the thought that with the gift of such a

country to expand in, come duties which they cannot evade; that citizenship in such a land implies an obligation on their part to fulfill the duties of citizenship; that here the people rule, and that the citizen who does not strive to see that the right shall prevail, that the high ideal of the fathers is maintained; that each citizen must feel that he is a unit of the government, and that he must give the government his best thoughts, and that his ballot must represent those thoughts, such a citizen is debasing his heritage, degrading his own manhood, and casting reproach upon this great Republic that holds out its blessings to him and holds before him the aegis of its protection.

**A Stricken Family**

SURELY THE hand of fate is heavy upon one family which was for a long time a favorite one in Salt Lake City. A few weeks ago Mrs. Flagg, who was Mrs. David Murray's sister, died. A few days later Mrs. Murray's brother, Mr. Leo Marx, suddenly died, and now comes the news of the suicide at Portland, Oregon, of Mr. David Murray's brother, Alan C. Murray.

The tender sympathies of this city go out to Mr. and Mrs. David Murray. They lived here for twenty years, they were favorites with all classes, and when they went away, a few months since, only good wishes followed them. Since then they have received blow after blow, and it is pitiable to think of them sitting in desolation and sorrow in their new home. God help and pity them and turn further sorrows from their door.

**L'AMOUR FAIT PEUR.**

By Florence Earle Coates.

A coward is man, yet a hero,  
Whose will overmasters his fear  
Till peril no longer appals him,  
And danger itself groweth dear.  
Poised and strong, asking no intervention,  
He hazards the rock and the shoal;  
One only thing halts his pretension—  
Love frightens the soul.

Self-disciplined, slowly but surely,  
Disaster accustomed to brave,  
He makes a companion of sorrow,  
Nor falters at threat of the grave;  
Nay, often would hold it at nearer  
Approach a beneficent goal—  
But, ah! with the thought of one dearer,  
Love frightens the soul!

—In The Independent.

Vote for E. B. Critchlow, W. W. Armstrong and George J. Gibson for State Senators.

Vote for Charles W. Lawrence

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