

## SOME NEW LEGISLATORS

Soon to Assemble in the January Showing of All-State Talent.

Now that the holiday weather is at hand, bringing a suggestion of a coming January thaw, it is opportune to think of resolutions, bills, and memorials to congress that will singly and in combination stalk their way through legislative halls, come another four weeks.

The law-makers are assembling, and with a change in fashion, for the leading legislative fad of the season will not doubt be a strict tabooing of florid locks in the speaker's chair. Red eyes, and hair and moustache, and Jo-Uncle cigars are all to be cold in the ashes of memory, and the brawling voice and wrinkled neck of the late lamented speaker will stalk abroad no more. Sufficient comment on his reign it is to say that no one that looks like him or enjoyed the fellowship of his leadership can be elected speaker again.

And while Harry was doing penance at Bingham this fall, working faithfully to show the machine that he could be sat on once and rise again to do its bidding just as unremittingly, one E. W. Robinson of Logan was sharpening his ax for legislative battle.

Somebody who suggested that Robinson adds noise to a knowledge of the rules, and citizenship to his political activity, and therefore would rescue the lower branch of the lawmaking body from the reputation it inherited from Hull and Joseph. Robinson has a task on his hands. If he's willing to undertake it the best that can be done is to wish him well in his undertaking.

When the legislators foregathered in the heyday of Harry Joseph's machine-made service, Governor Cutler what is, and soon is not to be, sent a Juvenile court bill back to the house vetoed, calling the body's attention to a clerical

error he wished to have corrected so that he could sign it without compunction. Harry didn't happen to hear the letter of the governor accompanying the bill read, wherefore it entered his head that the lowly house was actually considering the merits of a measure and passing it in spite of a veto. Bellowing in his loudest tones he called for loyalty to the governor, and denounced the bill, and declared it was a bad one and that he couldn't think of voting for it. Somebody slipped him a hint that the governor wanted it passed, and in two minutes by the clock he was brawling as loudly for the bill as he had just finished bawling against it.

Wherefore what sort of memorial had the present legislature ought to elect to its absent and penitent leader? Paint a portrait governor-style? Or make a bronze memorial tablet? Nothing, gentle reader, so conventional. Rather let the legislators who sat silent through the sessions over which Harry raised his voice point out those thin spots in the floor where his ever busy feet wore away the wood as he jumped about, and let these spots be fenced off, both for the public safety and as a fitting memorial for one who is not now and hopes to be again, through penitence abject and unconditional.

With the eighteen men of the senate the people once had something to do. This season, however, those who merely think of the general welfare and are planning bills without counting in the politicians, realize that it is in the upper body more than the lower that the machine control rests now. For 1909 the real state senate will sit in the office of the U. S. marshal preceding January, 1, and will consist of four people, whose O. K. will be required on any bill before Badger, Stookey, Marks, Williams, Bullen, Smith (John Y.), and Kuchler at least will vote for it. These men have been machine bred. Some are honored with positions because, gifted with

brains, they are self-restraining enough not to use them too much when personal hurt from the machine could follow a show of individuality. Others were elected because of all things of human form they most resemble a wooden Indian. Stookey and Marks would in no society be accused of possessing an over abundance of mental equipment. Of Bullen and Smith operating respectively in Cache and in Utah counties, neither has ever taken a medal for mingling a show of citizenship with his politics.

Smith gained some notoriety at the opening of the last session by declaring that he had not endorsed and was opposing a certain candidate for an official position. The candidate was a former Utah county man and had secured pledges of support from Salt Lake county senators by showing a letter of endorsement from John Y. Smith, therefore, showed up in the caucus working for another candidate, and uttered a denial of ever having pledged his support to the candidate who had used his name and showed his letter, John Y. was confronted with this letter and asked to identify his handwriting. It made him the Robinson Crusoe of the session, separating him in fellowship from all who sat therein except Bullen, the grinning, silent member from Cache.

A certain quartette of senators were read out of their party by their party machine for refusing to bring their bread to the machine to have it buttered on the other side. One of them, Stephen H. Love, would hardly be pressed out of a session, with the passing of a few more years, for to his credit must be chalked up the failure of the railroads to get some very advantageous bills (for the railroads) through the last session. Also to his credit must be chalked up whatever investigating was done of the coal situation. In this work he was fought to a standstill by the Joseph branch of the machine, and finally any

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