

definite result was made impossible through jockeying of the committee report in the house.

Had the public better understood the reasons why Love and Lawrence were pushed out of the convention this year, it may be doubted whether they would have been so easily eliminated. But be that as it may, the machine now has no "Quad" to ask questions of pledged senators until they could be made afraid to deliver their sworn votes, and the senate will be just as good as the machine wants it to be,—no better and no worse.

If this session is to have a Robinson Crusoe it will be the Hon. Benner X. Smith, only surviving member of the Quad. A holdover, he could not be swung out of power in the rallying of the faithful to see that Smoot got a cinch on votes enough to send him back to Washington. The only member of the body with experience, and a grasp on situations that would make him effective in the president's chair, he will be turned down for the place because he does not feed out of the hand of those who will cast the real votes of Stookey, Bullen and their ilk for the position.

Altogether the coming legislature will afford a good view of the mood of the machine in its daily variation through the sessions. The main questions to come up will be the building of a main state highway, as a good roads move, the providing of ways and means to commence the erection of a state capitol, the selection of a commission system of government for Salt Lake, and the extension of state-aided irrigation systems. Never before has a legislature met which it will pay the people to watch so closely as this one. Those mentally equipped to be on guard within the body have never before been so completely stripped of power to make them effective public servants.

DRINKING SONG.

By Arthur W. Copp.

When you find the world grows dreary,
And your face is seamed and lined;
When the shadow of the years you've lived
Is stretching far behind;
When old age clutches at you
With fingers cold and gray,
And you know failure is your part,
I know another way.

Drink, my boy, drink,
'Till the craft you are salling
Is right at the brink
Of the abyss of Hell.
Plunge over and sink
Your failure in Failure;
Drink, my boy, drink.

There's more than sorrow in it,
Or soddenness, or care;
There's that which steadies nerve and eye
To face a world's cold stare.
Has a woman laughed at honor?
Woo the Goddess of the Wine;
Within her arms you know no shame,
She breaks all hearts—but thine.

Drink to her, drink,
While the old world is whirling;
There's no time to think
Of a heart's desolation
As downward you sink.
Why, Hell, boy, is easy
With drink, drink, drink.

Oh, any fool can stumble thus,
With stupor as his goal;
But is it worth the while to pay
The final cost, your soul?

Mary Mannering presented for the first time on any stage, at Shea's Buffalo, a dramatization of the novel "A House of Cards."

SONG OF THE NATURE FAKER.

The Lightning Bug illumines the night;
The Cinch Bug sings, "Lead, Kindly Light;"
High up in yonder Sycamore
The Bullfrog whistles "Theodore."

The Tiger Lily now beguiles
The Dandelion with her smiles;
But unto her his heart is cold,
For he intends to Marigold.

I watch the Caterpillar try
To change into a Butterfly;
Alas! he must have slipped a cog:
He turns into a Pollywog.

In evening dress the Poppy goes
To woo the Artificial Rose:
Ah, me! this world of sham and fad!—
I blush to see the Lily-pad.

The sun is rising in the west;
The Holly hocks his evening vest.
Across the field of new-mown hay
The Milkman plods his Milky Way.
—L. C. Davis, in Puck.

DORANDO'S PRUDENT ADMIRER.

By T. A. Daly.

You theenk eet strange for dat I am
So meek, so quiet lika lamb,
Eenstead for brag a leetla beet
About da greata granda feat
Of leetla Dagoman dat ran
An' beat so bad da Irishman?
Of course, signore, eet eesa true
I like to say a word or two.
But w'at'sa use? Eeen deesa lan'
Dere ees so many Irishman
Dat ees so queeck for-gat excite'
An' alla tima wanta fight.
I notta care for show da pride
An' joy my heart ees feel eenside.
Dorando ees so strong, so gran',
He need no be afraid for sian'
Een front of many Irishman
An' brag a leetla beet, an' tal'
How slow dey are; but I, mysal,
I no can run so vera wal.
—From the Catholic Standard and Times.

KINSHIP.

By Charlotte Beeker.

If the song I spun of my sadness
Has lighted another's pain,
Then the hours that I spent in grieving
Shall not have been wholly vain.

If the song I spun of my gladness
Has quickened another's mirth
Then the hours that I spent in laughter
Shall have had their bit of worth.

If either my joy or my sorrow
Has nourished another's heart,
Then I in life's clamorous workshop
Shall have done my little part.
—New York Sun.

E. H. Sothern is making his first southern tour in three years.

Joe Coyne is now appearing with "The Merry Widow" in London.

Margaret Anglin will soon close her successful Australian tour to take a few weeks' rest in Egypt.

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