

the body "by request." Even he did not have the heart to do it in his own name.

A vote on the prohibition legislation is due probably next week. It now seems that the wild country members, heeled by Heber J., will vote her-through, but that in the senate a different story will be written. The desertion of the Smoot crowd by Badger, who has ecclesiastical ambitions, is the most sorrowful spectacle of the week's end.

Laurels of Ananias Gone.

(Continued from page 3)

mony with the alleged beliefs of those assaulting him—may we create doubts as to the genuineness and manliness of the church president. Mr. Smith and Mr. Roberts are antagonistic politically. President Smith and Fussy Jimmy are not. Only when Fussy says Joseph F. is opposed to prohibition is there something doing, and doing "right smart." Who shall explain the ways of man even without a mind?

As a tree is known by the fruit it bears, so surely may a man be judged by the tools he employs to consummate his purposes. Consider the federal bunch (how they odorize!), the elect of Smoot's political bosom. No decent man in the state but would feel degraded to confess his obligation for political preferment to them. Yet they are as a voice in the wilderness proclaiming the doctrine of atomic minds and wormy ways from Smoot up. And while Heber J. Grant, the Cyrano de Bergerac of the church, serenades the saints in behalf of prohibition, the Smoot tools control the state, buy, barter, browbeat and lie as of yore to prevent prohibition, and by that preventing pay their debt to the brewers, whose purchase of the federal bunch defeated the American party in this county last fall.

All the church officials are pronounced for prohibition. They adopt prohibition at each succeeding conference. Why, then, is the voice of the personal representative of President Roosevelt in the United States Senate—the senior Senator and Apostle from Utah—littless in this grand prohibition diapason? Could so free a one have dreamed of the alleged bargain between the brewers and saloon men and the federal bunch sewer emission? Is this guileless one assenting to the raping of Utah by the liquor interests that his celestial baritones are no longer demi semi quavering and appalling Lindley Murray's dictum respecting grammar? Forbid it, heaven! No! And yet again and with reiterated and re-enforced

agonies, NO! That serene and august soul, that stupendous intellect, when not embedded in the preservation of the forests for his sheep interests, is heeding the dulcet and restrained admonition of the zephyric Teddy—whose veritable voice the Apostle Senator is—even as Aaron was the voice of Moses—Moses, like Teddy, having little to say and saying it divinely.

All the hustle and bustle and prohibition and anti-prohibition turmoil in the little speck called Utah is as far from the ear throbs of the gentle and courteous and long-suffering Senator-Apostle as Moore's layde faire, when she was—

"Far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

And so when the angry waves of contention have subsided and the Borean blasts of prohibition and the Antarctic breezes of open saloons shall have been stilled, calm and serene, from the east, like—

"The morn in russet mantle drest,"

The senior Apostle-Senator will descend upon his "beloved Utah, and painful amazement limning his glorious and radiant countenance, will, in reproachful and tender tones, enquire: "What's been the matter with you fellows? Who's done this and what's he done it for?"

Can citizens be sufficiently grateful for this one to accept the office of United States Senator from Utah? And at what personal sacrifice he accepts the place he alone can know—unless, perhaps—perhaps—the great loss suffered by him can in measure be appreciated by Judge W. H. King, who, too, knows what it is to accept office so violently distasteful.

What a lot of arrant hypocrites we are! Contemplate the conditions in Utah—the atoms that control it politically—the atmosphere of deceit and insincerity that surrounds and pervades our whole political life—and is it not true, that in moments of retrospection and consequent disgust we often wonder if there be a sincere man left in the state—unless he is dead or has never been in politics?

A. K. Mac—.

First Chorus Girl—Would you like to meet Algy Knickerbocker? He's lively all right, but he doesn't drink anything.

Second Chorus Girl—Thanks, no. I don't care for aquatic sports.—Town Topics.

Celestine—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation?

Hilda—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "Dearly Beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.—The Bohemian.



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