

BATTLE OF THOSE SELECTED

Heber J. and Reed Are at It with Brother Joseph as Referee—If Both Escape With a Whole Skin Then the Only Certainty of It Will Be That It's an Over-Touted Fake with the Mormon Lay Clergy' on the Sucker End.

From Reed Smoot in Washington, D. C. to Heber J. Grant in Salt Lake is a far cry by the ordinary overland routes; by the apostolic subway it has sometimes seemed nearer.

But just now there is no such luck for Heber. Or is it for Reed?

Perhaps the dull outsider never is to see beyond the wall of apostolic harmonies, and all's well within the circle in spite of all this bluster of Heber and his prohibition cohorts. If it is, then the people may well save themselves the trouble of becoming concerned in this recent breach of apostolic calm. When Reed comes home he will say to Heber that whatever deal he made with the breweries was a self-sacrificing deal—(selfish? why the very thought!)—and in this divine spirit of self abnegation it was done that Heber might stay on in Utah instead of hunting a climate much more warm where district attorneys never haunt one's dreams by night and thoughts by day.

And Heber—he will be a brotherly apostle and accept all this while the dear people of both will rejoice that their holy men walk arm in arm.

But many surface croppings show that this is hardly what is to be expected. The country rock shows signs of igneous upheavals, and the pay dirt seems to lie distinctly in an earthquake zone. If Heber had been a silent member on this business all these years this mid-year madness of his might be accounted a political move of one who had suddenly become possessed of a desire to reach Smoot's fifth rib with a knife long enough to produce penetration.

But Heber was for prohibition long before Reed was for the senate. It's a hobby of his; he has ridden it at every opportunity, except when interrupted by a mission to the wilds of Mexico or a singing tour of Japan.

It is favorable, therefore, that Heber really takes himself seriously in this assault on the liquor business, and when he does that, he is a man who splashes in with both feet and all arms, and kicks out on both sides. The Federal bunchers have loomed in his foreground as the particular enemies of his heart's desire, and forgetting they are Smoot's and that Smoot is his church's own, he has (if the surface showing is the real one), poured upon these faithful bunchers such a volley fire as was never before known on land or sea.

And like a tame cat the Inter-Mormon has taken its beating along with the other bunchers. Shall the canine that subsists on crumbs from its master's table bite back if the master happens to kick a little with his foot, while shaking the cloth?

No buncher has voiced a word of protest. It has been a silent whispering game he has played, if any, and his one hope has been to have Heber J. called off. Only a mission could do that, and missions, the past would indicate, are particularly in Heber J.'s line.

That the great mass of lay Mormons have not approved of Smoot is no secret. Some of them hope they see their day in the present lodge of sorrow for Smoot. B. H. Roberts, for instance, is probably not surcharged with sorrow. Nephi Morris who had hoped that Smoot would look upon him as the savior of his last election day probably does not relish having Jake Moritz take the honor from his platter.

Meanwhile in the legislature the storm rages upon the members of the house; the senators sit

by and listen from afar, gaining time meanwhile to save themselves from the fury of petitions, just as in another case, another lawmaking body laid back and saved Smoot from just such a deluge. The lay members of the state are sitting back to watch; it is a fight among the anointed, and if Heber and Reed both escape with whole skins, it can only mean that the fight's a fake, and has been too much touted without having real goods to deliver. Brother Joseph, if it's the bark of real dogs of war that is heard, should one of these days hand down an interesting decision.

CLASS TO THIS ZEPHYR.

Representative Halvor Steenerson of Minnesota recently made a recommendation for the appointment of a postmaster at Twin Lakes, Minn., which caused a laugh to roll from the seventh to the lower floor of the postoffice department. Mr. Steenerson proposed that Star Bad Boy, who has been a "good boy" ever since he has been a Federal postmaster, be succeeded for political reasons by Fred Big Wind.—Chicago News.

COME ACROSS.

Some of our friends suggest that we run a "Twenty Years Ago" column in the paper. All right. How is this for a starter? "Twenty years ago John Dobbins promised to pay his subscription when he sold his wheat. Now, the question is, 'Did John lie, or is he still holding his wheat?'"—Louisiana Press.

Hattie Williams expects to soon lay "Fluffy Ruffles" on the shelf, as it has proven something of a lemon. She will appear in "The Marriage of a Star," by Alexander Blisson.



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