

Racing Racing
The Utah Jockey Club

First annual summer meeting of the Utah Jockey Club, Saturday, May 22nd to July 7th, inclusive.

Six Races daily—Rain or Shine
 Admission \$1.00

Racing Course: The Utah State Fair Grounds, Salt Lake.

Utah State Band in Attendance

Decoration Day, Handicap of \$1,000.00, May 29th
 Independence Day, Handicap of \$1,000.00, July 3rd
 Juvenile Stakes of \$700.00, June 18th
 Over \$73,000.00 in purses and stakes in the season

P. P. POMEROY, Presiding Judge.
 JOHN CONDRON, President.
 RICHARD DWYER, Stater.
 W. W. FINN, General Manager.

Take Good Care of What You Spend Your Life to Earn

The man who labors six days in the week for a living should make an effort to save a portion of his earnings for that time in the future when the rigors of age will reduce his earning capacity. The man with a bank account is in a position to do this, for his plan of setting aside a regular amount each week or month from a salary is the ideal method of saving money. Your deposit will be welcomed at this bank, and we will help you save.

Utah Savings & Trust Co.
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Beauty-Pleasure-Comfort

No wonder the Peerless enjoys the most exacting and distinguished patronage.

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only get the blame for what they do, though the maddening activity of the city drives them on. For they are judged from the cold stone throne of reason by those who do not know.

Some patient ones drag on without relief through a growing dreariness of silent years, numbed into something less than feeling men. By accepted necessity and slow degrees, they learn to forget their wish for company; and they steep themselves in thoughts about their work, or theories upon abstract things; or they get a meager joy from looking on, pretending that they like to be alone, and making companions of the city's sights and beauty and the sparrows in the parks. And when they die, only a cousin or a lawyer or a landlord knows.

But many win their freedom in the end, through labor and luck, to company and love. And though the streets no longer draw them out, and the quiet evenings fill them with repose, they never quite forget the lonely years. When they hear of the reckless, pitiable folly of a wasted life, in the city's annals of tragedy and sin, they think and remember and condone. For by the lesson of their loneliness they learned.—From the London Nation.

FAT SCHULER GETTING THIN.

Say!
 It 'taint this weather that's makin'
 Me thin, believe me, Prince of the Life of Night;
 It's me popularity, for the minute I quit
 My sixteen hours' shift, some boob
 Grabs me and insists that he needs ballast for a
 a joy
 Ride in his aeroplane,
 And the first thing you know the dawn of to-
 morrow
 Breaks across the Wasatch and when I 'light
 Where I belong, I'm ruled off for being
 Underweight. Then they cook me
 A nice breakfast to revive
 Me—yes, they do—and I change my shoes and
 beat
 It back to work—Ah, ha, the hot towel and
 That Mitch behind the saw and I blow
 To get a decision over a pair of
 Ham and—then back, back
 To the little rendezvous
 Under the grand stand at the revival meeting and
 Say, what are you tryin to do,
 Kid me?
 Because you'd better do it quick for there
 Will come a time and soon when I'll
 Ee the skeleton kid, an' you won't know me, for
 when
 I breeze along they'll wonder for a moment, and
 then
 Yell
 I loved my pullet but, oh, you squab!

The friends of M. F. Cunningham, the popular newspaper man who was so brutally beaten by hold-ups in Ogden, and who, as a result, lost the sight of one eye, will be glad to know that he is again able to be about, and with his characteristic cheerfulness, attending to his work. There should be no efforts spared to run down the thugs responsible for his terrible injury, and the best way of meting sufficient punishment would be to have them tried before a court composed of the old newspaper gang here who have loved Mike these many years.

There is a new triumvirate standing for morality, the Herald, L. D. Martin, and the delectable News. Everybody knows that Mr. Martin stands against everything that might have a tendency to corrupt our beautiful city, but for the Herald to take a stand on any question, and for the lying News, which most of its life had nothing to say about any existing vice in the

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If You Want a Fine Lot

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