

MR. HINNESSEY ON AFFINITIES.

By J. L. Considine.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Hinnissey, "from this on, the yalla journals'll have to take their hats off to the yalla magazines. For the real, up-to-date, chill capina s'ciety news, the yalla journal stands no show at all, at all these days.

"Talk about your scandals in high loife, how is that gr-reat moral ingyne, Hearst's American, goin' to respond, with its meager details of the number of gin fizzes Katherine Lemmons Gould used in her last bath, to the public thirst for useful and edifyin' information, when Munsey's Magazine is able to go it several better with an account of that hack-ride, tuk without a chaperon, by N. Bonaparte, Sr., and Maria Louisa Hapsburger?

"Wan by wan, Dooly, the idles of me youth are fallin,' an' 'tis the yalla magazines that are pushin' the props from undther thim. I've always had a notion that the flirtation bechune Marc Anthony and Cleopatra was not a strictly handkerchief affair—an, the s'ciety rayporter on Munsey's more than intimates that I was correct in me impression—but to see me old frind, Willum Pacemaker Thackery, held up to ojum as a gay Lothario pursuin' a married lady, and to learn at this time o' me life that that sainted statistician, John Stuart Mill, once thripped over a hedge of mathematics onto the primrose path of dalliance only to discover a lonesome grass widow on the other side—it jars me, Dooly, it jars me, so it does.

"The gr-greatest objection I find to this hitherto unrevealed but highly important news, is the matter of fact, cold-blooded way in which Munsey's muckraker pitchforks it onto the innocent and unsuspectin' public. If Munsey'd only get wan of William R. Hearst or Joey Pulitzer's young min

to dish up th' dope, it'd put the classic touch on tht finished product, so it would. Thim we'd have something like this to rade:

"Scandalous Elopement in High Life."

"Alexandry, Egypt, Aug. 11.—From all appearances, M. Anthony, Esq., the Eytalian ambassador, who has been shinin' up to the coort ladies for the past year or so, hit the high places yesterday marrin' with Miss Cleopatra Ptolemy. Miss Ptolemy folks have considered her as on-reliable for sometime past, but they were totally upshot to find her make as bad a break as this. Anthony's vallit, who was left behind, has been industhrusly circulatin' a rayport that his boss had gone to Rome to kape a fistic appointment with his brother-in-law, young Gus Sayzer. In this connection it may be mintioned that Sayzer's sister, Mrs. Octavio Dorothy Anthony, who is suin' her husband for alimony, lately gave a statement to the Rome "American," in which she said:

"I first met Mr. Anthony while he was shevellin' hay on me uncle's ranch near Tusculum, an' made a man out of him. To me he owes everything that he is today. I made a warior and statteeman of him, and with the assistance of Willum Shakespeare did much to fasten the reppytation of bein' an orator upon him. Now if he wants to go thrapesin' around the country with a saddle-colored, red-headed mulatto, it's his look-out. So far as I'm consarned, the soap's off. Against Mr. Anthony personally I have nothin' to say. He is a gntleman an' a scholar, an' asidit from an uncontrollable appetite for liquor, a fondness for the s'ciety of colored people, an' an unconquerable propinsity to get away with everything that isn't nailed down, he's all right. That he is what he is is due solely to the comp'ny he keeps. I love him dearly, although I am suin' on the ground of desartion, an' if he comes home—which he is welcome to any time he dares—he

will find the latchstring out an' meself inside waitin' to receive him with a rollin' pin."

"Cleopatra's manicure, who also remained in town, insists that her mistress has gone to Actium, to the flyin' machine race. However, the fact that Anthony took passidge on the same boat is regarded as highly significant, and the matter is bein' freely discussed this afternoon in all the dress-makin' an' tonsoryal parlors of Alexandry.

"Later—Dispatches from Alexandry, filtered through the press cinsor, state that Mither Anthony and Miss Ptolemy were simply attending a moonlight picnic. Nayther is expicted to rayturn. While Anthony was rowin' on the Nile, some playful friend rocked th' boat. Anthony's other friends are now dhraggin' th' river with grapplin' irons. Miss Ptolemy was bit by rattlesnakes while huckleberryin' late in the afternoon or sometime ather twilight—a failin' of hers. Funeral notices later."

"Yis, Dooly, it would lighten the gloom that hangs over those monotonous chronicles of the sordid everyday life of the ancient aristocracy if the livenin' hand of some intherprisin' young Stead or Creelman could be invoked to put on the finishin' touches. How's this now?

"Pote Goes the Pace."

"Vince, Italy, August 11.—Jarge Garden Byron, who had been a successful conthributor to McClure's Magazine, was found unconscious on the bank of the canal in front of the plazzy Guicciotti about daylight this mornin'. On bein' taken to th' emergincy hospital an' revived by heroic measures, Byron stated that while makin' a mornin' call at the palazzy, he thripped with his game fut on the top step of the main inthrance an' fell to the bottom, where he lay sinseless for a few seconds before bein' picked up. But this is conthradicted be the

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