

## Smoke From the Weekly Pipe



### Who's to Be Secretary?

Joseph E. Caine has resigned the secretaryship of the Commercial club, to take effect at the end of the present month, when he will go to Oakland to become the first secretary of the new Commercial club there. He is to get \$8,000 a year, or until he helps the membership up to the thousand mark, when he will get \$10,000. That nifty little stipend is slightly in excess of the paltry \$6,000 paid him by the Commercial club here, and it offers more or less food for comment upon the discussion raised in the local club over what members considered a top-heavy salary for its secretary. It is related that one month the fiscal report showed a net loss of an even \$500. One of the members of the board of governors remarked that if the club hadn't paid that \$500 to the manager-secretary it would have broken even on the month. And many a business institution has run for at least a month without a head.

Secretary Caine's departure will be a distinct loss to the club, and to Utah, for his driving force has been felt in the upbuilding of the institution dedicated to the development of the state. It has been a question, and one with many sides, as to whether the position of secretary was worth \$6,000 a year, even if the incumbent was. At any rate, Mr. Caine has been one of the club's big assets, judging by results attained through the years that he has been at the helm. He has had the faculty of doing a great deal of effective work and of getting men around him who could be counted upon to do effective service at all times.

Who the new secretary is to be is the all-absorbing topic of speculation in the club and out. The board of governors, in accepting Caine's resignation, seemed very anxious to conceal from the public all that went on in the session. A motion was made that A. G. Mackenzie be elected secretary upon Caine's retirement, but it did not go to a vote, as a substitute motion was made that a nominating committee of five be named to handle applications for the job. This committee consists of President Woodruff, O. C. Beebe, J. F. Bennett, W. F. Jensen and F. S. Murphy. Applications will be received and filed by this sub-committee, which, it is expected, will submit to the board in a few days a list of the most likely candidates.

The most discussed possibilities are A. G. Mackenzie, now in harness in a responsible position at the club; Will

G. Farrell, an insurance man; Charles Tyng, a real estate man; A. N. McKay, general manager of the Tribune; Heber M. Wells, former governor, and a score of others. It is believed that the choice of the board of governors will fall among those named here, and if the membership of the club were given a chance to vote on the matter, Smoke bets a fitney against a mispunched transfer that Mackenzie would be elected by a big majority. He is popular with the club members, is regarded as big enough for any job that any other man can hold, and is peculiarly fitted for the kind of work demanded of a manager-secretary of the Commercial club. It is to be hoped that a straw vote will be taken in the club, and that the members will voice their sentiments. The secretary should be elected by the club members, anyway, for he is the man that must rub up against the public all the time, and the man who is always in personal contact with the membership.

### Pay Attention to Traffic.

The running down of Frank Gardner by an automobile in Main street this week emphasizes the need of the enforcement of traffic regulations in that thoroughfare for the safeguarding of the public. Gardner, crossing the street at the center of the block, was hit by a motor that naturally moves more rapidly in the center of the block than it does near the crossings.

The streets belong to the people, but like every other piece of property that belongs to the people the streets must be administered and the traffic in the streets properly managed. Traffic means pedestrian as well as other. At present the only effort made in Salt Lake toward the regulation of traffic in the streets is the planting of a copper at each down town intersection where he may see that boys on bicycles, motorcycles and express wagons keep on the right side of the street, make a full turn about the pivotal cop and continue onward. While the cop is standing at the center of the intersection, the sidewalks, wide as they are, become crowded, the corners clogged with people and pedestrian traffic is blockaded by scores of thoughtless persons whose idea of a busy corner is a place to perch and gossip.

Drivers of automobiles and most other conveyances in the city who are used to the requirements in Main street have learned the value of the

wide turn at street crossings and would observe this rule whether the policeman is on the job or not. Every man who is handling a conveyance adheres to the rule of the road from self-protection and it is only occasionally that a hayrack is driven in from Sandy by a farmer who might be watched, but who doesn't need the watching, because he is just as smart as the city folks.

If the police who are set like living statuary in competition with the bronze figure at the head of the street were taken off the intersections and set to directing the traffic up and down the streets and sidewalks fewer accidents would occur. If the Utah Light and Railway company would cease the practice of stopping its cars in the center of blocks down town there soon would be fewer people who used the center of the block and fewer people who cross the streets except at street crossings.

The Main street traffic is growing heavier each day. It is growing to be more and more of a problem, and the time to start the campaign of education is in the infancy of its growth and not at the time when the ramming of vehicles, the maiming of citizens and the collisions with street cars have become so numerous that the people are forced to do something for their own protection.

### We Get You, Steve.

Did you ever know a man who could take a political drubbing with more grace than Steve Stanford? It is a fact that he is the undisputed holder of the record of political defeats. In fact, that record is unbroken. He has never won. When all of the Republicans stayed regular Steve was an insurgent and took his recurrent trimming with a sang froid that marked him as an unusual product of politics. He became a curiosity along the political rialto in campaign time and during the closed season he attended so closely to his own basin that he accumulated enough money to take a vacation during the vote-getting period. Having been an insurgent for so long, Steve was expected to remain one, but the unexpected happened last year when he stood by the colors of the G. O. P., regular as a straight line, stand-pat as a rock. Many of his co-workers in the Republican party went out on the range with the Bull Moose and they rather looked for Steve to be grazing there. Nothing doing, however, Steve was in the fold, shorn of his insurgency.

Just because Steve stayed with the old guard in the last campaign, and just because the old guard won in this state, the wise boys who figure politics down to the fractions, gave Steve credit for keeping his head and predicted that his loyalty to Governor Spry and the state ticket would be repaid by a fat state appointment. It had been hinted for a long time that if a good political office drifted his way, Steve would not be the brave lad to turn it down. Some

folks went so far as to say that Steve was hungry for a job, but that was doing him an injustice, for he was merely a receptive candidate for anything that looked right and didn't make a fight for anything in that line.

Sure enough, Mr. Stanford got a job. It happened a few days ago that he was appointed on the state pure food commission. The emoluments that accrue from membership on this particular state board are not exactly sustaining enough to liquidate the bill at the grocery, but there is enough prestige attached to it to make a membership acceptable to almost any good citizen like Mr. Stanford. His friends congratulated him on the recognition that had come to him and he began to think that his long political service was, after all, not without its remunerations. It was several days before Steve awoke from his dream of contentment. Then he had an interview with the attorney general.

It happens that in the course of earning a livelihood Steve leaves his home in Salt Lake and attends to business chiefly in Utah county where he has ample work. Most of his time is spent down there, in fact. He asked the attorney general if he was entitled to traveling expenses to attend meetings of his board and was answered in the negative on the ground that his residence is Salt Lake and that he could not be allowed mileage from Salt Lake to Salt Lake. In other words, Steve is required to leave his business wherever he may happen to be, pay carfare from his own pocket and come to Salt Lake to attend the meetings of his board. Steve began to figure. In the course of a year, he calculated, he would

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