

Politics and Politicians

BY A. CHIEL.

They tell us that my other friend, big game man of Ogden will be a candidate for congress on the Republican ticket next year. His own anti-Republican editorials ought to convince the voters of his political sincerity, for whatever big game man says is played with a copper by those that know him. And he has said enough ugly things of every prominent Republican in Utah to make it clear he is their friend.

Why not a Republican city convention? Not even by inference does the law providing for a commission form of government forbid it. And now two Republicans in the office of commissioner, openly elected on a ticket bearing that name, would be as likely to administer the city's affairs wisely and well as two Republicans elected in silence as to their politics. They don't cease to be Republicans when they become commissioners. And now it seems to be the only way to get a genuine Republican into one of those chairs—or two of them, for that matter. And it certainly is the only way to win the general office for a man of the party.

For the one and only effect of all these alleged non-partisan movements is to exclude Republicans from office. Non-partisanship is only another word for non-Republican.

The party loses nothing, even by the overwhelming defeat of its openly avowed candidates. They will not be Republicans if they are elected on the hedge-podge plan. They will be Democrats. That is what the present city commission is—and the voting power of its payroll proves it. Place, patronage, profit—all are anti-Republican in every non-partisan scheme that ever was hatched in this nation.

Oregon, overwhelmingly Republican in sane and normal moments, has two Democrats in the United States senate, a Democratic governor, and two Republican congressmen who dare not call their souls their own because they owe their place to the pestiferous platform of non-partisanship.

Salt Lake Republicans should hold a regularly assembled Republican convention, should name three men for the three offices awaiting election, and then work for their success till the polls are closed.

If they fail, they are as well off as they will be with a spineless simp on a conglomerate ticket. And if they win, they will have one, two or three men in office.

God hates a coward!

The papers say that my other old friend, Mr. Provo Storrs, has declared his willingness to sacrifice himself on the altar of Democratic unity in Utah, and let Quil Nebeker or any other man have the United States marshalship. If Mr. Storrs said anything that can be constructed into such a sentiment, then he isn't worthy of the manly support his Democratic friends have given him.

Sacrifice? Sacrifice what? Give up a good job under one boss—and a reasonable one at that—for a punk job under a myriad bosses to two of whom agreed on anything but the time of day? That is what his surrender of a mine position is a hint for a federal job means.

Why, he can make more money working for Uncle Jesse than working for Uncle Sam. He knows what his duties are in the present place, and not even God knows what they will be once he sinks into the chair that Jimmy Anderson is warming. He knows what his pay is, and it enables him to live decently. No man can hold him up for a contribution to anything now—and he will have to give whenever any one—get that? Any one!—asks him, if he wants to sign "U. S. Marshal" after his name.

This sacrifice talk is unadulterated rot, and if Mr. Storrs is guilty of the sentiment attributed to him, then he isn't the sort of man Utah county usually sends up to the counsel of the nation.

In this matter of advertising the state I cheerfully commend to the various publicity clubs of the region, and without charge, a detail of value in the general campaign. If it be the purpose of these agencies of exploitation to advance the material interests of Utah, it would help some to have the addresses of about a million "prospects" in the middle west, or the farther east, and send to every one of them a copy of the Tribune in that recent Sunday when an auto load of Salt Lake gentlemen drove over the city and noted the actual building-in progress. Or the Herald-Republican of Thursday September 25, which told at length the forward march of the state, and argued the permanent value of Salt Lake investment because of the rapidly developing condition of the farm lands hereaway.

These things are of human interest. They will convince wherever they go. They provide the means for any written inquiry by any citizen of an eastern state willing to be convinced if there be a better location. They cost less than any other means of exploitation, and they deserve to be employed in that service just because they are working every day and all the day for the betterment of Utah.

The local papers are ready to help the state's promoters, and they can do the work better and more economically than any one else.

Gentlemen of Democratic pretenses who allow themselves to get all hot up over the proposition to have President Wilson fire the federal bunch in Utah, are taking needless chances at undue excitation. They don't have to fire the federal bunch. All they have to do is agree on men to take their places, and there isn't a job from attorney to appraiser that they can't

have on demand of the man with commission.

Why, they have two or three of the fattest places right now tendered them, steaming hot and ready for the taking. And they are quarrelling as to who shall have it.

What's the use making any more vacancies?

IN THE SINGULAR.

George Ade at the Chicago Athletic Club,

listened to a youth's passionate panegyric on love.

"Wait till you've married her," said Mr. Ade. "Wait till you've been married to her for fifteen or twenty years. Then you'll do like Sinnickson."

"Sinnickson's wife looked up from a novel the other evening and said, dreamily:

"I've been thinking, dear, of our courtship—those ecstatic days!"

"'Rumph,' said Sinnickson, shaking his fat, bald head, 'that ecstatic daze, you mean.'"—Washington Star.

You Furnish the Flour; We Furnish the Cook

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.

I would appreciate the assistance of your advisor in making home made bread at my home on a day and hour to be designated by her.

Name

Address

SEND this coupon if you have difficulty in baking good bread at home. No charge will be made for the service.

For One dollar you can—

Make Thirty Pounds of
Home-Made Bread

OR

Buy Fourteen Pounds of
Store Bread

The fuel cost of baking 72 pounds of bread on a Gas Range need not be more than 18 cents. Fourteen sacks of flour will pay for a \$38 range such as the Gas Company sells on long time payments.

And that is not the only way Gas saves money.

Call at 61 South Main or Telephone Exchange 705

UTAH GAS & COKE CO., J. C. D. Clark, Gen. Manager

ANNOUNCEMENT

SPECIAL TO AUTO OWNERS

WE ARE NOW EQUIPPED TO BUILD
FOR YOU COMPLETE

AUTO TOPS or REPAIR AUTO TOPS

AND TO

UPHOLSTER in PERFECT MANNER

YOUR AUTO.

Cushions Furnished
and Recovered

BEST WORK ASSURED

CALL AND COUNSEL WITH US.

AUSTIN TIRE AND
RUBBER CO.

147 East First South

PHONE WABATCH 3010.

ENROLL NOW Become A Trained Man

Four Hundred Students VOLUNTARILY report ADVANCEMENT each month through I. C. S. TRAINING. WHY NOT YOU? It will COST you NOTHING to investigate.

International Correspondence Schools

W. H. McDougall

Room 1 Boston Bldg.

Phone Was. 4133

Salt Lake City

SQUIRE COOP

(Assistant Mr. Lester Henchcliffe)

Piano, Theory, Vocal Repertoire

(English, French, German)

Pupils Accepted after September 15

ELEMENTARY and ADVANCED INSTRUCTION