

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

A young man having a sweetheart he thought a great deal of, and it being near his birthday, asked her what she would suggest as a present. "Oh, get me anything Charley; why not get me something for my neck?" So Charley, not being too flush with funds bought her a bar of Toilet soap. He now wonders why Maud has quit speaking to him.

RESTRICTION OF CIVILIZATION.

A little girl had been left in the nursery by herself and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:

"I want to tum in, Ciasle."

"You tant tum in, Tom."

"Why tant I?"

"Cause I'm in my nightie gown and nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie gowns."

After an astonished and reflective allience on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eye announced triumphantly, "You tan tum in now, Tom. I tooked it off!"—National Rotarian.

"Your hair's your crowning glory, dear!"

The artful husband cried.

"But, just the same, I need a hat!"

The artful wife replied.

"My watch is plucky as can be—More so than other ones." I asked him what he meant, said he: "Because it never runs."

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Rising the Day Before.

"I reckon," said the first farmer, "that I get up earlier than anybody in this neighborhood. I am always up before 3 o'clock in the morning."

The second farmer said he was always up before that and had part of the chores done.

The first farmer thought he was a liar, and decided to find out. A few mornings later he got up at 2 o'clock and went to the neighbor's house. He rapped on the back door and the woman of the house opened it.

"Where is your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find the neighbor in bed.

"He was around here early in the morning," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."—Ex.

NOT A DRY TOWN.

I was railroading down in Arkansas some years ago. During the spring our little town had met with a flood, so the conductor and I had borrowed a skipp and were rowing around the flooded district. I incidentally espied a woman with a long pole standing on her back porch as if hunting for something in the water. I told the conductor who was rowing the skipp to row over there as perhaps some one had fell in the water. After reaching the house I called out: "what's the matter lady, has some of your children fell in?" "Well, I reckon not, you fool, I am looking for the well."

THE ORIGINAL GOOD
ROAD MOVEMENT.

Judge Seaton, of Olathe, who is a good road enthusiast, broke into verse, last week, and sang:
When Ceasar took an eastward ride,
And grabbed the Gauls for Rome;
What was the first thing that he did,
To make them feel at home.

Did he increase the people's loads
And liberty forbid?
No, he dug in and built good roads—
That's what old Ceasar did.

Did Ceasar put the iron heel
Upon the foeman's breast?
Or did he try to make them feel
That Roman rule was best.

What did he do to make them glad
He'd come their midst amid,
He built good roads in place of bad,
That's what old Ceasar did.

He built good roads from hill to hill,
Good roads from vale to vale;
He ran a good roads movement,
Till old Rome got all the kale.

He told the folks to buy at home,
Build roads their hills amid;
Until all roads led unto Rome,
That's what old Ceasar did.

If any men would make their town
The Center of the Map;
Where folks would come and settle
down,
And live in plenty's lap—

If any town its own abodes,
Of poverty would rid;
Let it get out and build good roads,
Just like old Ceasar did.
—Kansas City Star.

A man returning home after many years' absence inquired from his old friend Jack of his boyhood days, of the people that were married and had disappeared from his old home, and among his old remembrances he recalled an old drunk by the name of Mike Kelly who had died some time before, and he said: "Jack, did they bury Mike?" "Oh, no Tom, they just poured him back into the barrel again."

"Bobby," said the lady in the street car, severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you see to him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in a car," said Bobby. "It does at home."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Stranger (examining Tom, run down by auto—Ah, he is very badly injured; carry him to my office at once!
Policeman—Are you a doctor?
Stranger—No; I'm a lawyer.

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