EDITORIAL.

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America. "Are they in North America?" he asked. I had to admit they were not. "Then of course they are in South America," he stated. And that is the way it had to be set up.

Another boss wrote "govenor." I tried to convince him there should be another "r" in the word, but he outvoted me. And another overruled the inventor of the word "Connecticut."

But the vulgarity of it will most impress the investigator. Why, there came pretty near being a rebellion when the federal court sentenced an editor to pay a fine of two hundred dollars because he published a grossly obscene description of his loathsome contemporary's wedding, and events following the ceremony. It was an infringement of the rights of the free press.

These Are the Good Days.

Now, don't get the notion that there were no good papers, and no big editors in those days. There were—in the good old times of which I speak. But they were as rare as the bill glasmann style of antediluvian editor today. The strong men took rank, then as now. The able men won to a sort of recognition. Usually it did not go so far as to provide them a good living; and yet the editor usually brought up a big family of boys and girls who became fine men and women in an age that would have appreciated the old gentleman if he could have set aside the biblical limit of human life.

Here and there a poet lived among them. He wrote good stuff, and because there was no market for it anywhere in the world, he printed it in his own columns. And here and there lived a prophet, and some of the big things, some of the supremely patriotic things, survive in those yellowed and musty files of the old-time newspapers.

But it isn't a good time to regret. You wouldn't like it if I should transport you to its environment tomorrow. You couldn't live as the old fellows lived half a century ago—in the days that certainly were the old days, even if they were not the good days. We live in a better time. Not an avenue of life but has been straightened and paved and bordered with beauty in the years that have passed. Not a line of work but has better products. Not a man of sense but realizes the advance in sentiment, the growth of self control, the rising reign of reason, the truer appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful.

May the good Lord help his children to go forward, and not back. May he give them strength and wisdom to improve on their conditions as much as those vanished and largely forgotten men and women of the old days, and their children who survive with their triumphs thick about them, improved on theirs.

For they have given us a better and a happier and a far more glorious time than was given to them.

Also, it is a mighty long lane that has no turning near a profitable farm.

WHEN IS A TRUST?

So it will be the policy of the government at Washington, for the next four years, to make special legislation in the interest of a class, will it?

If there was anything more than another for which President Taft should be gratefully remembered it is that he vetoed the bill providing money for the prosecution of lawless trusts, but excepted trusts formed by farmers and trusts formed by labor unions from the operation of the law.

Of course, so far as the farmers are concerned, that part of the provision is pure buncombe. There are no farmers' trusts, and in the nature of things there never can be one that will in the slightest degree imperil the freedom or deplete the revenue of other citizens. The purpose of putting in that line about the farmers' trusts was to raise a little dust under cover of which the trades unions could be authorized to organize and conduct all the trusts they wanted. And they want a plenty.

That sort of legislation is unfair to the great majority of the American people. Men in all trades have a perfect right to organize unions, of course. But when their unions become so identically like other trusts that they have to be exempted by name in the federal laws, they are getting a degree of power that ill consorts with liberty.

President Wilson, very likely, will sign that bill, and it will become a law. But it is unjust, un-American, and a scandalous surrender to the noise of the demagogue.

I SHOULD WORRY

Some of the Utah postmasters who must pass an examination before they can be reappointed will get the highest possible grade if the test is confined to politics.

—o—

Now that mules are selling at $600 a pair the virtue of stubbornness is readily discerned.

—o—

There are those who will continue to insist that the water wagon is a desirable institution.

—o—

The day is o'er, the season's on;
The beaten team is weak and wan.
But at the gate the clinking gold
Tells brightly of admissions sold.

—o—

A woman who was kind to an artist has inherited his fortune. This should be a lesson to all of us.

—o—

Philadelphia has engaged women policemen in order, no doubt, to turn arrest into a pleasure.

—o—

A man fell out of a window on the sixth floor of an apartment building. Those who reached him first found him unconscious. They poured ice water on his face and he revived. Arising, he began brushing the dirt from his clothes and, with a deep frown, said: "And the fool told me her husband was in Frisco!"

PROBLEMS FOR FOOLOSOPHERS.

Does a spiritualistic medium receive messages on wrapping paper?

Do riches take wings when prices soar?

Did the perplexed philosopher who tapped his forehead find water on the brain?

Did the girl who laughed herself to death go from gay to grave?

Is it hard to keep from slipping on an icy stare?

Does the man who bottles liquor have a corking time?

Who shot the girl who was fired?

Does the man who is a literary light ever get "put out"?

What did your "spanking likeness" say?

Does a sleeping-car ever snore?

THE LAST MEANING.

When all the stories have been told,
And every theme has lost its zest,
The Book of Life I'll gladly close;
And since the scrip of years grow old
Shall lose the sense it once possessed
Between the leaves I'll lay a rose.

The symbols of our thought soon fade
On yellowed page and carven tomb,
And none the vanished meaning knows;
But hearts will guess the truth displayed
In breathings of a faint perfume,
In vanished beauty of a rose.

To eyes that dream above the page
Which has no story of its own,
The rose a thousand tales shall tell,
Of memories that never age,
Of love still true though years have flown,
And seem to say—"This one loved well."

Most young women would like to cling to a hero, and weave roses into his life, but unfortunately there are not enough heroes to go round.

Kriss—Has his wife a liquid voice?

Kross—Yes; and he can't stop it, no matter how he dams it.

Women at their dressing tables assert their right to redress their wrongs.

We want the name of every young man who is ambitious to

BE A LAWYER

and we want to hear from every business man who wishes that he knew BUSINESS LAW.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

MISS BESSIE DUMAS.

Salt Lake's favorite entertainer, who is appearing for a limited return engagement at Maxim's.

—Advertisement.