

**Promoters.**

Promoters are people afflicted with chronic optimism.

The disease looks at first sight like confirmed altruism, and it is so generally diagnosed by the public, but a long and careful study of it in all its phases is certain to disclose the fact that it is quite different, says the New York Times. The man who has altruism badly has several symptoms that are quite different from those of the promoter. For instance, he wants to give things away for nothing, and the promoter never really does that, though he tries hard to make everybody think he does. The most remarkable case of altruism that has ever been brought to the attention of the public is that of Andrew Carnegie, who has it so bad that there seems no hope of curing him. There is, however, some relation between the two diseases. It is believed that Andrew Carnegie had optimism once and was a promoter before he ever developed the other disease, and it is stated on good authority that he never would have gotten altruism if he had not first had the other.

Having diagnosed the disease, it is well to note some of the phases of it, so that one may know it when he sees it. In the first place, the man afflicted with this disease must have every one he meets for a friend, particularly if the men he meets happen to have money of their own. He has a mania for friends, and there is no limit to the bank account that these friends may have.

Then, he is absolutely unable to see anything in the way of failure or disaster. Suppose that he is trying to promote a land company in Texas, he will absolutely fall to be able to grasp the difficulties that lie in the way of farming in Texas. He does not believe in the green and red and black bugs that are such a terror to all the people who own farms in Texas. He laughs at all bugs. He can't see what rain has to do with farming, anyway, and says flatly that the stories of drought and arid fields are all dreams. To him there is no land like Texas land. He regards Texas as a veritable paradise.

The third characteristic symptom of his disease is prophecy. The future of Texas is an open book to him. In the dim valleys he sees with prophetic eye great herds of cattle grazing, lordly mansions arising, loaded vans and trains hurrying.

When one meets a man possessing these symptoms it is as well to conclude that one has found a real chronic optimist; in other words, a promoter. If one stay with him long enough it is a sure thing that one will be asked to buy lands in Texas or to go into a company to sell lands in Texas. Of course, there are many other things that a promoter talks about. All promoters don't talk lands in Texas. That is merely an example.

One promoter is trying to form an ice company to sell ice to the enlightened Indians of Indian Territory. To his mind Indian Territory is the hottest place that ever happened. If there is one place in the world where ice will sell it is certainly Indian Territory. In the summer there is no possibility of living at all without ice, and there is no one down there now selling ice. Any one can see what a cinch the new company is going to have. It will be nearly as easy as being Mayor of New York. Ice will melt so fast that the Indians will need three calls a day on the part of the iceman. That's a cinch for the iceman, and, of course, the promoter wants you to be one of the icemen. That's where the promoter looks like the altruist.

Another promoter is forming a company to build farmhouses in Indian Territory. To him Indian Territory is the fairest land that ever was. The weather is delightful. In summer there are no discomforts at all. The temperature is just right, neither too hot nor too cold. He has affidavits by the ream that this is so. The testimony is

honest and disinterested. Without a single shadow of a doubt there is no land like Indian Territory. In winter it is just as good, and the crops—well, language would fall him to describe the crops of Indian Territory. There you have the views of two optimistic promoters. You pay your money and you take your choice. It is a privilege the promoter gives you.

There is a variation of the disease that is known in the financial world as underwriting. This disease is considered by many people to be an entirely different affliction, the people who hold this idea most strongly being the people who have the disease themselves. In fact, they grow quite angry when one calls them promoters, and are quick to point out that they are different. The difference between underwriting and promoting is the same as the difference between appendicitis and inflammation; that is, that the first is an aristocratic and fashionable affliction, while the second is plebian and out of date.

A young, newly-married couple from Laramie arrived in Evanston on a regular wedding "tower" Monday and took in the Otto Floto show. The couple had supper at the Rocky Mountain hotel. The husband was lean, lantern-jawed and opinionate. The bride was loving, voluptuous and freckled. As it happened, there were potatoes for supper which were done with their jackets on, and the young man, being over-attentive to his wife, spoke out in tones to be heard all over the dining-room and addressing his fair bride, said: "Honey, kin I skin a tater for you?" "No, thank you," she replied, "I have one already skun." One of the pretty waiter girls dropped a tray of dishes just then, but the young married man from Laramie supposed it was occasioned by her awkwardness and not through his honeymoon innocence.—News-Register.

**The Root-Gardner Battle.**

Next Monday evening at the Salt Palace there will be one of the best exhibitions of pugilistic generalship ever handed to the Salt Lake sporting fraternity. Jack Root, who hails from the Windy City, but will bring none of the wind, but all of the nerve of the big town with him, and George Gardner of San Francisco, where he has gathered a host of friends by his clever work and square fighting qualities, will measure fistic abilities in the ring.

Both men are on the board to battle for the middle and lightweight championship of the world and are equally confident of being sure winners in the great event. There is but little to choose between the two men, but if past events in their career cast their shadows before, the match will be one of the fastest, gamest and squarest bouts ever witnessed in Zion. The shifty pair are training down fine and expect to come close to reaching the middle-weight limit by the time they are called upon to step into the arena. Gardner is setting a swift pace for both Alex Greggains and Dave Barry, and Greggains says his man is much faster than he was when he lost to Root on a foul last January in San Francisco. Harry Hynds and Martin Mulvey, who are the head push in the big event, are satisfied that the big arena will be filled to its utmost capacity August 18th. Orders for tickets are coming in every day and the big saucer track is rapidly being put in the best condition and will seat 14,000 people with standing room for 6000 more when the big event is pulled off.

There is one satisfactory assurance given to sports on this event, and that is there will be no sparring for time, but both men are anxious and able to put up one of the gamest, swiftest fights ever witnessed in the intermountain country, and all kinds of money is ready on both contestants without fear that there will be any unfair fluke to mar the success of the great event.

**New Shirts**

**KEEP COMING**

Two big lots the past week.

One lot of Wilson Bros. Town made shirts, the regular \$1.50 grade—two pairs of cuffs.

These we're selling at a dollar each.

The other lot is the Monarch Brand.

New shades of tan with small, fancy figures—very swell.

Cuffs on or off.

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

Other shirts, of course; 50c, 75c, up to \$3.50.

ONE PRICE.

**J. P. GARDNER**

136-138 Main Street

**IT'S A FACT** that a Manitou Lemonade is the most refreshing one that can be made. For a hot, sultry day it is just what you want to relieve that great desire to be drinking cold water all day.

Made only at the famous fountain of the

**F. J. HILL DRUG CO.,**

Corner Opposite Post Office.

'Phone 541.

Agents for the celebrated Manitou Mineral Water. Ask the man for prices.

**LYON & CO.**



**"Ha Ha, Ha Ha,"**

Said Johnson.

**"I've found IT!"**

Bless my soul; Bamberger,

Meighn Street, sells IT and

IT is THAT GOOD COAL.