

while all heavy work will hereafter be done by District Attorney Loofbrow. Hanson is a "one-termer," but the pity is that he hasn't served half of his one term. The men who put him where he is regret this even more than does the long-suffering public. The man isn't even competent to do the dirty work the machine bosses elected him to do.

The Inter-Mormon and its weekly veriform appendix never overlook an opportunity to throw dirt on District Judge George G. Armstrong, and the Wednesday morning issue of the Smoot handbill contained one of the usual brand. Evidently Judge Armstrong has been marked for slaughter by the federal coterie and their imported cop-head.

STOP SALARY LOANS.

During the great period of reform which is sweeping over the country at large and affecting more or less the states and cities; while Fernstrom is reforming the lawyers, and the newspapers are engaged in attempting to reform each other, everybody has overlooked a reform which has been made in other cities and which should command some local attention. It is in regard to the usurers who set up what they call salary loan agencies, which have for their principal victims those working for small salaries in the stores and offices about town. In the case of the young men who make a practice of going

to these leaches, it isn't so much the amount of money they lose and the resultant financial entanglements as the habit they form by periodically going to these pirates and depending upon them every time they think they need a little money. There are hundreds of boys from sixteen to twenty years of age who owe their very souls for the next six months to the sharks who have had them sign up. An effective stop was put to these places and their doors closed in a number of eastern cities a few years ago, and the subject of doing the same thing here is a good one for the consideration of the organizations of business men who have in many cases been bothered with the tangles ensuing from the foolish acts of employees. The salary loan graft should cease, and the pernicious promoters of the scheme be compelled to go out of the business even if they have to go to work.

The principal topic of conversation in mercantile circles during the week was the news of the change of ownership in the Keith-O'Brien store. On August first the controlling stock, that is now held by David Keith, will pass into the hands of D. F. Walker, Sr., though at what price has not been stated.

H. W. Walker, who has so ably managed the prosperous house for the past two years will be in entire charge of his father's interests. In fact, it was the young Mr. Walker who closed the deal for his father, while in New York with Mr. Keith, and it is said that the consideration was one of

the largest in the history of Salt Lake merchandising.

D. F. Walker, Sr., was one of the first merchants in this state and besides this late purchase he has numerous interests here though making his home in California, where he is also heavily interested.

H. W. Walker is a brainy young man who has made a name for himself in the business he now manages, and with complete control of the big establishment the success of his undertaking is assured. He announces that few changes will be made in the management of the institution and the name will remain the same.

Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, was born in that part of Virginia that is now West Virginia. Last summer Dolliver went back to his birthplace and, of course, made a speech to the friends of his childhood.

"How well I remember these old, familiar scenes!" he said. "Here is the house where I was born. Here is the old well and there is the garden patch. Yonder are the woods and there is the meadow. Along the meadow is the row of stately trees where I picked chestnuts when I was a mere lad —"

"Yes," broke in an old neighbor who seemed to be a bit bored, "and you have been peddling them ever since."

Whereupon the meeting closed.—Saturday Post.



A corner in "The Palace" in Goldfield, Nev., a year ago. During The Rush to the Land of Gold in the Fall of 1906, the warm floors of the Big Saloons were life savers for many a Derelict.