

walls through the newer part of the city—for the suburbs have more population than the city proper. The first will be two miles long to reach the business section. The second, same length will connect the city with the Jewish colonies to the north. The third will encircle the city and embrace many of the historic sites such as Mount Calvary, the Tomb of the Kings, the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The fourth will run from the Jaffa gate to Bethlehem, about six miles over perhaps the most sacred thoroughfare in the world. The work of laying the rails will begin next month and by the terms of the concession the roads may be extended in any direction twenty miles. The first water cart ever seen in the east has arrived from England, to sprinkle the streets. At Jaffa the French are to build a harbor. Motor boats for freight and passengers are running on the Jordan, the sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Evidently the thrill of western progress has reached the Holy Land. The wave of civilization and enlightenment which started westward from Asia so long ago, is doubling back. The nations that people the regions which were then merely savage wildernesses are going back to re-create the lands of their forefathers, and give them a splendor they never before had. The ancient residents will look on astounded, but with the rest the little red school house will go there and in another generation the clamors of the new order will hush every solemn note of the past and leave nothing of that past save the sacred names and traditions and memories.

The Wrong Men

THE satisfaction of England over the prospect of making American coasting vessels pay toll for passing the Panama canal is finding expression in curious ways. The last proposition is to erect a monument to Lincoln in London, and to place a statue of Washington in Westminster Abbey.

That is all very touching, but we suggest that it be changed to a monument to Mr. Wilson in the big city and a bust of Mr. Secretary Bryan in the sacred old Abbey, for it is England's way to honor those who directly serve her. The proposition as put out ought to be a reminder to Englishmen of the late Senator Tabor's remark when he saw the picture of Shakspeare in his new grand Opera House in Denver: "Who is that feller?" asked Tabor. When told that it was a picture of Shakspeare, Tabor muttered: "Shakspeare, Shakspeare, what the h— did he ever do for Denver?"

ORANGE DAY

Today is Orange day, California Orange day to speak correctly, which will be generally observed not only in the golden state, but in many other places in the west, especially in restaurants, dining cars and similar places where specially prepared menus will provide for wide variety of dishes involving the use of oranges.

The Union Pacific railroad system, of which the Oregon Short Line is a unit, will especially feature the day, the idea being that anything that will benefit the citrus fruit industry of the Pacific coast will be of more or less benefit generally.

It is just as well that those mainly interested in the day did not choose arch 17th for the date.

"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house." "Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."—Kansas City Journal.

Old Masters—Anthony Wayne

By C. C. G.

ABOUT the greatest captain, the foremost scientific fighter of the Revolution was General Anthony Wayne. He was above all others most trusted by Washington. He was born in Pennsylvania. His favorite study was mathematics, and he had become a distinguished civil engineer when the war broke out. He had more acute intuitions than any other soldier in the army. His reasoning from cause to effect was infallible. The faculty of divining the enemy's intentions exceeded that of either Washington or Greene, as also in knowing where to strike to shatter the enemy's combinations. Then in striking the difference between him and Putnam and Morgan and Marion and Sullivan, was the difference between the handling of a Damascus blade and a butcher's cleaver. With the others there were heavy blows, with Wayne there were lightning flashes and every flash was a deep thrust. When all was ready and the time for action came he was more reckless than any of his brother generals, and his persistency when the battle was joined was marvelous. There was nothing for an enemy to do except to either kill him or be beaten.

And he was always to the forefront. His orders were not to go ahead but to follow him. He was in the Revolution what Messina was in the grand army of France. Had he been one of Napoleon's marshals, not one would have stood higher, not even Ney. His capture of Stony Point had no parallel in all the battles of the war. And he was everywhere. In the Canadian expedition, Washington's right arm in extricating his army from the meshes which superior numbers tried to enfold him in; foraging for supply-

ing the soldiers at Valley Forge; striking everywhere when Washington took the offensive, and finally breaking down every safeguard which Cornwallis planned to avoid the inevitable fate that was drawing around him.

When Washington became president, he named Wayne as major general and commander of the army, and congress confirmed the nomination. He and Greene went down to Florida and whipped the Creeks and Seminoles into subjection.

Then he was called west of the Alleghanies and in one battle whipped into subjection the twelve Indian tribes that had been so long formidable fighters on the then western frontier. He was all coolness and thoughtfulness in perfecting his plans, but once ready then he became "Mad" Anthony" and the change was such as comes on a shiny afternoon when the gentle breeze changes into a cyclone to be followed by the wreck and the dead it leaves in its trail.

His field was always limited; his command so small that he had to make up in genius what he lacked in strength; the country was desperately poor, and there were heart-aches enough to break the spirits of all in the unequal struggle, but these did not count with Wayne, the cause he was fighting for was with him a grand passion, and that it would win out was always with him a fixed conviction. He was a great soldier, one of the manliest of men.

Goodwin's Weekly, of Salt Lake, is again under the founders' management, with C. C. Goodwin, as editor, and J. T. Goodwin, as manager. The Weekly is a paper of caste, from an intellectual standpoint, and thoughtful people take delight in reading its columns, since the warhorse of Utah journalism is again at its helm. It now has the old tang, and tingles every week. It is worth while.—Hillsboro (Ore.) Argus.

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