

# THE SPECTATOR



O our prayers are to be answered at last; all our hopes for rightful recognition as a high-minded people and a

loyal state are to be realized in due time. Utah is to be put on the map in glaring colors no later than 1920. So our local Democratic leaders assure us.

This is indeed a rosy prospect, and the plan seems to be quite simple. It involves the pulling off of a few preliminaries before the big show is staged, but our local politicians will attend to that. First, Mr. McAdoo is to be elected President, and then he is going to appoint our old friend, James H. Moyle to the secretaryship of the treasury. That's all there is to it, and that's how Utah is to gain her recognition. It's gunning for big game, at that, but the boys assure us that they're going to bag it. If they succeed, I for one stand ready to retract a lot of things I have said about them in times past.

Think of it! The plan embraces the naming of a President of the United States and the dictating of at least one member of his official family. Why the promoters are willing to stop at one, I can't imagine. If they were ordinary politicians, possessing the average amount of greed for office, they would insist on naming not only the next President's whole official family but everything else in sight. I was talking with a local politician of another color the other day, who was of the opinion that the plan was all right providing Mr. McAdoo approved of it. I convinced him that that was the easiest part of the venture; that the President's son-in-law, who happens to be a pretty good politician himself, wouldn't shy at such a deal; and that in all probability he would jump at the chance to make Jim Moyle his successor in return for Moyle's friends making him President. Why not?

It's funny, isn't it, how the wheels turn around. In the old days we had another "Federal Bunch." They were pretty good fixers, too, as the game goes, but in comparison with the present bunch they would look like a pair of deuces, even in the heyday of their power. As I recall, they used to do considerable dictating around this little neck of the woods, but dictatorial as they were, they never dared to extend their ventures out into the great national political arena. Instead of attempting to build the big band wagon and then hog all the front seats for themselves, they were more than content to just get aboard the other fellow's ballyho, and many's the time that they even hung on to

the tail end of the coupling pole and were grateful for the opportunity.

But times change and we are learning something new every day. However, that Utah is finally, by hook or crook, to come into her own is indeed a pleasing prospect. And still, as I look back, I hate to think that all the good work that has been accomplished by Utah people and their representatives in the past has gone for naught. If my memory serves me aright, Spy and Smoot and Sutherland have accomplished things of national importance that called for recognition for their people. And what about Utah's response to the call to the colors, and her magnificent contribution to the Red Cross, and her over-subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, and her other many and varied manifestations of loyalty and devotion to the nation? One would think that if anything would gain her the recognition due, these would. However, if we are to believe those of our distinguished fellow citizens who claim to be close to the throne, we must resort to such singular tactics as they propose using to gain the recognition that we have already earned for ourselves in an honorable manner.

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THE Herald-Republican-Telegram consolidation has got everybody guessing, including myself. George Hale is nobody's fool and it is to be assumed that he knows exactly what he is about. At least it is to be hoped that he knows, for I am pretty positive that not another soul in town knows. Even so, George is but trotting true to form. It is typical of him not to let the one hand know what the other does.

But as to the deal itself. The question that is being asked a thousand times a day is "Who's behind Hale?" It is an interesting speculation. However, if the Telegram simply leased the Herald-Republican for a period of years, then the answer is easy. Hale is going it alone. If, on the other

hand, the deal involves something more than a mere lease, and I think it does, then somebody must be hiding behind the bush. In spite of the suggestion that one hears on every side, I am quite certain that that somebody is not the notorious Mr. Pearst, although they say that he and Hale are great friends. Nor is it at all likely that Tom Kearns, as others suggest, has been fool enough to put any money into the proposition. His game is to sit tight and let the other fellows play into his hands.

Some how or other, I have the notion fixed in my head that Bishop Nibley still has a finger in the pie and that he and Hale are just practicing a bit of camouflage of their own contrivance upon the town. Of course if my guess is right, then it simply tends to complicate matters still further. For if Hale is hard to figure out, what about the Bishop?

And so I am just where I started. However, I am certain of one thing and that is this: If the scheme of the consolidation was, in part, to improve the Herald-Republican, then somebody is falling down on the job. This paper is but the ghost of its former self and you are welcome to your own guess as to how long it will continue to haunt the community.

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ORDINARILY, I should say that the event I am about to chronicle properly belongs in the society notes. However, I have never been able to muster up sufficient nerve to contribute to Chatter-Box's columns, and besides, the affair I have in mind was more of a patriotic than social nature, and anyways, those responsible for its success happen to be old friends of mine, so I will proceed without further explanation.

Ever hear of a "Silver Tea?" Well, it was new to me until one of the boys from Beaver told me all about it. A silver tea is nothing more or less than an original scheme improvised by the patriotic women of Beaver, Utah, to

raise funds for the Red Cross. The affair itself, I suppose, partakes of the nature of the customary social tea, with the additional feature of having everyone attending contribute liberally to the Red Cross cause. Also, the affair is not supposed to be exclusive; everybody is welcome and, it being of a patriotic nature, everybody is expected to attend and to bring a goodly offering of silver along.

The people of Beaver never do anything by halves, which is by way of saying that their first silver tea was a success. It was given some two weeks ago at the Hotel Mansfield and was, of course, in charge of the enterprising ladies of the community, although the men attended in respectable numbers. Young ladies, wearing Red Cross-shaped aprons, assisted the patronesses in receiving and serving, and two little mites of misses in full Red Cross uniform passed the baskets for the silver offering. The affair resolved itself into an old-fashioned, get-acquainted gathering, netting plenty of wholesome entertainment and sociability and some \$80 in silver.

Now \$80 raised at a tea in Beaver is equivalent to about \$10,000 for a similar affair in Salt Lake, and that is the point that I desire to make without indulging in any further comparisons. It is due Mrs. O. F. McShane to say that she deserves full credit for originating the idea of the silver tea and carrying the plan into execution. I take my hat off to the ladies of Beaver, Utah.

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"Stonewall" Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty.

"Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—The Southern Blivouac.



**WILSON  
HOTEL  
CAFE**

**THE Bright Spot in Salt Lake—After the Theatre.**