

DESERET EVENING NEWS
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UTAH'S RESOURCES.
The Report submitted to His Excellency, Gov. Spry, by the Utah Conservation Commission, though only preliminary, is an interesting document. It shows how immense are the natural resources of the State; how only a beginning has been made to utilize these resources, and how the intelligent conservation of the wealth bestowed by nature will insure prosperity for ages.

According to the report Utah has twenty-two million acres of land that can be cultivated, of which less than one-tenth is under cultivation at the present time. The soils are of unsurpassed fertility, and by proper methods of tillage it may be maintained indefinitely. The question of exhausted soil is one that will not confront the farmers of this State.

The water supply is considered in the report, and the statement made that when all the water running off the mountains is held back in great reservoirs to be used on arid lands, seven to ten million acres may be brought under irrigation as against one million, which is now the approximate irrigated area.

But the river waters do not form the only source of supply. The great valleys are underlaid by water. Large bodies of underground water have been located, and subterranean water for culinary and irrigating purposes has been found in the most arid parts. Hundreds of thousands of acres may be reclaimed by the aid of artesian wells and pumping plants.

And then there is dry farming. The report states that practically all land in Utah not occupied by mountains and not under irrigation, can be used for dry farming, except when the rainfall is under ten inches annually. It has been found that plants readily adapt themselves to arid conditions, and that crops grown on dry farms are more nutritious than those grown in humid climates. Wheat, potatoes, and other crops, are actually improved as they are grown with a minimum of water. So it is evident that Utah in dry farms alone has a resource of immense value.

On the range industry the report calls attention to the fact that by earlier methods many of the native grasses were destroyed and millions of acres of land rendered barren wastes, because of the overstocking of live stock upon them. But better methods are now being developed, and the range industry is likely to become more important than ever.

One section of the report is devoted to the minerals of Utah, manufactured products, and fish and game, and another to timber. It is all intensely interesting to those who desire information on the resources of the State.

It is evident that Providence made no mistake in leading the Pioneers to these valleys, when, driven from Missouri and Illinois by unreasoning mobs, they turned westward in search of a place of refuge, as did the Pilgrim fathers, centuries before them. They were led to a section of the country which, if not actually "flowing with milk and honey," was, nevertheless, so rich in possibilities as to need only the waving over it of the magic wand of industry in order to be transformed into a paradise, with golden, gem-studded palaces and fragrant gardens. And the Pioneers and first settlers did their work well. We of today are enjoying the sweet fruits of their toil, and can do no better than to continue in the marvelous work they planned and of which they made a beginning.

of chip dirt, old manure, twigs, or other trash to assist in retarding evaporation. Sufficient watering to keep the plants growing will be necessary until they have become thoroughly established in their new surroundings, after which the less resistant varieties should be watered once a month during droughty periods. Too much stress cannot be laid on occasional deep cultivation, and thorough irrigation, which helps to induce deep root formation; on the other hand constant light watering or sprinkling with little or no cultivation, which practice is very common, tends to shallow root development.

Basins four to six feet in diameter, and a few inches deep, should be made below the level of the ground about the various plants. These collect a surprisingly large amount of run-off during the summer rain periods, especially if the surrounding surface is inclined gently toward them.

The first trees recommended are the Arizona ash, Russian mulberry, and honey locust. A tree miscalled the desert willow, really a catalpa and several native species of the south-west are favorably mentioned. The desert gum, red box, Arizona cypress, mission olive and Australian beefwood, are suitable for the warmer areas; such vines as the Virginia creeper, silk-weed, and Japanese ivy; such shrubs as privet, Japanese quince, Scotch broom, and the "gold of ophir" rose, pampas grass, agrave, yuna—all these are prominently indicated for the dry and warm regions. A number of alkali-tolerant shrubs and native salt bushes, also the perennial herbs found most satisfactory at the University gardens are named. Among these are several with near allies among our own northern flora, and the latter as well as the introduced species enumerated by the writer, undoubtedly do well in our own gardens. Thus:

"Such winter and spring growing plants as Pentstemon Whirrightii, Gaillardia pulchella, English violets, yellow oleander, and the Chinese lily require little or no watering during the summer season when they are mostly inactive, especially if growing in the protection of dwellings, and only a moderate amount of irrigation during the late winter and spring months. For this reason the above should be planted very much with us. German iris, asparagus, spearmint, lavender and periwinkle among the introduced species, and alum root, California fuchsia, golden-rod, Gaillardia pinnatifida, and wild marigold of the native species should be given moderate irrigation during the droughty periods. April to June inclusive, and also the occasional dry summers. The writer has in mind clumps of iris plants that have done remarkably well under mesa conditions for six years, with little irrigation, and is being used to advantage on the University grounds as a border plant. The native salmon and lavender flowered globe mallows and Gaillardia pulchella need only at be introduced about one's home in order to make certain of their growth from year to year."

Farmers and homemakers of the southwest portions of this state would do well to be guided, in a general way, by these publications of the Arizona station.

"A MARKET FOR SOULS."

This is the title of a book just published in New York, which covers the distressing field of "The White Slave Traffic" in a plain, matter of fact, practical way, telling the tale with an unadorned truthfulness that is startling. The book is a collection of short stories relating conversations and incidents in the lives of unfortunate women that uncovers what has in the past been a sealed book to the majority of the reading public, except as slight snatches could be gleaned from the often carefully blue-pencilled writings of reporters. Even these failed to sufficiently draw sympathetic and proper attention. It was not until the report of the government commission was published that the relation of officially authenticated facts brought the general public fairly face to face with the situation. This is made more emphatic by this publication of "A Market for Souls."

The book is written by Miss Elizabeth Goodnow, a French speaking and very intelligent, earnest English lady engaged in settlement work in a section of New York City, where she gave the women of the street careful study by meeting with them personally, and in securing their confidence, secured also the true inwardness of their lives.

Miss Goodnow is endorsed by so eminent an authority as Mr. Justice Dill of the New Jersey court of appeals, the best known authority on corporation law in the United States, who writes a college classmate in this city: "She is doing good, practically helping those in trouble, devoting herself and her means to lifting those unfortunate out of their troubles. Don't misunderstand the purpose and purport of the stories." The author makes it very plain that two things are at the bottom of the "white slave traffic," viz., human, or rather inhuman, greed, and whiskey, the former being incarnated in the infamous maqueroux, or men who live upon woman's vice, and whose personality in this business was first made so prominent in McClure's magazine of November last, when the cause of their flourishing in New York was ascribed to Tammany hall.

Miss Goodnow says in her introduction: "I ran across, with nearly every girl, the question of the man who lives upon woman's vice. I asked over and over again, 'Why do you do it?' 'Why do you give your money to the man?' 'Why do you allow yourself to be beaten, abused and ill-treated in every way?' They could not really answer. Some gave the man all through love, some through fear; but in time of trouble they all show absolute loyalty. 'The woman takes her punishment, and always swears the man is innocent, so he goes free.'"

Miss Goodnow remarks further in her prologue, these salient facts: "Why—we don't know. But there must be some good in such a girl, something must be done to help her. I want to think people do try and find that way; not to discuss the subject with a shrug, not to think it is pitch that can not be touched without demerit. I want to show them the life of the girl in the streets, its allurements, its brutalities, its tragedies—her suffering, her devotion, her fate. She is a human, loving woman like ourselves, struggling against great odds. These little stories I give are true in substance, told me by the girls themselves—and I want to tell you that behind the powder and the paint and the bold, cheap ways of the harlot, is the soul of a woman."

These stories depict in simple direct eloquence the terrible condition obtaining among these unfortunate women, which is so well epitomized in the fearful statement of one of them, "What fools we are; what we give and what we get out of it? When we're old and sick and lonely, we look hell square in the face."

The internal greed of the male and female harpies who prey on these poor creatures is described with manifest truthfulness to fact, especially the men who take their wages of sin, and then beat them if these wages are not up to expectations. For such wretches there can not be too deep a burning lake.

Miss Goodnow pathetically details the opposition of her friends to her studying the subject. She says, "Few women would discuss the matter at all. They looked at me queerly when I wondered if these women thought and loved as we did." She was told, "You know we in America do not discuss such subjects." She replied, "I thought they should discuss it; they should find it out. It did not seem right to pass this great problem over with a shrug of the shoulders and a shocked glance, so I went to work to find out for myself. I found them mainly victims of circumstances and environment, uneducated, with little refinement, jolly, mostly liking the excitement of the life and thinking little of the tragedy in it."

Miss Goodnow's recitals make it plain also, that if whiskey could be wiped out from access by the underworld, there would be very little left of the latter in a few years. Prostitution, gambling, in short 75 to 80 per cent of all crime would be cut off were the liquor traffic destroyed. Temperance orators rightfully refer to it as "the devil's last ditch." It is the basis of nearly all his operations.

Salt Lake citizens, under "American" rule, have seen the streets and roosting houses inundated by women of the underworld and their retinue. They have seen a so-called "stockade" go up with the sanction of "American" officials, which is said to be in full blast again, though closed once by the efforts of private citizens backed up by the Sheriff's office. Similar conditions prevail elsewhere, though this country boasts of its churches, and Christian institutions. It takes a book like that here referred to, to arouse the conscience of Christian men and women, and inspire them to rescue work. We have freed the black slave. Is the white slavery to continue, with the knowledge and consent of the guardians of the law, and the men and women who profess to be the followers of Him who came to save that which was lost?

Thrill follows fashion. Even excelsior breakfast food is higher. Even the anti-meat eaters at times have to eat cow.

Generally there is far more wisdom in silence than in speech.

Man was bid to love his neighbor but his relations as himself.

Charity begins at home, but with which one of the family?

May the good roads movement's name never become mud!

Is it the hookworm that makes school boys play "hooky" in the spring?

M. Paulhan smashed his aeroplane but he is not a wreckless aviator.

At last the Seine has taken a tumble to itself; at least it is falling rapidly.

At no school in the country do the students show more injury than at Carlisle.

Dr. Cook's stenographer is the only person left who has an attachment for him.

In the realm of prices that which is low shall be made high; and that which is high, higher.

In his great story entitled, "My connection with conservatism," will Gifford Pinchot tell it all?

Vice Chancellor Delbrueck's speech on conciliation with America was more effective than Burke's on the same subject.

Gold and diamonds discovered in Liberia? More than ever will the little African republic become a ward of Uncle Sam's.

"Gifford Pinchot is growing in strength and power," says the Chicago Record-Herald. Thought it was in the caput.

Mayor Gaynor is trying to find out what some of New York's high salaried officials do to earn their salaries. Do the taxpayers, of course.

Boston's catch of fish for 1909 was the largest in her history. Which goes to show that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Rev. J. L. Dearing believes that prayer would work a wonderful change in Speaker Cannon. It might or it might not, but the experiment certainly is worth trying.

And now a commission is to be appointed to make an investigation into the extravagance and waste in government expenditure. A splendid chance for a scandal or a whitewash.

No Spare Room.

"Do you live within your income?" "Yes, and I'm crowded for space."—Yale Record.

"What are the three known dimensions?" asked the teacher at the night school.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil!" gasped the shaggy haired pupil, taken by surprise and unable at the moment to give his mental bearings.—Chicago Tribune.

FLAX AND HEMP INDUSTRY

Pleasant Grove, Utah, Jan. 31, 1910. Editor of The Deseret News—Seeing in the "News" that an effort is being made to revive the flax and hemp industry, reminded me of the experience we had in that industry in the early days.

I began raising flax and hemp at Ogden in 1856 and followed it up for five years, when I left that part and went to Dixie.

We went through all the different steps from the planting of the seed to making our own clothes. The flax was prepared by me and spun and woven into cloth by my wife. The cloth was almost everlasting and was worth two or three times as much as the shoddy cloth we now buy.

At that time it was impossible to buy clothing. We had been wearing clothes

made from old wagon covers, or most anything we could get, and I tell you we appreciated the cloth made from our own hemp.

We also had considerable rope made, much of which we sold. I took some with me south when I went to Dixie, which sold readily and could have sold much more had I had it.

I am very much interested in this industry and hope the effort to revive it will prove successful. If there is any one interested in this subject that desires information either in regard to raising the plant, or preparing the fibre, if they will communicate with me I will be glad to explain it to them, as I understand the whole process from the beginning to the end.

WILLIAM WADLEY, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

THE DEMOCRAT WHO GAVE ROOSEVELT TIMELY AID.

By J. E. Edwards. This daily series of anecdotes and incidents that throw new, interesting and frequently dramatic light on famous events and personalities of the past have been collected by Edwards during nearly forty years of more or less intimate acquaintance with many of the country's leaders since the Civil War. Each anecdote or incident is fresh from Mr. Edwards' notebook, and either in whole or in part, has never appeared before. It constitutes New News of Yesterday, gathered from the men who made the news—the history—or from equally authoritative sources. As important contributions to the "Humor Interest" sort to American history, these articles have a distinctive value all their own.

The morning after Theodore Roosevelt had finished that wonderful gubernatorial campaign of his through the state of New York—a personal appeal that undoubtedly resulted in his election by a plurality of eighteen thousand—I met him as he was leaving Republican headquarters in the old Fifth Avenue hotel in New York City.

"Col. Roosevelt," I said, "it is very necessary that I see you at once and alone; I have been entrusted to convey to you a most important message."

"Roosevelt's" expression was that of the colonel about faced and led the way to an inner room. "We'll be left alone here," he said.

"I come from Mr. Blank," I began, giving the name of a Democrat of national reputation and of the highest integrity. "He is a great admirer of yours; he has great confidence in you and your ability to lead the people in public life, and he believes that you have a great career ahead of you. He expressed all this to me the other day and then added—"

"Roosevelt's" personal expenses must be very heavy in the sort of campaign that he is making; there are a good many expenses which a candidate cannot call upon the state or local committee to meet. It is generally known that Roosevelt is not a wealthy man, and he is so punctilious about meeting his personal obligations that I have wondered whether his campaign has not caused a pretty heavy drain upon his purse. I think it has, and so, as one who believes in him and believes that his election as governor of New York is absolutely essential to the best interests of the state, I have made up my mind to contribute something to his campaign.

"But I have been thinking that the best way I could put my contribution to would be to make it to Mr. Roosevelt personally. So I wish that you would get into communication with him as soon as possible, meet him privately and hand him the check I am going to give you. It will be a cashier's check.

"I want a nickel," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got you nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme 5 cents change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme 5 cents."

And he got it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There Was No Answer.

At an important state function in London blue tickets were issued to persons of high rank admitting them to that part of the hall reserved for members of the royal family. Less distinguished guests received white tickets. Through some mistake an important public man received a blue card, while his wife received a white one.

When the couple reached the audience chamber, there began to be trouble, inasmuch as the lady firmly declined to be separated from her husband. An aid endeavored to reason with her, pointing out the dreadful consequences that would follow a mingling of the blue and white.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you take us for—a seidlitz powder?"

"She was permitted to enter with her husband.—Everybody's Magazine.

Gifts.

Just once a year Man will appear In unaccustomed splendor. A necktie fine Of weighty design And gorgeous silk suspenders.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some Feeling Left.

A colored man with rheumatism in his arm was advised to try a quart of whiskey. He took the whiskey, and the next day was asked how he felt.

"The rheumatism has done left my arm and gone to my head," he replied.—Kansas City Star.

Appreciation.

"Father," said little Rollo, "was George Washington a greater man than Santa Claus?"

"I won't say, my son, that he was greater, but he has proved much less expensive."—Washington Star.

Considerate.

Irish Boots—Beg pardon, sorr, the clock has stopped, an' would ye please look at yer watch and tell me if it is time to wake ye?—M. A. P.

No Spare Room.

"Do you live within your income?" "Yes, and I'm crowded for space."—Yale Record.

"What are the three known dimensions?" asked the teacher at the night school.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil!" gasped the shaggy haired pupil, taken by surprise and unable at the moment to give his mental bearings.—Chicago Tribune.



Money-Saving Prices in Staple Dept.

Goods that are useful and necessary in every household—visit the north aisle and note the attractive values.

Table listing various textile goods and their prices, including items like Canton Flannel, Twill Draperies, and various types of cloth.

WOOL FLANNELS, our entire line. Splendid qualities, at 20% off. EMBROIDERED FLANNELS, entire line, beautifully soft and nice, at 20% off.

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MISSION THEATRE DIFFERENT (East Third South.) IMPERIAL VAUDEVILLE. Week Commencing Thursday Matinee, Feb. 3. Matinee Every Day at 2:30. Two Shows Evenings, 7:30 and 9:15. Delmore and Lee. Bohemian Sextette. George H. Wood. The Brothers Damm. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. O'Brien. Mission Orchestra. Moving Pictures. Matinee Prices—10 and 20c. Night Prices—10, 25 and 30c.

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Salt Lake Theatre. THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Saturday Matinee. CHARLES FROHMAN Presents WM. H. CRANE In His Greatest Success, FATHER AND THE BOYS George Ade's Best Comedy. Prices—Evening, 50c to \$2. Matinee, 25c to \$1.50.

SALT LAKE THEATRE. MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 7. Annual Exhibition by Y. M. C. A. Classes. Gymnastics and Athletic Events. Fancy Dances in Costumes. Beautiful Drills. Musical Numbers. Proceeds all go to Orphan's Home and Day Nursery. Prices 10 cents to \$1.00.

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COLONIAL TONIGHT BEVERLY of Graustark. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. All seats reserved, 25c and 50c. Next Week: THE TOP OF THE WORLD.

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