THE IRON MINES.

Mr. Wm. Jennings Interviewed on the Subject.

Thinks They Should be Established,' and Tells Why.

Hon. Wm. Jennings, who is one of the committee appointed by the Board of Trade at its last session to examine and report upon the practicability of operating the iron mines of Iron County, and upon the propriety of manufacturing iron, returned from the south on Saturday morning. The ex-Mayor accompanied President Taylor and party on their trip to St. George. A HERALD minister plenipotentiary met across Mr. Jennings' smiling and browned countenance in the afternoon, and immediately applied the inquisitorial quill with applied results, which will certainly be gratifying in the highest degree to those interested in the material development of this grand depository of natural wealth—Utah:

"Well," said the ex-Mayor, "we found iron, wonders of iron; and we found coal. We also found both easy access, the former in endless variety, susceptible of easy working; the latter in any abundance, and good enough, I believe, to reduce the iron, but the committee has not arrived at no decision. There is no question about the ability to make iron."

"But," interrupted the quill, "will the Cedar Canyon coal coke?"

"Oh dear, yes. By the way, that reminds me, I brought up some excellent specimens of coal and left them in the car. We also brought along some very fair samples of coke made from the coal. Personally, I do not believe that coke will be needed at all

Rep.—How's that?

Mr. Jennings—The crude coal, if present indications hold out, will itself give heat of sufficient intensity to reduce the iron.

Rep.—And the coke—

Mr. J.—Can be shipped if necessary, and will be found needful in dependent branches of iron manufacture and in reducing the pig iron that castings can be made.

Rep.—This gives an opening for new possibilities that before have not generally been considered, does not?

Mr. J.—To that I am not prepared to give an answer. Mind you, I do not say such is the case; it is merely an opinion, which may be modified by tests and actual working results. But I cannot help the belief that there are additional possibilities in this direction, which seem to have, so far, at least escaped general observation.

Rep.—Taking the whole question into consideration, what is your opinion of the establishment of iron works in Iron county?

Mr. J.—In view of the many details which attach to and have a vital bearing on this matter, and in view also of the calm deliberation to comprehensive a subject demands, an opinion expressed must of necessity be a modified one. Still, I think the outlook is most favorable. I can see no reason why home industries should not flourish as they have done heretofore, where properly inaugurated. As an instance I refer you to the Z. C. M. I. shoe factory here and to the woolen mills at Provo. You can see what they have done. It is not, in my belief, so much a matter of economical working, as it is a subject depending upon the excellence of the work performed. I do not think, however, that any apprehensions need be entertained as to our ability to manufacture iron cheaply. What I mean is this: If we can make a stove, of as excellent a pattern and of as good quality as they do east, the Utah man had rather purchase a stove made here if it does cost a couple of dollars more, for the reason that in doing so he creates a market for his own products, and is thus actually making money by saving it as a circulating medium to the community and by sustaining home industries, though ostensibly he is paying out more. I am personally convinced that the people of Utah will sustain readily any such industry when its true nature is made apparent to them.

Rep.—You think then Utah itself will afford a market sufficient to justify such an undertaking?

Mr. J.—I do.

Rep.—What amount of capital do you think will be necessary to make a proper beginning?

Mr. J.—About $500,000, I think, will be productive of very fair results. It will not only enable us to produce pig iron, but will also make a satisfactory commencement for dependent branches.

Rep.—And this amount, can it be raised.

Mr. J.—Yes, there will be no difficulty about that, the organization of that industry once recommended by the committee. The method? Well, at present, it is proposed to raise it by counties, and the suggestion seems to be an excellent one and for various reasons. The burden will be distributed through the whole Territory, which, as a commonwealth, will reap the benefit. Then again, the capital, coming from varied sources, a wider interest in behalf of the industries will by this means be created, and the desire to contribute to the success and the permanent development of the great industry will become a personal and pecuniary one. Another reason why it is best counties should take hold of this matter, is found in the fact that we are not only growing by natural methods but our population is rapidly increasing through the medium of immigration. This increase of laboring people can only be met by the development of such industries as will give permanent and profitable employment to that class—the manufacture of iron one of many. Of course it will be some time yet before a definite conclusion can be reached; but for myself, and with the present light I have upon the subject, I can see no reason why the industry should not be inaugurated without delay, and opened with the most successful results.

The minister thereupon withdrew his quill, bowed his thanks and bolted.

In this connection it were best to state that a thorough test is being made of the unusual coal beds that exist to the east of Cedar City and in its immediate vicinity, and for that purpose Apostle Moses Thatcher, one of the committee, is yet there, making examination with Mr. Robertson, the master iron monger.

It is also settled, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that if iron operations are ever commenced, the works will be located at Iron Springs, and not Iron City, for the reason mentioned in a letter written from Iron County by our correspondent "Wallace."

Old Time and New Time.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 3d, '84.

Editors Herald:

Will nobody say a word in favor of the old time? It seems altogether too bad to cast off without a grateful or an appreciative word, an old friend, a very old, faithful, and once highly valued friend, a friend for generations after generations past.

This must be a fast age. People are certainly getting very fast. They do not sing—

"Backward turn backward, O time in thy flight."

Oh no. But this is more like the way of things now-a-days—

"Time, fly with greater speed away,
Add swiftness to thy wings."

Yet why should he? Has he not celerity enough already? I don't want him to fly any faster than of yore. *Tempus fugit* and I do not see any necessity for him to *fugit* any faster than his usual pace. We shall all get to the end of our journey soon enough for us. But if he won't go any faster there are actually those who are ready to give him a kick behind to help him along. Indeed, they have done that very thing already and advanced him thereby half an hour or nearly that with us. As a Dutchman might say, what for did they do that? I don't know. It is a notion, a hobby with some people.

There are people, many people, who could not get up soon enough with the old time, and how they are going to get up and keep up with the new time, especially in the short, cold, stormy days of winter, is not for me to say. Perhaps that class think to humor their take-it-easy dispositions in this way—to get up and go to work by the old time, and to quit work and go to supper and bed by the new time. No doubt many sly and dilatory rascals would be glad to cheat time and other people in that cunning and underhand way. But it ought not to be allowed.

Well, what of the new time? Many people say they cannot understand it. All the people on and from an imaginary north and south pole line situated a few miles east of Denver, thence a thousand miles, or less, westward, are to have one time, and that the time of that said line t'other side of Denver. At that imaginary line there is a rise of an hour all at once in the time for all people thence eastward a thousand miles or less. At another imaginary line, a thousand miles or less west of Denver, there is a step down of an hour for all the people thence to the Pacific coast. O what a fall is there, my countrymen! Then you and I and all of us do fall, or should be likely to do so if we sat astride of that sharp edged western line like a doubting politician on a fence, unless we were most accomplished balancers.

This new time is called standard mountain time. Who cares about mountain time, one way or the other, as a name? But this word standard is a rank misnomer. This new time is no standard at all to us, nor to anybody else, except to those fortunate or unfortunate beings who live on that imaginary north and south pole line 500 miles east of us, that long, thin streak of longitude, and even they must be exactly on that line, for, being a purely imaginary line, and, like, a mathematical line having length, but neither breadth nor thickness, they must not be on either one side or the other. By the by, we may in some sort concede thickness or depth, purely imaginary though, but not breadth, to this imaginary line, for, while it does not matter, as to the time of day or night, whether people stand on the line on the earth, or on the same line miles above the earth, it does decidedly matter, horologically, whether they stand on the line, or a distance east or west of it, and especially east of it, or on which side of that finer than gossamer line they stand. It will make a difference of an hour in the new time to them whether they stand a foot east or a foot west of that line, yea an inch or less will do it. It may, as to dates, make a difference of a day, a week, a month, or a year to people, whether they stand east or west of that bee line, or rather it may cause quarrels involving questions of that kind. The least difference it will make will be an hour in all that people do or that happens to them when they are near that extraordinary, dangerous, mischief-making line, so supremely ridiculous in this aspect does this new-fangled time, this "standard" time, appear. How people are to manage under such circumstances to maintain their equilibrium and have things happen just at the right time, and not an hour out of time, and to know that everything is happening correctly, is a prodigious puzzle. It all depends upon this breadthless line whether a man comes into this world or goes out of it on time or an hour before or behind time; whether just in the nick of time, or an hour too soon or too late. So you see what a very serious thing this new time business is going to be, not only astrologically, but in every other way nearly, for illustrations of the awkwardness of the thing might be multiplied and amplified indefinitely.

I said this new time was no standard time to us. Nor is it, one bit. It is the standard time of another place or line of places on another line of longitude. It is their true standard time, and not ours. The real standard time for any place is the local, natural true time of that place, astronomically and mathematically observed, calculated and determined with correctness. This newspaper time, instead of being called standard time, and of necessity falsely so, as regards all places but those on the longitudinal line of its initiation, is unnatural and artificial time, and should be so designated and known. For popular use and convenience, and especially as it is largely a railroad conceit, this new time might very appropriately be known as railroad time, but confined to railroad business, to which use, so long as the railroads wanted it, there could be no serious objections to its use for all varieties of local events.

The city clock, being set to the new time, thus carries a falsehood on its face all the while, and all our clocks and watches, so set will tell the same falsehood. So far as they are good timers, they will tell this falsehood and stick to it, like some stubborn humans of mendacious disposition. Our 12 o'clock used to be noon or midnight, the beginning or the middle of the day. Now it is neither the one nor the other, but something inconveniently betwixt and between. Hereafter a man wont know when he was born. Ask him. "Oh, I was born at ten minutes after 4 o'clock in the afternoon." O, fibber, you were nothing of the kind. You were born at eighteen minutes before four. Again, "I was born at twenty minutes past 12 o'clock in the morning of the first of January, 1885." O fibber; again, you were not born at that hour, nor on that day, nor in that month, nor in that year. You were born eight minutes before midnight on the last day of December, 1884. That is where you are left by this new standard time, and so of every other circumstance. Who will know what hour, day, week, month or year, and it might come to what century or thousand years, anything happened? Excepting the same is scientifically stated as to time, and he who knows human nature knows that this will not be done by ordinary people once in a thousand times.

Thus historically this innovation will become a fearful thing. This new fangled time will create interminable and indescribable confusion, and cause millions of errors in the future records of millions of people and thousands of cities, towns, and villages, filling history with innumerable falsities.

In every place, then, the true and correct and proper standard time for that place, and the time to be noted in the occurrence of all local circumstances, in order to secure historical accuracy, is the real local time of that place. Let the railroads use what time they like. Very properly, the Signal Service Department rejects the new time, and adheres to the local time. It is also said that in the State of Maine the sentiment grows strong in favor of returning to local time. Let the local, natural, true time of the place be used for all purely local concernments. It is the only proper standard for them, and therefore how can I do other than vote in favor of

LOCAL TIME?

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THE AGITATOR AND THE REFORMER.

Great social and political movements which end either in peaceful or in violent revolution develop two wholly distinct sets of leaders. First came the agitators and fanatics, crying in the wilderness, and cursing alike the oppressors and the Gallios, who "care for none of those things." By their appeals and their invective, by their sufferings and their martyrdom, these early pioneers, if their cause be just, sooner or later arouse the slumbering conscience of the world about them; and when this is thoroughly accomplished their work is really done. The great task then passes to other hands; for although the true fanatic may be able to call the people from their tents, he cannot organize them. He is, as a rule, incapable of leadership, or, in other words, of dealing with his fellow-men. He would not be what he is if this were not so; for men of that type must be, in the nature of things, different from the mass of their fellow-beings. They must have the solitary temperament in some form or other, for they are obliged to endure mental or moral, if not social, isolation; they must be imbued with the spirit of the mediæval ascetic, utterly given over to one idea emotional and unreasonablle. Such men have played great parts at all epochs, and are no doubt essential to the progress of the human race. In modern times, however, all great reforms are carried by organization and combination; and this is precisely what exteme and violent agitators, who appear as the precursors of great moral movements, are unable to compass. Yet though the forces are marshaled and the battle is won by others, the extremists who first raised their voices against vested abuses frequently have a compensation in the fact that if they live for some years after the triumph of their cause they are often regarded not only as the champions of a once despised but now successful principle, but as the men who bore that principle to victory Mankind love the striking and picturesque, and when they see among them some individual who in earlier days sustained a great cause in the midst of persecution and obloquy, and who now rests from his labors with all the world on his side, they are dazzled by the contrast; and not content with awarding him the praise which is rightfully his due, they give him credit for much he did not do, and for achievements wholly alien to men of that type. Time, which sets all things even, remedies this injustice. In history the agitator finds his proper place; and while he obtains the high commendation which he really deserves, he is no longer burdened with praise which injures because it is misplaced and inappropriate.—By Henry Carbot Lodge.—[May Atlantic.

BOSTONERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

"Don't give it away, please, Mildred," said Amy to the high school girl after reciting an escapade in which she had been engaged. "No," said Mildred, "I'll make no gratuitous presentation of it." "Yes, indeed," said the high school girl to her brother Jim, "in this affair I obtained the gibbosity on Amy." "You did what?" inquired the boy. "Obtained the gibbosity—the protuberency, you know." Is it something to eat?" was the next question. "Oh dear, no, you stupid boy—merely a figure of speech—what you call 'got the bulge,' only that is horrid slang."—Oil City Derrick.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

May 3, 1884.

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W Erroin, Binghamhampton, N Y; J McDermant, Bingham; C Clark, L E Jensen, Big Cottonwood; W Million, Park City; W Hyde, C F Lawson, Ogden; T Robbins, J Robbins, J Murphy, G Hudson, Kaysville; J McCullough J Millar, Francklyn; J J Manning, Silver Reef; H Eder, J Brown, Joliet; J B Reed, San Francisco.

CLIFT HOUSE.

J T Honner, O S L R R; S Donahue, Powder River Wyo, E W Ormsby, Central City Neb R S C Lewin, Ogden,

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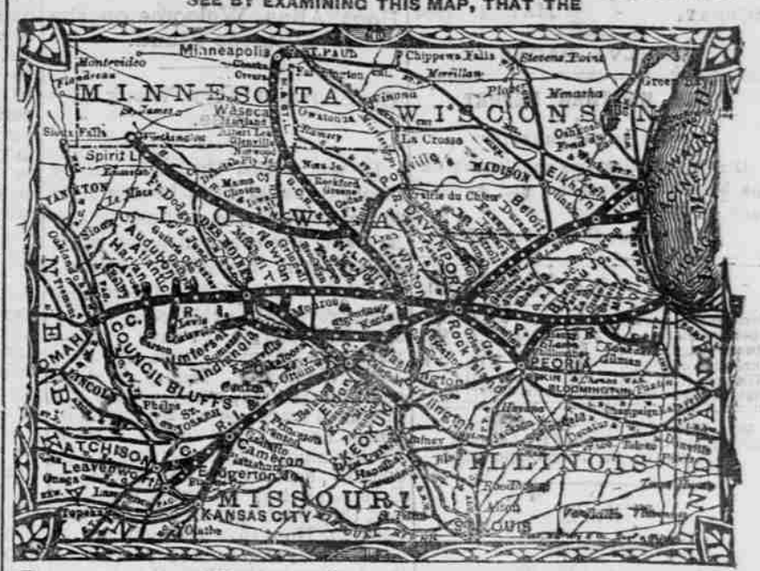

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