THE DAILY HERALD.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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The campaign and the weather are both getting hotter.

Newport society is more given to plunging than to gambling.

Colonel Trumbo seems to have his press bureau working all right.

At St. Louis Tom Reed won't wear his golden hair hanging down his back.

To say that Trumbo is the proprietor of the Tribune, that is the most unkindest cut of all.

The St. Louis hotels were not even willing to give the negro delegate a cold potato and let him go.

The building of the ship was an easy task compared with what the building of the St. Louis platform will be.

If Archbishop Kain offers prayer at the St. Louis convention it will not tend to conciliate the A. P. A.

Colonel Morrison is doing some studying preparatory to playing the part of the favorite son of Illinois.

How is it that the country hears no more about a third term? Can it be that the heated term takes precedence?

The president is said to have a pocketfull of pocket vetoes. Those are the kind that congress cannot get around.

McKinley's enemies would have had him write a book on the financial question, but he was too shrewd for that.

Henry Cabot Lodge says that a straddle would be disgraceful. So it would As Topsy said, "Black or white it's best to be."

Tillman says Cleveland is no Democrat. Tillman's assertion of the fact will incline the people to doubt the statement.

An exchange discusses the question, "How to treat a wife." During the summer plenty of ice cream and soda water is about the proper caper.

Comptroller Eckels admits that he silver forces will control at Chicago The comptroller has learned something during his western peregrinations.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says that Colonel Trumbo is a delegate at large from Utah. This is another proof that you must go away from home for news.

In all the stuff that has been sent out from St. Louis about the approaching convention, not a single reference has been made to the X-ray. This is wonderful journalism.

The concensus of opinion at St. Louis is that the financial plank will be nearly identical with the Indiana plank on the financial question. That declares against the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

Emperor William's Meteor is beating the British yachts right along. Perhaps some English sporting paper will accuse his imperial majesty of using a shifting ballast the same as in the case of the Niagara.

Mr. Reed is still obdurate and refuses to consider the proposition to give him second place. It is hard for a man who has ridden a prancing steed all alone to content himself with a seat on the pillion.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that your Uncle Isaac of Utah was the the most pronounced free silver man seen at the Southern hotel. At the same hotel was National Committeeman Salisbury of Utah.

A nephew of Major McKinley, by the name of McKinley, has been arrested in Omaha for fighting. He is said to resemble his distinguished uncle very much. Such being the case, he is entitled to be called the King of Rome.

The shooting scrape at Provo was a very deplorable affair. The prime cause of the whole thing seems to have been whisky. Young Ritter shot Rockwell in self-defense. That he was able to do so after his chest was pierced by a bullet is remarkable.

"Young girl, about fourteen, wanted to mind baby," is the way an advertisement in a Chicago paper reads. That is what young girls who hire out have to do; if they were to make the baby mind, the dear mamas would call them cruel and heartless.

The New York Evening Post does not agree with President Cleveland in his veto of the French spoliation claims. It reviews his arguments at length, and with fairness and justice, and comes to the conclusion that "Those who are familiar with the history of the controversy will remain convinced that the French claims controversy will never be settled until the government is willing, not only to send the matter to a court, but to abide by its finding."

MR. THATCHER'S ALTERNATE.

When the Democratic state convention elected Hon. Moses Thatcher a delegate to Chicago by acclamation it further distinguished him by giving him the right to choose his own alternate. He has exercised that right and chosen Mr. Fred J. Keisel, of Ogden. The choice will be approved by the whole party.

There has been a good deal of conjecture as to whom Mr. Thatcher would choose and what would guide him in his choice. He made his choice without consultation or advising with anyone. The reasons he gave for his choice are worthy of the man. First of all he desired that his alternate should be a Democrat thoroughly identified with the people and the material interests of the state. Mr. Keisel is all that. Then he wished to emphasize as much as lay in his power the fact that old conditions have passed away in Utah, that the past is past, and that all are acting in the living present. In the past no one better typified the opposition to the political power of the Mormon church than did Mr. Keisel. He ever, always and consistently opposed that church as the one issue in Utah. Having ceased to be the sole issue in Utah politics and the people having divided on national party lines, he accepted the situation.

Four years ago Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Keisel were both at the Chicago convention opposing each other, Mr. Thatcher working for the recognition of the regular Democracy, Mr. Keisel for the Tuscaroras. That Mr. Keisel will go to the Chicago convention this year as Mr. Thatcher's alternate shows how much things have changed in four years. It is a proper recognition of a very happy fact. Mr. Thatcher is to be commended for his choice and Mr. Keisel is to be congratulated upon being selected.

MAKE A THIRD TICKET UNNECESSARY.

Under the above head the Chicago Times-Herald discusses the question of a third ticket. It says from time to time rumors arise that Democratic leaders like Cleveland, Whitney, Carlisle, Palmer and others contemplate an independent Democratic national organization to name hard money Democratic candidates upon a hard money Democratic platform, "after the Chicago convention shall have betrayed the party traditions and nominated a repudiationist for president." It then says the St. Louis platform must declare positively for the maintenance of the present gold standard and against the free coinage of silver at any ratio. This, it is assumed, will make a third ticket unnecessary.

If it is proposed to place a third ticket in the field that the sound money men may have an opportunity to vote for a single gold standard, the project should be abandoned at once, as the St. Louis platform will, in all probability, provide them with just what they want. Democrats who will not stand by the Chicago platform, which will unquestionably declare for free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, need have no scruples in voting a Republican ticket, for that ticket will be just the kind they will have left their own party for because they could not get it there.

Every interest of the whole country demands that there be no third ticket in the field to distract voters. Two gold tickets would be as foolish as two silver tickets. Let the gold men vote for one gold ticket; let the silver men vote for one silver ticket. There is but one great issue; let the fight be decided upon it.

AT ST. LOUIS.

At present all is chaos at St. Louis. The delegates and the friends of the various candidates are an unorganized mob. Everyone is busy looking over the ground seeing where an advantage may be had, where a friend may be made, an enemy placated. Everyone is enquiring of everyone he meets what his views are on the great issue of the hour—the financial question—and at the same time somewhat hesitating in expressing his own. The gold men are in the overwhelming majority, but the silver minority is active, aggressive and fearless, fighting a hopeless battle but fighting valiantly notwithstanding. The gold men are declaring there must be no compromise and the few silver men are saying the same thing, while there are those who would give way somewhat, willing to make concessions here and there for the sake of harmony, that thing which makes so many platforms so worthless and the candidates upon them so weak. These are the men who fear a fair fight in an open field. And all the while each is contributing his idea to be worked into that great political mosaic—a national platform.

And so it goes merrily on while the nation looks on and wonders how it will all end. But this seeming motly crew, this undisciplined crowd, will be entirely changed when the great convention meets, and out of chaos will come perfect order, and the rollicking madding crowd will be turned into a disciplined army.

SPEEDY JUSTICE.

In Newgate prison (Old Bailey), London, Wednesday, Mrs. Annie Dyer was hanged for being a professional murderer of infants. She was arrested March 9, indicted May 21, and hanged June 10. That was speedy justice, as all justice should be. The woman having been proven guilty (she admitted that she had taken the lives of a number of babies and small children) there was no unnecessary delay in executing the sentence of the law upon her. There was no appeal on mere technicalities for the purpose of securing delay and working up sympathy. All this could be adopted in the United States with much advantage, for the enforcement of our criminal laws is woefully lax.

In the state prison there are at this time two condemned murderers. One has been there almost a year, the other a year and a half. They have been tried, convicted and sentenced to death but the sentences have not been executed upon them. The cause is delay through appeals. A condemned man should have his right of appeal, but too many appeals are allowed, and allowed because judges haven't the backbone to deny them when there is no really good cause for allowing them. The result of the law's delay in this country is the frequent miscarriage of justice and the increase of lawlessness and crime.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

On the 24th of this month the University of Michigan will celebrate the completion of the twenty-fifth year of Dr. James B. Angell's presidency of that institution. To President Angell there will be presented on that occasion an illuminated parchment containing an address, and an ode written for it by Charles Mill Gayley, a former student of the U. of M., and set to music by Professor A. A. Stanley, of the university, will be sung by a chorus of three hundred voices. A banquet will follow, and in the evening there will be a reception in the gymnasium.

Under the presidency of Dr. Angell the University of Michigan has grown to be one of the great institutions of learning in the country. When he took charge he had to bring the university through a very stormy sea of politics, and every year peace had to be made with the politicians at Lansing; and they were a very narrow lot of politicians too. Then there was the Douglass-Beale fight, which was chiefly along religious lines, and as mean and nasty a fight as a man ever had to settle; but Dr. Angell saw it settled. Then there came the question of establishing a school of homeopathy at the university, but it was successfully done.

The people of Michigan owe to Dr. Angell a debt of gratitude they can never repay. But they are beginning to realize what a great work he has done for them and how he has built up their university and made it a fitting crown to their magnificent common and high school system, and to appreciate it all. It is a thoroughly democratic institution, and the distinctions of wealth among the students are less marked there than at almost any other institution of learning in the land.

There are in Utah more graduates of the University of Michigan, perhaps, than of any other leading institution of learning. To Mr. Angell and the university they will send their best greetings and best wishes for the welfare of both. By them President Angell is held in the highest possible esteem while they regard him as a personal friend.

JUDGE HOLT'S WILL.

If the experts are to be believed, then the signature of the late ex-secretary of war, Mr. Holt, to his will is a mere forgery, and a clumsy one at that. A Philadelphia expert testified that in simulating writing the pictorial effect appeals at once to the eye, and if a person is experienced he can make a very good imitation which, to the general eye, would seem a good reproduction of a signature. Consequently the points on which to test the genuineness of a signature are not open to the eye and cannot be easily seen. Then he detailed the method of taking composite photographs of autographs. He had twenty-four of Judge Holt's signatures. He explained that the average length from the stem of the "J" to the stem of the "t," in the twenty-four signatures to the letter, he found to be seventeen and five-tenths millimeters. In the composite photograph of these twenty-four signatures the distance was seventeen millimeters, while the distance in the signature to the alleged will was seventeen and five-tenths millimeters. He gave at great length the results of other measurements, in some of which the differences were almost imperceptible, while in others they were considerable.

Another expert, a New York man, has also declared the will a forgery. He said he had made the study of handwriting a specialty for twenty-five years. He had carefully examined the alleged will and compared it with Judge Holt's papers. He characterized the purported will a forgery, pure and simple. Then, after saying the forger made a bad botch of it, he submitted the results of a chemical examination of the paper. The ink, he said, was shown to contain an adulteration which has been in use in inks not more than ten years. The purported will was dated ten years before the adulteration was first used. The paper, also, was of a kind which indicated beyond a doubt that it could not have remained intact or sufficiently so for the writing to be legible for anywhere near the number of years that had elapsed.

All this is expert testimony, but expert testimony is not taken without question so readily as formerly, because experts are paid partisans as a rule. In fact, the New York expert was asked if he would be surprised to find another expert going over the same ground as himself and differing from him entirely, to which he replied, "Not at all." Nor would anybody else.

To the public the contest over Judge Holt's will will be interesting, chiefly as a battle of experts. If we mistake not, the witnesses to the signing were U. S. Grant and W. T. Sherman. Their signatures will also have to be proven forgeries if Judge Holt's is.

A FOOLISH YOUNG TEACHER.

A young lady teacher at Newport, near Cincinnati, has been dismissed from the public schools for visiting Scott Jackson and taking him presents. The young lady addressed a letter to the school board, in which she stated that several ministers commended her action in visiting Jackson, and that she did not consider it right to be deprived of her position for doing what she considered a humane work. She also stated that other teachers had visited Jackson and made him presents.

If such were the case she certainly should not have been singled out for dismissal. It is more than likely that the teacher visited Jackson fully as much out of morbid curiosity and maudlin sentimentality as for a desire to do a humane thing. Jackson is no exception to the too common practice of making heroes out of great criminals. They are sent bouquets and dainties and delicacies and fed upon the fat of the land chiefly by weak-minded women. That they do not deserve this goes without saying. But the bad part of it is that such treatment of such men inflames the minds of boys with a desire to do something, no matter what, that they may be the object of the public gaze, the admired of all admirers, the heroes of the hour.

The dismissal of this young lady teacher seems to have been proper, but the others who were guilty of the same gross impropriety as she should also have been dismissed. They are not fit persons to have charge of the training of young minds.

Says the Philadelphia Ledger: "Senator Vest announces his willingness to place Mr. Bland, of Missouri, in nomination for the presidency of the United States before the Democratic national convention. He denies being favorable to the nomination of Vice-President Stevenson, because the latter's silence on the silver question has put his nomination out of the question. Mr. Vest adds that this is no time to give the flag to men who have remained in the brush while others were doing the fighting. If the silverites are indisposed to support a straddling candidate, because they desire the issue sharply defined, the friends of honest money should meet them on a fair field and with no favor. Mr. Bland is an open and avowed spokesman for free coinage. Wrong as they are, he has the courage of his convictions."

McKinley has been trying to find out everybody's views on the financial question and then to make his own agree with them. It is too early to tell whether he has succeeded or not.

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

An observant gentleman who had ample opportunity to note the conduct of women placed in positions of great peril and hardship by the tornado summed up his conclusion in the remark: "Hysterics are a luxury." Among the host of examples of heroic fortitude displayed in the stress of danger and suffering incident to the storm the most remarkable were those of women. In the extremest peril or the greatest suffering there is yet to be recorded an instance of one woman whose strength or courage failed. Weakness was banished until the need of strength was gone.—St. Louis Republic.

It is easy to divine two reasons why Mr. Reed may not desire the Republican nomination for vice president on the ticket with McKinley. He might not like to take a position in the orchestra under a man who played second fiddle to his leadership in the Fifty-first congress. Neither would he like to stand on a half-and-half platform.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

London is laughing at the extraordinary enterprise of a fire insurance company there. There was a fire recently in the historic house at Brentford, once occupied by Nell Gwynne. The insurance company thereupon forwarded its prospectus marked "urgent" to "Miss Gwynne."—Boston Herald.

Major Moses P. Handy suggests in the Chicago Times-Herald that Mark Hanna would be the ideal man for the chairmanship of the Republican national committee. If the plans of Major McKinley and Whitelaw Reid, which contemplate making the campaign on tariff lines, are pursued, no doubt the idea is a good one. Mark could "fry fat" to a finish and do the "iron barons" to a turn.—Kansas City Star.

The indispensible qualifications for the man who aspires to the chairmanship of a national committee seems to be the possession of a barrel or the possession of friends who possess a barrel and are willing to tap it for the good of the party.—Omaha Bee.

The statement that the Spanish merchants of Mexico, Uruguay and Argentina have entered into an agreement to cease purchases in the United States on account of American sympathy with Cuba will not improve the Spanish cause in this country. The American people have no toleration for such a weapon as the boycott, and they are the last people who can be bribed or clubbed into supporting oppression and misrule anywhere.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Tommy—"Paw, what is a limited company?"
Mr. Figg—"Two is the limit; three's a crowd."—Indianapolis Journal.

Brown—"Confound it! There's that mosquito again."
Smith—"Well, don't slap your face like that. He'll take it for an encore."—Puck.

Justice—"You are charged with stealing Colonel Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?"
Uncle Moses—"I heb not. I don't steal chickens befor' witnesses."—Tit-Bits.

A high military authority has expressed the opinion that in the next great war the cavalry will go in horseless carriages, and the infantry on bicycles, while the artillery will be so heavy that it won't go at all.—Tit-Bits.

At Outs—Tom—"Why have Dick and Grace quarrelled?"
Hazel—"They are both learning to ride the bicycle and last week they met each other in the park. She tried to bow to him, and he tried to raise his hat, and each blames the other for the result."—Truth.

All the Same—"Shall we go to seashore or to the mountains this year, Henry?"
"Whichever you please, dear."
"How good you are, Henry! Doesn't it make any difference to you?"
"Not the least. As I am dead broke you can have your choice."—Detroit Free Press.

Tramp—"Madam, do you speak French?"
Lady of the House (suspiciously)—"No."
"Do you speak German?"
"No."
"Nor Spanish?"
"No; what do you——"
"Then, madam, I fear that I shall have to ask you for something to eat in plain English."—Chicago Record.

"Do you remember," asked the young lawyer and promoter, "that you once said I would never be rich? I rather think I am on the road to riches, at last."
"I never said you would not be rich," answered the elderly cynic. "I only said you would never have any money of your own, and I still say so."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Hardtack—"I've just received a letter from the gentleman to whom you referred for a character. He says you are lazy, incompetent, dishonest, untruthful, constantly inebriated and wholly unreliable."
Mose Johnson (thoughtfully)—"Wall, now, ain't dat fellah peculiliah! Dat's de funnest letter ob recommendation I ebber heard tell on!"—Puck.

Caution Demanded—"I'm sorry, gentlemen," said the candidate, as he leaned out of the second story window and saluted the people who had come to visit him. "I'd like to ask you into the house and be sociable, but I've had strict orders from my manager not to let anybody come closer than this."
"You ain't getting on your dignity, are you?" asked a member of the crowd.
"Not a bit of it, my good men—not a bit. But you know a number of people insist on being unhappy until they get my views on the subject of money. We felt that we could rely on diplomacy, but the other day they tried to ring in a mind-reader on me, and ever since then we feel that we have to be more careful."—Washington Star.

TALES OF THE DAY.

The Strawberry Barometer.

"Don't you think," his wife queried, "that it is almost time for you to put on a straw hat?"
"I'm not worrying myself about the calendar any more," he replied, shortly. "I've tried it till I'm afraid of being made ridiculous in my own eyes."
"I didn't know you had thought about a straw hat before."
"Yes; I had thought about it. I started to get one twice, and just as I got half way to the store the weather changed. Now I have a plan by which I can't be misled any more. I don't have to look at the weather reports, and the barometer can wear itself out registering changes in the atmospheric presence, for all I care."
"Is it an invention?" his wife inquired in wondering admiration.
"No; it isn't. It's a matter of keeping my eyes open and watching the meanness of the man that keeps the restaurant where I take my lunch. A week or so ago he put two strawberries in a piece of shortcake. Now he puts in three. Then'll come four, and, as soon as it gets up to five, I'll know the season is far enough advanced for me to put on a straw hat and not before that."—Detroit Free Press.

SLOW ABOUT MOVING.

The Pale Woman Explains Her Husband's Conduct.

They had been talking about houses, when the pale woman declared that she lived in the meanest house in town and owned by the stingiest man. Then she narrated some of her grievances.

"We have lived there four years," she said, "and not a dollar has been spent for repairs. Before we moved in the owner promised to paper two of the rooms where the paper had come off because of a bursted water pipe, but he has not done that. There is not a window lock in the house that is in order, the plumbing is so bad that the children are sick half the time, and the people next door are a bad lot. A patrol wagon has been there several times."

"Why don't you move?" came in a chorus.

"We are going to," said the pale woman. "We made up our minds to that the second month we were there."

"And you have remained there four years?" queried one of her listeners. "Well, you are an angel of patience."

"No, we're not," was the reply. "We have intended to move all of the time."

"Then why don't you move and be done with it?"

"Well, you see," here the pale woman hesitated, "my husband, he—he is an old chess player."—New York World.

SEPARATION.

Once, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea;
When, in the twilight, eyes looked true and tender—
"Tell me," you said, "how great your love for me."
Darker and darker grew the sea before us;
Turning, I saw a shadow at your side;
Mist filled the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us;
As those who speak in dreams my lips replied—
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, love, if needs must be."

Words, thoughtless words; but breathing doubt forbidden;
Fears, foolish fears! that love must lull to rest—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
Veiled in those words you deemed an idle jest;
Now, love, with paths divided, hands asunder,
Now we have learnt the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in the words I spoke, and knew not why—
"Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea;
But I—I love you well enough to leave you, love, if needs must be."
—Hugh Conway.

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