

THE DAILY HERALD

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It's a Democratic legislature. Hats off! Platt is the genuine Greater New York. Han Weyler sunk into innocuous desuetude?

President Nelsoner. Speaker Perkins. They sound all right.

So fine is the weather that one is tempted to ask: Is this winter?

Again it is announced that Victoria may abdicate. Wales is willing.

In politics pie and pish are given side by side on the same counter.

Senator Call's Cuban speeches are regular tableaux vivants of Spanish atrocities.

The coffee and sugar war goes merrily on. Stir them up, gentlemen; stir them up.

If congressmen were as wise as trained nurses look, how wise congress would be.

The Texas has been ordered to Galveston, probably to find its final resting place there.

Bob Fitzsimmons' flat bothers him a good deal. Corbett's fist will bother him a great deal more.

Senator Wolcott has reached England. The important question now is, is international bimetalism in sight?

"Will congress aid the plunderers?" asks the San Francisco Examiner. What a question! What a question!

It is estimated that the pyrotechnics at the inaugural celebration will cost \$2,500. Is it to be a little show for a cent?

It is time that Major McKinley was getting that cabinet finished. The people are as anxious to see a new cabinet as a new house.

Debs is going to lecture. Thank heaven that this is still a land of liberty and that no one is compelled to go and hear him!

W. D. Bynum never got that Oklahoma judgeship. And then to think that Bill did so much! And all in the hope of securing the place.

The solicitude of some politicians for the public welfare is much of the same order as Widow Wadman's solicitude for Uncle Toby's wound.

Judge Lawrence says: "Don't give up the tariff on wool," thinking it is the same as the cry of that other Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."

The Washington Post favors sparing matches even though an occasional death does result from them. The Post is no "slouch" of a fighter itself.

John P. Irish is in Chicago offering resolutions to a conference of goldbug Democrats. There are last year's resolutions warmed over for New Year's adoption.

Beerbohm Tree says that Hamlet was not mad. He may not have been mad, but the behavior of his mother and uncle must have been irritating in the extreme.

In Washington, D. C., they don't allow the newboys to cry their papers on Sunday. Is Washington too good or too bad that the crying of papers on Sunday is prohibited?

It took seven truant officers and six policemen, a grand total of 13, to arrest 14 school boys in Brooklyn the other day. The boys had played "hooky" on purpose to go to the theater.

In the January Forum ex-Governor Alonzo B. Cornell makes a plea for business tranquility. How can there be business tranquility when the land is filled with the reverberations of bursting banks?

The Kansas City Star says that too much salt cannot be taken with the news from Cuba and the stories about McKinley's cabinet. If there is too much of either in the mixture, throw away the news and the stories.

An American woman living in Paris has been made a countess by the pope. When Banker Benedict steps up that new government of his he will find an American aristocracy already created and ready and willing to aid him in carrying on his government.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The legislature meets this morning. It is Utah's second state legislature; it is Utah's first Democratic state legislature.

The record of the first Republican legislature was such that the people refused to return that party to power, and entrusted the management of the state's affairs, so far as the legislature and county offices are concerned, to the Democratic party.

The remarkable reversal of political opinion in the state within a year shows how necessary it is that the legislature keep in touch with the people, never forgetting that they are their servants and not their masters.

Not many laws are needed. The work of the code commission will have to be passed upon, and adopted or rejected; no doubt it will be adopted, but it should be very thoroughly scrutinized to see that it is all that it should be before being adopted.

Pass as few laws as possible; there is more danger of enacting too many than too few laws. Let appropriations of public moneys be only such as are necessary; and always upon an economical basis.

Grant no public moneys to any private enterprise under any pretext whatever. Make taxes as light as possible, for the burdens of the people are already heavy.

Let the session be as short as possible, consistent with the well doing of necessary work. Play for no politics, but let the record of the legislature speak for the party.

The approval of the governor for the enactment of any legislation is not necessary with the overwhelming Democratic majority. The approval of the people is necessary for all legislation.

The interests of the people of the state are the true interests of the Democratic party. Let the Democratic legislature bear in mind always that the record it makes will be the test of fitness of the Democratic party to control and administer the affairs of the state of Utah.

A RADICAL REFORMER. Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York is a radical reformer. She says that every one of the present generation must have his funeral and a new generation be educated upon different lines before we can expect any sort of desirable reform.

When all this work had been done, some of the present generation would insist on living even longer than a government pensioner. A happy thought suggests itself. As Mrs. Lowell's scheme is very much after the order of Utopia, why not do as the Utopians did and kill off all those who are useless, as the present generation is, according to Mrs. Lowell?

Even after this there would be difficulties. The generation to come would be the inheritors of the ideas and traditions of the generations that are gone, and the seeds of evil would still be in them. Then, again, if all the present generation were dead, taking the present generation as meaning all living beings in this country, there could be no generation to follow.

Mrs. Lowell says that "a nation which for three generations has accumulated in a system of dishonest appointments to public office, in dishonest work of public officers, in dishonest removals from public office, could not remain honest in other relations. The poison has worked into the very life of our people. We are a dishonest nation. We do not do honest work anywhere."

Mrs. Lowell takes herself altogether too seriously; she identifies herself altogether too closely with the nation.

WOMEN AND CITY GOVERNMENT.

The Chatterer in the Boston Herald says: "What a blessing it would be to society at large if some of its idle butterflyers who coquet infant lions and exploit young art and flutter from celebrity to celebrity in search of everlasting excitement should make it a fruitful field before them, now this poor old town is in a transition state, and some of that energy going to waste over nonentities might be exerted to in-spirit the community with a finer sense of improvement. Instead of letting things slide, and leaving the newer and greater Boston to chance, why not take a hand in the management of superficial affairs that so affect the appearance and the civic happiness of a city. When one constantly hears important citizens repining at their discomforts and bewailing the selfishness that is rendering their native place less and less attractive, the question arises, Whose fault is it? Public opinion has moved, it speaks when the mischief is done, the mistake has been made. Then, too, personal interests are in the balance. Between the lack of native taste and the speculator there is not much room for work, but the hope of Boston's future as a center of wealth and all that wealth creates lies in what women are doing for it. Until our women take an interest in carrying out the laws and ordinances, in encouraging the finer tastes, and making

it impossible for the bad to be mistaken for the good, it is feared matters will remain as they are. Indifference blocks the way at present. But let the care of the streets get into the clutches of a fad, and much will be forgiven."

All very true, and excellently said. The women of Boston no doubt have a fruitful field before them, but to ask them into it as laborers without any voice in what shall be done, except to perform the tasks assigned them, is not very encouraging to them. It is all very well to ask why the women of Boston do not take a hand in the management of affairs that so affect the appearance and civic happiness of a city. They do not simply because they are asked to take a hand in the superficial management of matters and nothing more. Why not give them a voice at the polls? Then they would take an interest.

If things are to remain as they are in Boston and the day of finer taste is not to be ushered until the women of Boston take an interest in carrying out the laws and ordinances, would it not be the part of wisdom to give them a voice in making the laws and ordinances? If needed reforms are not to come until they do take an interest, why not create an interest in them forthwith by granting them the suffrage? Give them the elective franchise and the interest will soon follow.

UNITED STATES NOTES. The withdrawal of the United States notes is still a live question, and will continue to be one for some time. They are but a phase of the general financial question, which will continue to come up at intervals until it is finally settled.

Senator Sherman, who is regarded as the greatest authority among public men on the subject of finance, has written to Senator Walker of Connecticut giving his views upon the retirement of the United States notes. He says: "United States Senate Chamber, Washington. 'Albert H. Walker: My Dear Sir—Your kind note is received. I do not sympathize with the movement proposed to retire United States notes from circulation. I believe it is easy to maintain a limited amount of these in circulation, without danger or difficulty. The maintenance in circulation of \$346,000,000 United States notes, supported by a reserve of \$100,000,000 gold, not only saves the interest on \$346,000,000 of debt, but is a vast convenience to the people at large."

"The best form of paper money is that which is backed by the government, and maintained at the specie standard. The absolute security of these notes was never called in question, after the resumption of specie payments in 1873, until the reserve was being trampled upon, to meet deficiencies in current revenue, brought about by what is known as the Wilson tariff law, of 1894. Very truly yours, 'JOHN SHERMAN.'"

There is no use in keeping the reserve and the notes, too. If the notes are to be kept in circulation of course there must be a reserve. If the notes were retired, no matter how, there would be no necessity for maintaining a gold reserve. The notes are always a menace to the reserve. They are little if any better than the notes issued by the national banks so long as the notes of the latter are secured by government bonds. So long as government notes circulate it is always in the power of any money syndicate to institute a run upon the gold reserve, and nothing could prevent it. Free exchange of silver is the cure for these evils.

The Wilson-Gorman bill has not been successful as a revenue producer, but this is very largely owing to the fact that times have been very hard indeed for some years past. The last year that the McKinley law was in force it produced a deficit that still holds the record for any one year.

A MISGUIDED JUDGE. A rather remarkable case occurred in Kansas City one day last week. It was that of a boy, not yet 12 years of age, who was prosecuted by his father for theft. When he came into court he was handcuffed to a highwayman. The Star relates the case as follows: "Who complains against the boy?" asked Justice Krueger. "I do," answered a grizzly-faced man. "Do you know him?" "Well, I ought to; I'm his father," and the grizzly-faced man smiled a sickly smile.

"Has he ever done wrong before?" asked the Justice. "No." "And you are going to send the little fellow to jail for his first offense? Don't you know that the association with such men as that highwayman will make a criminal out of him?" "I suppose so. I want to prosecute him just the same. He took \$25 out of my cash drawer. I got it most all back though," and the father leered triumphantly at the son, who was sobbing gently and trying to wipe the tears away with the back of his free hand.

"Come here, Theodore," said the Justice. The handcuffs were removed. "What made you steal the money?" "I was hungry, sir." "Don't you get enough to eat at home?" "I suppose so, but she beats me." "Who?" "My second stepmother." "Where do you live?" "Twenty-two hundred and ten McGee street."

"Well, Theodore, I don't believe you are really guilty of any crime, but I have to send you to jail for five days because your father insists. When you get out go away from home. Almost anywhere, I imagine, would be an improvement on your present home."

The Justice was almost moved to tears as the boy of the courtroom, again handcuffed to the highwayman. The following morning the judge went to the county jail and related the case of the boy to the prosecuting attorney and requested his release, which was readily granted.

In sending that boy, who seems to have been ill-treated by a brute of a father, to jail for a single minute, the judge made a great mistake, but his talking to the boy and his whole conduct shows that it was of the head and not of the heart. He should have refused to sentence the boy, for it was evident that the father's complaint was made through vindictiveness. The judge tempered justice with mercy,

but mercy pure and simple would have been justice.

"Dr. Parkhurst may be a trifle too promiscuous in his attacks upon leading men in New York's public service," says the Boston Journal, "but he is not afraid to say what he knows about Tom Platt, and that is to his credit. Whose credit? Platt's or Parkhurst's?"

Philadelphia Record: Nothing daunts the pictorial daily press in New York. There was a fog too thick to cut in New York for the Monday morning morning papers illustrated it with cuts showing how the fog-bound steamers on the sound disembarked their passengers. Wonderful are the resources of pictorial art!

St. Louis Republican: A New York newspaper, after careful investigation, fixes upon \$30,000 a year as the amount absolutely necessary to dress a fashionable woman in a satisfactory manner and make her happy. The list of total cost runs not so long, but the information is valuable. It contains the secret of so much marital woe in this land which the courts are so often called on to settle.

Kansas City Star: Pittsburg can point to the suicide of a banker who was not short in his accounts. This is almost as an occurrence as the payment in full of depositors by a defunct bank.

Detroit Tribune: Only those whom the gods love die young. The young live to a ripe old age and hold all the offices.

Boston Herald: The lower court has imposed a \$5 fine on the man who used profane language in the streets of Boston, but it is important to note that he has appealed the case to a higher court. Meanwhile, swear not at all, pending the final decision.

There will be a renewal today at Washington of the 80-years-old wrangle between the wool growers and the wool manufacturers over the tariff, but we question whether the public will look on with more than a languid interest. The people are weary of the whole plaguey business, and in this weariness lies the tariff-maker's opportunity.

WILLIE WALLIE ASTOR. Willie Wallie Astor slipped and sprained his pride; that absolutely nothing will cure him. For a porous plaster. "England is far vaster!" "I'm sorry to hear that." "Over the ocean wide, I will be a master; I'll be an ambassador and a postmaster. If I don't, I'll eat my hat!" Said Willie Wallie Astor.

Willie Wallie Astor said to the sea: "This is slow," said he. "Let us travel faster!" Willie Wallie Astor said to the sea: "Very swellish be; I'll be a paper press; I'll be a millionaire and a diplomat. Swelling like a Shasta; I'll be a millionaire and a diplomat. Said Willie Wallie Astor. —New York Press.

WIT AND HUMOR. New York Press: Mrs. Uppenyte—Willie, what do you mean by letting that child eat those dried apples? Don't you know they'll hurt him? Mrs. Uppenyte—Always said you wanted him to have some social pretensions.

Mrs. Uppenyte—Well, what on earth has that got to do with it? Mr. Uppenyte—Just wait a little while and he'll be a regular howling swell!

New York Journal: Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Sure, Mrs. Flaherty, that coat of your do is so on that wicked like. O'm dear! to venture near your face. Mrs. Flaherty—Achone, Mrs. O'Hoolihan, sure that coat is the divinest I ever saw! Little Mickey give him a newspaper for breakfast, containin' a lot of 'em. Little Mickey give him a newspaper for breakfast, containin' a lot of 'em. The bastards had been fightin' mad ever since, had cess to it!

Boston Transcript: Paterfamilias walking the floor with son and heir—Babies, they say, are such helpless things! What do you think of me? Talk about helplessness!

Brooklyn Life: After the Amateur Performance—She—Wasn't she natural in the scene? Her husband—Very. She couldn't have been more natural unless she snored.

Puck: Better Out of It—First Pig—And they cut us up for pork and use our skins to make footballs. Second Pig—Well, if they ever make a football out of my skin, I'll be glad I'm not in it.

Life: Briggs—Simmons, the inventor, says his wife doesn't even know what business he is in. Griggs—Why has he concealed it from her? "He is afraid she might get the impression that he could do odd jobs around the house."

Detroit Journal: They threw the broad mantle of charity over her. "This is too much," she uttered. There had been great changes in the modes since the mantle of charity was made, and there was, indeed, more of it than was absolutely necessary.

preached to us at home and at church. To be sure, our sins bring us a good deal of punishment here on earth, but if we all our forefathers have been wrong about hell I don't just see how we can be sure about heaven. Lookin' at it that way knock the bottom out of everything. It don't leave nothin' to cling to. Don't you see it don't, Marthy?"

"Not quite. That would be surrenderin' our faith. I'm not smart enough to make out all Pitta says or to answer when I don't just agree with her. If I don't mistake, the whole thing means that they are givin' the Lord credit for a little more money than we used to do. They don't think they'll stir up his wrath by gettin' closer to him and bein' more like children. But which, no matter what way you look at it there is solid ground for us to stand on. We will keep right on to live by the golden rule and the commandments. If we do that we are safe, no matter what the old teachers or the new may think out there. There is nothin' that calls on us to change our course."

"You always could see things clear, Marthy. There's nothin' for me to trouble about."

Never let a cough run on from day to day. It indicates either inflammation or irritation, which, if allowed to continue, may result in serious injury to the lungs. A few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures any pulmonary complaint not entirely beyond the reach of medicine.

HORSES' HAIRS TELL THE AGE. New Way of Accurately Determining the Animal's Years on Earth. New York Times: If perchance at any time you see a man stealthily pull a hair from a horse's tail by the curbing you may know that he has the experimental stage of the horsehair fad.

The idea is this: Suspend a gold ring from a piece of hair over half a glass of cold water and the ring will begin to swing two and two until it hits the side of the glass. Furthermore, it will strike the exact age of the horse, or if it be a person's hair, of the person upon whose head it grew.

Recently a horse stood by the door of a shop on a side street. A hair from his tail tied to the gold ring and duly suspended swung twice only, the ring striking out the two clicks audibly against the side of the glass. "Ho, ho!" quoth the skeptic, "that horse is 11 years old." "Not so," said the owner of the horse, who was hunted up. "That's a 2-year-old colt." A hair from the head of a very interested young lady was abstracted by her from among its companions. The same experiment was made, and the ring struck 20—well, no matter just how many—but she said "Well, that's my very age." Another lady was agreeable, and this time the ring clattered until it struck 31. It was her age.

A horse on a hack was unaware of the exact moment when a hair was pulled or of the experiment that rung out 17 times on the glass of time. "That said wrong," said a man present at the experiment. "That horse is only 7 years old." Going home to dinner one of the gentlemen overtook the driver of this horse and asked him the age of the horse. The driver laughed and said "He's most old enough to vote." "I heard that he was only 7." "Well, he's twice seven and three more."

They are all converts to this wonderful series of coincidences. One thing is absolutely certain. The ring will swing with strange vigor, and there is fun in the revival of the old-time mystery.

Why not profit by the experience of others who have found a permanent cure for catarrh in Hood's Sarsaparilla? \$140 Alaska Sealisk Cape for \$80. At F. AUERBACH & BRO. WITH AFTERNOON TEA. Hot Trifles to Serve at Five O'Clock in the Drawing Room.

At this time of year hot cakes of all sorts are very popular for the modest afternoon tea, as well as toast spread with a choicely paste. It is well where one expects a goodly number to honor the "Day at Home" to have two relaps of hot cakes during the tea hour; for then the late comers have also the advantage of everything at its best.

The following cakes are among the most popular of those used at similar functions in London: Simple Muffins—First blend one ounce of yeast with a teaspoonful of brown sugar and one quart of milk. Set three pounds of flour in a basin, mix in it a teaspoonful of salt, and make a hole in the center of the flour. Pour in the yeast, work all into a soft dough, and set to rise, covered with a cloth, for three hours. Then mould the muffins into shape and put on a floured baking tin and set to rise for an hour. Bake 1-2 before baking.

London Tea Cakes—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, add a pinch of salt and six ounces of sugar, when all is mixed thoroughly make a hole in the middle for the yeast. Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of yeast in a quarter of a pint of warm milk, then pour it into the flour, etc., and make up into a light dough, adding more milk if necessary. Stand this dough in a warm place for an hour, scatter picked suet over it and divide into small portions of equal size. Mould the buns round, flatten the tops, set on greased sheets, and again let them rise for half an hour. Bake in a warm oven, and set on a saucer. Serve with warm butter, and buttered. If spice is liked add enough cinnamon to flavor.

Berkeley Trifles—Whisk three or four eggs with five ounces of sugar to a stiff batter and flavor with a few drops of vanilla essence, then sift in five ounces of sifted flour. With this batter half fill some fancy-shaped bun tins which are thoroughly greased with butter, and bake in sharp oven from ten to 20 minutes. Meanwhile prepare the icing as follows: Dissolve one ounce of butter in a double boiler and add to it a beaten egg. Mix in a basin six ounces of powdered sweet almonds, a dessert spoonful of powdered sugar, and four ounces of grated chocolate and four ounces of the icing sugar. The dissolved butter and eggs should be gradually added to the dry ingredients till the icing is of the right consistency, spread this all over the top and sides of the little cakes, smooth with a knife dipped into boiling water and set in a cool oven to harden a little. Afterward set each cake in a fancy paper.

Almond Cake—Pour in a mortar half a pound of ground sweet almonds, and add a pound of sifted sugar, and a little rose water. But the batter on to rice paper spread on baking tins in cakes two inches across. Grate a little cake with strips of citron, dust powdered sugar over and bake in a steady oven till firm. Rice Trifles—Mix together a teaspoonful of ground rice, one pound of flour, four ounces of grated chocolate and four ounces of powdered sugar. Into these ingredients rub four ounces of butter, and mix all into dough with one egg. Flavor with lemon.

To the Young Face Pozoson's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

STRONG AGAIN. New Life. New Strength. New Vigor. THE ANAPHRODISIC! From PROF. DR. RICORDI of Paris is the best remedy for restoring strength under guarantee, and will bring back your lost powers and stop forever the dangerous trains on your brain. They set quickly, create a healthy digestion, pure, rich blood, firm muscles, rugged strength, steady nerves and clear brain. Imported direct from Paris. Price per box, directions enclosed, \$2.50. For sale by all respectable druggists and chemists. Send for any person shall receive prompt attention. Dr. W. Conroy, Agent, 121 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Distributors: J. D. DRUG CO., Sole Distributors for Utah.

Good Old Rule. Good Farmer Tomsey pulled his chair closer to that of his wife after the rest of the household had retired and addressed her in a serious tone, says the Detroit Free Press. "Marthy, I've been a good deal troubled since I can't get no sleep, I'm gettin' her schoolin'. There's no denyin' she's smart and can talk faster'n you and me put to gether. I don't want to say whether her ideas are true. I never had much of an education, but I've done a power of readin' and I don't quite understand, 'Lijah.' "It's about her views on religion. She's read a lot of books, and she says that they ain't no such hell as was always

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