THE DAILY HERALD

Published Every Day by

THE HERALD COMPANY.

OFFICE, THE HERALD block, corner West Temple and First South streets, Salt Lake City.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY, PER MONTH	65 CENTS
Daily, six months	$3 00
Daily, per year	10 00
Semi-Weekly, per year	1 50
Sunday, per year	2 00

COMPLAINTS.—Subscribers who fail to receive a single copy of THE HERALD should immediately notify the publishers. Readers who are unable to purchase THE HERALD at any news stand or on any railroad train in Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming or Colorado, will oblige us by reporting that fact.

NEW YORK OFFICE.—E. Katz, 230 to 234 Temple Court Building.

WASHINGTON BUREAU.—West End National Bank building, 1115 G street, N. W.

OGDEN BUREAU.—Utah Loan & Trust company building.

Address all remittances to HERALD COMPANY.

Subscribers removing from one place to another, and desiring papers changed, should always give former as well as present address.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.

Yesterday's Record at the Local Office of the Weather Bureau.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 18, 1899.

Maximum temperature, 49 degrees; minimum temperature, 26 degrees; mean temperature, 35 degrees, which is 2 degrees above the normal; accumulated deficiency of temperature since first of the month, 98 degrees; accumulated excess of temperature since Jan. 1, 55 degrees; total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., .06 inch; accumulated excess of precipitation since first of the month, 1.34 inches; accumulated excess of precipitation since Jan. 1, .74 inch.

The following is the local forecast of the weather for today: Fair stationary temperature.

L. H. MCADOO,
Section Director, Weather Bureau.

GET ALL THE FACTS.

Ever since P. H. Lannan, through his personal organ, the Salt Lake Tribune, proclaimed the existence of a "corruption fund" in the pending senatorial contest, ever since his first charge of bribery, several weeks ago, The Herald has been asking for a rigid, complete and speedy investigation of the matter.

Representative Law forced the issue yesterday when he made, in the joint session, a charge similar to that which has been put forth by the Tribune for more than a month.

Now let the investigation begin at once. Let it be searching and thorough.

The honor of the state demands it.

The reputation of the legislature makes it imperative.

The good name of one of the most prominent Democrats and citizens of the state requires immediate action on these serious charges.

Since P. H. Lannan has been circulating similar stories for several weeks he should be summoned by the committee and asked to unbosom himself on the subject of bribe-giving and taking.

Representative Law is a confessed bribe-taker. If Mr. Lannan knows of any others, or if he believes, as the Tribune stated yesterday morning, that Republican members have been bribed to remain away from the joint assembly, he should be compelled to name or to state his reasons for libeling them by innuendo.

Chief Pratt, who is generally understood to be nothing if not the pliant tool and faithful serf of P. H. Lannan, should also be asked to explain his connection with this affair from beginning to end.

The purpose of the deadlock was never more apparent than it is now.

But the danger of no election at all should not stand in the way of a severe investigation.

If the Tribune and Mr. Law have told the truth Mr. McCune should be sent to prison for bribery.

If the charges made by Mr. Law and Mr. Lannan are false, they should be dealt with as criminal libelers and conspirators, working with Chief Pratt and Detective Sheets.

Neither bribery nor blackmail can flourish here. No campaign can be successfully run on bribery in Utah, nor can any police department be conducted for purposes of blackmail in Salt Lake City.

MR. LAW'S SENSATION.

Representative Law made such a sensational speech on the floor of the joint assembly yesterday that a brief review of it may not be out of place.

"May God forgive me for telling the lie," said Mr. Law, with dramatic emphasis. "I think the circumstances justified it; I did it for the honor of Utah." And he proceeded to narrate the circumstances of an alleged meeting between himself and one of the senatorial candidates.

Now, this young man who lies for the honor of Utah, according to his own confession, related a most remarkable story. Comment on the facts involved in the case would be obviously improper until the investigating committee makes its report. This review is confined to the speech itself.

In the first place, Law says he was told to "name his own price and terms." Further along he expresses a sort of wounded indignation at the figure he claims was agreed upon.

Asked to name the amount, he says: "Fifteen hundred dollars! my fellow legislators, for a man to sacrifice his American citizenship, my honor, our state, our republic. That was the price agreed upon."

Come to think of it, that is a small amount for Mr. Law to agree to sell all those things for. Particularly since he discounted it $9,420 for cash in hand.

After asking God to forgive him for telling a lie, Mr. Law proceeds: "I did not take advantage of the gentleman's offer because I am not built that way. I claim to be an honest man, and cannot be swerved by money from truth and the line of duty."

We submit, if Mr. Law is really that sort of a man, the price was entirely too low.

"But, having listened to a speech made by Representative O'Neil yesterday, I considered my duty to disclose what was offered to me."

So, besides being built on particular plans and specifications, Mr. Law has the gift of second sight, it seems. He concluded, while listening to O'Neil's speech on Friday, that he, Law, would receive four twenty-dollar bills next day, which fact he would disclose to O'Neil.

Mr. Law says that he left McCune's headquarters Friday afternoon to fill an appointment which detained him two and one-half hours, during which time he visited the chief of police. Evidently this appointment with the chief was arranged before he went out soliciting buyers for his vote and manhood, etc. The plot thickens.

Mr. Law relates how he and Chief Pratt and Detective Sheets engaged rooms in the Jennings block, meaning the Jenkins block of variegated reputation. The very fact that he is on such intimate terms with Mr. Lannan's secret service bureau shows that $80 was an outrageously low price.

Then this young lawmaker, who says he lies for the honor of the state, and "claims to be an honest man" who "cannot be swerved from truth and the line of duty," says that he slept in the Jenkins block room the night before, "to avoid suspicion."

Now listen to the scheme agreed upon by this lawmaker and these guardians of the peace: "It was our plan to meet him (the intended victim) in these rooms, and the deal should be made by us while the officers could hear what should be said by us from an adjoining room."

What a cunning plot! Mr. Law was there. Chief Pratt was there. Sleuth Sheets was there. All were present but A. W. McCune. He refused to attend Mr. Law's auction of his vote. So the lawmaker sallied forth in search of him. He found him and told him of the room where Chief Pratt's eye was glued to a keyhole and Sheets was peeping over the transom.

"I sleep in a room," said Mr. Law; a piece of information that doubtless surprised his auditor. "I have just left it a few moments ago, and probably it has not been disturbed." Then he went out, but realized that Mr. McCune would not follow him. There was no way to use the brave police in their peephole room. But he saw an old crony, whom he likewise took into his confidence. It wasn't Pratt and Sheets, but it was the best he could do. So he says that McCune handed him the price of his young manhood on the street, which price he turned over at once to Chief Pratt, who doubtless counted it over carefully to see if Mr. Law had retained any of it.

Mr. Law says this performance was witnessed by the chief, who was evidently determined to be a witness, whether the alleged sale took place in that adjoining room or in any other part of the city. Yet, when Mr. Law went immediately to the room, he found Chief Pratt.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CRIME OF THE FILIPINOS.

Pacification should be the only policy in the Philippines at present. But the only way to restore peace to an unsophisticated people led by unscrupulous and treacherous leaders, is to subjugate their armies and punish the chief rebels as they deserve.

The crime of the Filipinos is too dastardly to pass over lightly. It was not only a mutinous revolt against the forces they had voluntarily joined in our war with Spain, but from their own statement of the case, it was a cowardly attack upon those whom they called their allies. Yet more than all it was a crime, not more of blood than of ingratitude.

True, the president was a long time in deciding upon a policy. He has to make a tour of the country first, speaking on both sides of a question, weighing the applause, to see which side he prefers.

It takes many months and many miles of travel for Mr. McKinley to make up his mind on public questions, no matter how momentous or urgent they may be.

While we are convinced that the commercial advantages to be derived from Philippine annexation, not so much from the trade and resources of the islands, as from the prestige it would give us in the Orient, and the practical mastery of the Pacific it would insure to the United States, still, as The Herald has before remarked, no one cares to annex a revolution or even be responsible for the conduct of a race which may have to be exterminated in the effort to make it behave.

It is of no use to talk about annexing the Philippines against their will. It would be folly to hold them even as colonial dependencies, so long as martial rule under Alger or carpet-bag rule under Hanna are the alternatives presented by this administration. But the United States government is under obligations to itself, to foreign powers and to the natives themselves to restore order in the Philippines; and it is necessary to suppress the present uprising in order to discuss, with any sort of satisfaction, the future of the islands.

ROOM AT HOME TO GROW.

While the annexation of the Philippines under other conditions and with the peaceful consent of the Filipinos would, no doubt, prove mutually beneficial to the islands and this country, the United States can do without the Philippines better than the Philippines can get along without the United States.

The main reason urged for their retention is one of obligation and "moral responsibility." The chief objections are based upon legal and moral grounds. But one of the most potent arguments against annexation is founded on financial consideration, which, however, overlooks the compensating returns in commercial opportunities and the latent resources of the archipelago.

But there is absolutely nothing in the contention that we need the islands for our surplus population, as the following table of comparisons clearly shows:

	Area in sq. mi.	Population.	Pop. per sq. mi.
Philippines	120,000	10,000,000	83.33
United States	2,602,990	70,000,000	21.09
New Mexico	122,580	262,000	2.39
Nevada	110,700	50,000	.45

Already the Philippines have a population of 83.33 to the square miles, while the whole United States has but 21.09, and Nevada not quite a half a man to the square mile.

So far as growth is concerned, there is plenty of room at home—in Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho. At the ratio of 83.33 per square mile—the Philippine ratio—the United States could accommodate over 300,000,000.

Daniel Webster said (Jan. 19, 1824): "No nation ever had less to expect from forcible aggrandizement. The mighty agents which are working out our greatness are time, industry and the arts. Our augmentation is by growth, not by acquisition; by internal development, not by external accession."

If we can't get the Philippines in peace, let us quietly withdraw after peace has been restored and a stable government established.

LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE CASE.

In response to the request of an Ogden correspondent for the legal aspect of the Roberts case the opinion recently published by the Edward Thompson Law-book company in their "Law Notes" is given. It is a clear and common sense article and certainly an able presentation of the law bearing on this case.

It reads as follows:

Concerning the qualifications of Mr. Brigham H. Roberts as a member of the house of representatives, it seems to us that a great deal is being said and written which is wholly irrelevant and wide of the mark. Whether or not polygamy is immoral, and whether or not it is prohibited by the Bible, we will leave for others to discuss; as we will also the question whether polygamy is, in itself, pernicious. And we will not attempt to say that congress cannot, upon admitting a territory into the Union, require that it shall adopt into its constitution restrictions upon its sovereignty not contained in the constitution of the United States, which restrictions shall be irrevocable, though we have grave doubts as to the binding effect of such limitations. Mr. Roberts is a polygamist, and is now living with several wives as their husband. Some years ago in Utah territory, when and where it was not unlawful for him to do so, he married several women, and he is still continuing the relationship to them which he then entered into. The only statute in Utah against polygamy provides simply that "every person who has a husband or wife living, who hereafter marries another," is guilty of polygamy; and the constitution of that state provides no more than that "polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited." Mr. Roberts is violating no statute of the United States, because the Edmunds act applies only to "a territory or other place over which the United States has exclusive jurisdiction," and congress has no power of which we have ever heard to prohibit polygamy in a state. The enabling act of Utah, if binding in this particular upon the state of Utah, provides simply that a constitutional provision shall be adopted by which "polygamous or plural marriages" are forever prohibited.

* * *

Each house, the constitution of the United States provides, shall be the judge of the qualifications of its own members. But the constitution provides also what shall be the qualifications of a member of the house of representatives, and what shall disqualify a person from being a member. We suppose, and we dare say that all writers upon the constitution agree that the power of the house of representatives to judge of the qualifications of its members is more than the power to decide whether or not one elected as a member has the qualifications required by the constitution. No one would pretend, to take an extreme case, that it would be unconstitutional for the house to refuse a seat to a man who is discovered to be a leper, for its own self-preservation would require his exclusion, although the constitution does not say that no one shall be a representative who has the leprosy. But all will doubtless agree that the house should be chary in declaring a man disqualified for reasons not found in the constitution. To authorize the house in refusing a seat to a man upon grounds not within the terms of the constitution, an extraordinary exigency should exist, and the house should be acting only for its own protection, and for the purpose of enabling it to perform its high powers. The house should not inquire into the morals of any one of its members, because by doing so it would be, in a measure, adopting for the state which he represents, and enforcing, a code of morals for the state—thereby unwarrantably interfering with its sovereignty. When John Randolph was elected to congress he was not 21 years old, and when the house inquired his age he told its members to ask the people of Virginia. With much more reason might Mr. Roberts, when he is questioned as to whether he is a polygamist, say: "Ask the people of Utah." We are aware that the house has the power to refuse a seat to a man because his hair is red, or because he does not wear patent leather shoes, and that he would be without redress were it to do so, but we deny that it has the constitutional right to so act, or that any member could vote for his exclusion on such grounds without violating his oath of office. As well might a member from Maine, in which state the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by the constitution, and is supposed to be immoral, vote against seating a man because he is a liquor dealer, as vote against seating Mr. Roberts.

* * *

Mr. Roberts is not violating the constitution of either the United States or Utah, nor is he violating any statute of Utah. The enabling act of Utah may be binding in morals and good conscience upon the people of Utah, and it may not be, and probably is not, constitutional in so far as it forbids their revoking, without the consent of the United States, the ordinance in their constitution forever prohibiting polygamous or plural marriages; but, waiving these questions, it does not, in our opinion, fit the case of Mr. Roberts, for we do not believe that he has violated, or is violating, either its terms or its spirit by continuing to maintain the relation of husband to the wives whom he took when it was lawful for him to do so. It is true that "polygamy" means the having a plurality of wives or husbands at the same time, but it is not polygamy that is prohibited, but "polygamous or plural marriages," evidently meaning the act of marrying when already married to another.

* * *

This law journal also points out that the house has no right to resolve itself into a court for the trial of criminal cases. It cites the fact that an indictment is pending in Pennsylvania against Senator Quay, charging him with embezzlement, and similar indictment lies against Senator Kenney of Delaware. But these men, until convicted, are not disqualified to hold their seats in congress; nor will the senate undertake to pronounce them guilty without a trial or undertake to try a man for an alleged offense committed in Pennsylvania or Delaware.

These are only the legal aspects of the case, and have nothing to do with the moral sentiments or political opposition at work in the matter.

Bishop Santander of Havana can see no difference between the functions of the church and state. The former he regards as a religious institution whose province is to direct the state; the latter he looks upon as a political institution maintained to further the interests of the church. Furthermore, the Reverend Santander thinks he's it.

New York papers are calling for a press club composed of members of the press. How absurd!

AMUSEMENTS.

The members of Martell's "South Before the War" company will give a grand sacred concert at the Grand tonight. There will be about fourteen selections, aside from the "Passion Play," which will be given in full. The latter is decidedly a novelty, illustrating the life of Christ from birth to resurrection, every scene having been faithfully enacted by Austrian peasants when the pictures were taken.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES

The Lady or the Conductor.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

The conductor on a Madison street cable had taken up the fares and was posing on his end of the car when a man approached him, and pointing to a woman in one of the front seats, asked:

"See that woman?"

"Yess," answered the official in the customary surly tone, "What of her?"

"I bet you a dollar that if you ask her for her fare again she'll pay it."

"Not much! It's hard work to get one fare out of women passengers, let alone two."

"Bet you a dollar."

The conductor looked uneasy. "I'd get fired," he said, "and lose my job. The woman would report me."

"No, she wouldn't. That woman is my wife and I want to get off a joke on her, she's so absent-minded. Go ahead and win the bet."

"All right," said the conductor, and as he passed through the car he stopped in front of the passenger and held out his hand.

"Fare, please."

He had an apology on the tip of his tongue, but after one glance at him the woman said, "Oh," and opened her pocketbook, produced a nickel, which she laid in his hand. He went back to the man who had prompted him and said: "There! I've won the bet."

"I'll bet you another dollar that you can collect fare a third time," said the man.

The blood of the conductor was up. "I never take a dare," he said, "but if you weren't her husband I'd see you further before I'd risk her catching me at it."

He waited until the cars had gone on six blocks further and some new passengers boarded them, when he collected their fare and held out his hand to the absend-minded woman.

"Fare, please."

She looked at him in a dazed way. "Haven't I paid my fare? How funny," and searching in her pocketbook she found another nickel and gave it to him.

Wiping the perspiration from his hardened brow, the conductor went back to the man on the platform. "Give these to your wife," he said, "I haven't any right to them," and he laid two nickels in the man's hand, "and I'll take my $2."

But he didn't. The man swung himself off the car and disappeared up a side street, and now the conductor would give $2 to know whether he was worked for the price of a drink, and if the woman was hypnotized, or if it was a bet between two outside parties, or what sort of a put-up scheme it was, anyway.

Hurts His Fair Name.

(Louisville Times.)

When there is any hard luck or trouble ahead, the Tennessee negro seems to be up against it every time. Why, is past finding out, but the colored brethren here insist that if a negro is arrested and taken to court, and it leaks out that he comes from Tennessee, that do settle him. White and black seem to have a prejudice against the cullud gent'mun from Bob Taylor's state, and under all circumstances he is given the hot end of the poker. If one wishes to see the soul of Colonel Will Hays torn with rage and disgust, he should mention the Tennessee negro. Those from other southern states worry the colonel, too, and he is constantly seeing his name in the police court records. "These worthless niggers," exclaims the colonel, "have to light out from their own home to dodge the penitentiary, and they make a bee-line for this city. What do they do when they get here? Find out the names of the leading and distinguished men and appropriate them at once. That's the reason why I find my name in the paper so much—sometimes I have been stealing, sometimes slashing a fellow with a razor, or up to pretty nearly every kind of meanness." Some men would regard this purloining of their name as a compliment, but the colonel does not see it in that particular light, and is irate when he finds in the papers that "Will Hays was registered as D. and D. at Central station yesterday."

Colonel Mozart of Massachusetts.

(Washington Star.)

There is a young man in the government printing office who has no music in his soul, but what he thinks he knows of army and military matters would bulge the walls of the West Point military academy six inches out of plumb.

The other night he was helping a job printer friend of his on a piece of work and came across something which stumped him.

"Here, Jim," he said, taking the take to the boss, "this ain't right."

"What ain't?" inquired the boss, looking over the copy.

"Why, that Mozart's twelfth mass business."

"What's the matter with it?"

"There ain't any Twelfth Massachusetts, that's all. I know every regiment in the service."

"Oh," smiled the boss, tumbling to the situation, "is that so?"

"Of course it is. And besides, there ain't any Colonel Mozart in the army. The chump that fixed up that copy ought to be courtmartialed. It's a good thing I was here tonight to catch it in time."

Later the G. P. O. young man paid a bill of no mean proportions.

The Rabbit's Foot Won.

(Denver Republican.)

Two negro soldiers en route from a Utah post to Louisville, Ky., stopped in Denver a few hours yesterday. While here they made the rounds of the ticket brokers' offices in search of a cheap rate to Louisville. When they returned to the Union depot they applied to W. A. Matlock, the ticket agent, and asked him what the fare was to Louisville.

"It will cost $66 for the two of you."

"Dat's too high, boss," replied one of the soldiers, "we can get two tickets up town for $64."

"Well, you had better get them, then, for $66 is the rate, and I can't make them any less."

They thought, however, that something was to be gained by haggling. After trying in vain to get rid of them Matlock said:

"You boys fought in Cuba, didn't you?"

"Bet yer life, boss."

"Then you're dead game sports, ain't you?"

"All right, then. I'll flip a dollar to see whether you pay $64 or $68 for these tickets. Heads you pay $66, tails you pay $64."

"Dat's a go, boss."

Matlock flipped, and the dollar dropped heads up. They paid their $66 like true sports, but as they left the window one of them remarked to the other in an undertone:

"You fool niggah, didn't you see dat rabbit's foot on he's watch chain?"

Played Without Reward.

(Chicago News.)

On one of the coldest days of the cold spell an intrepid organ-grinder explored the north side in search of coin. He trundled after him an old piano-organ mounted on wheels, on the top of which a subdued monkey sat and shivered. Selecting a street which in the summer time had paid him well, he halted in front of a large flat building and, adjusting the handle, began to grind out, "There'll Be a Hot Time." Almost immediately rows of familiar faces appeared at the windows, and children clapped their hands and waved "how-dye-do's" to the monkey, who was blowing on his paws and smiling appreciably.

"My Coal Black Lady," and "She's the Warmest Baby in the Bunch," occupied several minutes in execution, and, before their completion, the musician was glancing expectantly at the people above. He noticed that they were making unusual gesticulations. Finally a woman came to the door and, with chattering teeth, explained to the grinder that only the day before the janitor had put weather-strips on all the windows. And the other people in the house explained in pantomime that they couldn't open the windows if they wanted to. And then he went away.

Kipling and the Girls.

(Chicago Journal.)

"Oh, Alice! I'm so glad to see you. Why haven't you been over oftener?"

"Well, Grace, dear, I really have been so busy that I couldn't get anywhere. My auntie from the east has been visiting us, you know. How is your literary club getting along?"

"Splendidly! Have you read 'The White Man's Burden'?"

"Yes, isn't it lovely?"

Just beautiful! How grand it must be to have such genius as Kipling's! By the way, there's something in the first verse that bothers me. I can't quite make out what it means. Those lines——

"'To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild'—

how ought they to be interpreted?"

"Really, I don't know just what his meaning is there. I've been puzzled by those lines myself. And in the next stanza there is something else that I haven't quite grasped——

"'To veil the threat of terror'—

what does that mean?"

"I don't know; I'm sure. It's probably some poetic symbol. There is that line, too——

"'By all ye will or whisper'—

I can't make sense of that. Do you know what it signifies?"

"No, I really don't try to understand Kipling. He uses so much slang, or, at least, talk that isn't common, that a person would have to make a regular study of it in order to know what he meant. What a lovely swing there is to his poems, though, don't you think?"

"Yes, isn't it sweet? Oh, Tom Witherington has sent me a beautiful copy of 'Lucile'."

"Is that so? Let me see it. Really, after all, isn't that the most splendid poem that was ever written?"

"Yes, to be candid, what are 'White Men's Burdens' and such clap-trap in comparison with it? Let's go into the library and read that lovely passage about——

"'When my nature is purest and its thoughts are most fair:
When my spirit is best, beloved thou art there,'

or something of that kind."

He Brought Back the Cat.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

One of the wealthy women on the South Side teaches a Sunday school class composed of street urchins. She lost an Angora kitten last week, and on Sunday told her class she would give a reward to any boy who could find it. The next day a small, red-headed boy rang the front door bell and was ushered into the presence of the Sunday school teacher. The boy carired a dirty bundle done up in a piece of burlap.

"Hereth thoo thitten," he said, holding out the parcel.

The woman did not understand the tongue-tied remark and drew back from the untidy bundle.

"My child, I don't know what you are talking about," she said, in a tone of offended dignity.

"Hereth thoo thitten, I thaw him thkippin' up the threet," replied the boy.

"I don't understand you," declared the woman. "Don't try to give me that horrid looking bundle, for I don't want it."

The boy gave her one keen look. Then he seemed to be carefully framing up a sentence.

"Hereth thoo tam old tat," he said; "the thratched me, and 'I want the money."

RETURNED TO ITS VOMIT.

To the Editor of The Herald:

There appeared in your issue of the 13th inst. a communication over the nom de plume of "Utonian." The correspondent alludes to the course of the Salt Lake Tribune in a way that is by no means complimentary, but eminently just. Here is a brief extract:

"It is sowing the seeds again as was done a few years ago, when it and its friends were the chief instigators of what proved to be one of the most thrilling chapters that this people has been called upon to pass through, namely, the Cane creek massacre, that took place in the state of Tennessee."

Your contemporary replies as follows:

"A correspondent of our apostolic morning contemporary supplies that organ with what he intended should be a most bitter denunciation of this journal. He shows his good intention to be exceedingly mean, but he lacks ability to bring out what he wanted to say except in coarse and bungling sentences. He gives himself away, too, by frequently using the "sir," which is the address of legislative bodies, and by again seeking to convey the falsehood, that the wild men in the piney woods of eastern Tennessee were prompted to kill some Mormon missionaries who were preaching polygamy there some seventeen years ago. He succeeds only in drawing pity to himself."

The massacre referred to occurred at the house of James Condor, on Cane creek, Lewis county, Tennessee, on Sunday, Aug. 10, 1884. The victims were Elders John H. Gibbs and W. S. Berry of Utah, Martin Condor and J. R. Hudson, son and stepson, respectively, of James Condor. During the onslaught J. R. Hudson shot and killed David Hinson, the leader of the murderers. As the mob were about to leave the scene of their atrocious work they fired a parting volley through the window and severely wounded Mrs. Condor.

On Sept. 22 following—a few weeks after the tragedy—the writer of this, delivered, in the Salt Lake theatre, at the request of a number of prominent citizens, a lecture, entitled, "The Tennessee Massacre and Its Causes; or, the Utah Conspiracy." In vindication of the statement of your correspondent, "Utonian," I desire to present a few extracts from this lecture, which apply, to some extent, to the present situation in the state of Utah:

"There is another source more prolific of defamation in this community. I refer to the Salt Lake Tribune, the organ of the conspirators. I wish that source to furnish some of the evidence to sustain the position that I take tonight. There was published on March 15, 1884, what was termed 'A Red Hot Address.' It purported to have been delivered by a 'Mormon' bishop named West, in the little town of Juab, in the southern portion of this territory. It was very prudent to select a little side station; for the discovery of a forgery would not, in the opinion of the conspirators, be so easily made if perpetrated upon a place of that kind. What was the character of that 'Red Hot Address,' said to have been delivered by a 'Mormon' bishop? It recommended the assassination of those who opposed the 'Mormon' community. One of the objects of the wrath of Bishop West was his excellency Governor Eli H. Murray. And Bishop West told his audience that it was their imperative duty to seize upon his excellency and tread him down until his bowels gushed out on the streets, and that those who should succeed him, if they did not behave themselves better toward the 'Mormon' community than he, should be treated in a similar way. This 'Red Hot Address' was true, with a few trifling exceptions. I wish you to note the exceptions, for the organ of the conspirators does not stand upon trifles; not by any means: In the first place, there is no Bishop West in the Mormon church, and has not been for many years. There was a meeting held in Juab on the day on which that address was said to have been delivered. No address of that kind was ever delivered. With these trifling exceptions the address was entirely correct.

"I wish you to note this fact, however, that if there ever were any individuals on the face of this earth susceptible of being deceived, they are the editors of the Salt Lake Tribune. They are so innocent, so guileless, so harmless themselves, that they do not think that anybody would do anything wrong. They are remarkable for innocence. Why, a child might deceive them—that is providing—providing they are supplied with something that will scandalize the characters of the Mormon community. Then they are easily deceived. Very easily deceived, indeed. So this 'Red Hot Address' was a canard. They were very much deceived. They even went so far as to say that they were really imposed upon by some person who furnished that address for publication, and they made an apology. What an apology it was! An apology for an apology. Let me see what kind of an apology they made for this 'Red Hot Address,' fabricated out of whole cloth. Here is a quotation from the paper of which I am speaking:

"'The case of the "Red Hot Address" has been cited, which was corrected as soon as the managers of this journal found they had been imposed upon.'

"Here is a qualification to that apology quoted from the same sheet:

"'There was not a thing in that bogus sermon which has not been taught in the tabernacle harangues.'

"What do you think of an apology of that kind? I call that a reassertion of the fabrication, and the apology is worse than the first falsehood.

"I will give you another sample apology for something else, goodness knows what, that appeared in that innocent sheet. Here it is:

"'By a mistake a jot appeared in the Tribune yesterday, which does not reflect the sentiments of any owner or director of this journal. It was, too, as objectionable in manner as matter. It was altogether wrong; its publication is a matter of pain and mortification to us, and we grieve sincerely that it ever found its way into the Tribune.'

"Can you tell to what that refers? What predicament does that leave you and me in, ladies and gentlemen? It leaves you and me in this dilemma, that we must apply that apology to the entire sheet, and you must do that in order to cover the ground.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"When the elders go abroad they have a great deal to meet. For instance, I will explain what they had to encounter in western and middle Tennessee, where the elders who were slain on Cane Creek were laboring. What was the situation before that horible tragedy was consummated? Everywhere they went they had presented to them the 'Red Hot Address,' published in this city by the organ of the conspirators. It was specially handed about and circulated by a Baptist preacher named Vandever of Hohenwald, Lewis county. I have the facts here (holding up a letter in his hand) giving names and details from one of the survivors of the massacre on Cane Creek—Elder W. H. Jones. It has been said that there has been no evidence of the 'Red Hot Address' ever having gone to Tennessee. Not only was that 'Red Hot Address' there, but Elder Gibbs, who was slain, and Elder Jones, who survives, presented to this Baptist preacher whom I have named a refutation of the slanderous fabrication, in order that he might redress the evil that he had accomplished by its dissemination among the people, and which had inflamed the minds of the populace to such an extent that they were prepared largely by that statement or alleged address purporting to have been delivered by a 'Mormon' bishop, to shed the blood of the elders, and they did it; and the blood of innocence is upon the skirts of those who perpetrated that infamy. The authorship of an indirect cause of the murder is now traced home to them; they cannot relieve themselves of it."

I have seen no reason to withdraw the facts stated by me in the Salt Lake theatre on the evening of Sept. 22, 1884—they are irrefutable. Neither have I had cause to change the deduction made from the premises they furnish—it is logical.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 14, 1899.

IT ALL WILL COME OUT RIGHT.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Whatever is a cruel wrong,
Whatever is unjust,
The honest years that speed along
Will trample in the dust.
In restless youth I railed at fate
With all my puny might,
But now I know if I but wait
It all will come out right.

Though Vice may don the Judge's gown
And play the censor's part,
And Fact be crowned by Falsehood's frown
And Nature ruled by Art;
Though Labor toils through blinding tears
And ide wealth is might,
I know the honest, earnest years
Will bring it all out right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass
For pure religion's gold,
Though ignorance may rule the mass
Whole truth meets glances cold—
I know a law complete, sublime,
Controls us with its might,
And in God's own appointed time
It all will come out out right.

THE PURPLE BALUSTRADE.

(Flavian Bresser, in Collier's Weekly.)

If in the spaces infinite, to which we fare,
There is a purple balustrade, where
dusk meets day,
Though frustrate in all else, I shall not
care,
For to the Love, that holds us, I shall
say—
"Let me sit here a little while,
Let me sit here a very little while."
And to the Law, that guides us, I shall
say—
"Let cease for me the song of spheres,
that roll below;
Let me not know the fragrant Aramanth,
I pray,
Let me forget the swinging stars,"
and so
I shall sit there a little while,
I shall sit there a very little while.
Then if I can forget the grave from which
I came,
And lean across the bendage of the
mists that rise,
I may remember now my Earth-lights
flame
Our candle and the Love-light in your
eyes,
And so find Paradise awhile,
At every dusk, a very little while.

WEN PING IS KING.

(J. R. F., in Detroit News.)

Oh, won't there be a jolly row
When Ping is king?
The crown upon his noble brow
Will flop about, 'most anyhow,
And there will be no er pledge nor vow
When Ping is king.

The "house of lords" will be non est
When Ping is king.
The millionaires will leave their nest
And Nat McKays will take a rest;
None of that ilk will stand the test,
When Ping is king.

Imperialism will not do
When Ping is king.
We'll have no fields or pastures new
For struggling armies to subdue,
Nor bite off more than we can chew,
When Ping is king.

Gigantic trusts will hunt their holes
When Ping is king.
Railroads will then charge trifling tolls
And scheme no more to own the polls;
Great men will all wear Pingree soles,
When Ping is king.

Sorrow and sin will rage no more
When Ping is king.
Blodgett will find his mission o'er,
And custard pie we'll have galore—
Our feet will touch the golden shore
When Ping is king.

Mutual Astonishment.

Mother—I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would take such a liberty!

Herself—Nor did I, mamma—in fact, I bet him he daren't!

Ancestral Air.

(Puck.)

Vivian—What a stiff, austere young man D'Orsay Ludington is!

Vashti—Yes; he always looks like a portrait of somebody's great-uncle, Nathaniel.

Mr. Smart Wins.

Sophia (sentimentally)—I dearly love to listen to the ticking of a clock. It seems to me that a clock has a language of its own.

Mr. Smart—Yes, Sophia, the clock has a language—you might say a dial-ect.

THE BACHELOR GIRL.

(Boston Globe.)

She's a satisfied bachelor-girl,
She vows that she never will marry;
She has been in society's whirl,
And knows many a marriage miscarry.

She is pretty, well furnished with brains,
And it doesn't quite enter her plans,
While around her all pleasant remains
To link her glad life with a man's.

She can guide herself well with her head,
She can do lots of good with her hands;
She's a model girl, so it is said,
But a hitchkey she always demands.

She had joined a girl-bachelor's club,
Into which not a man was allowed,
(As it happened, just there was the rub,)
And to celibacy all were vowed.

At the very last meeting, though loathed,
A general confession was planned,
And 'twas found every girl was betrothed
So the club then was forced to disband.

All betrothed but our bachelor-girl;
To her colors still faithful and true,
That sole banner she still will unfurl;
Who will order it down, I or you?

The New Spring Derby

in Miller, Warburton, Denney and Schoble makes; very stylish.
BROWN, TERRY & WOODRUFF CO.
156 Main street.

STOCKS AND INVESTMENTS.

Utah Bank and Commercial Stocks, and other High Grade investment securities bought and sold.
Loans on Stocks.
Dividend-paying stocks bought and sold. Investment orders from institutions, trustees of estates and capitalists will receive the best of attention.
JOHN C. CUTLER, JR.,
Tel. 127. 36 Main Street.

NEW GRAND THEATRE.
Sunday Night, Feb. 19,
GRAND SACRED CONCERT
By the members of the
South Before the War Company,
THE ENTIRE
PASSION PLAY.
Admission - - - - - - - 25c

SALT LAKE THEATRE.
GEORGE D. PYPER, Manager.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, FEB. 20 AND 21,
The Season's Dramatic Event
BLANCHE WALSH and MELBOURNE MACDOWELL,
In Fanny Davenport's Production of Sardou's Great Plays.
MONDAY NIGHT,
LA TOSCA.
TUESDAY NIGHT,
FEDORA.
Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50. Seats now on sale.
NEXT ATTRACTION:
Four Nights and Two Matinees, Beginning Thursday, Feb. 23,
The Salt Lake Opera Company, in
"A TRIP TO AFRICA."
Popular prices, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. Seats ready Monday.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.
GEORGE D. PYPER, Manager.
Evenings at 8:15. Matinee at 2:15.
NEXT OPERA
BY THE
SALT LAKE OPERA CO.
Von Suppe's famous work, by special arrangement with the owner of the copyright for the United States,
A TRIP TO AFRICA
4 Nights and 2 Matinees.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22, 23, 24, 25.
Matinees Washington's Birthday and Saturday, February 25.
Popular prices, 25c to 75c. Matinees, 25 cents. Seat sale Monday.

Two Days Left!
Your choice of any of our $12.50, $13.50, $15, $16.50, $18 and $20 Suits (Black Worsteds excepted) for
$8.75.
This is strictly a cash sale — no charges can be made of these suits at this price!
ALWAYS AS ADVERTISED
Siegel Clothing Co.

Hotel Knutsford.
New and elegant in all its appointments; 250 rooms, single or ensuite; 75 rooms with bath.
G. S. HOLMES, Proprietor.