

The Salt Lake Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY BY THE HERALD COMPANY.

ACCORDING TO HANNA.

WOULD IT NOT BE just as well for the Republicans of Utah to get together again and revise the plank of their platform which declares there is no money question to be considered this year? Mark Hanna, in his Chicago speech, Tuesday, said: "I contend that the main issue in this campaign is free silver, * * * and as manager of this campaign I propose that they shall not hide this question."

There you have it. The boss of all the bosses has spoken, and it behooves the little fellows to smother their voices unless they are prepared to sing the Hanna tune. Marcus speaks "as manager of this campaign." The Utah Republicans will take notice accordingly. Silver is "the main issue," and the platform to the contrary, including the Utah product, are as futile as a penny whistle in the cyclone of Hanna oratory.

On that line of campaign the Democracy of the inter-mountain states will welcome Mr. Hanna's declaration because it shows how insincere the Republicans of this region are; it places the responsibility for gold standard legislation where it belongs; and it insures Mr. Bryan's complete success in Utah, Idaho and contiguous states.

It is to be hoped Mr. Hanna himself may be induced to present the issues of the campaign in Utah before election day. Failing in that, he is doing better than was hoped for the cause of Democracy and free silver hereabouts by such speeches as his Chicago effort.

VICTORY FOR BRYAN IN VIEW.

THE RESULT OF THE MAINE ELECTION should be an inspiration to every true silver man. It demonstrates the tremendous change of sentiment that is sweeping over the east and it is the probable harbinger of glorious victory in November.

Two September states—Vermont and Maine—have been regarded for years as furnishing a safe indication of the trend of the popular mind politically. Hence they have always been contested with vigor and determination for the moral influence elsewhere on the undecided, hesitating voter. Four years ago their tremendous Republican majorities in September presaged the success of McKinley in November. This year their lessened Republican vote and greatly increased Democratic strength indicate with equal clearness that Bryan's election is far more probable than McKinley's.

According to the Associated Press, the Republican loss in Maine amounted to about 11 per cent and the actual Democratic gain to 18 to 20 per cent. Should a similar change occur in the other states in November Bryan will have a popular majority of nearly three-quarters of a million votes and receive, in addition to the electoral votes that were given him in 1896, those of California, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon and West Virginia as well. In other words, he will have 309 electoral votes to 138 for McKinley. Besides this the complexion of the senate will be entirely changed and the house of representatives become strongly Democratic.

Of course it is not probable that Bryan will be so entirely victorious all along the line. But that victory is in sight for him—not a meagre victory, but a glorious defeat of the enemies of silver—none can doubt that can read the signs.

The Maine election, following that of Vermont, affords the most inspiring news to the silver man that he has read for a generation.

MONEY FOR GALVESTON SUFFERERS.

SEVERAL CONTRIBUTIONS to the fund for the relief of the necessities of the Galveston hurricane sufferers reached The Herald yesterday with the request that they be forwarded to the proper official. This is a duty The Herald is pleased to assume. The money will be forwarded at once to Mayor Jones of Galveston, chairman of the relief committee.

The extent of the calamity is broadening in the coast city and the havoc of the hurricane did not stop short there. Through the Mississippi valley to the great lakes it has destroyed property and human life, aggregating a total that is appalling. It is probable there will be other calls for assistance, though nowhere can there be such pressing need for aid as in Galveston. The suggestion that the Salt Lake subscription be made a popular one is excellent. Many people whose means permit them to contribute only a small amount are deterred by the large sums their more fortunate neighbors are able to give. With a limit of \$1 fixed, as suggested by Mr. Critchlow in a communication elsewhere in this paper, every one may assist without loss of pride.

A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED.

THERE ARE MANY obvious indications that the work of the Democratic county convention tomorrow will be hampered by the efforts of undeserving men to obtain places on the legislative ticket. It should not be a difficult matter for the delegates to select an entire ticket that will appeal with irresistible force to the voters of Salt Lake county. But such a ticket and such a result cannot be expected if unfit men are nominated. They must be clean, honorable citizens, with something back of their candidacy besides an itch for office. It is important that steps should be taken to prevent the nomination of unworthy men. The recognized leaders of the party should see to it that the entire legislative ticket compares with the balance of the nominees in integrity and standing in the community. If the legislative candidates fall beneath this standard the result in the state may be jeopardized by the defeat these nonfitness will deserve and probably will receive.

Unless those anthracite coal miners discover some of Hanna's prosperity coming their way tomorrow they intend to strike. They must have been looking at the inside of that campaign dinner pail.

Senator Wolcott's inquest on the corpse of silver has been rudely disturbed by the Democrats of Colorado. They are preparing to substitute Wolcott as the corpse and hold a wake.

For a heart-broken man, Thomas E. Reed is bearing his grief over the Republican loss in Maine wonderfully well.

Daily auctions of loot are being held in Peking. Civilization has overtaken the Chinese at last.

BEFORE THE FLOP.

There is no reason why this great Republic should be stopped in full career, converted into a pauper state and governed by a moneyed aristocracy at the expense of making all the masses of producers in the country mere tenants at will in the hands of these owners of money. It is time a change was made so that \$600,000,000 of gold cannot be permitted to hold this country by the throat and paralyze its progress and its hopes. —Salt Lake Tribune, July 22, 1896.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Moylan C. Fox has returned to the city.

Today the Young Ladies' Aid society will give an excursion to Saltair. This will be the last big day of the season at this resort, and the members of the society have arranged an enjoyable programme for the occasion.

Miss Allie Miller will entertain next week in honor of Miss Flora Griffin.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Brown and Arthur F. Tremelling occurred last evening at the bride's home, 753 West South Temple street. Following the ceremony a large reception was given. The house was prettily decorated with autumn flowers, and the rooms were crowded, during the evening with friends of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Tremelling will continue to reside in the city.

The marriage of Miss Edith Haigh and F. L. Walters also occurred yesterday.

The Ladies' Literary club will open for the season tomorrow afternoon. The programme will consist of a literary drill by Mrs. Urquhart Lee, reports of officers and committees, and a report of the Milwaukee festival by the president, Mrs. J. C. E. King.

AN ODE TO THE WILLAMETTE.

(Written by Sam L. Simpson and Reprinted by Request.) From the Cascade's frozen gorges, Leaping like a silver torrent, Winding, widening through the valley, Bright, willamette glides away.

Onward ever, Softly calling to the sea; Time that sears us, Mains and mars us, Leaves no trench on thee.

Spring's green withery is weaving, Braid and border for thy side; Grain forwears thy journey, Beauty dimples on thy side.

Through the purple gates of morning, Now thy roses are in bloom, Golden, then, when day is dawning, On thy waters trails his lance.

On the waters trails his lance, Gilding, blushing, Limpid, volatile and free— Always bubbling, moon-mad sea.

In thy crystal depths inverted, Swings a picture of the sky, Like those wavering hopes of Aiden, Clouded often, drowned in grief; Rain and lovely, far away— Wreathing sunbeams narrow, Breathing fragrance round today, Wouldst wander, Here and ponder.

Higher poetry would dream: Sad suggestions, "Whence and whither" through thy stream.

On the roaring wastes of ocean, Soon thy scattered waves shall toss; 'Mid the surges' rhythmic hummer, Shall thy silver tresses flow; Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness, This tumult life of mine, Racing to the wild, For ever, Down the sloping paths of time; Oh! ever, Lovely river,

Softly calling to the sea; Time that sears us, Mains and mars us, Leaves no track or trench on thee.

BRYAN AS A SOLDIER.

(Albert Watkins, Jr., in Chicago Record.) As a colonel Mr. Bryan was a flat failure, and again a grand success. As a commanding officer at drill or in dress parade, as a leader in the field, or at the head of his regiment during corps review, his awkward attempts at subjects of pity and ridicule to all good soldiers. But as a father to the men in his charge, as a thoughtful provider for their comfort and a diligent champion of their privileges, there was no more efficient colonel in the Seventy army corps. His own men knew this, and were quick to make the distinction between the colonel in the camp and worrying but little concerning the incapacity of the colonel in the field. And Colonel Bryan himself seemed indifferent to the fact that he exhibited no ambition to learn the difference between a preliminary command of six months of execution, and during the six months of his sojourn in the south he advanced but little in an understanding of the formal duties of his position. His only interest was for the sanitary condition of his men, and for the welfare of his men in the hospitals, so to this responsibility he sacrificed any other duty he felt to become a sound tactician and a commanding officer of standing.

Probably the most efficient colonel in his duties as officer in command was Colonel Bryan. Most men in such position would have been content to master the etiquette involved in learning the manual by rote is necessary; but it is a fact that Colonel Bryan, whenever he took charge of a regiment during the long camp at Jacksonville, read his commands from a slip of paper as he sat in his saddle before the men. That the regiment received instruction whatever in regimental maneuvers is due to Lieutenant Colonel Virquam, afterward colonel in the old civil war veteran, who was in charge of the regiment at nearly all drills. As regards subsistence, location and presence was imperative.

Colonel Bryan was in no particular a soldierly man, and would never have become one. He possessed too great an individuality to have made even a good private, and he was not imbued in the slightest degree with that martial instinct for stern commands which makes an officer. In appearance, as well as in mental tendencies, he was essentially unsoldierly. Sloping shoulders, of characteristic easy attitudes and rather stumbling walk, it was impossible to identify him with the stony erect, prominent chested, square-shouldered soldier of fortune. He defied even the military tailor. The amount of padding, stiffening or whale-boning could make a uniform look like one on Colonel Bryan, and he was as well as on foot, he was the same. His seat in the saddle was easy, but loose, and his posture not erect. This unsoldierly appearance was always accentuated by the presence near him, in contrast, of Colonel Virquam, statue-like on his great horse, and in his own camp. First board floors for all tents were furnished; then these floors were raised nine inches from the ground as a safeguard against malaria, next the

WEALTHY WOMAN'S FADS.

It is a society woman who is the high society keeper at 4 Monterey. She is Mrs. Emily S. Fish. She is the first society woman who has combined the fad of clock tea and the decollete gown dinner giving and reception going with the polishing up of the great brass lamp that gives and the sparkling lenses that send the warning light to the hardy sailor man at his wet plowing.

Mrs. Fish is the widow of the late Dr. W. M. Fish, who was for many years a surgeon in the United States navy, who was regent of the University of California and who was a traveled, cultured and polished—a well known figure in professional and social life of San Francisco and Oakland.

During his life the Oakland home of Dr. and Mrs. Fish in Oakland was one of the social centers, famous for the good taste and austere exclusiveness of its mistress, for the epicurean perfection of its dinner, and the social reproachability of its company. Dr. Fish was an officer in the navy. They had five children, much and enjoyed the best society of foreign and local.

When the sadness of widowhood fell upon Mrs. Fish there were, of course, no more functions in the Fish home. Mrs. Fish, in her quiet way, sought occupation that would bring distraction to her mind.

She rented her home and tried travel, but traveling is lonely work sometimes. What with a pension and the income from her property, she was comfortably independent. But she loved California, and of California she particularly loved the shifting yellow sand dunes and the blue sea of Monterey. And so, in tribute to the husband who had served his government, and through the efforts of her son-in-law, Lieutenant Commander Nicholas of the Monarch—who died in Manila—she had appointed keeper of the Monterey light, at a comfortable little sum per annum.

That was six years ago, and she has tended the light since, living alone—except for a Chinese servant—in the old-fashioned, gabled, white stone lighthouse on the rock-toothed point.

The little reservation of yellow sand which Uncle Sam pegged down with his lighthouse she has made in truth to possess as the property of her own.

In the circular inclosure, bordered by the dark cypress hedge, there are lawns and a garden, and there are freshly green as English turf and as old-fashioned flowers growing and blowing in beds that are masses of color.

Mrs. Fish is a woman of many fads and fancies, and this pretty, old-fashioned, but one. Others unfolded as she came to the road to the lighthouse gate, with its old Monterey cannon on one side and Indian mortar on the other. Blooded horses, that she has bred and reared herself are kicking up their heels in the paddocks, or being outside; a Holstein cow calls to her calf and an anxious hen opinion that it is milking time; white leghorn chickens, with their reddest of combs, come scampering greedily, a hundred or more, with the hope of being fed and a guard of black poodles, unclipped and trained to the highest degree of poise, are following the horses, and the patch like bundles of torn black rags, barking wheezily, and inquiringly at visitors.

These are a few of her fads. Mrs. Fish likes quality and breeding in her pet and her pets. In her horses she follows Senator Stanford's plan and has trotting blood—Mambino Patchen preferably—warmed with thoroughbred blood, the horses for her own use and has turned out promising young trotter now in training for a record.

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In the visiting days, when the lighthouse is open to the public, the industrious tourist acquires a new sensation by visiting the Monterey light. He is bewildered by being met at the door by the tall, trim, gray-haired, sea-tanned keeper, a Gibson picture of distinguished middle-age in modish silk skirt and frou-frou bodice.

He is further bewildered by following up the narrow white-painted stairs, the companion way, and the through-trap door to the light the swish-swish of silk frills and the twinkle of little red shoes; he isn't quite sure, when he comes down and is bowed out with the grand air, whether the light is of the first or fourth or fourth class, as whether it can be seen fifteen or fifty miles at sea, whether it is forty or 400-candle power, but he is quite sure that it is keeper in something quite different in the way of lighthouse keepers.

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Herald Specials To the Ladies. Colman's DRY GOODS STORE. WAISTERS. Mercerized Fabrics, Look exactly like Silk, but wear better and can be bought at Half Cost of Silk. SEE THEM. Black Mercerized Satens Waists, tucked front and back, flare cuffs. \$1.15. Black Mercerized Satens Waists, tucked and braided front and back. \$1.40. Beautiful Colored and Black Mercerized Satens Waists, in all the desirable evening and street shades. \$2.25.

Current Time Table. LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY. No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east. 8:30 a.m. No. 7—From Provo, Grand Junction and all points east. 8:45 p.m. No. 8—For Brigham, Lodi, Heber, Mt. Pleasant, Mantt, Marysville and intermediate points. 8:50 a.m. No. 9—From Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points. 8:50 p.m. No. 10—For Ogden and the west. 9:40 a.m. No. 11—For Ogden and the west. 1:00 p.m. No. 12—From Ogden, Grand Junction, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 1:00 p.m. ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY. No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 8:20 a.m. No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 12:45 p.m. No. 2—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 10:50 p.m. No. 4—From Ogden and the west. 3:30 p.m. No. 5—From Ogden and the west. 5:30 p.m. No. 6—From Park City, Ogden, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 10:00 a.m. No. 7—From Park City, Ogden, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 10:00 a.m. Sleeping Car Chicago Without Change Ticket Office, 103 West Second South, Postoffice Corner.

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD. TIME CARD. in effect Sep. 6, 1900.

Depart. Chicago special for Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver and points east. 8:15 a.m. Mixed train for Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus. 7:45 a.m. Mail and Express from Ogden, Provo, Nephi and Mantt. 8:35 a.m. Northwest special for Ogden, Cache Valley, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points. 9:45 a.m. Overland Limited for Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco. 12:30 p.m. Limited Fast Mail for Ogden, Provo, Nephi, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 6:00 p.m. Mail and Express for Provo, Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points. 10:50 p.m. Arrive. Limited Fast Mail from Ogden, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco. 6:30 a.m. Overland Limited for Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco. 9:05 a.m. Mail and Express from Ogden, Provo, Nephi, Provo and intermediate points. 9:25 a.m. Overland Limited from Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco. 3:30 p.m. Beach, Tooele and Terminus. 4:00 p.m. Cache Valley Express from Provo, Ogden, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 5:55 p.m. Mail and Express from Provo, Nephi, Provo and intermediate points. 6:30 p.m. Portland, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points. 8:20 p.m. Trains south of Juab do not run Sunday. Daily except Sunday. Telephone No. 250. City Ticket Office, 103 West Second South. W. J. BATEMAN, W. M. McMillan, Gen'l Managers. S. W. ECCLES, Gen'l Traffic Manager.

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SALT LAKE & LOS ANGELES RY. Saltair Beach Regular Time Table. Leave Salt Lake. 10:30 a.m. 1:15 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 6:15 p.m. Arrive Salt Lake. 7:40 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 1:45 p.m. 8:45 p.m. Trains leave from R. G. W. Depot.

SALT LAKE & OGDEN RY. Leave Salt Lake. 7:00 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m. Arrive Ogdenville and Laegon. 7:40 a.m. 10:40 a.m. 1:40 p.m. 8:40 p.m. DEPT.—Third West and South Temple Sts., General Office, 161 S. Main St. D. PEARSON, Ticket Agent. A. S. BAMBERGER, Gen'l Manager.

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