THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year.

—By—

THE HERALD COMPANY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One month	$ .85
Three months	2.50
One year	10.00

SUNDAY.

One year	$2.00

SEMI-WEEKLY.
(In Advance.)

One year	$1.50
Six months	.75

Address all communications to The Herald Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

EASTERN OFFICES.

Leffingwell's List, 35-37 Randolph Street, Chicago.
150 Nassau Street, New York.

Business Office Telephone, 257—2.
Manager's Office Telephone, 257—3.
Editorial Rooms Telephone, 871.

DRUNKEN NAVAL OFFICERS.

THERE IS NO GOOD REASON, judging by surface indications, why the American naval officers who became intoxicated and disgraced their uniforms in Venice should be treated by the Italian authorities with any more leniency than other drunken brawlers. According to press reports, when the cruiser Chicago reached Venice some days ago several of her officers concluded to have what some people call "a good time." They went ashore, if that term is permissible in connection with Venice, and straightway began a carouse of preposterous proportions.

As the revel progressed, the officers began to find it somewhat tame. To increase the hilarity of the occasion, therefore, they proceeded to maltreat some inoffensive Italians. Perhaps they thought the uniforms they so unbecomingly wore would protect them in their excesses. If they did think so, they were mistaken, for the Venetian constabulary rounded them up just exactly as they would have rounded up Italian drunkards who were guilty of felonious assaults.

Into jail the miscreants were clapped and straightway intercession is made for them. The American ambassador appeared in court to ask that the swashbuckling inebriates be turned over to the commander of the Chicago for punishment. This the court very properly declined to do. A sentence of imprisonment for disorderly conduct has been imposed and the officers are serving their time. King Victor Emanuel is being implored for mercy, but on just what ground it is difficult to see. Any Italian subject who would misbehave himself in the United States as the American officers misbehaved in Venice would be given short shrift.

Easy-going citizens are prone to condone offenses committed by individuals under the influence of intoxicants. This should not be the case. Men must be sober before they are drunk. It follows, then, that they are just as much responsible for their actions in drunkenness as the incendiary is responsible for a fire of his own lighting. The latter may not have intended to start a big fire, but he is guilty in the eyes of the law just the same.

If any one rule should govern this case more than another it must be a rule of inflexible severity. An offense that could be condoned in a common sailor or a private citizen cannot be condoned in one who holds a commission from his country. They dishonor, not themselves in such cases as that in Venice, but the land they have sworn to honor. The United States is a world power, and every citizen whose privilege it is to live under the stars and stripes is proud of it. But the republic must be more than a power in armament, in money and in commerce. It must be a world power for morality and its officers must be taught that they cannot with impunity commit acts which shame their uniforms and their flag.

STIRRING UP TROUBLE.

CITY RECORDER BUCHI is in a fair way to get himself very much disliked by the fair women of Provo. The Garden City has long been famous for its good looking girls, matrons, spinsters and widows. In times gone by and in present times, for that matter, traveling men have been wont to skip other towns in order to get to Provo to spend Sunday feasting their eyes upon Provo's beauties. Now, Mr. Buchi, elected by the votes of the women as much as by the men, is giving them what the vulgar would call "the cold throwdown."

Recently the board of health requested the recorder to investigate economic conditions in that city with special reference to the question of marriage. He was not asked to state whether or not, in his judgment, marriage is a failure. No opinion whatever was requested from him. On the other hand, the duty assigned was the preparation of statistics showing the number of married women and single women, the excess of males, if any, and other information of similar character.

Mr. Buchi's report, as published in a Provo paper, is sufficient to make every woman in the town his enemy for life. For instance, he is quoted as saying: "I find that, instead of a male surplus in Provo, there is an excess of 280 'forlorn hopes' on the female side of the matrimonial fence, and that said fence is too high for them to scale, notwithstanding the fact that they have made strenuous efforts to do so, and have been lined up alongside of same for many years. * * * I would recommend that about 280 females be exported from the city—they are so plentiful now that no one notices them."

In conclusion, Mr. Buchi offers to open a matrimonial bureau in his office where all the Provo women who desire to wed may be accommodated as fast as applicants of the male persuasion present themselves. It is apparent that Mr. Buchi has abandoned all political aspirations he may have possessed. Language of the kind just quoted is certainly equivalent to a formal declination to again place himself "in the hands of his friends."

His base slander of Garden City women should be resented by every man and woman in Provo. The Herald hasn't the slightest doubt that the only reason there are more women than men in the Utah county metropolis is that so many rejected swains have gone away to brood over their sorrows. Any time the 280 lift their 560 hands, or wink their 560 eyes the love-lorn exiles will come a-running.

PUBLIC DRINKING CUPS.

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT has issued a very timely warning against the public drinking cups on the streets of Salt Lake City. Many citizens who are most rigid in their observance of ordinary sanitary regulations have no hesitation about drinking from the iron cups at the public fountains. There is a notion to the effect that pure water purifies these vessels. So when the drinker washes the cup in two or three waters he imagines himself perfectly safe.

On the contrary, he is in just as much danger as he was before. All classes and conditions of people drink from those cups. Men and women with diseases of almost every character use them. The result is that, as stated by the board of health, they become veritable museums of germs. No man or woman who drinks from them is immune. Neither is the drinker by any means certain to become infected. If this were true, then a large proportion of the population would be eternally ill.

The public fountains are a great convenience. On hot days in the summer time the water in them is invariably cool and refreshing. It is hard to keep from drinking a cupful of what is so handy and so free. So the practice will doubtless be continued, in spite of the board of health and the indisputable danger attaching to the practice. One cannot be forever guarding against germs. The individual who does that doesn't have time for anything else.

COMMENCEMENT COSTUMES.

THE HERALD has no desire to offend the sensibilities of young women who like to wear expensive dresses, but it cannot withhold its commendation of Principal Eaton of the High school for insisting that all graduates shall be plainly attired for the commencement exercises. Mr. Eaton has taken the correct position. As he truthfully says, there may be young women in the class who cannot afford to array themselves in fine linen. No woe is more incisive than that which comes to the plainly dressed girl in the presence of her more elaborately costumed sisters.

For her all pleasure departs from the graduating exercises. She sees no flowers, she hears no music; her senses are dulled to the significance of the occasion. All she knows is that she is miserable because of her dress. People may laugh at her sensitiveness, they may say she makes a mountain out of a molehill, but the fact remains that her grief is real and poignant. In after years she may smile at the mental picture of herself, but with the smile will come a tightness about the throat, a moisture in the eyes.

To be simply dressed, as Professor Eaton suggests, is not necessarily to be unbecomingly dressed. It is not always true that "fine feathers make fine birds." Paradoxical though the statement may appear, there are few things prettier than plainness in woman's dress. Fresh young girls certainly don't need any trimmings. After the commencement is over, each young woman may dress as her purse permits. While it is on, every one of them should be restricted to attire within the reach of the poorest.

POST CHECK CURRENCY.

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY public sentiment is being favorably aroused on the question of inaugurating a post check currency system under the provisions of a bill now before congress. The measure will, it is thought, be favorably reported from the house committee on banking and currency before the present session is over. As The Herald has before stated, the system is so simple that it will readily commend itself to all who are accustomed to sending money or its equivalent through the mails.

It virtually makes every business man, every farmer, every laborer and every professional man his own money order office. The pending bills provide for printing one, two and five-dollar notes and suitable denominations of fractional currency with blank spaces on them. By writing the name of the payee and signing his own name in the spaces provided, the holder at once converts the currency into a check. Before enclosing it in a letter, however, he must affix a 2-cent stamp, canceled by himself. Until the blanks are filled the bills of course circulate in the same manner as ordinary currency.

The fear has been expressed that the post checks would make serious inroads on the government money order revenues. This, however, is incorrect. The government would actually be the gainer, for it would derive a greater sum from the canceled stamps than it now gets from the small money orders. It is clear that with a safe and convenient method of sending remittances ready to hand such remittances would be greatly increased. There would be less delay in collecting small amounts, and firms having them all over the country would be encouraged to allow a greater latitude.

Another great advantage in the post check system is that it insures clean money. Whenever one of the checks is cashed, at any bank or postoffice, it must be forwarded to the treasury department at Washington, where it is canceled and another note issued in its place. Thus a supply of fresh, crisp notes would be always in circulation. It has been estimated that fully $2,000,000,000 in small sums go through the mails every year. It would hardly be possible at the outset to do all of this business through post checks, but it would be possible to do a very large proportion of it.

No innovation proposed in recent years has met with the favor from all classes that has been accorded the post check idea. The bill may not pass during this session of congress, but it is sure to be enacted within the next few years.

Senator Shoup says he got the money raised in the office of Surveyor General Perrault. Fortunately, both for himself and the people of Idaho, Shoup is now a private citizen and cannot be reached by the civil service commission.

Society

Mrs. Howell of Fort Douglas entertained at a very delightful affair yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Howell and Miss Howell, who are her guests. The event was an informal tea, at which the guests numbered about forty. The rooms were decorated in white and pale green, large glass bowls of white flowers in beds of ferns being used. Mrs. Howell was assisted in receiving by her guests of honor and by Mrs. C. A. Young. In the dining room tea was served by Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Sturgiss.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. R. G. Wilson and her daughters, Mrs. B. M. Field and Miss Eva Thompkins, entertained again last evening at a card party. Twelve tables were played, and the game was sixty-three. The decorations were spring flowers, and the home was made very beautiful with them.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Brice entertained at cards last evening.

◈ ◈ ◈

There will be a meeting of the board of directors of the Ladies' Literary club at the club house tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. J. D. Owen will entertain the Sewing club at a Kensington this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Willard Young, who is the guest of Mrs. Thomas W. Jennings.

◈ ◈ ◈

The ladies of the Westminster Presbyterian church will give a dinner and bazaar at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Friday and Saturday from 12 till 2 o'clock.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. E. J. Yard has gone on a short trip to Denver.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. Farris, who has been the guest of Miss Cordelia Green, left on Tuesday for Los Angeles.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Benson are entertaining a large party of friends from Denver. Mrs. I. Baer will be their guest till the middle of the month, when Mrs. Benson will accompany her to Denver. Mrs. Herbert Joseph will join her husband Saturday evening on a trip to the northwest, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Vincent will return to Denver this evening.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. Henry H. Newell has returned to the city from her eastern visit. She is accompanied by her son, Mr. W. H. Newell, who has been spending some time in the east, and by Miss Emma Earl of New York, who will be her guest for the summer.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. Julian A. Knight of Montana, who has been the guest of Mrs. Graham F. Putnam, left yesterday for California, accompanied by the little sons of Mr. and Mrs. Putnam.

◈ ◈ ◈

The hop given at the armory last evening was a great success. It was under the management of the signal and hospital corps of the N. G. U., and was a most enjoyable affair. Excellent music was furnished by the Christensen orchestra, and the competitive drill by the members of the signal corps was a special feature of the evening.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mr. D. Macpherson Boyd has invitations out for a dinner to be given at Mrs. Carter's Saturday evening, to the lawn tennis players of the East First South court. The invitations cover a request for each player to bring a lady as a guest.

◈ ◈ ◈

The members of the Unitarian society gave a very successful concert and ball at Christensen's hall last evening. The first part of the programme was composed of musical selections, and during the latter part of the evening dancing was enjoyed.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Young People's Christian union will give a social this evening at the First Congregational church.

◈ ◈ ◈

County Assessor and Mrs. Ben R. Eldredge were the hosts of a prettily appointed dinner party Tuesday evening at their home in Mill Creek, in compliment to Mr. W. O. Carbis, who resigned the position of chief deputy in the assessor's office a few days ago to accept an equally responsible place with the Bank of Commerce. The guests at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Carbis, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Busby. At the close of the feast, Mr. Eldredge presented Mr. Carbis with a handsome smoking set of Rookwood pottery as an expression of his esteem for the retiring deputy.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mrs. G. W. Vallery of Denver is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Pickard.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mr. Richard F. Nelsen is convalescing from a serious illness covering a period of two weeks.

◈ ◈ ◈

Great preparations are being made for the ball to be given tonight by the senior class of the High school at Christensen's. It will be the last dancing party of the season given by the seniors and will consequently be well attended. The list of chaperons will be Mrs. C. S. Vadner, Mrs. A. C. Maclean, Mrs. E. E. Shepard, Mrs. W. D. Gaby and Mrs. C. P. Mason.

Amusements.

Rehearsals for "The Prince and the Peasant" ended last night at the Salt Lake theatre and it is promised that tonight's performance will go with a smoothness and evenness worthy the efforts of the composers and singers. The most notable features are the double sextette, the ballet, "If I Were a Fairy Queen," "Give Me Your Answer," "Little Boy Blue" and the "Drinking Song" by the male chorus. The rapidity with which the seats are selling assures a good house for the opening night.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

He Didn't Like April Fool Joke Repeated.

(New York Tribune.)

A portly, well dressed old man stood at Broadway and Forty-second street late on Tuesday night, waiting for a car. A young man came walking rapidly by and, passing the old man, he stopped suddenly to look around. Walking up to the old man, he slapped him on the back, saying:

"Hello, old boy! How are you?"

The latter turned around with a scowl.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the youth. "I took you for a friend of mine."

The old man said nothing, and, having made his apology, the young man walked on and joined a group on the opposite side of the street. The men, the majority actors, composing this group had observed the incident. A minute later they were joined by another young man.

"I tell you what, 'Dick,'" said one to the newcomer, "I'll bet you a dinner you're afraid to walk over to that old party there and slap his shoulder."

The bet was taken. "Dick" walked over and slapped the old man on the back. "Hello, old fellow," he cried.

Before he could finish, the elderly man swung fiercely around.

"Here, you young scoundrel!" he cried in a loud voice, audible on both sides of the street, "don't you think you can fool me twice on April 1st!" And down came his umbrella on the shoulder of the joker.

"What made the old fellow so savage?" inquired the young man, ruefully, as he rejoined his companions, who were roaring with laughter. But they kept the facts to themselves.

"The Most Unkindest Cut."

The Iconoclast Who Shatters All Our Fancies.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The iconoclast is abroad in the land. I suppose he always was and I'm sure he always will be. He has on too much steam ever to stop, and he is very much too dreadful ever to die. So, as long as the world lasts the people on it may expect him around, unless, of course, the images all give out, and at the present rate of destruction that doesn't seem a very improbable contingency. As soon as the last image gets broken he will die on the spot, for he couldn't live without his occupation; but just let another image get set up in anybody's sanctum, and he will come to life and present himself, sledge-hammer in hand, to shiver into 10,000 fragments the creation, however beautiful or heroic it may be, however long it may have been in the chiseling, however thick around it may circle a halo of heart associations, however green it may have grown with the gathered mosses and lichens of the centuries.

He began with you early in your life. He tried in one form or another to make you see with his eyes that your favorite doll was not really flesh and blood, but was only dilapidated bisque and dirty kid and chipped up paint and sawdust. He could not quite accomplish that, for she had slept too long in your arms, you had felt her too often shiver with cold or pain, she had nestled too deep into your heart, she had received too many of your sacredest confidences, she had given you too much sympathy for you to look at her as he did. But what he said about her left you with a choking sensation in your throat and a sharp little pain in your heart as you bore her away out of the sight of his dreadful basilisk eyes.

Then, perhaps, in another form, he came to you, and at one cruel blow he crushed into atoms the figure of your childhood's best friend, the figure that had had a part in all your sweetest dreams, that had been remembered in your childish prayers, the revered figure of the saint of the Christmas season. After that it was not as hard for the demon of the sledge hammer to reach and overthrow the other images which you had set up or which had been set up for you. He stops at nothing, this destroyer. Let anything take the form of an image and he spies it out and lays it low. Long enough ago he has felled the images which stood out from the pages of history, song and story. With his hammer of a word or a phrase or a date he has crushed these images into the dust of the never-having-been. William Tell, Joan of Arc, Mary Stuart, Robin Hood, all the heroes and heroines of your youthful days, have been chipped and hacked past any recognition by his blows. Even the knight of the crusade days who was to your boyish eyes the embodiment of all that was truest, purest, bravest, best, he has melted down into a barbarous mingling of greed and cruelty of selfishness, idleness and debauchery. Whatever was best and most encouraging and ennobling to believe in profane history has fallen under the hammer of his authority into the dust of the mythical, and as for sacred history he is turning it surely into a molten mass of fable, romance or falsehood.

He long ago attacked the lion, and from his throne where he was set as king of the forest he has degraded him into the most cringing coward among the beasts. He has even had a fling at the ant and tried to throw the tiny creature down from the niche where King Solomon had left her in full view of twenty-nine centuries of sluggards. But as long as she is able to be up and more than willing to be at work all day and all night, as she still is at our house, I think she will hear unmoved all the iconoclastic efforts.

Yes, it was the iconoclast, the iconoclast out of a job, that aimed that Lord Bacon blow at even the image of Shakespeare. He didn't succeed in getting it down, but it tottered for a moment on its pedestal, and for that moment the breaker of images was very near to the seventh heaven of fiendish bliss.

Then there was 1900, the year one thousand nine hundred. We all remember with what delight he shivered its image into atoms and stood gloating over the ruin he had wrought. Which one of us had not set up an image once, and once it seemed to us that we would reach it in a future almost too remote for contemplation. Ten years before it came a small girl said to her blooming mother: "You will be dead of old age when 1900 gets here; won't you, poor mamma?" A school girl got a letter dated in 1896, and signed, "Yours, till 1900 (then you are mine), Tom;" 1900 was a good bit off then, and so, a wonder of a year.

Young or old, rich or poor, most of us, whether or not we would confess to the weakness, had looked forward in one way or another to the time when we would stop writing 18— at the tops of our letters and put there 19— instead. We gave 1900 a niche all to itself, and most of us believed that it would in some way bring to us a blessing. We reached it, and—but when we had gotten to the place where the shadow of the image fell upon us we began to make plans and new resolves for the new life so soon to dawn upon us. We were all having such a good time building castles in which we were going to live when 1900 came. We were going to be at peace then with all men and all women; we were going to have an understanding of all old misunderstandings; we were going to forgive all wrongs or supposed wrongs that we had suffered; we were going to get forgiven for all that we had done or left undone. We were almost ready for the new era, when the iconoclast called. For he called. Just as he always did and always will do, he called. And he didn't leave his sledge hammer at home. He brought it with him, a brand new one, and with his sardonic grin he raised it high above his head, and when it fell, the image, the beautiful image of 1900 was no more. This is the hammer that did the work: "The new century will dawn at 12:01 a. m. of Jan. 1, 1901."

We knew that. All of us could count. But somehow we hadn't counted. It had seemed so much nicer not to count, but after that we had to count, of course. So we gathered up what we could of the fragments of our fallen image and glued them together for 1901, but it was but a sorry show that it made. And that's the reason, the iconoclast is the reason that we went on, all of us, faulty, awkward, stumbling way, since the new century came, that we went in the old.

He despises not the day of small things, the iconoclast. He appreciates the value of the invisible. He employs the infinitesimal. If this is not a day of small things as well as great, if this is not the era of the germ, then a germ is not a small thing and I know nothing of the age in which I live. As soon as the first germ made his first bow before the footlights the image-breaker set his brain to work to think how he might utilize him and the way he has worked him ever since would be a wonder to any one who could be surprised at anything an image-breaker did. It seemed at first a funny thing that he had done when he took a few million germs, disease germs, fashioned them into the shape of a hammer and with it aimed at an institution so ancient as a kiss. Twelve hundred generations, more or less, of people, since Adam and Eve kissed the first kiss, had gone on kissing the people they loved, and it may be a few people whom they didn't love, when here came a man who declared there was poison in every kiss. A mother mustn't kiss her baby—no, indeed, not if she values her baby's life. How does she know but that the germs of a deadly disease are hoarded upon her lips ready to seize upon the little life that is a part of her own? The maiden must not kiss the lines her lover had penned. Not for worlds, for fear of the germs which may lurk between every line. And that is hard lines, isn't it?

There is one thing, though, that I think the iconoclast, even the iconoclast, might have left us. He might have left untouched the pin, the little pin. It was such an infinite comfort to pick up a pin and feel safe all the rest of the day.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

Questionable in rhythm, rhyme and English, perhaps, but it was the gospel according to Mother Goose and so was gospel in the foolish, far-away days when we had never heard of an image-breaker. It was so nice then to stop whatever great affair was on hand, to stoop and with great labor of clubby fingers and stubby nails pick up a mascot for the whole long, bright summer day. It was so nice to go with it then to your old black mammy to hear her "Yes, honey, thanky ma'm. You mus' always thank folks when they gives you jus' a pin, 'cause that's manners, you know." It was so nice to see her stick it carefully among the folds of her "head hankchuf" and confirm what Mother Goose had said about pins and luck. But she could any day give points to Mother Goose when it came to luck, and she always added a question as to the position of the pin. "Was de p'int turned to you when you foun' it, honey? You mustn't never pick up a pin while its head's a p'intin' tow'ds you. It's de p'int dat brings de good luck."

And now, to see a pin gleaming bright at your feet, with its lucky point turned towards you, to see it lie there begging you to take it up and to pass on, and leave it lying there! I think that the iconoclast, even the iconoclast, might have forborne to tell us about the million millions of diphtheria and consumption and smallpox and scarlet fever and typhus fever and all the other direful diseases that lurk under the head of every stray pin.

I wonder what image he will destroy next when he has had the heart to take away our good luck pin.

SHE FINDS HUSBANDS.

Woman Whose Business Is to Marry Off Old Maids.

There is an educated, well-to-do woman on the upper east side, who devotes much of her time and some of her money to finding husbands for old maids. She is American born, but of foreign parentage, and her husband is a fellow countryman of her father.

"Those who know me only superficially think I am a crank," she said in a conversation upon the peculiar kind of philanthropy she has chosen. "If they happen to be more charitably disposed they set it all down to an inordinate passion for matchmaking. The way I became interested in my present work, if one may call it 'work,' in the philanthropic sense of the word, is this: In my younger days I once came across a novel by the brothers Goncourt, in which, among other things, I found a remarkable description of the sense of loneliness which bore down a poor unmarried woman. It was a deep and most convincing psychological study and it made a profound impression on me. At that time I was engaged to marry the man I loved, and the future seemed to have nothing but happiness in store for me. But the picture of that girl haunted me. I would imagine myself in her position, and tearfully cling to my fiance, as though fearing to lose him and to remain as lonely and miserable as the heroine of that novel.

"I became intensely interested in the subject of old maids in general, and carefully studied every case of this kind that came under my observation. There are a thousand and one reasons why some girls remain unmarried, and plain looks are certainly not the most frequent cause of it. One of the women for whom I have been trying to find a husband was decidedly the prettiest creature among all the women I knew at that time. She was 42, but she looked 25 or 26, and she was well formed and full of grace. The men of her acquaintance kept at a respectful distance from her, but that was due, as I discovered, to a certain effect of melancholy pride and mystery which her face and manner produced. She piqued my curiosity, and I would not rest until I learned the story of her past life. Well, she had been in love once, madly in love, and her passion was reciprocated, too, but, unfortunately, she belonged to the rather numerous type of women who are forever raising questions and picking flaws in themselves as well as in others. In short, she did not think she loved her young man sufficiently to marry him, and, of course, the more she burrowed in her own soul the more proof she found that she was right. The human soul is a sort of curiosity shop, you know. You can find anything you look for there.

"Her lover, on the other hand, was a level-headed, matter-of-fact fellow, too busy to delve into his soul—that is to say, to make himself sick. So he really did not know what she was talking about, and begged her to 'have the wedding as soon as possible.' She shook her head pensively. 'How can I marry you with this doubt in my mind?' she would say. 'Suppose that after the wedding it becomes clearer to me than ever that it was all a mistake?' 'Mistake nothing!' he would answer impatiently. 'It's all imagination. I can't live without you, dearest, and I know that you could not live without me, either. Throw it all out of your mind and let us have it done and over with, so that there will be no more questions and no chance for you to make life a burden to yourself.'

"Poor fellow! he knew very little of the psychology of this kind of women. His words only egged her on to pick her motives to pieces and the old curiosity shop yielded her a fresh crop of misery. The long and the short of it is that the engagement was broken off and the young man married another girl. Then it was that the sorrow of her life began in earnest. When it was too late she found out how dear he was to her. When she saw him the husband of another woman she had no more doubts, nor picked any flaws in herself. She was on the verge of insanity with jealousy and the sense of having voluntarily given up the man she loved to distraction.

"Years passed. She got over her jealousy, and her love, and her qualms of self-accusation, but the sad, pensive expression, which her face bore during the first three or four years of that man's married life, has clung to her beautiful features. I won her confidence. She laid her heart bare to me, and one of the last things I heard from her lips was a corroboration of that French story I had read. She made no pretense of being true to the memory of her first love. 'I never think of it, and when I do it is only as of a pretty book I seem to have read,' she said. 'But I feel all alone in the world, and the thought of remaining lonely as long as I live terrifies me. Oh, you don't know how awful it is. My most intimate friends seem strangers to me. There is a gulf between them and me which I cannot cross. I am longing for one who will be so near to me that there will be no gulf to cross.

"Of course it takes a supersensitive self-centered creature like her to feel the way she did. I asked her plainly whether she would let me look around for some man who might make her happy, and she answered just as frankly. 'Yes, I won't bother about the state of my heart any more. If you can find a good, honest, intelligent man, I'll marry him. I'll give him my whole heart. There will be no gulf between us. I feel sure of that.'

"I tried my best, but my efforts were not crowned with success. The men I knew and who I thought would make just the kind of husband she needed shrank from her. 'Yes, she is really beautiful,' one of them said to me, 'but it is the kind of beauty one likes to look at, to hear, or to inhale, but not to marry.' One man would have married her if she had money, which she did not. The only fellow who was really in love with her at the period was a married man who did not live with his family. Still, I did not give up all hope of getting the right man for her, and I might have succeeded, too, if—if she had not fallen a prey to a hereditary disease, of which she died in a hospital.

"One of the old maids I have married off had remained single until she was 36, chiefly because she had an older sister who was unmarried. She was devoted to her and would not disgrace her by becoming a mother in advance of her, she said. There were lots of young men around, and all of them showed a decided preference for the younger sister, who took care to discourage their attentions. Finally, the older sister married on old widower. By this time, however, my 'client' had lost some of her former charms. Well, I had no difficulty with her. She had an honest, middle-aged, housewifely face that proved to possess a peculiar charm of its own—the kind of charm that a certain class of old bachelors who are tired at hating the sex feel. I found a man through an advertisement in a German paper. He was pretty well fixed and weary of Second avenue and life. After I had introduced him he said to me: 'Just what I want. It has not occurred to me before, but now that I have seen her I feel that a younger and less sedate and gemuthlich-looking woman would make me think of my bachelor days. I would take her out a good deal and the result would probably be that the two of us would take our meals in some cafe, as I see many German couples do. This woman's face speaks to me of home-made cones cake and home-made everything—just the things I am longing for.'

"In many instances I have found that a girl who is generally considered homely ceases to be looked upon as such when she becomes an old maid. You see, there are faces which seem to be suited to no other status in a woman's life. I once knew a girl of 20 or 19 with the features of an unmarried woman of 40. Of course, she had no attraction for the boys. I met her again when she was six years older, but she still looked 40. She did not seem to be getting older at all. And I am sure that at 40 she will be accounted a good looking woman of middle age, and will be much sought after by bachelors ten or twenty years her senior.

"One of the interesting cases which have come under my observation was that of a pretty young woman who had sacrificed her matrimonial chances to the interests of her mother, an old querulous woman. The characteristic part of it is that the young woman never ceased throwing it up to her mother that it was for her sake that she rejected every man that proposed to her. The two were continually quarreling and snarling at each other. Very often they would let a whole month pass without speaking to each other. And yet at the bottom of her heart the younger woman was really devoted to her mother and could not bring herself to leave her. In several cases the old woman insisted that her daughter should accept the proposal, but the latter would not. 'Do you want to be treated like a mother-in-law?' she would say. 'Do you know what that means?' 'And do you want to be an old maid?' the other would answer, testily. This was the way some of their wrangles were started. They both had quite an active temper, but the girl was really a golden soul.

"When the old woman died she felt so lonely that she was afraid of her own shadow, it seemed. I married her to an Americanized Swede. She nags him, but he is a good-tempered fellow, and, upon the whole, they are happy."

SALT LAKE THEATRE
GEO. D. PYPER, Manager.
Evenings at 8:15. Matinee at 3.

Friday and Saturday,
May 2 and 3, 1902.
SATURDAY MATINEE.
The New Comic Opera,
The Prince
And
The Peasant
Libretto by FRANK MALTESE
Music by HAROLD ORLOB.
Chorus, ballet, enlarged orchestra. Popular prices, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. Matinee 25c. Seats now ready.

THE GRAND THEATRE
JONES & HAMMER, Managers.
Prices—Night, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee 25c.
Three Nights Starting
MONDAY, MAY 5.
Matinee Wednesday at 3 p. m.
LINCOLN J. CARTER'S
Latest and Greatest Effort.
A Play To Please Everybody. TWO LITTLE WAIFS A Play You Will Remember.
A REVELATION IN STORY, PLOT CAST AND SCENE.
Seat sale begins this morning.

Be Particular
About what you eat. You might even go so far as to want to see it cooked. The kitchen at the Tavern is always open and we'd be glad to have you come out and see how things are done there.
21 East First South.

Goodwin's Weekly
Will Be Published
MAY 17th.
YOU'LL WANT IT.
$2.00 Yearly in Advance.
$1.25 for 6 Months.
Address Box 1074 Salt Lake.

SALT LAKE CITY
3 Days, Starting Monday May 5th.
Gentry's
Famous Trained Animal Show

The World's Best Trained Animal Show.
Mammoth Waterproof Tents.
WILL BE AT.
Fourth South Between Main and State.
Seating Capacity for 2,000.
Watch for the Grand Free Street Parade at 11 a. m. daily.

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE AND THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN

Current Time Table.
In Effect April 3, 1902.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.
No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east ... 8:35 a.m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ... 8:35 a.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ... 8:35 p.m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Marysvale and intermediate points ... 8:00 a.m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points ... 5:00 p.m.
No. 11—For Ogden and all intermediate points ... 6:10 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the west ... 9:50 a.m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the west ... 11:30 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the west ... 12:45 p.m.
No. 42—For Park City ... 3:35 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.
No. 12—From Ogden and all intermediate points ... 9:10 a.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east ... 9:35 a.m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east ... 12:35 p.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east ... 10:50 p.m.
No. 9—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Marysvale, Manti and intermediate points ... 6:00 p.m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the west 8:20 a.m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the west 3:35 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west 8:10 p.m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points ... 10:00 a.m.
No. 41—From Park City ... 8:35 p.m.

Perfect Dining Car Service.
Sleeping Cars to Chicago Without Change.
Ticket Office, 103 West Second South, Postoffice Corner. 'Phone 256.

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD
Time Table In Effect April 1, 1902

ARRIVE.
From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha Denver and San Francisco ... 8:35 a.m.
From Ogden and intermediate points ... 9:10 a.m.
From Callentes, Milford, Nephi, Provo and intermediate points ... 9:35 a.m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco ... 3:05 p.m.
From Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus ... 5:00 p.m.
From Tintic, Mercur, Nephi, Provo and Manti ... 6:00 p.m.
From Preston, Logan, Brigham, Ogden and intermediate points. 6:50 p.m.
From Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco ... 8:10 p.m.

DEPART.
For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis ... 7:00 a.m.
For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus ... 7:45 a.m.
For Tintic, Mercur, Provo, Nephi and Manti ... 7:55 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points ... 9:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco ... 12:50 p.m.
For Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago ... 6:00 p.m.
For Provo, Nephi, Milford, Callentes and intermediate points. 7:05 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points ... 10:50 p.m.

T. M. SCHUMACHER, Act. Traffic Mgr.
D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
D. S. SPENCER, A. G. P. & T. A.
City ticket office, 201 Main street, Telephone, 250.

TAKE
THE OVERLAND LIMITED
VIA
UNION PACIFIC
FOR THE EAST.
THIS IS THE FINEST TRAIN RUNNING and makes MANY HOURS QUICKER TIME between WYOMING and UTAH POINTS and all Principal Eastern Points.
EQUIPPED:
Double Drawing Room Palace Sleepers. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars with Barber Shop and Pleasant Reading Rooms.
Dining Cars, Meals a la Carte.
Pintsch Light, Steam Heat.
For time tables, folders, illustrated books, pamphlets descriptive of the territory traversed, call at Ticket Office, 201 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

Burlington Route
Best Way East.
Leave Salt Lake City 3.15 p. m. any day—connect with the Burlington's Chicago Special next day at Denver—arrive the day following at Omaha and Chicago.
It's the best there is—you can't beat it.
Our service to St. Louis is worth asking about.
TICKET OFFICE,
No. 79 W. Second South St.,
SALT LAKE CITY.
R. F. NESLEN, General Agent.

B.&O. STORAGE, MOVING. Tel. 355. Office 15 W. Second South.