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SMOOT'S FOOL FRIENDS.

THE EDITOR of the Provo Enquirer has annihilated the Democratic party of Utah again. That is to say, he threatens to annihilate it, if it persists in objecting to Apostle Smoot as a candidate for the United States senate.

Ordinarily, the Provo organ's opinions are not worth serious consideration, but in this case they attain a certain value because they are supposed to voice Mr. Smoot's ideas of Apostle Smoot's aspirations.

By a curious perversion of the facts, the Enquirer assumes that opposition to Apostle Smoot is an attack on the Mormon church, but unless he is acting in his church capacity when he gets into politics, this position is manifestly absurd.

For instance: The Herald knows of no more able, high-minded Christian gentleman than Bishop Scamman. In all the affairs of life he has been a distinguished success. If it were possible for the bishop to enter politics and be a candidate for office, he would be open to objection—not because of his personality, but because of his ecclesiastical position. Would it be an attack on the Catholic church to denounce Bishop Scamman's active participation in a political campaign as a partisan?

The fact that a Catholic bishop never enters politics actively is all the answer needed.

Apostle Smoot ought to pray for deliverance from his fool friends if their campaign in his behalf is to take this form of lunacy. The very best friends of the Mormon church organization, including some of its most faithful members, very properly antagonize Apostle Smoot's determination to combine his apostolic duties with senatorial office. They believe—and rightly—that it would be a misfortune for the state, and particularly for the church, to arouse the resentment that would follow the election of any high churchman to this office.

Even if Apostle Smoot's personal qualifications fitted him conspicuously for the office, it would still be a mistake to elect him in case of his party's success. And his cause is not helped by such asinine threats as his editorial mouthpiece is making against the party which is opposing him honestly and conscientiously.

A little more of such talk as this and his candidacy will die in its infancy and be buried before the real campaign begins.

GAMBLING HOUSES CLOSED.

THE MAYOR and chief of police have evidently found that the gambling houses can be closed if an honest effort is made to stop their operations. Last night the games were all shut down—and it required only an intimation from the authorities to accomplish that desirable result.

Even for their tardy action, Mayor Thompson and Chief Paul deserve some praise. It must have been an unpleasant task for them to perform, because it was an admission that they had been slow in the execution of a plain duty, and the friendship of the gamekeepers is no small thing to sacrifice in politics.

Now, if these two officials will do as well with the saloonkeepers who violate the law on Sunday, they will have come somewhere near keeping the mayor's ante-election pledges. Death-bed repentances are not the best evidence of a real change of heart, but they will do in the absence of the genuine thing.

MR MITCHELL'S STATEMENT.

THE PENNSYLVANIA anthracite operators will probably make no attempt to answer the statements made by John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers' association, for the job is entirely too difficult. For the first time since the strike was inaugurated six weeks ago, Mr. Mitchell has made clear the position of the miners. His message to the people was published in The Herald yesterday, and it should be read by every fair-minded citizen.

Mr. Mitchell occupied a little more than two columns of space without once losing his temper, without calling anybody unpleasant names. His discussion of the subject was calm, dispassionate, clear-headed and logical. It firmly establishes Mr. Mitchell's reputation for conservatism, and it shows that he is working with whole-hearted disinterestedness for the good of the men whose future he holds in the hollow of his hand.

The strike leader shows that for years the condition of the anthracite miners has grown more deplorable. They are today working for smaller wages than any other class of workers in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that their employment is ranked among the most hazardous. Three hundred dollars a year isn't a great deal of money, but it constitutes the average pay of heads of families in the anthracite region. On this they are expected to raise and educate their children, to provide for their families and themselves.

On the other hand, Mr. Mitchell presents census figures which prove that the value of their output has steadily increased. There is no guesswork about this presentation. It is compiled from United States census reports, which are easily accessible to all. In view of these facts there is small cause for wonder at the refusal of the operators to arbitrate, or for surprise at the uncompromising attitude they have maintained from the beginning.

Only one rich find was reported from Thunder mountain yesterday. Clearly the boomers are not earning their salaries.

wasn't just Mr. Mitchell could never afford to go before the country with the concluding paragraph of his statement, which follows: "Conscious of the great responsibility resting upon us, apprehensive of the danger threatening our commercial supremacy should the coal miners of the entire United States become participants in this struggle, we repeat our proposal to arbitrate all questions in dispute, and, if our premises are wrong, if our position is untenable, if our demands cannot be sustained by facts and figures, we will again return to the mines, and we will use all the tools of industry and await the day when we shall have a more righteous cause to claim the approval of the American people."

RATHBONE CRITICISES WOOD.

IF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD needed any vindication at the hands of the American people it is found in the charges made against him by Rathbone, the recently pardoned postal thief. Rathbone says General Wood was extravagant in his administration of Cuban affairs, and that he deported himself in other ways as no good governor would have done. Of course Rathbone is justified in criticizing Wood.

There are several reasons why this is so, but the first is that Wood refused to pardon the embezzler, and the others need not be enumerated. Rathbone may think the unkind things he says of the former Cuban governor may hurt Wood, but the effect will be the exact opposite. If Rathbone had his dues he would be wearing stripes today, instead of running around the United States maligning a man who is infinitely his superior in every respect.

Wood may have done some things he should not have done, and he may have left undone things that he should have done, but it will take more competent testimony than that of a convicted thief to convince the American people. It was once said of a distinguished Democrat: "We love him for the enemies he has made." The same thing may be said of General Wood if Rathbone may be taken as a type. The more Rathbone talks against Wood, the better liked the general will be.

MAKING TOBACCO HARMLESS.

IF ALL THE CLAIMS made by a Frenchman for his recent discovery are correct, "tobacco heart" and all the kindred evils that follow the excessive use of "My Lady Nicotine" will be banished forever from the earth. M. Gerold is the discoverer, or claims to be the discoverer, of a preparation which, while retaining all the nicotine in tobacco, renders it absolutely harmless. It is asserted that the factor of the weed is improved, rather than injured, which is in direct and happy opposition to all previous methods of denicotization.

The Revue Scientifique, Paris, says that "the tobacco leaves are treated with a solution of tannic acid, which fixes the alkaloids in such a manner that the nicotine and essences of the plant are neutralized and rendered harmless. It appears that this does not destroy the flavor of the tobacco, but to reproduce the perfume damaged by the tannic acid the tobacco is dipped in a decoction prepared with the plant origanum vulgare." It should be explained that origanum vulgare is a plant of the mint family, the odor of which is peculiarly aromatic and fragrant.

In order to test the practical value of his experiments, M. Gerold used fifty habitual smokers between the ages of 22 and 24 years. He found that after the use of cigars of the regulation kind there was a lowering of the arterial pressure and an enfeebling of the pulse. When cigars dipped in M. Gerold's preparation were used, the arterial pressure and the pulse showed no modification whatever. The scientist also used frogs in his test.

He injected an active tobacco infusion under the skin of one. Immediately a state of apathy ensued, and in twenty minutes complete catalepsy from which the frog slowly recovered. The same amount of an infusion from the prepared tobacco was injected and the only result was a brief period of lassitude, beginning after ten minutes had expired. It is asserted that nobody can tell the difference between a prepared and an unprepared cigar of the same quality, but there are no after effects from the former.

For instance, M. Gerold smoked five prepared cigars in a single day without evil results, although he had never been able to smoke more than three or four of the regulation kind in the same period. A prepared cigar smoked by a boy who has always been made ill by tobacco, failed to cause him the slightest qualm. M. Gerold's experiments will prove of decided interest to smokers and to tobacco dealers generally. If his preparations can be put on the market cheaply they may revolutionize the industry.

Senator Kearns' position on the Cuban reciprocity question is now clear. When he said he would support the president as far as his duty to Utah would permit, he meant that he would stay as far away from the fight as possible.

A man who couldn't read or write has just completed a sentence in the Utah penitentiary for forgery. First thing we know some Utah jury will be convicting a blind man of looking cross-eyed at his neighbor's wife.

An Indian buck who was whipped by his mother-in-law promptly committed suicide. It was only natural that he should take chances with the other world rather than this with the prospect before him.

The General Andy Burt who arrived from the Philippines yesterday is not the Salt Lake Andy. But if our Andy had his deserts he'd be a general and an admiral rolled into one.

It is entirely probable that the Republican orators will next fall charge the Democratic party with being responsible for the street car riots in Toronto.

Embalm'd Beef Egan has been trying to kill a cowboy in Arizona. Unfortunately, his intended victim made no effort to retaliate.

Only one rich find was reported from Thunder mountain yesterday. Clearly the boomers are not earning their salaries.

SOCIETY

Miss Juliet Marks, who has been spending her vacation in the city, left last night for Ogden.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ganz have returned from the coast. They are accompanied by Dr. Newhouse, brother of Mrs. Ganz, who will remain for some time in the city.

Miss Edith Hale and Miss Carrie Sappington will entertain together at the home of Miss Hale Thursday evening.

Miss Dec Bishop of Illinois will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. M. F. Cunningham.

Miss Sallie Fisher is in the city and will spend some time with her friends here before returning to the east.

Miss Abbie Wells entertains this afternoon at a Kensington.

Miss Rosalie Pollock will leave during the week for her home to spend the summer.

The Misses Dorothy Ingram and Marguerite McClure have been awarded prizes as the best dancers in the carnival at Salt Lake Tuesday.

Tomorrow at the home of the bride's parents in Santa Barbara will be solemnized the marriage of Miss Louise Morris of this city and Mr. G. D. Montford of Whateoan, Wash.

The Sewing club was delightfully entertained yesterday afternoon by Mrs. James H. Moyer.

Miss Alice Isely, who for the past six years has been a teacher in the Proctor academy at Provo, left yesterday for her home in Fairview, Kan. Miss Isely will remain in the east.

Miss Ida Pratt is visiting friends in Beaver for the next few weeks.

Mrs. Edith Hill in Martin of Provo will be the guest during the week of Mrs. William H. King.

Mrs. Harry Knowles and Miss Cordelia Green left last night for Como Lake, to be the guests of Miss Blanche Chadwick.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry is visiting Mrs. W. J. at Ogden.

Dean Eddie will leave the latter part of the week for Europe, where he will join Mrs. Eddie and the children and spend the summer in Scotland.

Mrs. Jennie Crismon will leave today for Denver, and will spend the next six weeks visiting points of interest in Colorado.

Mrs. W. H. West of Ogden is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. T. Sadler, for a few days.

Miss Anna McCordick will entertain a party of friends at the bicycle races this evening, and afterward at supper at her home.

Mr. J. C. McChrystal of Eureka is visiting friends in the city for a few days.

Miss Alice Cannon entertained a number of friends at an informal card party last night.

Mrs. T. F. Watson, accompanied by her daughter, arrived here yesterday from Denver. They will spend a few days in Salt Lake visiting Mrs. L. G. Campbell at 445 South Main street.

CARNEGIE AND SCHWAB.

To The Salt Lake Herald: Would you please give me in your next issue the address of Andrew Carnegie and Charles M. Schwab, and state whether or not they are at present in this country? J. M. B. Mt. Pleasant, June 22.

Charles M. Schwab is now in this country. He can be reached at 71 Broadway, N. Y., the executive office of the United States Steel corporation, which he is president. Mr. Carnegie is in Europe. His New York address is 5 West Fifty-first street.

NO PLAGUE HERE.

To The Salt Lake Herald: I desire to respectfully direct your attention to the fact that the May issue of "The Sanitary Inspector," the official bulletin of the state board of health of Maine, contains an article on "The Plague Situation in California," in which it is stated that a case of plague recently occurred in Salt Lake City.

In explanation of this erroneous report I would say that the public health authorities of the United States marine hospital service, giving the report of the plague at San Francisco, contained the report of one death from bubonic plague at this place. This report was made in the issue of the Bulletin, No. 47, Nov. 22, 1901, and contradicted in No. 51, Dec. 20, and the explanation given that it should have been San Francisco instead of Salt Lake City.

Inasmuch as the reiteration of this report, endorsed by the state board of health of Maine, will carry considerable weight and be given wide circulation by means of this bulletin, it might be advisable for the papers to make some denial, thereby relieving this city of the evil results that must follow such a report. I have written to the Secretary of the state board of health, Augusta, Me., and believe that my letter will elicit a correction in the next issue of the bulletin.

Very respectfully, HORACE H. SMITH, Clerk. Salt Lake, June 22.

WHEN DEMOCRACY WILL DIE.

In answer to the question, "When will Democracy die?" we clip from a Texas exchange the following: "WHEN WILL DEMOCRACY DIE? When the lion eats grass like an ox. When the fish-worm swallows the whole fish. When the robin kills its own young. When the hare is out-run by the snail. When the serpent of truth swallows the snake. When the grasshopper feeds on the hen. When the eagle feeds on the eagle. When the elephant roosts on trees. When insects in summer are rare. And snuff never makes people sneeze. When fish creep over dry land. And mules on velocipedes ride. When the fox licks his own tail. And women in dress take no pride. When Dutchmen no longer drink beer. And girls get to preaching on street. When trills go but from the rear. And brassy no longer a crime. When humming birds rely like an ass. And Limburger smells like cologne. When ploughshares are made out of glass. When the pig is a pig. When the pig is a pig. When ideas grow in a Republican head. And wool on a hydraulic ram. When the will of the Democratic is dead. And this country not worth a d—n."

A FISHERMAN'S LUNCH.

In the deep shade of the tree the baskets are laid, and now a fire is started nearby, one of Van Dyke's little "friendly" fires, which shall also cook a few trout. "Get two flat stones, friend—and they'll be hard to find in this border country, but they are sometimes worn quite flat while I gather some sufficient wood." Into the fire the stones go, and the intense glow of live wood makes fire. "The time has come. Soon the front of the fisherman's lunch, as it is called, and the other stones is laid upon them. Now the hot embers are raked about and over the stones, and

WATER NOT FOR SALE.

The lunch is spread on the big rock near the spring. Oh, the epicures who think nothing good unless served by a Delmonico or a Sherry, go ye into the mountains, follow the brook, and get ye a trout, and eat it and be glad. But you get me and tired and hungry, sit down by an ice-cool spring, and eat brook trout cooked on the coals, with bread and butter liberally spread with clover honey. Not till then have ye dined.

One Thing That's Hard to Get in a Bar Room.

"I'll bet you \$5 that you can't buy a glass of plain water in a single cafe in Washington," said the man with time on his hands. "I'll bet you \$5 that you can't buy a glass of plain water in a single cafe in Washington," said the other, foolishly. "Taken," said the other, foolishly. So they marched into a hotel cafe together.

"Give us a couple of glasses of water," sharply said the man who had made the bet to the barkeeper. "Vehy or setzer?" inquired the barkeeper. "Neither," said the man with time on his hands. "Give us a couple of glasses of plain water, and look sharp about it—we're in a hurry to catch a train."

There was an expression of acute astonishment on the barkeeper's face by this time. "Plain water?" he inquired. "What d'ye mean by that?" "What do I mean by it?" said the man who had made the bet. "I mean just water—w-a-t-e-r, water—the kind that comes out of the water spigot—Potomac water, the kind that shed not swim in—river water—water from the waterworks—the kind you fill a bath tub with—just plain water. That's plain, though, isn't it? And, say, get a move on you. We're bound for a train, and we want a drink."

There was a pretty sulky and ugly look on the bartender's face at this stage of the game. "Say," he said, resting his hands on the bar and glaring at the man who had made the bet. "What kind of a water d'ye call that to ask for a favor, hey?" "Favor?" exclaimed the man who had made the bet. "What are you giving me, anyhow? Who's asked you for any favor? Who wants any favor at your hands? I come in here and call for a drink of water, and you ask me if I have any request for a favor in that? I happen to want plain water, and not a highball or a whiskey sour or a beer, and I'm asking you to pass me out a couple of drinks of plain water, and, as I said now, I want those two drinks quick. I'm not asking for something for nothing—I'm just as willing and ready to pay for plain Potomac water out of the tap as you would be to pay for a gin and tonic with a brandy smash, and I came in here with the fullest intention of paying you for the drinks. I still preserve that intention, but I want you to pass up the drinks in a hurry, that's all."

The barkeeper continued to glare at the man who had made the bet, and he made several moves with his hands under the bar that looked as if he might be groping for a hamstarter or some other kind of a weapon. But he evidently thought better of that, for he only bestowed a final glare upon the man with time on his hands who wanted plain water, and said: "Say, d'ye know what you are? You're a bughouse, and the sooner you take a quick walk the better it's going to be for you. If you'd come in here recently and asked for a couple of glasses of water like a gentleman, you'd have got 'em quick, and no come-back or rebate, but I don't stand for no hounding like that, and you try to chuck into me—and it's your own fault. Get away, or it's going to happen to you, and happen hard."

His attitude was so menacing that the man who had made the bet and his companion hurried out. The same experiment, conducted along the same lines, was made at two other places, and then the man who had foolishly taken the bet looked over his \$5 note without a word.

WISHED HE HAD STORY BACK.

Funny Tale Lost on Non-appreciative German Audience. (New York Times.) Colonel Adolphus Busch, who has been doing some booming as a member of the St. Louis exposition exploiting committee, tells the following story: "Last summer, when I went to Europe, I got along my head brewer, whose admiration for me was so great that he was only equalled by his desire to appear thoroughly Americanized. Together we visited his native town in Germany, where he was made much of. Of course he had a holiday, and my companion took the opportunity to endeavor to make a speech after the American style, but in the German language, of course. He started out boldly, though he is no public speaker, and also fairly well. He intended to attempt the funny story which he knew should accompany every American speech worthy the name. It was funny, I assure you, as he told it, but his German audience, who were here to laugh at their fellow townsman, and so it fell flat. Discouraged and disgusted by this lack of appreciation of American humor, he dropped heavily into his chair, and, leaning across the table, whispered hoarsely to me: "I'd gif ten tollars if dot story was packt into me."

HE BOUGHT THEM. Henry Edward Road, who wrote "Hardwicks," the new story that tells so effectively about the problems and the romance of a young minister, was listed in his office the other day by a young woman who said she "wanted to see him about his new book." This book is Mr. Road's first novel, and he is not without a certain acute interest in it. "So the young woman was shown."

"Oh, Mr. Road," she said, "are you really the author of that splendid book? I think it is awfully good. It's just like my minister at home—he has a hard time, poor man. So many people want to rule him, you know. But your minister, Ernest Robertson, is such a splendid fellow. I simply love him. I wouldn't it dear of him, the way he came out ahead of all those old fogies who married such a nice girl. How did you write it, Mr. Road? I don't see how anybody writes a whole book, do you? But how silly of me, of course you do, because you did it! Well, good-by, Mr. Road. But you're a married man, aren't you?" Then she stopped in her passage to the door and said: "Oh, Mr. Road, you're so interested in church affairs, won't you buy some for me? I'd like to have a strawberry festival!" He bought them.

A JOKE FROM THE BENCH.

The only time Justice Gray of the United States supreme court was ever known to laugh at a joke while seated on the bench, was one day when Judson Harmon, then attorney general, was arguing a case before him. Mr. Harmon had occasion to display a map, quite a small one, and he referred to it as a "bird's-eye view." The justice could barely see it from the bench, and after peering at it for a moment, he said: "Mr. Attorney General, I regret to tell you that I do not see it. As Mr. Harmon folded up the tiny map the grave and dignified justice was heard to chuckle audibly.

Love Never Falters.

Ethel (to Jack, distractingly handsome, but impecunious, who has just proposed). Why, Jack, you foolish boy. You couldn't even get to the altar. Jack (who sees heaven slipping away from him—Don't throw me over like that, Ethel. You couldn't learn?)"

SPOKEN IN JEST

Tit-Bits: Barber—Will you have anything on your face when I have finished, sir? Victim—I do not know. But I hope you'll leave my face at least.

Philadelphia Press: "See here," said the kind old lady. "I'll give you a dime, if you'll promise not to go right off and spend it at that saloon on the corner."

Washington Star: "You object to that man because he used money to secure your election?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "he's not my point. He didn't use it. He wasted it."

Puck: "Then the police didn't raid the poolroom?" "No. When they got there they found that somebody had neglected to give the tip and the place was running in full blast."

Chicago Record-Herald: "Who is your favorite author?" asked Mrs. O'Rourke, as she was looking through the magnificent library of her new neighbors. "Shakespeare," her hostess replied. "I do think the 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,' is one of the literary pieces I ever heard. Joseph was read!" "I'm not long and it almost made me seasick—it was that real."

Chicago Daily News: "I was at a swell affair last night." "A social function?" "No, it was entirely too swell to be social."

New York Press: Bobbie (dilatating letter to his sister)—Dear Miss Brown, please excuse Bobbie for not being at school, since Tuesday as he has had two back on Tuesday and on Wednesday he broke in harm on his feet. He does not come tomorrow it will be because a boy true to stand at is I. Yours truly, Bobbie's Mother.

Punch: Mamma—I meant to give you a twenty-bit for my birthday, Bobby, but in my hurry think I gave you sixpence. Bobby—Yes, mummy, but I haven't spent it all yet. So will you give me tomorrow? Mamma—Give you what, dear? Bobby—The 2-penny bit you meant to give me today!

Washington Star: "So you gained a complete victory over the foe?" "We did," answered the general, in a somewhat boastful tone. "It was easy enough to conquer them in battle. The difficulty was in getting the best of the bargain when it came to arranging terms of surrender."

Baltimore News: "And no matter what calamity overtakes us, continued the lecturer on 'Applied Philosophy,' we have the way of comforting thought at hand. For instance, if the world were to be destroyed, we should be comforted by the thought that the world would be destroyed by the poor man's steak."

"But now since the coal strike is on, the poor man couldn't cook his steak if he had it!"

Don't want to be no angel. With wings, an' other trimmin'; Ruther be off your'n, a holdin' on 'em. 'Fishin', or a swimmin'!"

Ruther be off your'n, a holdin' on 'em. 'Singin' in the sun, Don't want to be no angel. I'll I can't help bein' one."

Exchange: "One of our most famous judges was called to his court in the morning in his brougham when an accident happened to it in Grosvenor square. Fortunately he was not hurt, but he called a cab from an adjacent cab rank and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the court of justice."

"And where is this?" "What a London cabby, and don't you know that the law courts are near old Temple Bar?" "Oh! the law courts, is it? You said 'courts of justice.'"

Detroit News-Tribune: A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, from among the children to speak, asked them simple questions, such as "how many feet have you?" etc. The cautious boy, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him: "If you don't tell me you say you had?" "Afrail of committing himself, he said: "Please, sir, I didn't say I had any."

Chicago Tribune: "Yes, it fits me, all right," said the hesitating customer, trying it on again, "and it's a genuine Panama, but it will cost so much to have it kept white and clean."

"On don't have to do that with a real Panama," explained the salesman. "It's only the imitations that are kept clean."

Baltimore Herald: "My dearer Nora is going to buy a house, and she wants to buy it in the basement of the building." "It'd be tillin' her that she might hev looked higher!"

"Tis she said how hod Murphy, that was drinkin' in 'in' top story 'ill that same skolecraper."

Sing Sing Star of Hope: The late Dr. Talmy said that he preserved his health by running. "This may have been good for Mr. Talmy, but it has never been very healthy for the inmate caught running here. Several have tried it, but always with unhealthy results."

Chicago Record-Herald: Ethel—George has told me that he will kill himself if I do not consent to be his. What shall I do? Her Mother—Wait, my child, and see whether he does or not. If he fails to do you, you know that he is not worthy of your love."

Catholic Standard: "I never see you stop at my lady's house any more," said the busybody. "No, he has become a church member, you know, and he's the best man. He's indeed? So he's given up beer, eh?" "Oh, no, but I deliver it at the back gate now."

Ohio State Journal: "You are charged with killing two men while speeding in your automobile," said the magistrate. "All right," replied the rich chauffeur, taking out his pocketbook; "how much are they worth?" "How much?" "Oh, no, but I deliver it at the back gate now."

Ohio State Journal: "Gee, I wouldn't want to be a marmalad," said little Bobbie as his mother scrubbed his face. "Why?" she asked. "Tis he said how hod Murphy, that was drinkin' in 'in' top story 'ill that same skolecraper."

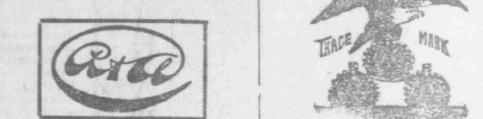
Harvard Lampoon: "Do you know, I am reminded of Miss Ellen Stone when ever I think about myself?" "Why?" "I've been pinched for cash lately."

Effects of Ping Pong. (Tale Record.) "Johnny, where did you hear that bad word?" "Whys, papa, didn't you know that mamma played ping pong?"

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