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—By—

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STATUS OF THE STRIKE.

THE FIFTEENTH week of the anthracite coal strike opens with conditions practically unchanged. No anthracite coal is being mined or shipped, and none is likely to be mined or shipped for an indefinite period. The supply of this form of fuel, even at the exorbitant figures which the operators have been charging for their dwindling stocks, is about exhausted. With the cooler weather which is sure to come within the next few weeks, the conditions in the larger cities of the east will be very grave.

It is true that they can use soft coal, but the furnaces in many of the large buildings and factories are built for hard coal, to comply with the anti-smoke regulations, and it will be very difficult for them to use the bituminous product. More, it may be hard to get enough soft coal to meet the extraordinary demand that will be caused by the anthracite famine.

Semi-officially it is stated that the operators have now reached the point where they would be willing to concede something in the wage line, but they will not recognize the United Mine Workers as an organization. "This fight is not a question of whether or not wages should be advanced," one of them is quoted as saying, "but whether or not the union shall be permitted to exist. We are determined to break the union, no matter how long it takes."

The operators thought eight weeks ago that their task would be easy. If they are men of reasonable judgment they don't think so today. They have reaped a golden harvest so far. The increased cost of anthracite coal has gone into their pockets, and the aggregate must be well up into the hundreds of thousands. That is all clear profit to the operators. Now their day of reckoning has arrived.

With no coal to sell at any figure, the operators must begin losing money. Another consideration is the near approach of the congressional elections. In a little more than two months the country will decide whether or not the next house is to be Democratic or Republican. The anthracite strike is not going to help the Republican party in Pennsylvania or the nation. If it is settled quickly it may give the voters time to forget, but unless it is settled quickly there isn't going to be time to do anything but remember.

A GOOD JAIL RULE.

BECAUSE SO MANY WOMEN visited the jail with flowers and other delicacies for two condemned murderers, a Pennsylvania jailer has found it necessary to deny admission to all women unless they can show ties of blood relationship or some other reason equally as good. Day Jailer Thomas, who has charge of Salt Lake county's jail, has instituted a similar rule.

For days without number morbid women have been in the habit of visiting the jail frequently with flowers for Peter Mortensen and other prisoners. Mortensen is a convicted murderer, convicted in both a court of law and in the court of public opinion. He is entitled to all the protection the law can throw around him, but he is entitled to nothing more.

If certain women, and fortunately there are only a few such, are so lost to all sense of the obligations that they owe to their families and to society that they want to give flowers to Mortensen and his kind, they should be forcibly prevented from doing so. Flowers are very beautiful by a sick bed, they improve the appearance of any room, they hide from view the bare clods that cover graves, but they are out of place in a prison.

There is no excuse which prompts such displays as Jailer Thomas has felt it his plain duty to prevent. One can understand why a relative or a close friend, believing in the innocence of another in prison, should want to lighten his burden. But it is hard to understand why women who have no interest in a felon, other than a morbid interest, should want to imprison God's flowers in the gloomy vaults of a jail.

Such proceedings tend to glorify crime and to deify criminals. They have no place in an enlightened community, and The Herald hopes that the practice will continue to be discouraged by Jailer Thomas and his brother officers.

SCHWAB'S RETIREMENT.

IT IS ANNOUNCED as coming from authoritative sources that Charles M. Schwab is to retire at once from the presidency of the United States Steel corporation. The report attributes Mr. Schwab's retirement to ill health, and contains the announcement that he will straightway seek some secluded spot abroad where he will rest until his recovery is complete.

Little surprise will be caused among those who have kept track of Mr. Schwab's career by the story of his withdrawal. It is probable that he is a sick man, but it is not probable that illness alone has caused him to retire.

The truth is that President Schwab has been somewhat out of his depth in recent months. As an iron master he was a conspicuous success. He knew how to make the best steel for the least amount of money; he knew how to get the greatest possible amount of work out of his men, and he had an amazing mind for details of that character.

When Carnegie was approached with a view to selling his steel works to the trust he made one condition. That was that Charlie Schwab be placed at the head of the mammoth combination. Schwab had grown up under Carnegie, and the older man had every confidence in his ability. But under Carnegie, Schwab was only required to make iron and steel. He never had to form alliances with other plants; he was never called upon to meet men of millions on their own ground and to beat them in the game of finance. The trust was so anxious to own the Carnegie plants that it assented to the Schwab condition.

At once he was thrown into a new environment. Instead of men, Schwab was called upon to handle dollars. Details about bond issues did not find as firm lodgment in his mind as details about the disposition of slag and the amount of fuel it takes to make a steel rail. He was continued at the head of affairs this long because of the Carnegie influence. He was entitled to his chance and he was given it.

Another trouble with Mr. Schwab was that he talked too much. He liked to tell things about the United States Steel corporation. Every little while he gave out a statement about its magnitude, its enormous profits, its reduction of operating expenses. The magnates have been restless under Mr. Schwab's loquacity, for they are men who don't like for the world to know what they are doing.

And there may be something significant in the fact that the announcement of Mr. Schwab's retirement on the score of ill health comes so soon after the arrival of J. P. Morgan from his last visit to Europe.

MINISTERS' SONS.

AN ORGANIZATION called "The Society of the Sons of Ministers" has recently concluded its annual session in the city of Glasgow. One of the topics for discussion was, "Do a large portion of the sons of ministers not turn out as well as the sons of other people?" Rev. James D. Mitchell made a very strong argument, and presented facts to show that ministers' sons turn out quite as well as the sons of laymen.

It is a very common saying that the worst young men in the world are sons of ministers. There is a shadow of foundation for the saying, too. Preachers' boys labor under a handicap. What would be considered merely an outburst of boyish spirits in the ordinary lad becomes a crime when committed by the minister's son. He is supposed to be an example to the youth of the community as his father is an example to the adult population.

So the boy is placed in a hard position from the time he is able to walk. He is nagged at and corrected and reproved and punished until life for him is a dreary round of Sunday clothes and correct table manners. As he grows older and sees the boys with whom he has been raised disporting themselves after methods which have been forbidden to him, it is but natural that he lets go all holds and celebrates his freedom with the best, or the worst, of them.

After all, though, the wayward minister's son is not more numerous than other wayward sons. He attracts more attention by his waywardness, that's all. The son of a preacher who is a good son gets absolutely no credit for it. He is only acting as he is expected to act, although he must encounter the same temptations as other young men encounter. When he falls the crash is heard far beyond the circle of his acquaintances and the sneering cry goes up to heaven: "Why is it that ministers' sons are always bad?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes was the son of a minister. Grover Cleveland's father was a minister. So was the father of Robert G. Ingersoll, concerning whose value to the world there are wide differences of opinion. The list might be extended almost indefinitely and it will be found that ministers' sons average up fully as well and in a large proportion of cases very much higher than the sons of other men.

It is unfortunate that the character of the ground on which the new federal building is to be located has made a change in the foundation plans necessary. Some delay in the work of construction will be occasioned thereby and all Salt Lake is anxious to have the building finished at the earliest possible moment. Still it is better in this case to "make haste slowly." The building is to be a fixture and it should be erected with due and proper caution.

A Colorado hunter declares that he owes his life to President Roosevelt. He says the president taught him how to cut down two grizzly bears with a knife at the same time and on a recent occasion he turned the trick successfully. Of course, this hunter is only a beginner. If the president really wanted to he could teach him how to cut down six grizzlies with one hand and choke eight mountain lions with the other all at the same moment.

The Herald and all the people of Salt Lake are delighted to welcome the Tennessee editors to "our midst." We haven't any General Jackson farm here but we have lots of other things almost as good. Tennessee is a fine old state, full of historic associations and good people. She ranks and she deserves to rank with the best of them. Nothing in Utah that is get-at-able will be denied the visitors.

Mary MacLane, Butte's soulful symphony, is receiving more free advertisement. An Ohio girl has gone crazy through reading her book. Those who have read Mary's charming work will be satisfied that she and the girl from Ohio are two of a kind.

Senator A. Owen Smoot says the Democrats are certain to carry Utah county this fall. For one, The Herald is willing to take the senator's word for it and save the Republicans the expense of a campaign.

Will those Chicago scientists who are trying to exterminate mosquitoes by color scheme please explain how mosquitoes ascertain the different colors at night when the mosquitoes aforesaid are most worrisome?

According to the calendar these are the dog days, but none of us would like to be a hairless dog.

Society

The friends of Judge and Mrs. Royle and Mrs. Martha Royle King were given a rare treat last night at the musicale. Mrs. King had selected as her opening numbers "Snow Flakes," by Cowen, and Nevin's "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," and both songs were rendered with marvelous feeling and expression. The rich tones of her voice were well brought out in the sacred song from Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul, and the two little gems from Allitsen were finely given. In response to the encore which followed these, the "Plantation Lullaby," which has so delighted her hearers before, was sung by request. Mrs. King's closing number was Dick's "Spring is Here," which was the most sprightly and one of the most graceful numbers on the programme.

The Treble Clef club was heard for the first time, and every number was received with a burst of applause. In the song "From a Bygone Day," Miss Dwyer's rich alto voice was especially noticeable, while Miss Cohn and Miss Davis sustained the medium tones beautifully.

Mr. Woodmansee gave three piano selections, Chopin's prelude in D flat, the allegro from McDowell's "Sonata Tragica," and the nocturne, by Arensky, which is such a favorite with the people of Salt Lake. It was the last appearance of the gifted young pianist here for some time, as he leaves this morning for the east.

At the conclusion of the programme a pleasant hour was spent socially and punch was served in the parlor by the Misses Dyer and Terhune.

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Mr. and Mrs. Don H. Porter announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Claire, to Mr. Charles Spencer Mann of Los Angeles. The bride is one of Salt Lake's most prominent young society belles, and is a great favorite. The groom is a prosperous young business man of Los Angeles. The date of the wedding has not yet been set.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes, accompanied by Miss Shoop, Miss Laura Bransford and Miss Grace Emery, left last night for Idaho Falls, where they will join Colonel Holmes and make a tour of Yellowstone park. They will be gone about a week.

◆ ◆ ◆

Governor and Mrs. Wells will return from their summer's outing at Soda Springs the last day of the month.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. John Reed will entertain at an informal Kensington this afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. W. W. Betts of St. Louis.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Mary A. Young, who has spent the past ten months in Honolulu with her daughter, Mrs. Schweitzer, has returned to the city and is at home at 106 West First North street.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Agnes Osborne and her sister, Mrs. Urquhart of Rochester, have gone to Brighton for the coming week.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Alma Katz has returned from Soda Springs and is at home with her daughter, Mrs. L. E. Riter.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. J. F. Marshall is at home for the present at 254 South Third East street.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Lucile Sears gives a Japanese card party this evening.

◆ ◆ ◆

Misses Katherine and Emily Guitar of Columbia, Mo., are visiting the Misses Cameron and Sallie Leonard.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Mattie Farrow left Monday morning for northern Utah, where she will spend several weeks.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Angus Moyle has returned from Park City.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Cora McDonald is to be the guest shortly of Mrs. Albert C. Jones at 131 South Eighth East street.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Herman Zuzah of Boonville, Mo., is visiting his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Schiller.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. William H. King will entertain informally at luncheon tomorrow.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Misses Wall have gone to Denver for a short trip with their father, Colonel E. A. Wall.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Pfeiffer of Omaha and Miss Conaway of York, Neb., are the guests of Mrs. George Steiner.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Mabelle James has returned from Nevada.

SUMMER ADVERTISING.

(Newspaperdom.)

Time was when the advertising men of the country looked upon the months of July and August as being practically "dead" as far as their business was concerned, but this year has been an exception. Many of the shrewd advertising experts believe that advertisers will hereafter consider the hottest months of the year as good to advertise during, as the fall or winter season. Several of the largest advertisers of the country did not cut their space any at all this season and many ad men found it impossible to take a vacation. These facts have their own significance.

SAVE THE BITS OF SOAP.

One Girl Discovered How to Use Them to the Last Fragment.

(Kansas City Star.)

"What is in this pretty, monogrammed, beribboned bag, Grace?" asked the girl who had come to stay all night. "It feels mushy, and yet hard—what is it?"

"Soap," replied Grace, with her mouth full of hairpins. "That is one of my pet economies. You see, there is always a small bit of the bar of toilet soap left, and which is too little to be handled easily."

"I know," interrupted her guest. "I always threw them away, for they littered up my soap dish so."

"But when you pay a dollar, for instance, for one little cake of fine French toilet cleanser you don't feel like tossing out even tiny pieces; they're precious, I tell you. And so I just tie them all up in a little bag, which I have previously embroidered with my initials, and use it that way—just as if it were in itself a bar of soap. The bag, being of heavy butcher's linen, lets just enough of the creamy, fragrant lather through to feel good on your hands."

"That is a scheme, sure enough," said her friend, turning on the faucet and rubbing the little bag between her fingers in luxurious content. "Think I'll try it myself—minus the embroidering—life's too short for me to spend my golden hours in needle work." And she plunged her face into the foaming flood in the marble basin.

Not a Christian.

There are many amusing things which happen even at a revival meeting. Sometimes the amusing point is not noticed by the person who is responsible for it, although every one else does. A certain lady, strong in the religious belief known as Universalism, happened to go to a revival meeting at a Baptist church one night this week. There was the usual amount of prayer and exhortation to repentance, etc. As this woman took no part in the proceedings, she was noticed by one of the women of the church, who decided to speak to her. With a sympathetic look on her face, she asked, "Madam, are you a Christian?"

"No'm. I'm a Universalist," was the prompt reply, and every one around her laughed, despite the seriousness of the matter at issue. But the woman who caused the laugh didn't see the joke of it, and doesn't yet.

A Complicated Sign.

(Washington Post.)

A woman who is spending the summer in Pennsylvania writes of a sign displayed in the window of a small shop in the village nearest her. It reads:

"For Sale—Second-hand furniture, teeth and ice."

HENRY CLAY AS AN ACTOR.

How the Great Lawyer Won a Hopeless Case.

Mr. James Sandusky, who is an old and well known traveler, and who has recently settled in Chicago, while coming in from Pewee valley on the electric line yesterday afternoon told an interesting story about Henry Clay, the great Kentucky statesman. Mr. Sandusky in his youth lived in Mr. Clay's district during the time when Henry Clay was at his prime as a lawyer.

"A man was once being tried for murder," said Mr. Sandusky, "and his case looked hopeless indeed. He had without any seeming provocation murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister.

"The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was roused, and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted.

"Then came a trial, the like of which I have never seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence.

"The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, laid all the proof before them in his masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"'Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look and carrying the most undying hatred in it that I have ever seen, 'gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this what would you do?'

"That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled and some even quailed on their seats. The judge moved uneasily on his bench. After fifteen minutes the jury filed slowly back with a 'Not guilty, your honor.' The victory was complete.

"When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory, he said:

"'It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most obtuse case.'"

FOR HOT WEATHER.

Iced Chocolate and Other Cooling Drinks as Thirst Quenchers.

(Mrs. M. T. Wentworth in Pittsburg Post.)

Chocolate is so generally served hot that the cool summer drink is far less familiar than it should be. When carefully made and served, it is delicious, as well as wholesome, and can safely be recommended for delicate children and elderly people. Put one ounce of unsweetened chocolate into a saucepan and stir into it gradually one pint of boiling water, stirring all the time. Put the saucepan on the fire and stir until the chocolate is all dissolved, then add one pint of granulated sugar and stir until it begins to boil; cook for three minutes longer without stirring, then strain and cool. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, bottle and store in a cool place. When needed, put two tablespoons of crushed ice in a tumbler, add two tablespoonfuls of the chocolate syrup, three tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, one gill of milk and half a gill of carbonic water; stir thoroughly before drinking.

A simple wholesome drink that can be freely given children during the summer months is always in demand, and an excellent one can be made with home-made current jelly as the main flavoring. For the foundation boil two pounds of sugar and a quart of water together for five minutes; skim thoroughly, then add the juice of two lemons and one large orange. Strain carefully, and finally stir in a pint of current jelly; continue stirring until the jelly is entirely dissolved, then place on ice until very cold. At the moment of serving add a bountiful supply of ice.

Tea "punch" is a novelty, and is also a very good summer drink. Peel three oranges and cut into slices, add one small pineapple, shredded, and three or four bananas thinly sliced; over all pour the juice of eight lemons; set this away in a cool place to blend. Make two quarts of rather weak tea by pouring that quantity of freshly boiled water over two heaping teaspoonfuls of tea, and let it draw for five minutes, then strain and dissolve it in one pound of lump sugar; when cool, add the fruit, chill with ice, and serve.

Perfect lemonade is not common; to make it at its best, the water and sugar should be boiled together to form a syrup. Allow a half-pound of sugar to each quart of water, and boil together for five minutes, then strain and set aside to cool. To this quantity of syrup allow four good-sized lemons, rub two of them with a few lumps of sugar until they have absorbed the oil, then add them to the syrup; squeeze the juice from all the lemons, remove the pips, and stir into the prepared syrup. Serve very cold in thin tumblers. To make a more elaborate drink, add a few crushed strawberries or raspberries, a few slices of pineapple, or of oranges, as one prefers.

DEFENSE OF THE ONION.

"The Rose Among Roots" Finds Its Champion.

The onion is one of those strenuous vegetables about which one cannot be indifferent. One either yearns for it with a passionate longing or else utterly repudiates it and everybody who has any trafficking with it. If one never had to take one's onions at second hand, it would not be so bad. If the law would only set apart one day a week for the consumption of onions and forbid it under penalty of fine and imprisonment—preferably imprisonment—at all times, it would be a boon to the world. The onion hater would at least know when to take to the woods and how long to stay there.

As for banishing the onion from the kitchen, that would be a crime. There have been poets who have sung its praises, but perhaps some of the prose rhapsodies are just as eloquent. For instance, if you want to crush your neighbor who regards your dish of onions with a supercilious eye, just ask him if he knows that the onion is called "the rose among roots." Ask him if he knows that "without it there would be no gastronomic art"; that "its presence lends color and enchantment to the most modest dish, its absence reduces the rarest dainty to hopeless insipidity and the diner to despair." It is quite possible that your haughty neighbor may decline to follow this hint and may show signs of being plunged into despair pending the addition of onions to his own menu. The anti-onionist is a stiff-necked party.

Contingent on the Fee.

(Boston Transcript.)

Lawyer Writtier—I suppose you think a lawyer cannot speak the truth if he tries?

Layman Snooks—Oh, I don't say that. I suppose he wouldn't mind telling the truth if the fee was big enough.

Lawyer Writtier—You mean to insinuate that lawyers are not as truthful as the average man?

Layman Snooks—I mean to say that other men are not paid so liberally for covering up the truth.

Difference in Strikes.

(Boston Transcript.)

Oil strikes are better than coal strikes. The more oil strikes there are the more oil there is, whereas it is quite the contrary with coal strikes.

HYPNOTIC CURES.

Result of Experiments in an English Insane Asylum.

(London Hospital.)

In a lecture delivered before the King's College Medical society, Dr. Milne Bramwell gave an interesting sketch of the subject of hypnotism. Describing the experiments of Forel, who, till recently, was medical director of the Burgholi asylum and one of the professors of the University of Zurich, he said that he succeeded in hypnotizing nearly all his asylum attendants, both male and female, a large proportion of them becoming profound somnambules. For ten years experiments were made in regard to the use of hypnotism in the night watching of dangerous lunatics. Warders were hypnotized and trained to sleep by the bedside of these patients and to awake the instant they heard them attempt to get out of bed, the hypnotic suggestion being made use of to inhibit all sounds which had no reference to the duty laid upon them, and it was found that warders so hypnotized could perform night duty for six months and work hard all day without showing signs of fatigue. The results of these experiments were, it is said, uniformly successful, and no accident of any kind occurred.

In regard to this and other applications of hypnotism, Dr. Bramwell refers to the method of Wetterstrand, who, instead of restricting himself to suggestions made in the course of a short hypnotic trance, advocated the use of the curative effects of prolonged hypnotic sleep. Wetterstrand treated epilepsy and grave forms of nervous disorder by keeping the patients in the hypnotic trance for three or four weeks. Without rousing them patients were fed at stated intervals, and the action of the bowels and bladder were regulated by suggestion and thus mental as well as physical rest was given, in addition to such therapeutic advantages as might be gained by the aid of suggestion.

Dr. Milne Bramwell says that, although every one cannot be deeply hypnotized, profound states are not necessary for the successful employment of suggestion, and the number of persons insusceptible in some degree of hypnotic influence is extremely small. Among other disease he gives the following as those in which hypnotism has given good results: "Hysteria, neurasthenia, dipsomania and other drug habits, obsessions, moral perversities and nervous tricks in children." We may add that, as far as the treatment of dipsomania is concerned, it seems not entirely impossible that some of the startling results which are said to have been obtained at certain institutions for the treatment of this condition may have been the outcome of an unacknowledged but none the less effectual application of hypnotic suggestion.

VACATION RESORTS.

Places Where the Multitude Can Spend Their Vacations.

(Life.)

The musicians will live on the sound, and the ping-pong players will go to Table bay. The summer girls will, naturally, go to the Isle of Man, and those too old to be loved will seek the Isle of Pines. Dipsomaniacs will go to Bar Harbor, brewers to Bering straits, while all other reformed drunkards will go to Haddam. The coal men will flock to Asheville, poets will go to Attica, geometricians to Cuba, tramps to Bath, horseback riders to Canterbury, funny men to Chestnut Ridge, golf players to Bunker Hill, philanthropists to Bounty islands, Boston girls to Chili, and chiropodists to Cornwall.

Printers will go to Ems, aurists to Erie, pawnbrokers to Hocking valley, spiritualists to Knoxville, burglars to Lock Haven, Pullman car porters to Palm Beach, but there is some doubt about the Filipinos going to Liberty. Those who linger too long will go to Tarrytown.

All the stuffs will go to Turkey, Prohibitionists will go to the Water Gap, and all practical jokers to Cape Cod. Some Wall street men will go to Great Bear lake and others to Bull Run. Folks troubled with insomnia will go to Sleepy Hollow. Roulette players will go to Wheeling and poker players to Council Bluffs. Fat men will go to Great Neck, thin men to Littleton, and melancholy men to Sulphur Springs.

The cooks will go to Pottstown, the anarchists to Bombay, cabmen to Hoboken, vivisectionists to the Catskills, and all the shoppers to Paw Paw.

Pool players will go to Pyramids, leather men to Morocco, magnates to the Rockies, while those whose fortunes are failing will go to Sag Harbor.

All the peach growers will go to Pittsburg, and the ice-makers will go to Old Point. The confectioners will flock to Mount Desert, and the gossips to Pekin.

AND FINALLY,

Those whose thoughts are fixed on heaven will go to St. Petersburg.

And those whose thoughts are in the other direction will go to Fire island.

CHAUNCEY MOURNED.

Funeral Would Not Have Been Complete Without Him.

(Philadelphia Times.)

The late Congressman McCormick is said to have been fond of telling a story concerning a family that lived in the backwoods of Potter county, which was in his district. The father was a ne'er-do-well, but had managed to bring ten or eleven children into the world. Two of the sons, when they got well into the teens, manifested a streak of industry, however, and set to work to relieve the family wants, which were considerable. One went into the lumber regions, and returned soon with broken legs, which, when improperly set, resulted in his having a grotesque limp. The other son went into the oil fields and struck it rather rich. Just as the tide turned for him, news came that the father was dead. He hurried home to find the others preparing for a plain, unpretentious "planting," as they called it; but he felt something was due from him, and gave orders for imposing ceremony, procession and cemetery equipment. Relatives were invited from distant sections, the oil fields man standing the expenses. When everything was in readiness, the processional list was read to him, and he noticed that the brother with the limp was not mentioned.

"What about Chauncey?" he asked.

"Why," he was told, "that walk of his'n 'ud spile the 'pearance o' things."

The capitalist considered a moment, and then declared himself.

"Look'ee here!" he said, "we eether has a fair fune-rell or we don't has enyy! If it ain't no fittin' place for Chauncey, 'tain't no fittin' place for me. He walks or I quits!"

Chauncey was a formal mourner.

Struck Salt Water at 2,246 Feet.

(New York Times.)

Important light has been thrown on the underground water resources of southeastern Virginia by a deep well recently constructed at Fort Monroe. The well was sunk to bedrock "granite," 2,246 feet, but, although several water bearing strata were penetrated, they were all found to develop flows of salt water. The results obtained from the Fort Monroe well confirm those found elsewhere in this region.

Salt water only has been found in borings at Norfolk, Va., at 760 feet; at Wilmington, N. C., where bed rock was reached: at the Chamberlain hotel, Old Point Comfort, at 947 feet, and in several wells at Crisfield in southern Maryland. These borings indicate that there are no prospects for usable underground waters in the region. Eastern Virginia is underlaid by a succession of widely extended sheets of sand and clays lying in regular order on an east-sloping floor of granite or other "bed rock."

This rock disappears beneath the surface along a zone passing near Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg and Washington, and, descending at a rate varying from forty to 100 feet per mile, reaches a considerable depth near the ocean—2,246 feet at Fort Munroe. The sands of the overlying formations contain water which is abundant and fresh for the first forty to fifty miles from the west, but is now known not to be available in the extreme southeast.

Numerous fine flowing wells have been obtained along the Potomac, Rappahannock, York and James rivers from several sand horizons, but about Old Point Comfort and to the south and east the upper water bearing sands have changed into non-water bearing clays, and the lower sands yield only salt water.

Her View of Westerners.

(New York Tribune.)

"I think that the people of the west are exceedingly interesting, but I do not like their ways," said the spinster landlady, as she began her nightly attack with a craving knife on a leg of cold mutton.

"What don't you like about them?" asked her nephew, who sat next to her and often embarrassed the boarders by saying there was too much water in the soup.

"Why, I think they are too forward," said the woman with the knife, as she peeled off a thin slice for a hard working politician and officeholder, who often entertained the rest of the boarders by telling them of his campaign experiences.

"Have you met many westerners?" asked the politician, as he saw his almost empty plate set before him.

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "I was out in California, and the people out there entertained me almost to death. The women I met at noon acted as if they had known me their whole lives by 2 o'clock. They were altogether too forward. I didn't like it."

"But then men didn't bother you, aunty, did they?" piped up the nephew.

The One Precedent Wasn't Enough.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, discussing with some friends the award of degrees at the recent commencement day exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, said the manner of bestowing degrees nowadays reminded him of the case of Von Helden, the famous German surgeon, who, a graduate of one of the leading universities of the Fatherland, openly expressed disgust when honorary and complimentary awards were made indiscriminately to men who had attracted public attention in various ways. One day, in a spirit of deep sarcasm, Von Helden asked for a degree for his valet. The surgeon was so high and mighty a man that the faculty granted the degree without protest or comment, thinking he surely had a good reason for asking. More enraged than ever, he sent a letter asking for a degree for his favorite dog. The faculty then "tumbled" to his sarcasm, and sent the following reply:

"We are compelled to refuse your second request. We have searched the records, and find but one instance of a degree having been bestowed on an animal—an ass named Von Helden."

A Sliding Scale.

(New York Weekly.)

Lone Arrival (at summer resort)—What are your terms here?

Hotel Clerk—Um—you will have to wait until the through express gets in. If it is loaded our terms will be $10 a day. If it is empty we will pay you 25 cents an hour to sit on the porch and look happy.

SALT LAKE THEATRE
GEO. D. PYPER, Manager.

TONIGHT,
and
TOMORROW NIGHT,
Joseph Haworth
SUPPORTED BY
AGNES ROSE LANE
And Company, in ORESTES U. BEAN'S Great Play,
"CORIANTON"
Deseret Dramatic Syndicate, Proprietors.
GEORGE E. BLAIR, Manager.
SALE OF SEATS for all nights NOW ON

Salt Palace Theatre.
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY
AUGUST 18.
Refined Vaudeville Performance.
10--BIG ACTS--10
All New, Bright and Up-to-Date
Don't Fail and See
Maloney's Troubles

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Are you looking for a first-class home school in which to place your daughter, where she will receive a thorough training and excellent care? Send for catalogue. Address:
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A Christian Academy and safe home for your Girls and Boys.
Course covers Eighth grade, High School and College Preparatory.
Music Department and pianos for practice in the school buildings.
For Circulars and particulars, Address,
Robert J. Caskey, Principal,
Salt Lake City.

Gordon Academy,
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This high-grade home and day school for boys and girls
WILL REOPEN SEPTEMBER 9,
New dormitory for girls. Grammar and high school departments. Unsurpassed advantages for the study of languages. Physical training, drawing and music. Terms reasonable.
CAROLINE PAINE,
Principal.

ESTABLISHED 1864
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ONE PRICE TO ALL. NEVER UNDERSOLD
Midsummer Bargains
IN
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
— AND —
INFANTS' HEADWEAR.
All reduced to much less than cost of production. To make a clean sweep of all remaining Summer Dresses and Infants' Caps and Bonnets.
Infants' Caps and Sun Bonnets that sold up to 50c each, to close out at 25c
Infants' Caps, sold regularly up to 75c each, to close out at 35c
Infants' Caps in many beautiful styles, that sold up to $1.00 each, to close out 50c
Infants' Caps, including all this season's prettiest styles, worth up to $2.00 each, at 95c
CHILDREN'S DRESSES AND SUITS, sizes to fit children aged 1 to 14 years old, each and every one to be closed out at much less than cost of materials.

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS.

There are mighty few suits here now that you couldn't wear for many months to come.
'Cause all the real summer suits have been sold long ago.
Many of these here are odd sizes and have had their prices chopped off a fourth or more.
Splendid patterns and good weights.
At original prices they're as good values as any we'll have later.
Is that hint enough to make you come and do some choosing?
Maybe you've had one suit already this season
And just want a pair of trousers to help out.
Plenty here, and you'll be surprised how they'll spruce up that old coat.
Cheviots and fancy worsteds, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up to $8.50.
Seen the new shirts yet?
Monarch and Wilson Bros.
One Price. J. P. GARDNER, 136-138 Main St.

THE BEST YET!
NINE EVENTS AT SALT PALACE TONIGHT
Hopper Tries for ¼ World's Record.
Maxwell's Single Motor Mile Record.
5 Mile Motor Race, Oldfield vs. Samuelson.
1 Mile Open Professional.
1 Mile Post Race, Amateur.
Admission 25c. Races start at 8:30 p. m

The Butchers'
Big Barbecue
LAGOON,
Wednesday, Aug. 20.
Trains leave Salt Lake 7, 9, 11 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30 p.m.

50c on Every $1.00.
That's a big saving, but that is just what our Set Sale means this week. All Ice Cream Sets, Game Sets, Salad Sets, Chop Sets, Smoking Sets, etc., etc., go at just half price. Now is your chance. See our window.
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The safe cure, the quick Cure for Headaches—Cures summer colds, too.
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CONTAINS NO QUININE