

THE SALT LAKE HERALD.

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WHOSE IS THE GUILTY?

THERE IS MOURNING in a Salt Lake home today. The curtains are drawn and from the door in front flutters the black badge of sorrow. The sun of a young life has gone down while it was yet morning; the voice of a boy who was loved as wild boys are always loved will be heard on this earth no more forever.

But the lights in the gambling houses are blazing; the click of the ball in the roulette wheel, the raucous cry of the croupier, the snake-like motions of the card dealer, are uninterrupted. No crepe there, no signs of grief, no hint of repentance. Wide open are swinging the doors of the saloon, and the passers on the street can hear the clink of glasses against glasses. No mourning there for the life that has gone out.

Early Friday morning a boy killed himself in Park City. Barely 23 years of age, he stood upon the very threshold of existence. Part way up the long ladder of success he had climbed, despite his youth, for he was at the head of one of the departments of a great mercantile establishment. Because of his ability men tempted him and he fell. Mind you, this boy never wronged anybody but himself; remember, as you read the story, that he suffered for his life.

First a drink or two now and then with a "good fellow." Then more drinks with a great many "good fellows." The gambling house lights gleam brightly when other lights are out, and the "good fellows" take the boy into this hell that police authorities say is "necessary." Sometimes the course is long, sometimes short, as in this instance, but the inevitable end is grief and shame and misery.

The boy is dead now—paid the penalty sooner than some boys pay it. Thursday night he lost all the money he had in the world in a gambling house; in a place where, say what you please about "honest" gamblers, he did not, could not, have an even chance to win. The "business" of the gambling house is to win, and in the long run, as in this case, it did win.

When the boy walked out he was ruined. In his room he faced the realization. There was nobody to advise him. The "good fellows" with whom he had drunk and gambled were not there to stay his hand. They had stripped him of his money, and as far as they were concerned, his excuse for existence was at an end. So the boy died with a bullet in his brain, another victim added to the countless thousands sacrificed on the altar of whisky and gambling.

Wasn't the boy murdered as surely as though a midnight assassin had stolen into his room and stabbed him while he slept? Will not the gamblers and the saloonkeepers who encompassed his ruin be held to answer in the court of courts? If they are not, there is no such thing as Divine retribution. His was weak? Yes. He should have resisted the temptation? Yes. But the boy's weakness does not furnish an excuse for his slayers. They had no right to tempt him, knowing, as they must have known, his weakness. There is a law which protects the saloonkeeper in his criminal-making "industry," but the gambler is an outlaw. He has no rights which any citizen is bound to respect, for he has no standing under the law. If the case of this young man furnishes the foundation for a crusade that will drive every gambler into honest pursuits or compel him to leave the state, the boy will not have died in vain.

CORBIN ON MATRIMONY.

WHATEVER OTHER unkind things may justly be said about Adjutant General Corbin, nobody will now be able to say he isn't a brave man. In his annual report to the president, General Corbin invites the displeasure of every girl who likes brass buttons by saying that the early marriage of officers in the army should be discouraged. He intimates that marriage destroys, to a certain extent, the usefulness of young officers because it divides their allegiance.

That sounds rather harsh. Surely an officer can be loyal to his country and to his wife at the same time. Like death and the tax gatherer, love is no respecter of persons. The darts of Cupid enter the heart of the second lieutenant, with only his salary to support him, as surely as they enter the heart of the millionaire's son. Why should the youngster be deprived of the inestimable boon of a good wife; merely because he wears the uniform of his country?

Isn't it possible that if matrimony is discouraged, young men will have less desire to enter the army? It is true that the young lieutenant and his family often have hard times making ends meet, but it is also true that a large proportion of young married couples start life with less than a second lieutenant's pay. It seems to The Herald that General Corbin should strike at a different point.

Instead of inveighing against matrimony he should frown upon the extravagance of which many army officers are guilty. He should insist upon their making army life less expensive and, if that is impossible, he might advocate an increase in salaries. The adjutant general's recommendation that the canteen be re-established will be received with favor by all except the saloonkeepers and some mis-

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THAT PERENNIAL FOUNTAIN of wisdom, Professor Oscar L. Triggs of the University of Chicago, has overflowed in a new place. Triggs has been talking to a woman's club on this subject: "The Effect of College Training on the Literary Faculty. Is the Critical Developed at the Expense of the Creative Power?" Nice long subject, that. Plenty room enough there for Triggs to make an ass of himself in, and he did it.

He pointed out the unworthiness of Longfellow and Whittier, and suggested the establishment of a school for novelists. By this method alone he believed literature could be elevated to the nth power of excellence, which is the Triggsian standard. He would have meddling and full-blown authors come to him with due meekness, having destroyed all of their previous efforts, and learn at his feet the way to true greatness in literature. Triggs went so far as to express a belief that there should be "a law similar to the one governing the practice of medicine, law and other professions passed, to regulate the practice of literature." From the lips of anybody else this would sound like irony, but Triggs never relaxes to that extent. He continues:

There would be several departments in this school, each department to be conducted by specialists in their particular lines of work. These departments would comprise poetry, prose criticism, journalism and public speaking. Every detail of literature and the making of a novel would be specialized. There would be special instructors for the development of plot, experienced instructors in love scenes, and, for the benefit of the historical novelists, there would be an instruction in fencing—I would also add dramatic art to the list of departments. And he might have added that another law should be passed requiring publishers to accept immediately every production by a student in the Triggs school and making it a felony for the work of any outsider to be put in circulation. Thus Triggs might create a literary trust that would bring him everlasting fame and unbounded fortune. Evidently Shakespeare was born several centuries too early. Think how much better his plays would have been if he had lived in the time of Triggs.

BRE'R RABBIT SHOUP.

THE INIMITABLE Joel Chandler Harris, in his Uncle Remus stories, tells about the time all the beasts of the field got together and built a house. Bre'r Bear and Bre'r Fox and Bre'r Wolf, and nearly all the rest, worked as hard as they knew how, hauling lumber, driving nails, putting on shingles, plastering, papering and painting. Bre'r Rabbit was busier than anybody, but he didn't persevere any. He did the "meddlin' an' makin'"; and he claimed all the credit for the house.

We are reminded of this story by the announcement in yesterday's dispatches of the candidacy of Bre'r Rabbit Shoup for Idaho for the United States senatorship. While Borah and Stander and other Republican politicians were building the Republican house in Idaho, sweating and working as hard as they knew how, Bre'r Rabbit Shoup was "meddlin' an' makin'". He was busier than anybody, but nobody saw him tear his overalls. Now that the house is built, now that the legislature is Republican, it turns out that Shoup did it all. He points to his great record as a senator and as a worker in the Republican ranks, and insists that the most luscious plums at the disposal of his party belong to him and to none other. So he's modestly suggesting to the members-elect of the legislature that they send him to Washington at their earliest convenience.

The Herald hasn't the slightest desire to mingle in Idaho Republican politics or to assume to say what the party should do. But we have a right to the opinion that Shoup, having been once directed to the rear with instructions to fold himself up, should be requested to remain in his place, far from the "amen corner." The Idaho senatorship apparently belongs to Borah as clearly as the Utah senatorship belongs to Apostle Reed Smoot.

A Pennsylvania militiaman who shot and killed a striker in the coal region of Pennsylvania may be tried for murder. The case is an unusual one, but on the surface it would seem that the officer who ordered the soldier to shoot is the man who should be tried.

Count Boni Castellane, husband of Anna Gould, has been thrown out of the French chamber of deputies. This is hard on his wife, for now Boni will have nothing to do except devise means for spending her money more rapidly.

A \$30 fine for running a gambling house in defiance of the law will strike many Salt Lake gamblers as altogether inadequate, but they should remember that the gamblers stand mighty high with this administration.

Quartermaster General Ludington favors the retention of all the army transports. Well, they are nice for the officers who desire to take yachting cruises at the expense of the government.