

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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OPPORTUNITY.

IN A WONDERFULLY STRONG poem called "Opportunity," the late Rowland Edvard Hill tells this story: Underneath or in a cloud of dust that spread along a plain a furious battle raged.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bested And weaponless, and saw the broken hills-worship in the dry and trodden sand And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down And saved a great cause that heroic day.

The lesson in this is so powerful, so apparent and so effective that comment seems superfluous. In a few words Mr. Hill has taught us that the man who goes to meet his opportunity, who makes the most of it when he does meet it, is the man who succeeds, in actual warfare as in the battle of life.

If the sword of the king's son had been placed in the coward's hand at the moment he tried to excuse himself for his show of cowardice, would he have pressed forward into the conflict? No, he would have asked for the sword of the king and, given that, he would have wanted yet another sword.

Every man thinks he would be great if he had the opportunity that was given to the other fellow. Well, maybe the opportunity wasn't given to the other fellow. Maybe the other fellow went out and worked for it and fought for it; maybe he picked up weapons discarded by others and pressed on and on until he won his battle.

He wasn't discouraged because educational facilities were denied him in his early youth; he didn't refuse to study law because he had no law library of his own; he didn't decline cases because they were not important enough for him.

So may all of us use our opportunities. We may not all be presidents, we may not even be known outside a narrow circle, but we cannot be denied the deep satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that we have done what we could.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

DISCUSSING THE FREQUENCY of railroad accidents the Engineering News, in an analysis of the interstate commerce commission's report for the quarter ending September 30, 1903, says the popular notion that accidents occur more frequently with passenger trains than with freight trains is erroneous.

The Engineering News furnishes the following table: Passenger Freight trains. Collisions third quarter 1903..... 251 1,734 Derailments 2d quarter 149 1,158 Train mileage 1902..... 405,653,231 409,711,170 Average mileage for the quarter..... 101,403,208 124,927,794 Miles run per collision..... 494,000 82,600 Miles per derailment..... 743,300 37,000

It is impossible to give train mileage statistics for 1903, because they have not been prepared. The table shows that passenger trains are in collision one in 494,000 miles of running and that they suffer one derailment to about 725,000 miles. Freight trains, on the other hand, collide five times as often as passenger trains and are derailed seven times as often. The figures would seem to show, therefore, that a very much less degree of care is exercised in the operation of freight than of passenger trains.

It should be remembered, too, that freight trains travel very much more slowly than passenger trains and the risk of accident should be lighter. Operating officials explain the apparently unnatural discrepancy in risk by the statement that public safety requires that the very best men be put in charge of passenger trains. Conductors, engineers, firemen and brakemen are all picked men, graduated to fast passenger run after years in the freight service.

Naturally this leaves the freight service more or less demoralized.

Freight trains must be manned with comparative beginners whose inexperience makes wrecks possible. And as long as the public demands such high standards of efficiency, and safety in the passenger service the freight crews will be stripped of their best men for the passenger service. This is eminently proper, too, for freight wrecks cause far less loss of life, though they are more numerous, than passenger wrecks.

A "CHRISTIAN" SALOON.

THE OLD QUESTION as to the propriety of "fighting the devil with fire" is involved in an experiment that has been undertaken by some Christian men and women in Raleigh, N. C. One of these men is a deacon in the Christian church, another is a steward in the Methodist church and two are deacons in the Baptist church. They have opened a whisky shop in Raleigh under the North Carolina dispensary system, and they are selling intoxicants to all who, under the law, are entitled to purchase them. The place is thus described in the New Voice, the leading organ of prohibition in the United States:

"A roomy place was rented in the heart of the city, about \$15,000 worth of liquor purchased, a long list of rules and regulations were formulated, very similar to the requirements of an up-to-date high-license law, and it began business on the morning of Jan. 1. The rules are rigorously adhered to. When closing time comes, the doors close with a bang. No drunkard need apply for liquor. There is no place to sit down. Two per cent of the gross receipts go to the state. One-half of the balance goes to the county and one-half to the city. The old-time license receipts amounted to about \$5,000. The dispensary profits for January, the first month of its existence, amounted to about \$5,000. At this rate, the dispensary profits will amount to \$50,000 per year. During the period of its operation there has been a heavy decrease in arrests for drunkenness, but it is not safe at this time to reckon on this as a permanent result. Whatever the outcome may be, the experiment will be watched with the greatest interest throughout the country. If the "Christian" saloon works in Raleigh, the logic of such success would be startling indeed, it would mean a monopoly of the saloon business by the church in all places where prohibition is unattainable."

The experiment certainly will be watched with interest throughout the country. It will be watched in a great many places with disapproval as well. Numerous conscientious men and women are strongly of the opinion that whisky selling should be left entirely to men who make a business of it. The fact that a saloon is operated by church people does not make the whisky sold there less harmful. It is possible for a man to get as drunk on church whisky as on any other whisky, and to do as much damage after he has become intoxicated. It is true that if the church people did not operate the Raleigh saloon somebody else would, and the somebody else might be a lawless person. But there are ways of reaching lawless saloon proprietors without putting any church into the whisky business. It is as if good citizens in an effort to elect candidates of their own selection to office should buy votes to offset the purchased votes of the opposition. Would the end justify the means in that case? Does the end justify the means in the North Carolina case?

VALUE OF VACCINATION.

IN THE FIRST of a series of lectures before the teachers and principals of the Philadelphia public schools, delivered some days ago, Dr. J. F. Schamberg cited some statistics from the health records of Philadelphia that convinced more than 9,000 smallpox patients. Dr. Schamberg is a thorough believer in vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, and he will be with such facts as he presents before him. In part, he said:

Of more than 2,000 cases of smallpox that have been treated in 1901, 1902 and 1903 at the municipal hospital not one had been recently vaccinated. Moreover, not one patient has been received who had a good scar of a vaccination performed within a period of five years. The patients comprised, in the main, two classes—those never successfully vaccinated and those who were vaccinated since infancy or childhood. These statements hold good for the vast army of smallpox patients treated by Dr. Welch at the municipal hospital in a period of more than thirty-three years.

In the past three years about 120 trained nurses have been employed at the municipal hospital in the smallpox department. Not one of this number has fallen ill with smallpox. None has contracted the disease. If those coming into direct contact with smallpox patients can be completely protected against the disease it should certainly be an easy matter for other members of the community to likewise safeguard themselves.

The showing is even better. For four or five years students from various medical colleges, 700 of them in all, have been assisting in the care of smallpox patients in Philadelphia. Only one of them contracted the disease, and an investigation developed the fact that he had never been successfully vaccinated. A few years ago it became necessary to erect additions to the main isolation hospital in Philadelphia. A hundred men were employed on the work. Only four refused to be vaccinated and all four contracted smallpox. It would seem that such statistics as these, and they could be multiplied many times, should stop all argument against vaccination.

"It is no exaggeration of terms to say that anti-vaccination propaganda have caused many thousands of victims to be consigned by smallpox to untimely graves," said Dr. Schamberg. And he answers the argument that vaccination is attended by danger with the statement, which well informed people know to be true, that no human act is devoid of danger; that there is greater danger to an individual in walking about the streets of any city than in being vaccinated. Nevertheless, 665 persons who refused to be vaccinated have died in Philadelphia from smallpox since 1901.

Two young Frenchmen who swore falsely in the Fair will case in the hope of getting a free trip to the United States, will save bond bills for the next three years. They will be guests of the French government in a penitentiary for that period of time.

Judging from the prairie fires Nebraska is having, that state could use a foot or two of our snow to good advantage.

Are we going to have any spring at all? That is the question that is agitating a good many of us.

BREAKFAST FOOD

"Sunny Jim." The burro Jan was full of whoa. Her owner couldn't make her go; He placed a rope 'round Jennie's jaw, But she wouldn't draw; Great force he spent to jar her loose, And still he found it was no use. "Fourth he left her down to draw; No longer Jennie lives on hay; "Force" was brought to bear again And now she's known as "Sunny Jim."

The romantic story of Jan is briefly told in the touching little ballad above. Jennie is an attaché of a surveying party on the San Pedro down in Nevada. She just visited the camp as an asset of a wandering prospector. At that time Jennie was a winsome little thing of two years, one cubit high, two cubits long, and acclimated to a diet of shale and tin cans with rawhide for dessert on Sundays, and hay when possible, which was not often. Jennie and her owner passed the night at the camp of the surveyors without particular incident. Next morning the owner prepared to depart. He placed his kit on Jennie's back as usual, and mounting his saddle horse, he rode off. Jennie, however, was not so easily parted from. Whether Jennie had formed an attachment for the surveyors or whether she had decided to take up a piece of land in that neighborhood is not known. What is known is that Jennie refused to budge. In vain the stocky little saddle horse tugged at the rope. Jennie was planted. The prospector, in simple nature, let go some language, much of it new and interesting to the surveyors, who watched the tussle with undisguised amusement. Their comment put the prospector on his guard. He announced briefly that Jennie would go or something would bust. He threw a half hitch of the rope about Jennie's lower jaw, tied the rope to his saddle horn, spurred the horse and, with a snort, he bust. It was Jennie's jaw. Jennie was promptly offered for sale and was bought up by one of the surveyors for \$2.50.

The republic of Panama offers its navy for sale, a little great chance for Russia to strengthen up. If it affects Young Corbett the same way it affected the other Corbett the latter will be heard from many times in the future. A defeat is a wonderful lubricant for the jaw of a champion. Perhaps if Russia paid its soldiers a trifle for their service they would not be so ready to sell military secrets.

John Sharp Williams as a Leader

(Washington Cor. New York Times.) To have transformed a buccing, stammering man into a speaker with the force of an army to have transformed that which for six years was the Democratic minority in the United States into the Democratic majority today is a feat of political generalship which must excite interest in the minds of all who are interested in the history of the country. To have done that in the space of five days suggests the return of the age of miracles. That the man who did it was a man who never before had been suspected of talents for leadership, and whose selection for the captaincy of the signal for leadership among the wisecracks, makes the event stand out boldly from all party precedents of the past. Hence it is that John Sharp Williams of Mississippi is one of the most interesting men in the country today.

The condition of the Democratic minority in the house from the time of Charles F. Crisp's death and the death of Bryan is a matter of national notoriety. Chaos is its best word of description. A plowing, snorting herd of Texas steers, sulking and snorting, is its nearest analogue. Bailey's nominal leadership was flouted and shattered by the men he attracted to lead. Under him it was every man for himself. Richardson was recognized as leader, but under him the minority was a nervous, wrangling, disorganized, undisciplined mob, which could not by any possibility be united for anything except to lead a riotous life. This condition grew worse and worse as the years went on until the country had lost all respect for the minority and it had none for itself. On the Democratic side there was longer a party than there was only a horde. Even the Republicans, who at first had rejoiced at the plight of their enemies, began to wonder for a respectable and worthy body of opposition. There were perils for the majority in having no opposition worth the name.

An Unknown Quantity.

When Richardson retired from the leadership the name mentioned for his place were those of Williams, De Armond and Champ Clark. There was little interest in the fight between the two, for it was assumed that whoever was elected, the Democratic party was past redemption. Williams was known as a brilliant and magnetic speaker, and that was all. "Simply an orator," was the general comment, and it was predicted freely that he would be a second Richardson. The only hope for the party seemed to be in the simultaneous election of Gorman as the head of the party in the senate. There was such faith in the senator's executive ability and in his leadership as amounted almost to fetich worship. He was to be the party Moses, and there was nothing he could not do. It took Williams five days to turn the mob into the army it now is—an army better drilled and disciplined than the Republican majority. His policies may be dissected from, but of the fact that the Democrats will follow him and that the policies of the majority are indomitable of veterans, and that they cannot be shaken or rattled or broken down by the tactics of the majority, there is no doubt that they are pressing those policies home with a vigor and a tactical skill worthy of the best Republican days of Reed.

The five days spoken of were the days of the only fight Williams had to wage within his party. The Cuban reciprocity problem confronted him, an issue wholly irreconcilable as a crowd of street Arabs disputing over a crap game. Williams had already declared that the tariff revision should be the Democratic watchword as far as he could make it, and he determined that the party must support the bill. The unspoken dismay which his determination evoked among the Democrats is still remembered in Washington. His position was not known until his fight was begun and under way. There were hard words, but Williams, gently and affably, and treading on no one's corns, conducted his campaign until, for the first time in years, the Democratic minority was presenting a united front.

After that he had no more fights to wage. The Democrats only needed the hand of a true leader to give them the Panama policy differed from that of many senators, but the house minority swung into line for it like regular soldiers were all still about when they came to Washington, and half of them were loaded to the muzzle with speeches which would be delivered. On the tariff his belief is that the Republicans have, by their open and cynical abandonment of the policies of Blaine and McKinley, determined to move the Democratic army up into that abandoned citadel. He deprecates free trade talk; there is a horrid reduction in his programme; moderate tariff revision, the abandoned reciprocity treaties and the flattery of the Dixie states are the burden of his song. These principles are hammered home at every opportunity, and the result is that resolutions are continually being introduced. Now in a resolution calling on the president to get the high joint commission together, now a bill for a drawback for the sufferers by the Baltimore fire. At every point the Republicans have to meet him, and the resulting campaign material is sown broadcast in the west.

A year ago the Democrats were as widely irreconcilable on the tariff as on anything else. They are a unit now, and every speech sounds as if Williams had delivered it. John Sharp Williams, a tenant on tariff matters, is setting the northwest afire.

The Failure of Gorman.

And at this time Gorman, the much-heralded Moses, has, by common consent, failed miserably to unite the Democratic senators either Cuban reciprocity, the tariff, the Panama issue, or anything else. True, he had a hard situation to meet, but so had Williams. A year ago the house minority was more of a mob than the senate majority. Before congress met he was the target of talk about raising the race issue, about bills to repeal the war amendments, and

about throwing down the gauntlet to the north. Williams has suppressed the race issue, but he does not see any good in irritating the north. He took that stand when Gorman was making his campaign on the race issue and disfranchisement. Williams' methods are an interesting study. He is persuasive, not domineering. He has a winning manner, and he seems to be seeking help and light from you at the very time he is bringing you into his little room in the library wing determined to let Williams understand his own mind. He is a man who goes out pleased and flattered and inclined to help him out. On the rare occasions where it is necessary for him to show his authority the iron hand comes out of the velvet glove, and the obedient knows what has happened to him without having any one tell him. He is not an impressive man to look at. In fact he is homely in face and careless in dress. A tangled mass of matted hair grows down to a point not far from his eyes. A straight razor takes covers a mouth of generous size and a pair of thin lips. He is as easy and unpretentious as an old shoe. He would not be a rich man in New York, but he is a rich man for Mississippi. He is a lawyer and a painter. Whose father left him a fortune, and he does not look as if he had a dollar, and all the advice of his friends cannot make him sparkle up.

His autobiography in the Congressional Directory says that he "received a fair education at private school, the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South, the University of Virginia, and the University of Michigan. Whether the words "fair education" are written in boast or modesty may be a question to students, but no one who knows "John Sharp," as they call him in Mississippi, and is aware of his total lack of "front," has any doubt as to the meaning what he said.

His selection to the leadership proceeded in the first place from the fact that he was conceded to be the best speaker on the Republican side. He has a remarkable gift in the right of a speaker, rather, inclusive, but his command of it is perfect as that of a musician over his musical instrument. He speaks like a violin; it sweeps from high to low, it rises and falls in the cadence with the modulations of his theme. He need hardly speak above a whisper to attract the close and strait attention of the whole house in a moment.

His Command of Sarcasm.

His command of sarcasm is, it is generally agreed, unequalled in the house except by De Armond, but De Armond's sarcasm is of the bitter sort, while Williams' sarcasm is of the sweet sort, and the enemy laughs, though ruefully, while Williams smiles. He is a story teller of wide cloak room fame, and he likes to write verse, though he will not admit their authorship, as he has a fear of doing anything that does not rhyme. Occasionally he has some stinging bit of verse in his house. Most famous of these occasions was his production in honor of Rear Admiral Crowninshield at the time of the Sheryl investigation. He read it with such unctuous fervor that the Democrats alike shouted and pounded their desks in uncontrollable and hysterical applause. It was a parody on little Peterkin's famous inquiries about the "famous victory" at Blenheim, and began:

Oh, who is Crowninshield, papa, That he should have the best Of everybody's hearts to have, And shine o'er all the rest? The father explains that "Great Crowninshield has done a lot of glorious things," but little Peterkin presses his query:

What were the virtuous deeds he did, That he should simply name His name, and brag of it, And strut about the same? Being assured that Crowninshield was a great naval commander, Peterkin persists:

But when and where did Crowninshield stand on the bridge and show How to train their guns, Against the firing foe? At last the badgered parents replies:

Go out and chase the put, my son, And bother me no more; Great Crowninshield's the greatest tar That ever stayed ashore. Though a southerner, Williams is exempt from the prejudices his section. One of his most striking speeches was that in which he defended General Sherman from the charge of violating the laws of war in his march to the sea. It was a remarkable address, and was listened to with breathless interest by a crowded house. One of its sentences was this:

"As an American citizen, as the son of a rebel soldier, as a soldier who is intensely southern, I want the world to know that when I make the march of the civilized men upon the American continent—one of them in behalf of the cause of the preservation of the Union, and the other in behalf of the cause of local independence as he understood it, and the other in behalf of the cause of local independence as he understood it—the watchword was chivalry and fair fight."

Recently there has been some sporadic talk of Williams for the presidency. He has viewed it with gentle and humorous tolerance and some weariness. A newspaper man asked him earnestly what there was in the talk. "My boy," said Mr. Williams impressively, "my boom is making tremendous strides. My private secretary is unreservedly for me, and I have hopes of securing the support of Chauncey Edwards, the clerk in the minority room."

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