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AN UNFORTUNATE DECISION.

THE ACTION of the supreme court in granting a new trial to Shockley, the murderer of the street car men, Gleason and Brighton, will be regretted by those who believe that, when a clear case has been made out against a defendant, when his guilt has been clearly proven, he should be punished without delay. There is no question about Shockley's guilt. It was shown at the trial that he fired the shots that killed Brighton and Gleason.

The supreme court finds him guilty, for it says that he cannot plead, as claimed by his attorneys, that he changed his mind about robbing his victims and fired in self-defense. Yet Shockley is to have a new trial. The state will be put to the expense of summoning and paying witnesses, of gathering another jury. Some of the important witnesses for the state may be hard to find. It has been many months since Shockley committed his murders and it will be surprising if all of the witnesses are within easy reach.

And the ground upon which the new trial is granted is that the trial court erred in permitting the prosecution to cross-examine Shockley concerning crimes he was alleged to have committed, but which had no connection with the case at bar. In justice to the trial judge, Mr. Morse, it should be said that in permitting this latitude to the prosecution he doubtless relied on a decision of the Utah supreme court, handed down in the case of the People vs. Cass Hite at the January term, 1893. There the same question arose.

In this case the court held that "a witness may, on cross-examination, be interrogated concerning his past life and actions, and much latitude of inquiry should be permitted, even if it is attended with humiliation and disgrace to the witness." And in the same opinion it is held that when a defendant voluntarily takes the stand in his own behalf, as Shockley did, he is subject to the same rules that govern other witnesses in cross-examinations.

This looks sufficiently explicit. There is no equivocation about it. While we do not question the court's knowledge of the law, the Shockley decision looks like a flat reversal of the Hite decision of the same court. But no matter how the decision was reached, it is unfortunate because it delays the justice that should be meted out to a murderer, perhaps defeats it entirely.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

THE FINDING OF THE BODY of the first American admiral, John Paul Jones, after weeks of endeavor in Paris, cannot fail to win for Ambassador Porter, who conducted the search at his own expense, the plaudits of the nation. If there is one memory in all the nation's history that this country should be pleased to honor, that memory is the memory of John Paul Jones, the gallant Scotchman who gave to the American colonies their first prestige on the sea.

A warship will undoubtedly be dispatched to France for the body of Jones. It will be brought back to the land he honored and placed, with appropriate ceremonies, in the national cemetery at Arlington. There a great monument should be erected to him, a monument that will stand for all time as an earnest of the regard in which the United States holds its first great sea fighter.

All the pomp and ceremony will matter little to John Paul Jones. In life he despised ostentation. He was a plain seafaring man who never knew the meaning of defeat. What American will ever forget his battle with the Serapis in the English channel? What one of us does not thrill at the story of Jones' answer to the British captain's inquiry? "Sir, have you struck?" shouted the Englishman. Jones' ship, the Bon Homme Richard, was sinking beneath his feet. Dead men were strewn about her decks. Blood was spattered everywhere. The cockpit was full of wounded. But the dauntless Jones replied: "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

We know well enough that the "storied urn," the "animated bust" cannot "back to its mansion call the fleeting breath." We know that flattery can not "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," but we do know that public honors paid to the mortal remains of John Paul Jones will prove an encouragement and an inspiration to the generations that have followed him; we know that they cannot fail to be cheered by evidences of national appreciation of one of the greatest of the nation's adopted sons.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

THE HERALD of Friday told how an old prospector named Chase, who had tramped through the hills of Nevada for twenty weary years, finally made his lucky "strike." He found a prospect that was so promising that he was able to sell his interest in it for $35,000 in cash. Chase landed in Goldfield with the money and immediately proceeded to see how rapidly he could spend it. The $35,000 lasted him just one week. He bought whisky for all the drunken loafers in camp, he threw his capital away with as much abandon as if he had an unlimited supply.

When he reached the end of his resources he went to a friend, secured a "grubstake," loaded his burros and started again for the hills. Chase does not seem to have had a real friend in Goldfield. If he had had one he would not have been permitted to throw away this money, for it would have kept him in comfort for the balance of his days. It would have been an act of genuine kindness if somebody had locked Chase up when his spending fever began and had kept him locked up until the crisis was over. Nobody thought of doing anything of the kind.

Here in the west we have a way of letting every man attend to his own business. Those who saw Chase burning up his money undoubtedly concluded that it was his money and that he had a right to do exactly as he pleased with it. In a way this is true, but morally Chase had no right whatever to deprive himself of his capital in the way he did. He did not even have a good time. It is not much fun to do all the spending, to take a gang of drunken rowdies from one saloon to another filling them up on poisonous whisky.

In the solitude of the hills Chase undoubtedly realizes all this now. As he plods along over the rocks his thoughts must be bitter, but regrets are too late to avail him now. There is, though, the hope that some other fool will profit by his example. Money lacks a good deal of being the best thing in the world, and the acquirement of money just for the sake of having it is a mean, sordid ambition.

But there are worse things in the world than money, too. One of them is the misuse of it. Chase has learned this lesson to his cost.

BRIGHAM STREET.

COLONEL E. A. WALL, chairman of the board of public works, is right when he says there is only one thing to do regarding the paving of Brigham street, "and that is, to go ahead and do the work as planned." It is announced that Contractor Moran will resume the work tomorrow, and that it will be rushed rapidly to completion. The Herald hopes there will be no more delays. The paving of Brigham street is an improvement that has been sadly needed for years and the plan under which it will be done, while unsatisfactory to some of the property owners, is still doubtless as good as any that have been suggested.

It would manifestly be impossible to prepare any plan that would suit all of the property owners. All that is possible is to please a majority. This, we believe, will be accomplished when the work now temporarily suspended is again taken up and completed. Brigham street, in spite of the fact that it contains a large proportion of the handsomest residences in the city—or perhaps because of that fact—has for years been a disgrace to Salt Lake. In the winter and early spring months it has been almost impassable.

Few country roads in the state are as bad at their worst as Brigham street has been for years. And Brigham street, because of its fine residences, is regarded as a show street. Every tourist who comes to spend even a few hours in Salt Lake is taken out Brigham street, and few of them fail to carry away a bad impression of the city's progress. This will all be changed when the paving is completed.

Brigham street will become in fact as well as in name a show street. With its magnificent churches, its costly residences, its noble trees and its asphalt, it will be a street that Salt Lakers will take pride in, a street they will be proud to show to their visiting friends. So let such further delays as can be prevented be prevented, let the work proceed at such a rapid rate that when the rush of summer tourists comes along we will be able to show them a street worth seeing.

AN ADVOCATE OF DIRT.

AT A MEETING of the Promotion of Health club in Chicago the other day Dr. James C. Price advanced a theory that will be regarded by most of us as heretical. "We are not dirty enough," he said. That looks bad enough, but Dr. Price Continued:

"The fact is, we are too clean. Children are not dirty enough. In my practice I have noticed that the greatest sickness and the largest number of fatal cases are among those who use soap and are over-particular about bathing. We ought to eat more mud and clay. The trouble with the present generation is that it doesn't eat its peck of dirt a year. What is the use of these vacations spent in the country? The real benefit of a vacation in the country is that you eat sand and dirt. You go into the garden and eat the strawberry from the vine without stopping to brush the sand off it. You eat other fruit and vegetables in the same way without taking them into the kitchen and washing and peeling them down until all of the dirt and husk is removed. We must have all the hull taken from the wheat and nothing but the sofe inside left. The fact is our intestines are becoming nothing but flabby tubes."

We hardly think Dr. Price will make many converts among rational people. Given an equally good physical start the child that is bathed frequently, that is kept as clean as a reasonable application of soap and water can make it, will be stronger and healthier and happier than the child that is not kept clean. It has been positively demonstrated time and again that disease is bred by dirt and filth, that by eating food that is not properly cleaned we contract ailments of many sorts.

Besides, most people enjoy a bath so thoroughly that they would continue to bathe even if it should be shown that thereby they endanger their health.

Some of the councilmen turned up missing at a franchise meeting scheduled for the other night. Yes, and some of them will turn up missing when the election returns come in next November.

A Kentucky grand jury returned 400 indictments against the Standard Oil company the other day. If that sort of thing keeps up very long we'll actually begin sympathizing with the trust.

Live Wires.

Little Orphant Octopus.

The light and power trust has come to
our town to stay,
It's finding somethin' new each day for
us to give away;
It's got 'most ev'rything that's loose
around here anywhere;
It's got the streets an' alleys an' a mortgage on the air;
It's got a councilman or so, it's got a
lawyer, too,
An' now it's got a franchise steal it's
tryin' to put through.
To tie us up so we can't kick for fifty
years, about,
An' it's goin' to get that franchise
Ef we
Don't
Watch
Out!

It makes the trust jest fightin' mad when
anybody tries
To give the city half a show in framin'
that franchise;
It yells an' roars around an' then it
threatens it will quit,
But that old bluff is playin' out, the
whole town's sick of it.
An' s'posin' it should up an' quit—the
walkin's pretty fair,
An' good feet beat a bum street car in
gittin' anywhere,
An' if some night the old light plant
should go right up the spout,
We'd never know the difference
When the
Lights
Went
Out!

The canal commission should try to get its 2,000 Japs from among those who took Port Arthur. They not only know something about digging trenches, but they know how to clean them out.

It is to be hoped every citizen of Salt Lake planted a tree, because the light company may be in need of more poles in a few years.

A juvenile court appears to be a place where they try cases against parents.

When Councilman Hobday said "the city isn't getting a d— thing," he erred. The city is getting a first-class skinning.

Hunter Jones and his associates cannot understand why a man who can get only eighteen wolf pelts in four days ever got to be president of the United States.

There is no occasion for sorrow. Think of what lovely large stables and granaries the smelter buildings will make.

Those Austrians in the county jail should not be liberated until they have confessed where they got the names they are wearing.

It is immaterial whether Judge Young saw the compromise ordinance or not, since he evidently does not intend to accept it.

Washington advices make it plain that though Senator Smoot is absent he is not forgotten.

Mr. Bryan was thoughtful enough to withhold his endorsement of Mayor Dunne until after the election.

The statement that the president's hunt has saved the Oklahoma dog catchers much trouble is a canard. They are real wolves.

Improving the Old Home.

Returning to his Salt Lake home after several years at college, Isaac at once gave his best thought to the improvement of the old homestead. He decided to begin the glorious work in his own room and began by purchasing a can of floor paint and spreading most of the contents on the floor of the room. This was in the morning before he went to the office for his day's work. When he reached home that evening he found that the spirit of improvement had struck a small brother. The small brother had used the remaining paint to ornament an old trunk. He did the work in Isaac's room, spreading a newspaper on the floor beneath the trunk. When Isaac succeeded in removing the newspaper the floor needed repainting. He bought another can of paint and painted the floor again, leaving his windows open to hasten the drying of the paint. That afternoon a rainstorm came up and Isaac's mother snatched a few moments from her household duties to rush into Isaac's room to close the windows. Isaac bore his second reverse philosophically and painted the floor a third time. A little sister, who had not been advised of Isaac's improvement era, charged madly into the room to close the windows when the rain came that day. When he reached home that night and learned what had happened Isaac delivered himself of an address that had the effect of causing all members of the family to avoid the vicinity of Isaac's room until the fourth coat of paint dried.

Isaac next turned his attention to the chicken coop, and decided to have a new one built. For this purpose he bought an old adobe house and hauled the adobes to his home. The team got stuck and it was 10:30 that night when Isaac and his load arrived. Next day he persuaded a neighbor to give him an estimate on how much lime would be needed to build the chicken coop, and bought the stated quantity. Isaac decided to have the chicken house built by day labor and hired two masons. They used up what lime there was in about twenty minutes and sat around all day until Isaac got home in the evening. The chicken coop was at length built, after much trouble. Isaac, wearied by his day labor scheme, made up his mind to plaster the chicken coop himself. He undertook to mix the lime in the kitchen and poured a lot of water into a bucket containing the lime. Members of the family say the effect was spectacular to a high degree. Three days of unceasing toil and a pair of hands lacerated in cruel manner were incidents to the plastering of that coop.

But when the coop was completed Isaac viewed it with fond pride. He soon came to believe it was altogether too elegant a structure to be occupied by the ordinary run of fowls, so he ordered some fancy birds from Logan. He purchased seven of them, paying $2.50 for each one. The chickens arrived in Salt Lake last Wednesday. Isaac's small brother was at the train to receive them. The boy carefully placed the chickens in a sack, put the sack on his shoulder and walked home with the birds. Evidently the sack was too closely knit for the purpose, because the chickens had all been smothered before the house was reached.

Isaac has suspended improvements temporarily. He admits that a college education does not fit a man to accomplish everything.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

A safe-breaker should be locked up for safe keeping.

If you would please a woman say nothing and listen.

Some men get married because they are tired of being in love.

Typewriters are to be less expensive—the machines, not the operators.

Excessive waiting of the whistle with Dutch courage is a reprehensible habit, but the fellow who does it doesn't have to whistle to keep up his courage while passing a spook pasture.

Trouble Began Right There.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"I am going to compile a book of my baby's smart sayings," declared proud Mrs. Norwood. "What do you think would make an appropriate title?"

"'Borrowed Brightness,'" suggested Miss Sulfuric.

This was why they stopped speaking.

Reviewing Old Theatrical Memories

BY FRANKLIN FYLES

New York, April 14.—Old English comedy was revived for us last week in "London Assurance," and will be next week in "She Stoops to Conquer." But Richard Mansfield this week reaches still further back and brings forward the French classic of Moliere, "The Misanthrope." So we theatrical sharps have reminded ourselves that Moliere's name entire was Jean Baptiste Coquelin Moliere; that he was the originator of the kind of comedy which founded the Francaise and which Congreve and Wycherly, Goldsmith and Sheridan, imitated in English; that this particular play has been rated as the best of the Frenchman's writings, and that never before has it been performed in America in our language. Having thus brought ourselves into an appreciative condition, we go to the theatre where Mansfield holds forth, try to look wiser than we are, and really get a satisfactory gratification of our curiosity. No actor on earth has a more intellectual following than Mansfield; none has a vogue that coins itself into more cash; fashion affects him quite as much as culture commends him; yet the demand for "Jekyll and Hyde", is so insistent that he repeats it usually once a week, though he doesn't like it, and would gladly use "Rodion the Student" instead, but his public won't let him. However, he is the one and only American player with sufficient authority to present "The Misanthrope" to a sure acceptance, and with sufficient popularity to do it with no risk of losing money. We find it more instructive than entertaining, and we ought to be grateful.

Moliere was the first actor of Alceste, the morbid hater of mankind in "The Misanthrope"; his wife was the first actress of Celimone, the coquette who caused most of Alceste's misanthropy, and there is a tradition that the real quarrels of the Molieres inspired the grim comedy, which is made up largely of the sour man's acidulous contempt for humanity as he viewed it. The play is an example of such inactivity as the great Shakespeare of aforetime did not practice in the production of stage fiction, and which the smaller yet still skillful dramatists of today despise. Alceste complains loquaciously and very hatefully of his fellow Parisians in general, of his opponent in a lawsuit in particular, and still more especially of the siren who vexes him beyond aught else. Of suspense, situation or climax there is none. The eight characters occupy an unchanged room throughout, and they sit down, get up, walk around, go out, come back and—talk, talk, talk. The composition is literature, of course, but it isn't actable in the technical meaning of the word. Nevertheless, Mansfield vitalizes Alceste with distinct characterization, making him resemble in person and speech, as much as can be done with the available information, Moliere himself, because he believes that the author-actor put his own personality, temperament and experience into the role.

As many miles away from Moliere as it is years is "The Heir to the Hoorah," for this is a modern piece of violence. A rough westerner returns from a honeymoon with an eastern girl, with love in his heart and a book of etiquette in his hand, jealous of her former suitors, while she is displeased by his boorishness. So they part. Time passes. A baby comes to the wife—with most of the details elaborately illustrated. Meanwhile the rough-diamond husband has been polished by a trip abroad, so that his manners are as smooth as the silk hat which is his only clue to the man who has visited his wife. He corrals the two men in town who wear high hats, picks one of them to shoot as the culprit if he doesn't get away before daylight, and wildly quotes the proverb about Caesar's wife being above suspicion—which he thinks his own is not. The author evidently deems this a strong scene. To me it seems rank, and it leaves the play pointed for failure. But it takes a turn towards success instead, and may be set down as sure of popularity. It is easier to tell of its faults than of its merits, although the latter are abundant. A lot of unkempt miners keep the movement quick and comic with pranks bad in taste but good in jollity. The funniest of them puts on gloves wrong side to, falls over a piano and is all sorts of a knockabout clown. For a timely appeal there is some jiu-jitsu wrestling by a Japanese valet and an English butler. But there is a saving amount of homely, native wit, and a hearty, gripping, thoroughly human sentiment. This play will whoop itself into indiscriminate favor.

Paul Armstrong, the author, provided an extra element of farce on the opening night. He leaned so far over the footlights that his balance was endangered and delivered an oration. Yes, indeed, it was oratory of the floweriest kind, and the eloquence was imbued with an exhiliration which amounted to hilarity. Mr. Armstrong told us that "love and laughter are the greatest two things in the world," that they "cannot be bought," and that he means to give them to us offhand and free. That seemed to promise an abolition of admission fees. But Mr. Armstrong was in a peculiarly optimistic mood.

More plays are written for Maude Adams than for any other actress save Sarah Bernhardt. Charles Frohman had James M. Barrie make "Little Mary" for Miss Adams, but decided that it wouldn't do, and tested his judgment by trying it with Jessie Busley. Arthur Wing Pinero came nearer to an acceptance with "Letty," which has pulled through with Carlotta Neilson in the title part. Thomas Racoward's "Sunday" was almost assigned to Miss Adams, but not quite, and Ethel Barrymore was put into it—luckily for her. And now we have "Jinny the Carrier," with Annie Russell in the character created by Israel Zangwill for Miss Adams. It is hard to say yet whether Miss Russell is a gainer or a loser. "That is the worst play Zangwill ever wrote," said an expert on coming out of the theatre. "That is the best part Annie Russell has ever had," said another expert. I think both were right. Israel has here turned out as witless a waste of words as any play ever was made of, and so Expert No. 1 is justified. Annie is the original "gentle Annie" of the ballad, I shouldn't wonder; and as an English rural lass, supporting her aged grandfather by driving a pony errand cart, she is as ingenuously sweet—with piquancy to save the sweetness from cloying—as she was when she began, twenty years ago, as the New England girl is "Esmeralda." That justifies Expert No. 1.

All there is of plot in this comedy is packed in a trunk. Jinny Quarles makes a cheerful living with her pony cart, carrying parcels between Far End and a railway station, with a passenger once in a while also. Will Flint comes back to the obscure home of his childhood with progressive notions, and he puts a coach on the road, to the ruination of the girl's little business. The youngsters fall in love, but Grandpa Quarles is for fighting it out tooth and nail.

"If ever you cross my threshold again," he says to Will, "it must be on your hands and knees."

"If ever I cross your threshold again," Will retorts, "you must carry me."

Each swears to keep his word, and Jinny can't move either, though they are mutually ready to make up. She stands on the threshold, with her lover just outside, her grandfather just inside, and an open trunk between them. When Quarles isn't looking, she tumbles Will into the trunk and gets the old man to lug it into the room. So, you see, Will crosses the sill unwittingly on his hands and knees, Quarles carries him over unknowingly and Jinny tricks them into a reconciliation. Who says Zangwill can't invent a plot?

The case of Cecelia Loftus is sad and singular. She is in the second half of a fortnight in vaudeville at $1,000 a week, so her agent says, and I wouldn't wonder if that assertion were true. She is what they call the top-liner at a music hall which is crowded every afternoon and evening. Sundays not excepted, at prices aggregating as much as the average receipts of a Broadway dramatic house, and therefore she equals in commercial value any of the twelve stars just now shining legitimately in that thoroughfare, Mansfield alone excepted. The canker at Cecelia's heart consists of unrealized ambition. During seven months of this season she was the heroine of a pretentious drama, "The Serio-Comic Governess," by a still more pretentious author, Israel Zangwill. She thinks he was at fault, he thinks she was. I think both were, and anyway the venture made no gain for her in fame, and it lost her money, for she bore a portion of the expenses. That was not her first vain attempt to abandon the variety stage, to which she had been born as the daughter of Marie Loftus, an English balladist, from whom she ran away to marry Justin Huntly McCarthy, an English writer. If you saw her in the Zangwill play you know how spirited she was as the serio-comic impersonator and how tame she was as the governess, although her emotions in that character were supposedly profound.

As I sat admiring Cecelia's imitations last evening, and took account of the range of her wonderful mimicry, from the purring of puss Ethel Barrymore to the yowling of cat Sarah Bernhardt—with the comedy nicety of the one and the tragic fury of the other—I devised a plan by which she may make the desired transformation of herself into a great dramatic artist. It came to me at a moment when, announcing the next impersonation, she was a young woman in a white frock and nothing more, save that she was negatively charming with an intellectual face, a well-bred air and an apologetic manner. There wasn't a trace of individuality. She was an utter nonentity—a blank canvas which the painter hadn't yet touched—a mass of clay waiting for the sculptor's hand; but a minute later she looked and spoke like Bernhardt slaying Scarpio savagely in "La Tosca." Cecelia has no power to impress an audience when she isn't pretending to be some actress with a strong personality. Now, here is the winning trick for her. Have some good jobbing dramatist, like Fitch or Thomas, write a piece with a scene each for Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Carter—the best-selling four actresses in America—then have these ladies act those passages with her for the only auditor, and finally bring out a composite imitation as an original performance of a role which, for diversified grace and force, would be the greatest stage achievement of the age.

James J. Jeffries, in "Davy Crockett" at a quarter of a dollar for the best seat in the theatre, if you buy it at a bargain matinee, and Richard Mansfield in "The Misanthrope" at two dollars, or as much more as you let a ticket speculator get from you, are the extreme quotations in the dramatic market. The performance of a Moliere comedy with our American Irving as the actor-director is surely a theatrical event, and so it (not?) the appearance of our champion pugilist in the play and part with which Frank Mayo famed and enriched himself. I find that I am less pained by Jeffries' attempt to knock Mayo out of my admiring memory as the romantic backwoodsman—for he can't do it—than by his and his company's slugging of the Mayo drama—for they maul and pound it past recognition as the stage masterpiece of my boyhood's esteem. It seems impossible that this "Davy Crockett," with its crudity, clumsiness, and especially its childish travesty of "Lochinvar," could have excited intelligent people to anything but ridicule as lately as thirty years ago. Winsome indeed the acting of Frank Mayo must have been to triumph over James W. Murdock's utterly craftless writing.

The two Jimjammers, Jeffries and Corbett, are pitted against each other with us this week as actors. The decision must be given to the former champion on points. Corbett is a good-looking fellow, with a passable though palpable imitation of gentlemanliness and a tolerable proficiency in plain acting, and the play of "Pals" has been pretty well made to his order, with a fisticuffer for a hero. He is to go into severe training next summer, to take up the role of the prizefighter in George Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" next autmn. The hypercritical Shaw says the realism of the portrayal fascinates his fancy; and then, you know, there is the charming fact of real royalties to consider.

Jim Jeffries' Davy Crockett resembles Frank Mayo's closely in the coonskin cap and the deerskin boots, but in nothing else 'twixt head and heels. Jim-Davy's fighting face ought to affright the dainty Eleanor more than the ravening wolves do, and to be gripped in his brawny arms across his bulky chest, might well make her long to escape back to the danger from which he carries her, so fierce and grim is his sentiment. If they were bound to put the champion heavyweight into the role of a backwoodsman, to be tamed by a lightweight maiden, it might better have been the rough and tough Ingomar than the gentle and tender Davy. However, Jeffries makes an earnest endeavor to act like a romantic lover, and really he isn't ridiculous in the failure. Nor is he any uglier than the average of his New York audiences. There were hardly 100 women in the theatre yesterday afternoon to 1,000 men, and the rows of faces abounded in foreheads lower and jaws wider than his. There was applause when he came jauntily from the corner to the center of the stage; again when he broke the bar of the cabin door across his knee for firewood to thaw out the frozen Eleanor; and yet again when he thrust "the strong right arm of a woodsman" into the bar's place to shut out wolves that wanted to eat her; but the crowd ached to see him fight some one, and didn't care about his wooing of the girl. There was no enthusiasm until the play was over and Jim substituted a sparring partner for the actress in what the bill said was "a physical culture demonstration," with incidental rosebleed.

THROUGH THE WEEK

Questions Answered by Miss Fay.

How can I make a million dollars? Buy a mint.

Where did I drop my shoe? At the foot of the range.

Could I live in Salt Lake? For an hour or so. After that you'd pickle.

Shall I see my dear, dear husband again? Never. He was a good man.

How can I become a fair accountant? Bleach.

How did I lose my money? You paid your light bill.

Should I go on the stage? If there isn't a railroad.

What about the bounty fraud? It was a skin game.

Shall I ever be married? With the Lord all things are possible.

Would I send my boy to school? Undoubtedly.

Where is my uncle buried? He is buried in debt.

Will my investment prove successful? Yes, for the other fellow.

How old am I? I have run out of figures, and I am very tired.

Of course it was a man who got woman's dress down to $65 a year. No woman could do it. But—

Since John Read that story
Life has been rather flat.
No matter what I purchase,
I "paid too much for that;"
Though it doesn't help a particle,
He prices every article
And I am growing hoary
A-thinking where I'm at.

Why doesn't President Roosevelt come here to do his hunting, where there is a greater variety of animals?

The day has been so warm, mamma,
So sunny, and so bright,
I think I'll take my parasol
Since I have donned my white.
But just to please you, dear mamma,
For you are such a scold,
I'll take my winter coat along
For fear it might turn cold.

On Arbor day when work is done
And I sit down to sup,
I sit and sigh, "Oh my, oh my,
If someone only would transplant
The tree that I am up."

HUMOR OF STATE PRESS

Up to the Major.

(Ogden Journal.)

Rider Haggard says the west is a revelation to him. Will Major Dick Young kindly inform us what that means?

It Was a False Alarm.

(Mammoth Record.)

Contrary to all predictions, J. R. Patience returned from the city Tuesday and is still in a state of single misery.

May Be Others Later.

(Bingham Bulletin.)

Bingham is not at all backward in the production of Utah's best crop, as the following list of new babies goes to show: On March 9, to the wife of John Brentell, Upper Bingham, a daughter; March 5, to the wife of S. T. Galewood, Markham Gulch, a daughter; March 15, to the wife of Ed Jones, Highland, a son; March 16, to the wife of George I. High, Dalton & Lark, a son; March 22, to the wife of James Ivers, Lower Bingham, a son.

The list will be extended as developments justify.

Ping Pong in Richfield.

(Richfield Reaper.)

Not many homes were outraged by the nasty and foul mess dished up by the buzzard sheet down the street last week, but there wasn't enough formaldehyde in Richfield to fumigate and disinfect those homes after the visitation of the filthy sheet.

(Richfield Sun.)

The Sun man does not use the weapons of a blackguard when he resents the attack of a skulking foe. In your case he merely wishes to say that you are a cowardly, dishonorable, lying, double faced, creeping snake in the grass—a narrow-minded, thin-skinned, selfish, grasping, cold-blooded—philosopher.

Would Be a Merciful Act.

(Ogden Journal.)

The church hospital, according to the chief conference address yesterday, is fire-proof. It might be a beneficent show of mercy for the authorities to house all Smurthwaite sympathizers there.

Refuses to Be Slurred Into It.

(Inter-mountain News.)

For a long time past in fact ever since Mr. Lee took to editing the News he has endeavored to slur us into a useless wrangle, presumably to see who is the best man. All such we have studiously avoided. Because we deemed it prudent.

Official Reports Are Made.

(Fillmore Progress-Review.)

The priesthood meeting at Hinckley Saturday, the 25th, was well attended. Reports of their labors, while in the legislature, was given by President Callister and Bishop Thompson of Scipio. The meeting was greatly enjoyed by all present.

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THE ONLY $3.50 PANTS HOUSE
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Will make it look like new.
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Has become the standard of excellence in coals. Have you tried it?
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"At the Sign of the Peacock."
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Cheated Death.

Kidney trouble often ends fatally, but by choosing the right medicine, E. H. Wolfe of Bear Grove, Ia., cheated death. He says: "Two years ago I had Kidney Trouble, which caused me great pain, suffering and anxiety, but I took Electric Bitters, which effected a complete cure. I have also found them of great benefit in general debility and nerve trouble, and keep them constantly on hand since, as I find they have no equal." Z. C. M. I. drug department guarantees them at 50c.