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WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.
Rain or snow and colder.
THE METALS.
Silver, 62 1/2 per ounce.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Charles I. Wilde, Los Angeles, Cal.
Christina Merritt, Salt Lake.

AN ADMINISTRATION DEFEAT.

An analysis of the vote on the joint statehood bill shows that the friends of Utah's southern neighbor preferred a continuance of territorial conditions to a compulsory union with New Mexico as a condition of statehood; and in this they were supported by the people of both territories.

As it came to the senate, the house bill provided for the union of the two territories and their admission to the nation as a single state without giving the people of either territory an opportunity to express their wishes in the matter.

The test vote came on the Foraker amendment; and the result, 42 to 29, was an overwhelming defeat for the administration and Senator Beveridge, who was sponsor for the joint statehood measure.

From the inception of the discussion it has been apparent that the people of Arizona and New Mexico were unwilling to be yoked together. In Arizona, particularly, the hostility to the plan was unmistakable.

In the final vote, the senate divided up largely on sectional lines, the west and south lining up against the east. To the astonishment of the west, two senators from Washington, with Warren of Wyoming and Smoot of Utah, were with the administration and against the west in their votes.

Senator Smoot's vote is explicable on one theory only, and that is his desire to be with the administration and have its support, which he has had so far, in his effort to retain his seat.

Senator Dubois' amendment to the bill incorporating the Idaho disfranchisement clause for polygamy, might have been of some import if the bill had passed without the elimination of Arizona. As it was, the amendment was without significance except as it offered the Idaho senator a chance to attack the Mormon church and, incidentally, make a random shot which may have some bearing on the final disposition of the Smoot contest in the senate.

held by the immense federal patronage at his disposal. It was pushed unscrupulously by Beveridge, and no effort was spared to shove it through regardless of the wishes of the people interested. Its only object was to limit the number of representatives in the senate from the west, and to make it impossible for the Democratic party to profit by the probable strength it would have gained from those territories if they were admitted as states.

Even so, Arizona is to be congratulated on the fact that it is not to be handicapped and burdened by the proposed union with New Mexico. Territorial conditions are much to be preferred to such a union, and Arizona is free to wait for the time when fairness and justice will give her the separate statehood to which she is entitled.

UTAH'S MINING FUTURE.

The Herald's resume of mining operations in Utah and of the prospects for a great extension of activity presents solid reasons for the belief that this state is to be the center of such stupendous undertakings as its most sanguine friends fail to realize.

To begin with, the work already done has demonstrated beyond question that the ores are here in such enormous quantity and of such profitable values as to justify investment of unlimited capital. In Park City, in Bingham, in the Tintic district and in other camps, there is ore enough to warrant mining on a scale even larger than has characterized the mining of Butte, Arizona and the Lake regions.

With the advent of Samuel Newhouse, the Guggenheims, the United States company and other operators that have taken advantage of conditions, it has been fully demonstrated that Utah offers exceptional rewards for capital. It has no limitations which need be considered by men who know the business. The opportunities are becoming known to men who know the business. The opportunities are becoming known to men who know the business.

Local owners welcome outside capital, there has been no jealousy or attempt to monopolize the field for one group or combination. The result is a harmony and spirit of friendliness in spite of keen competition, which makes Utah a most desirable base for development.

It is certain that the industry is only beginning to take on the importance it deserves here, and that the state is entering upon an era of progress and growth which will place it in the fore of the mineral-producing centers, not only of the United States, but of the whole world.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Lawyers for the defense of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, accused of the murder of Governor Steunenberg, have raised a most interesting question in the argument for a habeas corpus before the supreme court of Idaho at Boise.

The Colorado men were arrested on a warrant charging them with actual, personal participation in the murder, although they were in Colorado when it occurred; and they were extradited on a requisition issued by Governor Goodwin of Idaho, honored by Governor McDonald of Colorado. The arrests were made at a time and under circumstances which preclude the possibility of court interference in Colorado; and the special train bearing them to Idaho was arranged to run so legal interference en route would be out of the question.

The defendants' counsel, in their habeas corpus suit, aver that the arrest and extradition were based on warrants which all the officials knew were false; that the prosecuting attorney in Idaho who swore to the warrant, the governor of Idaho and the governor of Colorado, were aware the warrant was false—in other words, that the arrests were part of a conspiracy between the officials of the two states, and that the defendants should, therefore, be released by the court.

The prosecution contends that the question of a conspiracy does not now concern the court; that the prosecution is based on indictments returned since the arrests, and that, since the prisoners are within the jurisdiction of the court, it would be wasting time to discharge them because they would be rearrested at once.

neys indicate strong support for their contention and the outcome of the case in this particular will be of great significance as bearing on extradition procedure.

Street Supervisor Raleigh came to life long enough yesterday to clean the street in front of the mayor's house. Some day he'll come out of his trance long enough to discover the condition of Main street and the rest of the paved district. Perhaps.

Arizona's narrow escape from joint statehood entitles it to sympathize with the Texas man who shot at a burglar and missed him, but hit his mother-in-law. He said his emotions were a mingling of joy and regret. He regretted missing the burglar.

Wyoming people may very properly ask Senator Warren just what his reason was for barring Arizona from statehood. Any reason he could possibly offer would have applied against his own state when it applied for admission.

The president has been beaten on his Philippine tariff bill and the statehood bill, so his only hope for a record is the regulation bill. With a Democratic senator in charge of that measure, there is still some hope for Roosevelt.

Councilman Mulvey says any man with a little engineering ability and horse sense should be able to build a conduit. City Engineer Kelsey can easily prove an alibi on both counts.

When the bill was pending for the admission of Utah to statehood, had the proposition been made to unite the territory with Arizona, would Mr. Smoot have favored it?

A post mortem on the iniquitous statehood bill was held in the White House yesterday, but Coroner Beveridge made no announcement of a verdict.

By the time Mr. Beveridge has managed one or two more bills in the senate he will be able to get a hat to fit without having it made to order.

Mr. Smoot's idea seems to have been to take the Arizona strip for Utah and give the rest of the territory to the half-caste New Mexicans.

At his present gait, the street supervisor may begin to get busy before his two-year term expires; but a good many people will doubt it.

President Roosevelt undoubtedly wishes he had General Leonard Wood back in Washington to lead his legislative fights there.

Mr. Beveridge has discovered that it takes something besides nerve and presidential backing to make a successful statesman.

There appears to be a growing conviction that one language that should be taught in the grade schools is English.

Senator Tillman seems to be able to turn up fine points of law, even though compelled to use a pitchfork to do it.

Those M. & M. A. boosters are rooting so hard for Utah that the anvil chorus is about drowned out.

Salt Lake has a street department, but a visitor would never guess it.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

"He Who Laughs Last." (New York Commercial.) Among the prominent and rapidly increasing insurance officials none seems to have greater cause for genuine hilarity just now than James Hazen Hyde.

John's Address Is "Anywhere." (Washington Star.) Owing to John D. Rockefeller's retirement from the social whirl college donations have not been as frequent for the past few weeks as formerly.

That Would Insure His Re-election. (Washington Post.) If Representative Lloyd really yearns to become famous as a bound he ought to introduce a bill limiting the collar on every schooner of beer.

What Are Congressmen For, Anyhow? (New York Evening Sun.) There will be no free feed in the future—If. The proposition suggests the other one. If the sky-fell we should catch larks.

Accomplishing Two Reforms at Once (Atlanta Journal.) Republican Senators are complaining that the railroad fight will disrupt the Republican party.

Well, What Becomes of It? (Houston Post.) Senator Tillman says "The purest whiskey made is moonshine, but nobody will drink it."

But How Many Cells Will It Fill? (New York American.) The report of the Armstrong insurance committee fills 216 pages.

Dr. Broadbent's Dental office moved from Eagle block 500-501 Scott building, 188 Main. Over King's hardware store.

TOO BUSY TO GROW. (James H. Lambert in St. Nicholas.) A small office boy who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of \$3 a week, finally plucked up enough courage to ask for an increase in wages.

Californians Rates—Today. Collector rate of \$25.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles and intermediate points via the Salt Lake Route. 169 South Main. Phones 1986.

FROM THE CHURCH MILITANT TO A GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY

Some Memories of Rev. Reynold M. Kirby, D. D., by One of His Oldest and Most Devoted Friends.

As he sat in his study chair but the other night his earth watch stopped; bodily, at Potsdam, N. Y., yet spiritually dwelling in pervasive presence deep and serene in the hearts of his friends, both near and far away.

Some were those in Salt Lake, to whom he and his sweet wife said adieu twenty-four years ago, for both he and she were made of the royal metal on which the corruptions of old time or death make no hall marks.

Now, the mystery which we call death has brought them once more face to face with those in the far-off city of the dead, who still live to recall the bitterness, not only to the church but to the commonwealth of Utah, of that sad departure years ago.

Thinking as one apart, and yet as one treasuring a share in Salt Lake, her history her losses and possessions, these two people, so gentle, yet so pre-eminent in ennobling virtues and good works, are mirrors in the magic glass of retrospection even as the summits of the Wasatch are reflected with heightened charm in the waters of the miniature lake at Liberty park.

We struggle vainly against the inevitable, the quiet life, the still life, the joyless night threatens to discomfit us. We are in danger of selfishly forgetting that the reunions over the great range counterbalance the losses here, and inspire a thousand lives.

We grow older and the monotone of loss and no replacing becomes fateful; we are all in transit, but it is only of the way that made the crossing that we can believe it. Following even though at an interval, the timely and most deferential notices of Dr. Kirby appearing in the Salt Lake papers, and especially the panegyrics of the ever-loving Judge

GEORGE ADE AND THE ENGLISH.

When the failure of George Ade's "Bad Samaritan" in New York put wrinkles in his flag of victory the pursuing winds failed to straighten out, he decided that he would go to Egypt and rest a spell and mayhap inquire of the Sphinx, "Prithee, when is a play not a play?"

On the way to Cairo the Ade party, which included the Hon. William Kentland, Ind., and Mr. William Etten, formerly managing editor of the Chicago Journal, and the Hon. Charles D. Loring, next day a story appeared in the Express of that city which proves that Mr. Ade has again taken heart and a new grip on the humor in life. It reads:

THE "PROFESSOR OF SLANG."

Mr. George Ade's Fables in English and Chicagoese. Mr. George Ade, whose research and study of the language known as "modern American" have made him the greatest living authority on American slang, gave an Express representative yesterday some interesting extracts from his book of "Fables in Slang," which he is writing in the quiet dialect known as "Chicagoese." There he has been quite distinct from Bostonese, Baltimoreese, and the rugged local speech of "Pittsburgh" rolling mill workers—three distinct dialects requiring separate translations.

The author chose a semi-political fable for contrasting specimens of modern "American" and everyday English. The title and the extracts are as follows: "AMERICAN." "The Fable of the Statesman Who Couldn't Make Good."

"Once there was a Bluff, whose Long Side was Glittering Generalities. He hated to work, and it hurt his Eyes to Read Law, but on a Clear Day he heard a Mile, so he became a Statesman."

"Whenever the Forsters had a Picnic they invited him to make the Principal Address, because he was the only Orator who could beat the Merry-go-round."

ENGLISH. "The Fable of the Pseudo Statesman Whose Utterance Attempt to Deceive was Unsuccessful." "Once there was a man whose real abilities were not commensurate with his blarneying pretenses. He had an aversion to any kind of labor, but, possessing a voice of large volume, he decided to cater for the talents in the field of politics."

"He attended many outdoor social functions, and addressed his fellow men in loud tones, being especially popular because he could be heard above the din of the steam roundabouts."

"In due time the orator marries a 'widow of the Bantam Division.' In other words, he formed a matrimonial alliance with a widow of diminutive proportions."

Mr. Ade says he has given up slang. He is now a serious playwright. His most successful play is "The College Widow," which is still touring the United States.

"The college widow," explained Mr. Ade, "is an institution at all American universities. She is a pretty girl, who begins to flirt violently at the age of 15 with undergraduates. They then engage a second and third year man, and so on, but at the end of each year she is still unmarried, hence, 'college widow.'"

According to Mr. Ade, the very latest "slang" for champagne in America college circles is "congregation water."

ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S BEST.

I want to tell you one more story, the story of the lost opportunity. Young people don't realize the full sadness of it, but you and I, older people don't know the pathos of the lost opportunity? In the village which is a suburb of New Bedford a friend of mine took me to the dedication of a town hall and pointed out to me a bronzed, weather-beaten old man, over 90 years old.

"Do you see any passion in that old man?" he said to me. "You don't; well, but I can make him a perfect fool to you. I'll just mention to him something very casually."

And he did. Well, that old man suddenly gave vent to an outburst of profanity such as I had never heard before in my life. I listened to him with that delight with which one listens to an artist. The cause of it was this: When that old man was a young sailor he came back from a three-year cruise and found the white town had taken the pledge. He hadn't, so he was ostracized. Finally he made up his mind he couldn't stand ostracism any longer, and he went to the secretary and said, "For my name down for that temperance society of yours. Next day he left on another three-year cruise. It was torture to him to watch his men drinking and he pledged not to. Finally he got home. He got a job of good stuff, ran to the society and said, "Take my name right off."

"It isn't necessary," said the secretary, "you were blackballed."

SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY. (Atchison, Kan., Globe.)

Every man who can keep a secret is not to be trusted. Compliments, like a good many other things, are indigestible unless taken with a little salt. Don't say you have done you best when you haven't. It is apt to give a bad impression of what really is your best. When the children scream and quarrel their father thinks of chloroform a great deal oftener than any one in the world ever dreams.

The great trouble with the man with the woe is that he can't distinguish between a curious ear and a sympathetic one. As much as we admire a good memory, we don't enjoy associating with one that reminds us when we say "two inches" that yesterday we said "three."

If you say things to people's faces you are called disagreeable; if you say them behind people's backs you are deceitful, and if you say nothing you are uninteresting.

When a man and his wife come home from a trip everything he says is punctuated by his wife's conscience; she refuses to be a partner in even an interesting lie. They may stand "with reluctant feet" while arguing from girlhood into womanhood, but their feet are moving lively compared with the reluctance they feel when the next step is old age.

KNOW HE WAS INNOCENT. (Tit-Bits.)

A young American lawyer was consulting in the jail with his unfortunate client, charged with stealing a stove. "No, no," he said, soothingly; "I know, of course, you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for a minute that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among the lawyers. Yes, of course, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it to me, and don't say a word. You can hand over \$10 now, and pay me the rest."

"Ten dollars, boss!" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you make it \$10,000? I'd pay you just as easily. I ain't got no money."

"No money?" The lawyer looked indignant. "Ten dollars, boss!" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you make it \$10,000? I'd pay you just as easily. I ain't got no money."

Woodstock, Ill., March 1, 1906.

SALT LAKE THEATRE

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Edward A. Braden Offers Henry W. Savage's Production of

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THE SALT LAKE HERALD, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1906