

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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AMUSEMENTS TODAY. "Dorothy," "The New Century," "Across the Desert."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE. Fair.

THE BROWN CASE.

It will not do for Mayor Thompson to evade responsibility for discharging S. F. Brown, the crippled custodian of the Parley's canyon reservoir...

And isn't it rather humiliating to the hundreds of first class citizens who voted for Thompson to read his confession of slavish obedience to a will stronger than his own?

Honestly, now, you who voted for Thompson for mayor, isn't he a bitter disappointment to every one of you?

The Democrats haven't had many offices in recent years, but they certainly have had a hand in fixing political issues and in defining national policies.

INDEPENDENT VOTING.

Secretary Shaw is very much exercised over the increasing tendency of the American voter to cast his ballot exactly as he pleases, regardless of party lines.

One of the San Francisco refugees ought to be mighty thankful for the earthquake and fire. Because of it he has won the heart and hand of a Salt Lake girl.

It may please you to know that you can continue to keep your nickels in your pocket. City Attorney Hiles says the slot machines must stay—put out.

A dispatch from Ekaterinoslav, Russia, says that—but no dispatch from a town with such a name could possibly be as interesting as the name itself.

In the press of other matters we may forget all about the homeless people of San Francisco. Unfortunately, though, they can't forget to be hungry.

Standard Oil officials say Mr. Roosevelt himself is a muck raker. Now will the great Theodore kindly be good for a few minutes.

If wickedness caused earthquakes there wouldn't be any Paris (not Idaho) if half the stories they tell of the town are true.

funds and they frequently convert them to their own use or to the uses of their friends. Independence in local elections has been the salvation of many a state and many a city.

The theory that a Republican must vote for his party's candidate for mayor or because that candidate believes in a protective tariff, or for his candidate for county clerk because that candidate believes in retaining the Philippines as a colony, has long since exploded.

ONE REPUBLICAN RIGHT.

One doesn't ordinarily look to a Republican convention for an enunciation of Democratic principles, but those who read the proceedings of the Kansas Republican convention cannot fail to be impressed with the good Democratic talk made by W. R. Stibbs, chairman of the state committee, who called the gathering to order.

"The greatest robber is the steel trust, which has been made so by an unreasonable protective tariff. \* \* \* The habit prevails in our judicial system of deciding great issues on technical matters. Great money owners go scot free for wholesale robberies, when poor citizens like you and me are punished for the merest offense."

For saying things something like this William Jennings Bryan was denounced by every Republican paper in the land. He was described as an anarchist, it was said that he was trying to array class against class, that he was a dangerous demagogue who ought to be suppressed by the strong arm of the law.

Will the Kansas Republican chairman be classed as an anarchist and a demagogue? Will it be said of him that he is trying to array class against class, the poor against the rich? If it was wrong to make such statements in 1896 and in 1900, is it not wrong to make such statements now?

We may expect to hear a lot more of the same sort of talk from Republican orators in the coming campaign. And what a miserable sham it all is! Do you know why they feel free to utter sentiments against the steel trust and like robber corporations? It is because the various states are passing laws forbidding contributions by corporations for political purposes, and national legislation is not unlikely. Most Republicans have known for many years that their party was owned, body and soul, by the corporations. They didn't dare to attack the corporations because the corporations were supplying them with campaign funds.

The Democrats haven't had many offices in recent years, but they certainly have had a hand in fixing political issues and in defining national policies. There are plenty of Democrats who have stayed in the Republican party for purely sentimental reasons, and they are stealing Democratic "thunder" just as fast as they can.

Say, when we do have pretty days in this part of the country aren't they the prettiest days anybody ever saw anywhere in the world? Talk about the "California climate." Give us Utah in the spring time. Also in the summer, the fall and the winter.

If it is in order, we would like to move that the vacancies in the Utah congressional delegation caused by the election of Smoot, Sutherland and Howell be filled at the earliest practicable moment.

General Greely's report shows that more than 200,000 destitute people are still being fed in San Francisco and Oakland. Don't you think you had better dig down into your pocketbook just once more?

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If we remember right, "Boss" Tweed was the pioneer advocate of "executive" sessions in the transaction of public business.

AGE DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Members of Congress and Cabinet Officials Who Would Be Affected by Law.

The proposed law reducing the compensation of persons in the classified service, when they shall have attained the age of 65 years, and separating them from the 65 service when they have reached three scores and ten, would, if extended to members of the cabinet and congress, deprive the country of her most distinguished sons.

Should the official axe be wielded in the cabinet, two distinguished heads must fall; those of the secretary of the interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, and of the secretary of agriculture, James Wilson. These gentlemen would not only be included among the superannuated, but must in that event be classed with those unfitted by age for the performance of any public duties, since they have both reached the three score and ten mark.

In a joint debate an Iowa man's whiskers turned now and then to one can tell what might have happened if he had talked through his hat.

Smashing Up His Own Property. If Rockefeller owns the earth, why not hold him responsible for the earthquake?

The Millennium Must Be at Hand. For once the United States senate acted first and did the talking about it afterward.

O Tempora, O Mores! (New York Herald.) Whirligig of time certainly does bring its revenges when William Jennings Bryan is being hailed as a Moses of a "safe and sane" Democracy.

Might Call It a Draw. (New York Mail.) After a 100 words speech, lasting three days, the senate is now trying to make out whether it or LaFollette got the spanking.

Probably the Price of Gasoline. (Philadelphia North American.) Aldrich is opposed to free alcohol in the arts on the ground of "fiscal conservatism. We don't know just what that means."

It Will Do the "Shaving" Itself. (Baltimore Sun.) Things have come to a pretty pass when a commuter can't shave without the consent of the Pennsylvania.

Thought the Stork Had the Job. (Chicago Post.) If the eagle is to be retired as the national bird, why not substitute the dove rather than the hen?

Of Interest to the Bartender. (Houston Post.) A fashion paper announces that "high collars are not going to be fashionable this summer."

SHE LAUDED HIM. (New York Tribune.) At an unexpected interruption in an after dinner speech, Senator Hale smiled.

"These words," he said, "surprise and confuse me. They come with a shock that which a young girl of Lode received once in her life."

"This young girl sat in her bedroom with a novel. Her hair was down and her feet were in red slippers. Now and then, extending her white arms, she glanced at the stork as it flew by."

"You see, it was very late, and down stairs in the parlor her older sister was entertaining a young man. She naturally felt a deep interest in the entertainment. She was waiting to hear how it would terminate."

"And at last there was a sound in the hall, a crash as of a closing door, and she passed from the impatient girl that the young man had gone."

"She threw down her novel and, running forth, peered over the balustrade down into the hall's intense blackness."

"Well, Maude," she said, "did you land him?"

"There was no immediate reply to her question. There was a silence, a peculiarly strained quality in it. Then a masculine voice replied: "She did."

THE INDIAN PIE EATER. (New York Sun.) (On seeing a Hoosier eating pie at the Wabash railroad station at Lafayette, Ind.)

You never saw anything in your life Equal Hay Buskirk's skill with a knife. With stripes to the shirt and collar laid by He squares himself to handle a pie.

With the skill of knights in a tourney gay. One art of fencers with flashing blades. When armed with a caseknife broad and thin. Into a slice of pie he wades.

With a roll of the eye and a twist of the wrist. He deftly chisels a dripping slice. And into his gaping mouth it throws. With ardent aim he sends a slice.

Like snow 'fore the burning breath of the sun. Or stubble dry in the rushing flame. Meets the luscious pie neath the busy blade. Of Hay Buskirk of pie-eating fame.

Whenever he sows and whenever he plants. He locates the moon in the almanac. But when it comes to the eating of pie No phase of Luna can hold him back.

Yet such is his skill and his prowess keen. That—would you believe it—his lip and jaw. Are free of scars from the pious knife. That tosses the pie into his man.

THAT HELPS SOME. (Boston Herald.) A clerk in a clothing store in southern New Hampshire fills an amusing habit of using, on all sorts of occasions, the expression, "That helps some." If a customer is unable to find a pair of clothes of the right pattern, even though the price was too high for him to think of buying, the clerk would utter the comforting words, "That helps some." If the clothes were cheap enough, but were severely torn, large or too small, still he would remark, "That helps some."

One day a lady came into the store and asked to be allowed to see an assortment of neckties. The polite clerk spread out an array of these goods for her inspection, and while she was making her selection he noticed the clerk looked exceedingly sad and tearful. The clerk ventured some commonplace remarks, but she would not be comforted that her burden was a very heavy one. He felt that she was left with but little money when she went away with several small children to support.

"My husband," she said at last, "has gone to a better world."

"Well," said the clerk deeply moved, "that helps some."

Eat your lunch in the Palm garden at the Royal.

CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY

Statesmen Who Are Distinguished for Prowess in Debate.

There was a great event in the senate not long ago. A senator—Bryce, to-wit—delivered a speech which interested and even thrilled, his hearers, and brought forth applause from the galleries.

Some persons seem to imagine that the senate is a good field for oratory, whereas it is the worst in the world. The house is not much better, for an entirely different reason; but when an orator does triumph over the house it comes to the best style on earth.

The glacial chill of the senate is what paralyzes oratory. The rules forbid applause and the air of somber dignity which broods over the place discourages the rashest orator before he begins. The hurried, tumultuous, feverish haste of the speaker, the choice of words which with the house is that it is deadly, why it is that a triumph in the house is a triumph indeed.

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TILLMAN A HUMORIST.

South Carolina Senator a Good Story Teller and a Lively Wit.

"These youths are the seed corn of our country." So said Senator "Ben" Tillman of the students of Clemson college an institution that he himself had founded. The remark was made at the laying of the corner-stone of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women, which school he had also founded. The occasion, the environment, the wide grasp, a new view of the vitriolic South Carolina, the fire eating, regarded as the leadership of the rate-bill fight has already made the name of Tillman a household name. Americans wonder if they should not revise their estimate of his enigmatic and contradictory character. People have begun to imagine that he has put his worst side out, and that there is something tenderer and sweeter concealed under the rough rind of his personality than has been suspected.

Once in speaking on the race question before the senate Tillman alluded feelingly to an old colored servant. "I don't know whether 'Joe' belongs to me or I belong to 'Joe,' he said. "Anyhow, he has been together for thirty years, and we have agreed to keep together to the end, and should I be the first white woman to desert you, my dear me will be more sincere than 'Joe's."

The South Carolina senator is a good story teller. He has a way of telling his constituent's opinion of Cleveland and Roosevelt, the two executives who have been made the subjects of a public plebiscite. When it was suggested that Cleveland might run against Roosevelt in this coming year's campaign, he said: "I can't see, that there is more than one difference between the two."

"And what is that difference?" inquired a bystander. "Well," was the reply, "I take it that the only difference is that Mr. Cleveland is much too sedate to hunt, and that Mr. Roosevelt is much too keen to fish."

Here is another Tillman story of an earlier date. Senator Vance was the Democratic candidate for governor of North Carolina, and Judge Sewell was Republican opponent. Sewell's followers were mostly negroes, and Vance had a majority of white men. While he was campaigning together, at one meeting the Democratic candidate was advised that certain young women were giving up their loyalty to the party by kissing its standard-bearer. Nothing loath, he descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or more of the young beauties. Then he said:

"Sally, I'm kissing my girls; now you kiss yours."

At the time Tillman was having his row with his colleagues, another which at one time reached such a pitch that both resigned, and at another Tillman struck McLaughlin in open session, when the senator was gathering statistics as to the favorite recreations and books of Washington, D. C. The senator was in a humor when he was approached by the reporter over quizzically and replied:

"Every one tells me that my recreation—having fun with McLaughlin. My favorite book is 'If Christ Came to Congress.'"

The reporter thanked him and asked where Senator Dewey might be found. "Why, he is in Europe," he said, "and I am in Europe. But," he continued with a sly gleam in his eye, "I can give you the information upon Dewey's private life, and my recreation is playing pin-ball."

"Certainly, Senator Dewey's favorite work is 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr.'"

HIS BLUFF WAS CALLED. (Kansas City Journal.) It is getting to be almost as difficult to reach Public Printer Stillings in Washington as it is to get speech with the president. The Boston man has given strict orders to hold up all who would intrude upon his privacy, even if they come on public business. The other day a man got into the sacred presence unannounced, and Mr. Stillings roared at him: "How did you get in here?" The visitor did not seem to be much alarmed, and instead of replying asked another question: "Are you the public printer?" Mr. Stillings again demanded: "I want to know how you got in here." The caller replied calmly: "If you are the public printer, I would like to introduce myself and possibly make a few remarks about how to act like a gentleman. My name is Dickie. I am from Ohio, and happen to be a senator with business here." Whereupon the public printer lost all of his anger and most of his dignity.

SHERIFF OR TRAMP. (Boston Herald.) The town of Newport, Me., was at one time the proud possession of a county sheriff who was death on tramps. This man, whose name was George Cole, had the reputation of being the slickest for miles around in regard to dress.

One night the sheriff heard that there were tramps about the railway station, Cole gathered up a few men and went to investigate. A freight car door was open and Cole entered. He struck a match and discovered that the car contained about a dozen weary-looking men.

As he stood there holding the match a sleepy-eyed wanderer blinked up at him and remarked: "You'd better go into the next car, pard; we're all full here."

THE PURE GOOD TEA. Imported and packed only by M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

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