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THE RECORD OF CONGRESS.

Two facts stand out distinctly in the session of congress which closed yesterday. One is the noteworthy advance of the senate in public esteem despite the constant campaign of defamation inaugurated by one class of publications; the other is the adoption by a Republican president of the Democratic platform almost in its entirety.

Those who have watched the record of the two houses of congress at this session agree that the rate bill, the meat inspection bill, and the pure food bill, the distinctive legislation of the session, were made possible only by the senate. In its original form, as adopted by the house and approved by the president, the rate bill was unconstitutional, inadequate and unsatisfactory to the friends of genuine reform in rate matters. When it went to the senate it was whipped into shape, given a constitutional form and amended to meet the situation adequately. When it went to conference, the house fought the senate amendments for a while but finally acquiesced in the senate bill almost without change. Whatever of real value the law has as it stands is attributable to the senate.

The meat inspection bill was passed by the senate without amendment and with no debate but when it went to the house Speaker Cannon, Chairman Wadsworth and the Illinois delegation fought it, decried its merits and finding that some law must be passed to appease public sentiment changed the senate measure as far as they dared. Even then, the senate secured modification conference which ought to make it an effective piece of legislation.

Although the pure food measure was passed in the senate with comparatively little opposition, it was buried in the house committee with the evident intention of strangling it, a process which must have met with Speaker Cannon's approval since it was within his power at any time to call for a report and get action by a rule from the rules committee. Not until the outcry on the Beef trust report stirred the public, did the house or its speaker show any sign of interest in the pure food measure although the public demanded it, honest manufacturers of food products wanted it and the protection of public health cried aloud for it. Whether it was finally adopted in effective form is yet to be seen as the press reports are not clear as to the changes made in it at the last moment. The great feature is the adoption of a pure food measure which will pave the way for further legislation on the subject if it is found necessary.

If no other bills had been considered, the senate's record on these would deserve appreciation from the people. None of them was in any sense a partisan bill; all were adopted on their merits and the most important, the rate bill, was furthered by the interests which might naturally have been expected to oppose it, giving ample proof that the public welfare and public opinion were the first considerations throughout the debate and the final enactment of the law. The record stands as ample refutation of the oft-repeated charge that the senate is indifferent to the wishes of the people when legislation affecting capital is under discussion. Likewise with the meat inspection bill and the pure food law; the power behind these bills was the public sentiment of the country while such opposition as was offered came from one of the most powerful of the trusts and the combined strength of the interests which have thrived on adulteration of foods. That the senate was alive to the public welfare and indifferent to the influence of the trust is apparent in the laws enacted.

Looking over the programme of the session, the president's adoption of the Democratic platform in all essentials is as plain as a pikestaff. To be sure he faltered and wavered at critical times; he preferred to take Aldrich as his adviser and friend rather than accept the Democratic support he had solicited; but as far as he dared he followed the lines laid down at Kansas City and St. Louis and his failures were due only to his own weakness and the opposition of his own party.

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originated with Mr. Bryan himself. In the effort to secure rate legislation, the measure could not have been taken out of committee without help from the Democratic members of the committee; and the bill as reported was in charge of Tillman, a Democratic senator. Throughout the session, with one notable exception, the presidential programme where it deserved success depended upon Democratic votes to carry it. The one exception was the statehood bill on which the president was deservedly defeated in an effort to force Arizona and New Mexico to accept joint statehood. There the departure from Democratic principles and traditions was met with a force that could not be gainsaid and the president was compelled to accept a compromise permitting the people of the territories to pronounce their own judgment on the proposal.

Taking the session, its accomplishments and its omissions, the Democratic party is distinctly the gainer. It aided in the legislation that was desirable and it fought such bills as were dangerous or undesirable. Its leaders emerge from the contentions of both houses with honor and credit to themselves and their party, and they have forwarded the prospects for a Democratic triumph in the approaching congressional elections.

HOURS OF RAILROADERS.

Senator LaFollette grew very sarcastic the other day over the senate's refusal to displace other business for the purpose of taking up his measure under which the continuous hours of employment of railroad men engaged in the operation of trains would be limited to 16. The senate seemed to be under the impression, properly enough that this is a matter the railroads can be depended upon to take care of themselves. It is certain that practically no railroad employes who have any responsibility whatever in the operation of trains average sixteen hours a day.

The railroads as a rule are just as deeply interested in making travel safe as the public can be. Nothing is so calculated to injure the earning power of a railroad as a wreck or a series of wrecks involving loss of life or serious injury to travelers. To reduce the number of wrecks, to make them as nearly impossible as is humanly possible, the railroad spend many hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, for they realize that the road having the fewest accidents is, other things being approximately equal, the road the public is going to patronize in both passenger and freight departments.

It is quite true that disastrous wrecks are often traced to employes who have been overworked but it is not often that their employers overwork them. Nobody better appreciates the value of steady nerves and clear brains than the railroad superintendent. Nobody knows better than he that a reasonable amount of rest is necessary to insure these important qualifications. And in no business is the private character of employes, as regards regularity of living, hours of sleep, abstinence from intoxicants and the like more closely inquired into. The railroad man who takes a single drink of anything intoxicating either on duty or off invites immediate discharge.

The railroad superintendents do this as much in the interest of their roads as of the public, because, from the coldest business standpoint they must. They cannot afford to have wrecks, and the surest way to avoid wrecks is to take the best possible care of employes who handle trains. It is not necessary to enact any national legislation on the subject in the first place, and in the second place it is very much to be doubted if such a law would stand the test of constitutionality.

The Industrial School Advance, published by and for the boys and girls of the Utah State Industrial school at Ogden for the month of June, contains much that is interesting. The notes of the work in the various departments show that the term has been anything but wasted and that much good has been accomplished. A successful year is reported in all branches of work with many improvements. The magazine is well printed and is a creditable publication.

Says the London Spectator: "At this moment President Roosevelt is what he has been for many years—one of the most popular figures in the English-speaking world." But what else could you expect from a paper that doesn't know whether California is the capital of New York or an island off the coast of Florida.

It is announced that the Standard Oil company will soon increase its capital stock to \$600,000,000 in order to "popularize" the corporation. There are people, though, who are still old-fashioned enough to believe that oil and water will not mix.

We are authorized to deny the report that when Mayor McClellan returns from his trip to Europe William Randolph Hearst will head a delegation of citizens to welcome him home. Some people don't like Mayor McClellan.

Memorials for the poets Keats and Shelley are to be erected in Rome. Of course nobody thought of doing anything handsome for them while they were in condition to appreciate it.

With all the college graduates out hustling for jobs the famine in the labor market ought to be relieved very shortly.

The Pittsburg millionaire who hasn't had a scandal in his family will soon be entitled to rank as the eighth wonder.

Stanford White the Target for a New York Comedian

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, June 29.—The mere title of "Mamselle Champagne" is a new and original musical farce, it is a stage imitation of Parisian gaiety. An American showman is seeking French novelties to import. He is a free opener of wine, and out of one enormous bottle he pours champagne for a wicked incarnation of alcoholic spirit in the form of a woman. There is nothing peculiar in the phenomena, except that the bottle is not labelled to advertise a brand of wine. In another play acted by twenty waiters serving twenty diners champagne lettered big with the name of one vintage, while the company sings its praises. Perhaps no wine importer can be persuaded that the bottle which comes to a wicked woman in solution would be a valuable advertisement of his brand.

The sightiest and most brazen advertising just now done on the New York stage is in this week's introduction of a musical farce, "Mamselle Champagne." The stage is unlighted at the start of the chorus. Suddenly from the blackness shines out eight posters on a row of billboards illuminated by electric lamps. Each has a young woman gowned and haired in an extravagant manner. The stage is unlighted and gracefully posed as though for an avenue promenade. Above and below each Daisy Gown is the assertion advertised that one cleaning establishment, and one is able to keep toilettes as unspectably white as those.

The company that introduced "Mamselle Champagne" contained not one member known in New York, nor was the first audience aware of authors Woolf and Freeborn; yet the rouders were there in force, and this was the evening's only new play. Not long ago I wrote about Arthur Dunne and Stanford White at a vaudeville theatre where Dunne was leading a dozen chorus girls in a parody of the scene in "Peter Pan." Maude Adams runs forward and implores the audience to say yes to her very emotional query, "Do you believe in the house?" "Is Stanford White in the house?" cried Dunne.

"He is," replied White. "Mr. White," the comedian continued, "do you believe in fairies?" There was a roar of laughter, which prevented the good-humored White's retort from being heard; but he might have said, for he was an inveterate first-nighter at shows of girls. "I am making a thorough study of the subject." Stanford White sat at a table in the roof garden where "Mamselle Champagne" was introduced. Harry Thaw and Florence Evelyn Nesbit-Thaw sat at another. Just as the comedian, the comedian, got to a song's refrain, "I could love a thousand girls," three pistol shots rang out. Thaw killed White in the way, and for the reason, that you have read all about.

What was done on the stage, though, has not been described. It is usual in cases of disturbances in theatres to assure the people that there is no danger, whether the danger is real or not. The stage manager in this case did his worst to incite a panic. He rushed down to the footlights in a state of wild excitement.

"There has been an accident," he belatedly said to the theatre, "clear the stage. Get out everybody!" Of course, a stampede began for the elevators. Women fainted here and there, and many more lost their heads for the moment, for the "accident" was surmised to be a fire. But the orchestra leader struck up a coon tune and cried, "Dance, girls—dance!" There were five on the stage. Four obeyed with an eager, but a back and wing dancing. That halted the panic a little, and the word went quickly around that there had been no peril—except for Stanford White in being killed and for Harry Thaw in having killed him.

The farce ended in a gruesome tragedy, yet I shall ever recall as comic the fifth girl who was on the stage. She began to dance with the others, but she was at the corner nearest the murder, and her woman's curiosity overcame her obedience. Her feet slowly ceased to patter, and stooping until she was almost down on her knees, she peered into the crowd to see the utmost of the horror; and having seen, she fainted.

Girls for stage shows are now made in quantities it would seem, beyond the demand. One trainer has twenty different dresses ready for next winter, and you need something in the pony ballet way, he will take you to a hall where he exercises and exhibits his girls privately. Each set has its own songs, dances costumes and scenery, and is to have a full performance. The trainer displays the trainer himself serves as a leader, while they go through with their performances without omitting so much as a nod or a smile. It will make you feel foolish, though, if you are not a showman to have them do through their tricks of witchery for you alone.

Some of these dozens have been put into the roof gardens already. A fair example is called "Rain Dears," and its girls are smallish of stature, limber of limb and fair-faced, although no one is a beauty. Neva Aymar is the soubrette who sets the rapid pace for them. At first they are hidden down to their waists in enormous false heads, while their hips serve as shoulders to bogus arms, so that for the time being they are hideous dwarfs in a demoniac orgy. Suddenly the big heads turn inside out and drop down behind the skirts of neat rustic maidens, the scene changes to a corfield and they dance round shocks of grain. A second shift is an arctic view; and the heaps of corn become snow, behind which the girls alter their dress to that of Eskimos for a polar song and dance. Finally, there is a storm, with a thin frontage of actually wet water, in which the rain dears gambol under tarpaulin hats and rubber overcoats like idealized fishermen.

It is curious what a difference a few inches make in the width of trousers when worn by girls on the stage. A fortnight ago, I described Lilla Selbini as wearing a boy's bathing trunks so skin-tight that in the contortive postures of a trick bicyclist, a wart would have to be right shy to escape discovery. She is the summer amazement in a roof garden. Directly across Broadway, in another aerial theatre, Male Provance is one of six girls in a bicycle troupe. She performs in trousers, too, but they are not like Lilla's, for they are enough wider than Male for a safe margin of modesty; and a loose blouse further differentiates Male from the closely encased Lilla. Now, these two, by their beauty and expertise, restore to the bicycle to the stage for a little while. It is the personalities, however, and not the feats, that make folks sit up straight and stare. Men might do things as difficult and get no attention,

for bicycling is bygone. But these riders are such young and pretty creatures as to be show pieces by themselves.

Male's and Lilla's spectators are interesting studies. Lilla's prove that a Broadway roof garden assemblage is ashamed to applaud a shameful exploit. This Spaniard is so refined in face and exquisite in mould that she looks as though she has come from a palace in Castile—until she drops her gown off and shows herself in a swimmer's abito and trunks knit all in one. The murmur of admiration is instantly hushed to silence, the hundreds of opera glasses are lowered and there is not the spat of a hand to recall her after her performance is over. I don't wish to say that Lilla doesn't draw people, but none of them has the cheek to approve the exhibition.

Male Provance is a French girl of the intensest vivacity. Of course, her garb isn't ladylike, but it is suitable to her work, and it doesn't let you see the precise shape of more than a reasonable portion of her at any one time. She is roguish and prankish, a veritable souly brantise of a type. She contrived many smacking kisses with both hands from her smiling lips that every man in the house feels as though one has hit him. She is as childish as a cherub; she has a devil on a siren; and the point I would most like to say that, while Broadway may consent to be diverted by indecency, it won't make any show of satisfaction thereto. So there is no encore for Lilla, but Male is called back again and again. I am afraid, though, that Lilla's salary is about as much as the troupe of six containing Male receives all told.

A woman who lives by her wits and the means she acquires without much of any are the most peculiar persons in the New York roof gardens. Eva Fay is brainy enough to operate a new puzzle in pretended mind-reading. Feodor Machnow is a Russian peasant so near to brains that his importer contrived to have him detained at the immigration office, to be officially tested for idiocy. For Machnow is a giant, and showmen are as keen now with advertising tricks as they were when Barnum exploited Chang the Chinese. His fellow actor, I wish I could tell you how much of Machnow's asserted salary of \$1,000 a week is real; as likely as not it may be \$500, for this is his first time "round and he is a genuine wonder, and anybody who never ever got so much money on the stage with so little labor. There is no sitting sixteen hours in the twenty-four on a museum platform for him. He is a five-minute exhibit twice a day in the roof garden. After a few introductory words, spoken by a small man, of course, for the sake of contrast, Machnow rises lazily from a chair bows awkwardly, and then is conducted through the aisles of the theatre to shake hands with the people. He can't or won't speak a word in English, and he acts as though he couldn't talk intelligently in Russian.

How big is this giant? The showman says he is nine feet two and a half inches in height, and his actual distance between his own crown and soles, is close to eight feet, or equal to Chang's. His boots are massive enough to hold four inches of false heels, and on his feet are worn a pair of iron shoes. Those devices heighten him apparently to something like the altitude claimed.

Eva Fay is a faker, and it is praise to say so, as her fake has set the town a-foaming. She is a handsome daughter-in-law of those Fay's who used to do stunts in cabinets and call them spiritualistic phenomena. Young Mrs. Fay is now billed as a thurmaturgicalist. A hundred or more persons in the audience ask her questions on slips from pads passed around by a dozen assistants; or one's own paper may be used; and these questions are pocketed by the writers, without ever letting them go for an instant out of the possession. Mrs. Fay sits blindfolded on the stage, and rapidly gives the names of querists, tells the nature of their queries and makes replies thereto. Isn't it profoundly scientific? Isn't it awesomely occult? Well, no.

Yet Mrs. Fay is not hard to solve. The paper of the pads is thin, the backs are celluloid, the pencils are sharp, and so what you write is apt to be traced legibly on the slip next underneath. The deft chaps who pass the pads are able to return many a duplicate. How about the questions on the writer's own paper? Even those in some instances may be caught in part by the keen-eyed assistants and the real simply are never answered. Mrs. Fay claims the right to a percentage of failure because she "can't read the mind of an unsympathetic person." Every audience contains many whom a spotter can identify, locate and in case they write questions, so that she gets tips to at least their names in numerous instances where she can't get any linking of their questions. To provide a further supply of extra-convincing cases, twenty seats are reserved in various parts of the garden for confederates in the guises of ordinary visitors.

Conclusive proof that the returns from the several sources are assembled and carefully arranged for Mrs. Fay's use is afforded by the fact that there is an interval of half an hour in her performance. After the questions have been written, and the writings are stowed away in the writers' pockets, there comes the usual intermission of a vaudeville programme, and at the resumption of the stage show Mrs. Fay but some other specialist takes time. When at length she seats herself in a chair, and is blindfolded and draped, she pushes up the bandage from her eyes and is free to con her memoranda under the cloth that conceals her work, yet is so thin that she gets ample light through it. She is ready witted and able to utilize every bit of information gathered by the tricks I have described. Here are sufficient illustrations of the methods.

"John Smith sits here at the right," she says. "You asked, Mr. Smith, if you will succeed in a certain business venture. Am I correct?" "Yes," replies Smith, whose name and query have been read from the tracing on a pad.

"I advise you that nothing venture nothing gain," says the woman gibbly. "I see the name Jones—James Jones. You are up there in a box, Mr. Jones, and you want to know something about a journey. Eh?" "That's right," says Jones, who wrote on his own card, but carelessly let the attendant get a glimpse of it.

"Well, I advise you to go, for if you don't get anything else, you will probably get back. Mr. Brown, yonder on the middle aisle—Henry Brown—yonder you tore up the slip you wrote on, and what you asked is now now distinct in your own mind." His name is one that the spotter has reported to her, but she has

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