THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year

BY THE HERALD COMPANY.

Terms of Subscription.

DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, 85 cents; three months, $2.50; one year, $10.00.
SUNDAY—One year, $2.00.
SEMI-WEEKLY—(In advance), one year, $1.50; six months, 75 cents.

Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address.

All papers are continued until explicit order is received to discontinue. All arrearages must be paid in every case.

The Herald can be obtained at these places:
New York—Waldorf-Astoria; Imperial; Astor House
Chicago — The Auditorium; Palmer House; Great Northern Hotel.
Kansas City—Coates House.
Omaha—Union Depot; McLaughlin & Co.; E. C. Gates; Bimbrose Book Exchange; Megeath Stationery Co.
Denver—Brown Palace; Hamilton & Kendrick; Union Depot; S. Weinstein.
Oakland—N. Wheatley News Co.
San Francisco—Hotel St. Francis.
Sacramento—Sacramento News Co.
Los Angeles—B. E. Amos Wagons; Hotel Lankershim.
Minneapolis—West Hotel.
St. Louis—Coates House; G. L. Ackerman; The Southern.
Seattle — Hotel Seattle; International News Co.; W. Ellis.
Spokane—J. W. Graham & Co.
Tacoma—International News Co.
Portland—A. Bader; Oregon News Co.
Butte—John G. Evans; Postoffice News Stand.

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Rain or snow.

THE METALS.

Silver, 69c per ounce.
Copper (casting), 24¼c per pound.
Lead, $6 per 100 pounds.

POINTERS ON MAIL ORDERS.

In another column of this issue is an interesting communication from southern Utah on the Merchants & Manufacturers' association's proposal to wage war on the eastern mail order houses. The correspondent gives some facts as to the methods used by Salt Lake houses in contrast with the system of the eastern competitors, which go a long way toward explaining why the Salt Lakers do not get the business, as they should.

He shows, for instance, that efforts to get orders filled here or get prompt answers to inquiries were futile; that when orders are filled they are apt to be handled carelessly and arrive in bad condition. In one instance he shows how carelessness in a failure to advise the customer kept him waiting for magazines a long while after they were due, and he got no satisfaction until he wrote again. In a word, the Salt Lake houses to which he refers ignored the first principle of successful mail order business, which is to answer inquiries promptly, pack carefully, send exactly what is ordered, and if the goods are not in stock, advise the customer of the fact. He shows also, that the eastern houses issue catalogues that describe and illustrate the goods fully, while the Salt Lake houses, most of them, publish catalogues which are not up-to-date, are poorly illustrated and imperfect in other details.

Still another factor is not considered in the communication, except casually. Eastern concerns value an address. Once they get a name they circularize the man or woman intelligently; write occasional letters, answer all inquiries on the day they are received, and pay attention to the last detail of all orders. They spend money in advertising their goods, not only in catalogues, in letters and circulars, but in the publications that reach the class of people who are likely to trade with them. The Salt Laker does not usually advertise for mail order trade; very few of the merchants here have appreciated the possibilities of this class of business, although the city has a splendid position, geographically, from which to handle mail order trade.

There is only one way to fight competition successfully, and that is to sell as low or lower than the competitor, to handle the orders promptly and carefully, to cultivate the customers, keep in close touch with them by correspondence and to go after the business by judicious advertising. The M. & M. can accomplish a great deal for its members and for the city's merchants generally, if it will follow the suggestions of The Herald's correspondent and stimulate enough interest to secure an improvement in the mail order system here.

WALL STREET AND THE WEST.

Conditions in Wall street demonstrate thoroughly that even the speculative public can reach the limit of gullibility and refuse to go beyond the last stage of credulity in matters financial. For some weeks it has been apparent that new issues of securities would be offered for absorption in the market whenever conditions seemed favorable. Coming on top of a market already well loaded with stocks that were open to suspicion of inflation, the intimations of new issues demoralized the lambs and put them to rout.

Seizing their opportunity the bears, whose profits come from depressions, followed up the demoralization with the usual bear tactics. They were aided by an opportune, or inopportune, movement in European money markets to withdraw loans in large amounts on the speculative securities. Originating with the Bank of England, this movement spread contagiously to the continent and resulted in a cessation of loans on American stocks as well as a demand for the return of funds that had been advanced on such securities.

While this movement was in progress, the great financial interests which usually support the market in times of extreme uncertainty withdrew their support and let the market take its course. On Friday announcement was made that exchange had reached the gold import point, and that engagements had been made for shipments in considerable amount. As indicating an easier situation abroad the announcement helped to steady the market somewhat, but New York reports suggest that there may be a "readjustment of prices," which means that the outsiders will be compelled to take their losses and get out while the real powers of Wall street proceed to take in the stock dropped by the weaklings. After the "readjustment" the public may expect to see prices take another upward turn until they reach a point where it seems desirable to shake out the lambs once more and take their money away from them.

This game is so old that one wonders why it can be played so often. The ordinary outsider speculating in Wall street has about as much show for his life as a jackrabbit would have in a bunch of hounds; yet the tenderfoot in speculation is a perennial crop, and the shorn are constantly giving way to the new ones who think they can beat the game. Beside the certainty of loss in Wall street, the chance of making money in what New Yorkers call "fake mining stocks" is about a thousand to one in favor of the mining stocks.

Meanwhile, out here in the west, financial conditions were never as good. The usual percentage of speculations involve losses for investors, but there were never as many successful new mining enterprises, the actual production of metals, precious and base, was never as great, and money for legitimate business purposes was never more plentiful. With average intelligence and industry, it is a mighty poor sort of man who can't make more than a living in anything he undertakes here.

FOOLISH TALK OF WAR.

Some feather-headed correspondents in Washington are sending out vivid and realistic reports of the administration's fear that Japan will declare war on the United States, suddenly and without any preliminary discussion.

According to these wild-eyed descendants of Ananias, the Japs have arranged a loan with a great European power which is anxious to see the United States annihilated, and it is only a question of hours before the news will be flashed around the world that the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam and all the other possessions of this country on the Asiatic side have fallen into the clutches of the mikado. Thousands of Japanese soldiers, these veracious scribes aver, have been entering the Philippines and Hawaiian islands with no other purpose than the fulfillment of a deep, dark plot to begin war. California and Oregon and Washington have been colonized with the fiery warriors of Japan, Mexico's border has been fairly lined with them, presumably an army is ready to descend upon Alaska and, on a few minutes' notice, the navy of the brown terrors will be prepared to seize San Francisco, including the Barbary coast.

* * *

What is all the bother about?

Haven't you heard? Really?

Didn't you know that San Francisco had refused to let Japanese pupils, some of them of mature years, attend the same schools with white children, but had provided separate schools for the children of Asiatic parents? And that the president of the United States, regarding this exclusion as a violation of a treaty with Japan, had promised to use all the forces of the United States, civil, legal, military and naval, if need be, to secure Japan's treaty rights?

To be sure, no white child is admitted to the public schools of Japan, and no show of justice is possible for a foreigner in a civil suit in Japan against a native. It matters very little that California's school system is none of Japan's business—nor the president's, either, for that matter. War must come, and come quickly, and the insult to a friendly nation be wiped out in b-l-l-u-d-d!

* * *

Either the correspondents who send out the twaddle about the danger of war take the whole American nation for fools, or else they are inspired by some one who has an ulterior purpose. Japan knows enough about war by recent experience to realize the cost in men and money. It knows, moreover, something of the resources, in men and money, of this nation; and it is ruled by statesmen who would not undertake such a war as the alarmists are declaring, because the conflict could only end in the bankruptcy of Japan, no matter what harm it inflicted on the United States.

Still further, no European nation cares to be involved in such a world-wide disaster as a war between Japan and this country would produce. The United States feeds Europe; its cotton is indispensable to Europe and Asia alike; its metals, its grain, its meats supply a large part of the necessities of industry and living on the continent. Great Britain, Japan's ally, has already intimated unofficially that its treaty of alliance does not contemplate any offensive operations against English-speaking peoples. Germany has troubles enough on the continent to occupy it without being entangled in an American conflict. Russia certainly would not be in position to furnish funds or forces to help Japan if it wished to. France, Spain, Italy and Austria are negligible quantities.

* * *

Of course there is nothing to prevent Japan from initiating a war on its own responsibility if it wished to, and it might do enormous damage to this country if it undertook it. But even with a trained army and a great navy of unusual efficiency, the Japs would find a conflict with this country an altogether different proposition from the short war with Russia which was hopelessly handicapped by incompetent officers, a dishonest government and a military system that dated back half a century. Whatever might happen at the beginning of an attack on the United States, there would be no end until the Japanese government had been convinced that the United States and Russia differ altogether in resources, financial power and ability to finish a war once begun.

* * *

Meanwhile such reports as have emanated from Washington anent the subject can only inflame both nations and complicate a situation badly muddled by the president's precipitate effort to coerce California into action in accord with his desires. The Japanese will get all they are entitled to—and no more; California will not be frightened or driven into submission by the administration, although it may go far to conciliate a friendly nation.

There will be no war.

CIGARETTES AND THE LAW.

In the midst of the wild whirl of legislative activity, Mr. Croft of the house has evolved a bill for the suppression of the cigarette, more euphoniously known as the coffin-nail. By the terms of the bill, if it becomes a law, it would be a misdemeanor for any person or persons in the state of Utah "to sell, keep for sale, give away or furnish to any person or persons, cigarettes or cigarette paper in any form whatever," under penalty of a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500 and costs of prosecution.

Cigarette smoking is a pernicious habit, viewed from any standpoint. It enervates physically, demoralizes mentally and morally and, to most folks, is a common nuisance that ought to be abolished. Certainly any man who makes a business of smoking the paper pipes ought to be compelled to go into retirement when he does it, and get sterilized before he returns to the associations of mankind. And as for the boy who smokes cigarettes, he is straight on the road to perdition in most cases, and invariably suffers wreckage if he persists in it. No habit could be worse for him, and very few approach it in power for evil.

Mr. Croft so far is right in his notion that the cigarette ought to be tabooed; whether his bill can accomplish much if adopted is quite another matter. The present laws prohibit the sale of cigarettes to minors, and if they are enforced properly, as they should be, that much of his purpose can be accomplished without further legislation. When it comes to legislating for the reform of mature men, it is altogether likely no such law would prevail against the folly of humanity. Indiana tried it, and succeeded admirably in promoting the mail order business in the prohibited smoke. So much was said and written about it that a good many boys got into the way of ordering cigarettes or "the makin's" by mail, and there is some question as to whether the law did more harm or good.

Any such law is only perfunctory unless it is demanded and enforced by sound public sentiment; and a course of instruction in the schools on the evils of the cigarette would probably accomplish more good than all the laws that could be put in the books.

Pity the poor packers! Not content with providing inspection, the government has begun confiscating oleomargarine when it is being delivered in violation of revenue laws. Things have come to a fine pass when the manufacturers can't furnish oleo for butter and cottonseed oil for olive oil without having some inspector butt in.

The fact that Bret Harte was unable to provide for his family doesn't necessarily indicate that he was a poet, though it is strong collateral evidence. But plenty of men who were not poets have left their families unprovided for.

These war correspondents would have us believe Uncle Sam doesn't know enough about fighting to protect himself in case of a ruction with the Japanese, but the Japanese themselves have no such foolish notion.

If we remember aright, all the trouble the state administration is having over its lands originated with that great and good friend of the Republican governor and legislature, T. Roosevelt, president.

A highly esteemed Republican contemporary says the party is distinguished by its ability to do things. Quite right; it has shown unparalleled ability to do things—to the common people.

There may be good reason for it, but a session of the San Francisco school board at the White House on orders from the president, will strike some folks as a curiosity in American history.

A meteor is said to have touched off a car of powder in an Indiana train and caused a disastrous wreck. The dispatchers ought to thank heaven for the new theory.

As has been remarked before, this city administration seems to be remarkably reticent about the condition of its finances.

Senator Seely must be a very old-fashioned statesman; he insists that a pound of butter should weigh sixteen ounces.

Possibly that convict, Riis, who left the county jail so precipitously, got cold feet because of the coal shortage.

Now that Senator Beveridge has said his say, the country knows all there is to be said about it.

And Schmitz went also!

RECORD HOAXES.

Swindles and "Sells" That Have Astonished the World.

The recent release of the principals in the notorious Humbert-Crawford swindle recalls other instances, humorous and tragic, where human gullibility has reached almost incredible limits, says London Answers.

Less than twenty years ago a report got into circulation among the peasants of Bosnia that the great Vienuese banker, Baron Rothschild, had been sentenced to death for treason, and was trying to secure a substitute, willing, for a handsome consideration, to undergo the extreme penalty in his stead. A large number of peasants banded together to furnish this substitute by casting lots.

It was not until the authorities had posted in every village throughout the affected district a srong denial of the canard that the rioting and ferment caused by the banker's apparent reluctance to part with the "blood money" was allayed.

On one occasion the Times itself fell a victim to an extraordinary piece of journalistic humor. A correspondent sent a letter to the Thunderer deploring the destitution prevalent in certain parts of Italy, consequent upon the absolute failure of the macaroni crop. Ignorant of the fact that this popular article of Italian diet is not a plant at all, but manufacured from flour, the Times published a leader on the subject, suggesting the establishment of a fund to assist the sufferers.

A hoax which nearly caused war between Austria and Roumania convulsed eastern Europe less than a decade ago. The inhabitants of Rustchuck, in the latter country, were convinced of the existence in their midst of a wehrwolf—a man who is able at will to change himself into a huge, ferocious wolf.

Men of science doubted the story, and in a wordy argument with a local resident the famous Austrian professor, Taublich, was killed for laughing at what he termed "a tissue of nonsense." Complications immediately arose between Austria and Roumania, the former country demanding the instant execution of the murderer.

Just as Austria was about to present an ultimatum the "wehrwolf" was shot at and wounded, proving to be nothing more than a stupid practical joker, whose folly not only cost a valuable life, but had almost plunged Europe into the horrors of war.

A journalist once succeeded in hoaxing many of the leading London newspapers and through them the provincial press, at the expense of the great abolitionist, Wilberforce. He was a reporter in the press gallery in the house of commons, and he pretended to read from his notes the following passage from a speech with which he credited the famous parliamentarian:

"Had it been my lot to be born in Ireland, where my food would have consisted principally of the potato, that most nutritious and salubrious root, instead of being the poor, infirm, stunted creature you, sir, and honorable gentlemen, behold in me, I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, able to bear an enormous weight."

No wonder Mr. Wilberforce read the passage with astonishment in the next morning's press, for he had not addressed the house at all for some weeks.

INVENTIONS FOR 1906

Break All Records and Combines Lead in Patents.

(Washington Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.)

Edward B. Moore, assistant commissioner of patents, tells me that the greatest activity of inventors during the last year was in devising improvements in automobiles, in air and gas engines, in electrical apparatus and wireless telegraphy. Nineteen hundred and six, he declared, was the greatest year for inventions on record. It is not possible to give the exact number of patents granted at present, but in both respects the record will be broken.

"Nor can I say anything about the commercial value of the inventions of 1906, in comparison with other years," said Mr. Moore, "because we have no data concerning such matters in the office. We have a corps of 300 examiners, all college-bred men and many of them graduates in law, but they have no means of judging the commercial value of the inventions which pass through their hands.

"The applications for patents today come almost entirely from professional inventors," continued Mr. Moore, "men who are trained to devise and discover new methods, new processes, new machinery and improvements upon old methods, processes and machinery. And they are paid salaries—in many cases very large salaries—by manufacturing corporations, because of their genius in the line of invention. The inventor of this age is not a long-haired crank, although we occasionally see one of that species. He is a man of science. Nor are the inventions of today the results of accident. They are the result of study, the application of scientific knowledge, combined with experience.

"The largest number of applications for patents come from the great trusts, which employ hundreds of professional inventors to devise improvements upon their machinery. Some people declared several years ago, when the large manufacturers began to combine their interests, that the relaxation of competition would be the end of invention; that rival manufacturers, having joined their interests, would no longer attempt to improve their machinery or introduce novelties and conveniences. It was predicted that the army of inventors employed in the mechanical industries of the country would be discharged and that manufacturing corporations would go on making the same old things in the same old way as long as people would continue to buy them. But that theory has not worked out. The contrary is the case. There is more activity in the improvement of machinery and in the inventions of new devices since the trusts became fashionable than ever before, and the biggest part of the business of the patent office comes from the great trusts—the United States Steel corporation, the harvester trust, the automobile trust, the four great electrical companies—the General Electric of Lynn, the Edison of Schenectady, the Westinghouse of Pittsburg and the Bullock of Cincinnati. Those and other great corporations employ the same inventors and show the same enterprise in making improvements that was shown before the trusts were born.

"There is considerable activity in wireless telegraphy and in aerial navigation. Formerly flying machines and perpetual motion attracted the attention of cranks only, but nowadays aerial navigation is receiving the serious attention of practical, scientific men."

CORRECT.

(Nos Loisirs.)

Professor—What would you give a person who had swallowed a large dose of arsenic?

Student—Extreme unction.

MARK TWAIN'S BROTHER.

He Was the Most Absent-Minded Man on Record, Says Humorist.

(North American Review.)

He (Mark Twain's brother Orion) was always dreaming; he was a dreamer from birth, and this characteristic got him into trouble now and then.

Once when he was 23 or 24 years old, and was become a journeyman, he conceived the romantic idea of coming to Hannibal without giving us notice, in order that he might furnish to the family a pleasant surprise. If he had given notice, he would have been informed that we had changed our residence and that that gruff old bass-voiced sailor-man, Dr. G., our family physician, was living in the house which we had formerly occupied and that Orion's former room in that house was now occupied by Dr. G.'s two middle-aged maiden sisters. Orion arrived at Hannibal per steamboat in the middle of the night, and started with his customary eagerness on his excursion, his mind all on fire with his romantic project and building and enjoying his surprise in advance. He was always enjoying things in advance; it was the make of him. He never could wait for the event, but must build it out of dream-stuff and enjoy it beforehand—consequently sometimes when the event happened he saw that it was not as good as the one he had invented in his imagination, and so he had lost profit by not keeping the imaginary one and letting the reality go.

When he arrived at the house he went around to the back door and slipped off his boots and crept upstairs and arrived at the room of those elderly ladies without having wakened any sleepers. He undressed in the dark and got into bed and smuggled up against somebody. He was a little surprised, but not much—for he thought it was our brother Ben. It was winter, and the bed was comfortable, and the supposed Ben added to the comfort—and so he was dropping off to sleep very well satisfied with his progress so far and full of happy dreams of what was going to happen in the morning. But something else was going to happen sooner than that, and it happened now. The maid that was being crowded fumed and fretted and struggled and presently came to a half-waking condition and protested against the crowding.

That voice paralyzed Orion. He couldn't move a limb; he couldn't get his breath; and the crowded one discovered his new whiskers and began to scream. This removed the paralysis, and Orion was out of bed and clawing round in the dark for his clothes in a fraction of a second. Both maids began to scream, then, so Orion did not wait to get his whole wardrobe. He started with such parts of it as he could grab. He flew to the head of the stairs and started down, and was paralyzed again at that point, because he saw the faint yellow flame of a candle soaring up the stairs from below, and he judged that Dr. G. was behind it, and he was. He had no clothes on to speak of, but no matter, he was well enough fixed for an occasion like this, because he had a butcher knife in his hand. Orion shouted to him, and this saved his life, for the doctor recognized his voice. Then in those deep-sea-going bass tones of his that I used to admire so much when I was a little boy, he explained to Orion the change that had been made, told him where to find the Clemens family, and closed with unnecessary advice about posting himself before he undertook another adventure like that—advice which Orion probably never needed again as long as he lived.

One bitter December night Orion (Mark Twain's brother) sat up reading until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then, without looking at the clock, sallier forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; couldn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other, and would have drawn inferences and gone home. But Orion didn't draw inferences, he merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing gown. He had a candle in his hand and the dressing gown was all the clothing he had on—except an expression of unwelcome which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table and stood. Orion made the usual remarks about the weather, and sat down—sat down and talked and talked and went on talking—that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance—waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder of it. At last Orion got up and made some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency, "Why, good land, aren't you going to stop to breakfast?"

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

It Looks So Different Then.

(The Commoner.)

Mr. Guggenheim of Colorado is the latest public man who takes refuge behind the claim that the "reporter misquoted" him. It always appears that way to some men when they see their boasts in cold type.

It Was Pie for Robert.

(Washington Post.)

If Senator LaFollette was compelled to leave the senate chamber to shed bitter tears over the way his colleague was "roasted" by Mr. Tillman, all the newspaper men overlooked the fact.

And Also Starts a Riot.

(Atlanta Journal.)

A Seattle train got in the other day only ten days late and Mr. Bryan would say that if it were a government train the fact would have changed the politics of the state.

Gum Shoes Were Not Mentioned.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Senator Stone accepted Senator Tillman's reference to his feats with eggshells with philosophical good humor; the senator is used to little flings of that kind.

Then Who Will Offer Aid?

(Newark Star.)

When he hears from home, officially, the governor of Jamaica will think another earthquake has hit the island.

Well, There's "My Louisiana Lou."

(Los Angeles Times.)

The New Orleans Times-Democrat offers a prize of $100 for a state hymn.

He Ought to Know.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

So the Standard Oil company is not guilty, after all. Day says so.

He Certainly Didn't Refuse It.

(New York Mail.)

Whatever it was Eve handed Adam, he seems to have got it.

AS TO RAINY SUNDAYS.

A Nuisance From One Point of View —A Comfort From Another.

(New York Sun.)

"Our views as to many things," said the middle-aged man, "change with our time of life. For instance:

"Not so many years ago I used to hate to see it rain on Sundays. I didn't object to rain, as such, any more than I do now; I knew we needed more or less rain, in our business, so to speak. But when it did rain, I liked to have it rain on week days, and hated to have it rain on Sundays.

"For Sunday was my day off, and I had my plans all laid for it. With the day coming bright and clear and beautiful I got out my old clothes, or my middling old ones, and went for tramp or a day in the woods. Or I put on my glad rags and went to church or calling or visiting or walking; it was a day of release and change and variety and enjoyment.

"But if Sunday came in rainy everything was off; and, as we looked at it then, we were in for a gloomy day. Rain, rain, rain; nothing but rain!

"If we went out we got wet, and there was no place to go on such a day, anyway, everybody staying home, and nothing else for us to do, and so we wore away the dull day listlessly, hanging around the house. I used to hate a rainy Sunday; but I feel very different about rainy Sundays now.

"Now, with my week's work done, I look onward to Sunday as a day of rest; and while I like bright and sunny Sundays I can get along with a rainy Sunday very well.

"Maybe I am not quite so active and lively as I was once; maybe, even, I am getting to be a little lazy; but I find I don't go in for the long walks and tramps and vigorous exercise generally quite so eagerly as I once did, and if I wake up Sunday morning and find it raining so that I can't give myself that little outing that I was going to take, and that I ought to take, and that I know would really do me good, I don't mind.

"I look out and see the rain falling steadily, good for all day easily, but I take a cheerful view. I eat my breakfast leisurely and comfortably and think I never had one quite so good, or at least that I enjoyed so much. Then I fix my big chair just to suit me and give myself up to it.

"A glance out of the window. Still raining. Let her rain! And then I read the newspaper, with all the world brought to me here on the printed page.

"After dinner—dinner in the middle of the day on Sunday—I give myself another Carnegieville smoke and take to the big chair again, lazy but comfortable, and treat myself to a book. At this stage of a rainy Sunday I am often likely to drag up a chair to put my feet on; and when I get that fixed, before I take up the book, I look out of the window again; just pouring steadily, and the rare passerby all carrying dripping umbrellas.

"Good to be in the house on a day like this; and on such a Sunday afternoon, with my feet comfortably fixed, I am quite likely sooner or later to take a nap.

"Darkness comes early on such days at this season, and as it gathers we look out and see it still raining—raining, raining, raining—and then we draw the curtains and turn up the lights. Doubly cheerful now, within!

"Supper, and to bed early, with the rain still falling steadily—and how I can sleep rainy nights!

"So how we look on rainy Sundays must depend much on our point of view, and as for myself I like a rainy Sunday; but I do like to wake up and find it bright and sunny Monday morning."

DEATH VALLEY TRAGEDY.

Major Took the Word of a Treacherous Mexican Who Needed Money.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"Death Valley, I reckon, is richer in gold dust and human bones than any other gold fields in the country," said the Major. "In the early days it was about an even break about whether an outfit returned alive or later on was found bleaching on the hot sand. It isn't half so dangerous now.

"I reckon you all recall Jim Johnson, known in the early days as 'The Arizona Swede.' Jim wasn't a Swede, but he had light hair, and I guess the boys dubbed him that for fun. One night at The Needles I gets a hunch from a greaser, about an abandoned mine he had run across up on the edge of the valley, and he shows me samples of ore that sure looked good to the eyes.

"We gets confidential over our liquor, and the result is that I hands over $50 for a plan showing the exact location of the hole. He allows the owner went plumb locoed for food and water because he says he found human bones close by. Well, I hunts up Johnson, and together we manages to get grubstaked on the strength of the samples. We gets two horses and a burro, some grub, all the water we can carry and starts out. We wallers around that blistering hellhole for four days and at the end of that time we finds ourselves with parched tongues, smarting eyes and canteens as hollow as a base drum. When we strikes camp that night the horses stand with heads hanging to the ground, lolling tongues and bloodshot eyes. Jim and me don't say nothing, but I reckon our thoughts were about the same. We were all in.

"In the morning I goes over the plans to try and find a landmark. Nothing in sight. Just desert—but, blistering, shimmering, hellish desert. North, south, east and west—just desert. Kind o' sudden like it dawns on me that we've been bunkoed proper. I goes over where Johnson is rollin' with the fever on his blanket and tells him to stick it out till I gets back. Then I mounts a wobbly horse and hikes for the mountains. All that day I travels through the sands of inferno, and till 12 o'clock that night, before I reaches water and some stuff the horse could eat. Early the next morning I starts back for Johnson. When I gets there I finds two blankets half buried in the sand, a dead horse and the burro standin' up half asleep. Johnson was gone.

"I follows his tracks two miles west and finds him lying beside a spring of water. But the water was poison and Johnson had drank of it. I gives him as decent a burial as I could under the circumstances.

"When I gets back to The Needles I ain't saying much nohow. I learns that my greaser friend has gone to Tucson, so down I goes to Tucson and hangs around for a few days careless like, restin' up."

"Did you ever find him?"

"Yes. I found him over in Bill Cumming's place one night watching a faro game."

"Did you get even, Major?"

"Only partially. It was over too soon to get even proper."

"What course did you take?"

"You all from the east are asking too many questions. Besides, the law says, doesn't it, that no man shall incriminate himself?"

A POINTER FOR SALT LAKE

To The Salt Lake Herald:

The threatened campaign of the Manufacturers & Merchants' association of Salt Lake City, as reported in The Herald of the 27th ult., against the catalogue houses of the east, will not be considered seriously in this southern end of the state, where hundreds of articles of merchandise are bought through selection from the printed medium of some wideawake mercantile institution in the east.

The catalogue from some favored eastern house is looked for more eagerly by the heart of the household in some of the isolated places in southern Utah than was the family almanac forty years ago. Promptness, well planned and artful systems of advice to purchasers, coupled with honest dealings, appear to be the prime factors in promoting the eastern mail order business, and in these particulars the merchants of Salt Lake City do not appear equal to the enterprising mail order concerns of the larger cities.

Such firms as Montgomery, Ward & Co., and Sears, Roebuck & Co., do a very large business throughout southern Utah owing to their perfect grasp of the business and their mammoth catalogues, which are a compendium of almost educational worth.

Several months ago an article costing $12 or more was ordered from one of the largest stores in Salt Lake City. It was required by a certain date. The article arrived carefully packed, but was found to be much damaged, and the evidence was conclusive that such had been the condition of the article in question for some time. Lack of time to have the article exchanged forced the purchaser to accept it.

A certain fabric being sought for by another party, a request, enclosing postage, was forwarded to one of the big concerns of Salt Lake City for samples of the cloth desired. The samples were received ten days later, without explanation. In the meantime a selection was made from the catalogue of a Chicago house and the goods received by the purchaser only a few days later than the returns from the Salt Lake City house.

Certain magazines were ordered from a Salt Lake City firm and the required cost and postage accompanied the order. Time wore on, and no periodical having reached the remitter, inquiry was made, and the information vouchsafed by the Salt Lake City firm was that the magazines ordered were all sold out, but copies had been ordered mailed from other points. A Chicago firm would have been "Johnny on the spot," with that information. A Los Angeles firm would have squandered a postal card and trusted to the future for reimbursement of the 1 cent so expended.

The purchase of a paper of pins from an eastern house brings the purchaser a catalogue and places his name on the mailing list.

Los Angeles, San Francisco and Sacramento firms put the name down, anyhow. All is in a name with them.

Some Salt Lake houses have no catalogue. Others have them, but don't send them to the purchaser of pins and, by the way, an incomplete catalogue is worse than none.

Fancy paper with stock cuts, or reproductions from clippings do not afford that accuracy required in honest representation, and the isolated addressee, thanks to the educational literature furnished gratis by the big mail order houses, is not so verdant as formerly.

The best method of retaliation on the part of the Salt Lake City merchants is to specialize and systematize the mail order business as carefully and conscientiously as have their eastern competitors.

Modena, Utah, Jan. 31.

A SONG FOR THE WARDS OF THE JUVENILE COURT

(Tune: "A Life on the Ocean Wave.")

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the juvenile court!
Which makes us love our school,
And love both work and sport!
So Wisdom's hill we'll climb,
Tho' it be long and steep;
With patience conq'ring time,
Our "honor bright" we'll keep!

First Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the juvenile court!
Which makes us love our school,
And love both work and sport—
The work—the sport—
To love both work and sport!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the judge of the boys' law!
For the judge who shows us the light,
For the judge who makes us do right!
True, other friends we have
We never prized enough,
And now we'll all be brave
To overcome the rough!

Second Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the judge of the juvenile court!
For the judge who shows us the light!
For the judge who makes us do right!
The judge—the judge—
The judge who makes us do right!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We are governed by the law—
The law of God's command—
And on that law we stand!
"Our neighbor as ourself?"
We cannot do him wrong!
Come poverty, come pelf;
We'll meet it with a song!

Third Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We are governed by the law—
The law of God's command—
And on that law we stand!
Hurrah! The law!
For on the law we stand!

OUR NEW PAVEMENT.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

They took a little gravel
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day

But they came with picks and smote
To lay a water main;
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.
They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Then came along the gas man,
Who thought the time was ripe
Again to dig the pavement up
And lay a larger pipe.
They, of course, replaced it nicely,
Then raised it for the sewer,
And when they got it back again
The ridges were no fewer.

Now the pavement's full of furrows
That's there everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town,
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.