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AMUSEMENTS TODAY. Orpheum—Matinee and evening, vaudeville. WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE. Fair. THE METALS. Silver, 64 1/2 per ounce. Copper, 62 1/2 per pound.

WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

It isn't so very long ago, as Mr. Harrison's interview reminds us, that the administration got its decision in the Northern Securities case and followed up the fight that decision gave the financiers with the assurance that the president was in no danger of running amuck and smashing the Wall street crockery just for the fun of hearing the crash it would make.

In itself the Standard Oil prosecution and the tremendous fine imposed have not been displeasing to the nation at large. The Standard Oil has never shown the gentle disposition, the high regard for the rights of others, the exquisite appreciation of morality in public and commercial affairs that would make many people grieve for the fate that has befallen it.

Just now the men who handle most of the large financial enterprises of the country are waiting to see whether the temple is going to cave in as a result of the administration's overexertion in the courts; and they show a natural caution about being in the immediate vicinity when the wreck comes, if it is coming.

It may be expecting too much to hope for any utterance from the oracle of Oyster Bay on the subject nearest to the bankers and brokers and other financiers of the country; but if Roosevelt would just say a word, even if he has to whisper it, that would reassure the nation, it would help a serious situation considerably.

Is he going to run amuck some more? Will his long rest leave him in such vigorous condition physically that he'll have to work off his surplus steam on the first victim he comes to? Haven't "the boys" already promised to be good and never do it again, and doesn't the promise entitle them to at least a suspended sentence during good behavior?

Or does the impending presidential campaign demand action of some sort that will show the great American People that Theodore and the Republican party are on the job all the time? Of course it would be hard on the president to have to restrain himself and do only the commonplace executive business of the president's office; but it would be a great comfort to the whole country, not to say a great boon, if he would try it once, just once.

Score one for the telegraphers: they have furnished the only occasion in his long term when the president refused to butt in. Possibly he's only waiting to get his hay crop put away.

It will be noticed that when the "Americans" got where they had to have a good man in office they settled on a Democrat, a Missouri Democrat at that.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Discussion of the report made on municipal ownership here and abroad, as formulated by the experts chosen by the National Civic Federation, discloses some interesting deductions. The committee itself made no strong recommendations and its data show why. While the members represented diverse interests and varied preconceived opinions, they agreed with fair unanimity that cities in this country should not go into municipal trading for revenue though they were of the opinion that a public utility which concerns the health of the citizens should not be left to private control. They agreed further that "all future grants to private companies for the construction and operation of public utilities should be terminable after a certain first period, and that meanwhile cities should have the right to purchase the property for operation, lease or sale, paying its fair value."

Most significant is the comparison between British municipal governments and the government of American cities as indicated by the class of men who hold civic office in either country. The comment of the committee is worth reproducing in full. "We wish to bring to your consideration," says the commission, "the danger here in the United States of turning over these public utilities to the present government of some of our cities. Some, we know, are well governed and the situation on the whole seems to be improving, but they are not up to the government of British cities. We found in England and Scotland a high type of municipal government, which is the result of many years of struggle and improvement. Business men seem to take a pride in serving as city councilors or aldermen, and the government of such cities as Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and others includes many of the best citizens of the city. These conditions are distinctly favorable to municipal operation."

"In the United States, as is well known, there are many cities not in such a favorable condition. It is charged that the political activity of public-service corporations has in many instances been responsible for the unwillingness or inability of American cities to secure a higher type of public service. This charge we believe to be true. However, there seems to be an idea with many people that the mere taking by the city of all its public utilities for municipal operation will at once result in ideal municipal government through the very necessity of putting honest and competent citizens in charge. While an increase in the number and importance of municipal functions may have a tendency to induce men of a higher type to become public officials, we do not believe that this of itself will accomplish municipal reform. We are unable to recommend municipal ownership as a political panacea."

"In many cases in the United States the people have heedlessly given away their rights and reserved no sufficient power of control or regulation, and we believe that corruption of public servants has sprung, in large measure, from this condition of things. With the regulations that we have advised, with the publication of accounts and records and systematic control, the danger of the corruption of public officials is very much reduced."

Salt Lake furnishes a demonstration exactly illustrative of the conditions noted in these remarks. Of the men in real control of the city's government, few, very few, are competent to handle large affairs; some ought not to be trusted to handle public funds directly or indirectly. Public welfare is the last consideration in their official life and private gain is the chief incentive to political activity.

It is unnecessary to specify the men in mind, because the public knows them and their ways. Their class is always active in political campaigns, while the substantial men of the community, the men best qualified to serve the public, refuse to make the sacrifice of time and money involved in such service. The "best citizens" of Salt Lake, like their kind in most other American cities, have so little public spirit that they evade their civic duties, take no part in politics, complain most bitterly of poor city government and not seldom aid actively in the demoralization of that government.

Imagine the kind of public service Salt Lake would get from its street cars, its lighting plants, its gas plants or any other public utility if it had to depend upon the present city council to manage those enterprises! Picture a transportation system directed by Black, a lighting plant under control of A. J. Davis and a gas plant with Crabtree as sole responsible head—and all these serving with the meagre salaries municipalities pay.

Public service conditions sometimes get almost intolerable under private ownership. Prices are always higher than seems right, and the attitude of monopolies is seldom as considerate of the public as would be good policy; but a regime such as rules Salt Lake now could be depended upon to give the city worse public service than it has ever seen under private ownership—to say nothing of the opportunities for graft and public spoliation that would be cultivated by the class of municipal managers now in control.

There is something unique, almost pathetic, in the spectacle of a party electing as mayor a man it didn't want to have the job while at the same time the man himself didn't want it and would not have taken it if any other respectable citizen under consideration could have been induced to accept it.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Elbridge Thomas entertained a few friends at an informal bridge tea yesterday afternoon to meet her guest, Mrs. James B. Stevenson. Four tables were filled with the players and prizes were won by Mrs. E. McCallough, Miss Jane Howat, Mrs. Frank Roberts and Mrs. Jay T. Harris. The hostess was assisted by Miss Eveline Thomas and Miss Ann Adams.

Miss Ada Van Stone Harris of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Hugh Park for a short time at the Park country place. Miss Harris is the assistant superintendent of the Rochester schools and is an educator of note. She is the author of "Guide Books to English."

W. I. Brown returned Tuesday from a visit to the home of his boyhood in New England, spending much of the time in Vermont with his daughter Alberta. He also visited friends in Boston, New York and Washington on his return.

Mrs. Charles H. McMahon and Miss Helen Monroe sailed yesterday morning having come in from the McMahon country home on a shopping expedition. Miss Monroe leaves next Thursday to re-enter Stanford.

Card are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Searle to Albert Davis. The wedding will take place early part of the month of September.

Miss Josephine Kimball of Ogden and her cousin, Miss Mary Wright of Illinois, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Adams for a short time.

James Fullerton of Minneapolis, a brother of Mrs. A. C. Maclean, is visiting Mrs. and Miss Maclean at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Augsburg are here on their way home to Oakland from the east, and are with Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Walker, Jr.

Miss Marian Jones will be home on Sunday after an eastern visit of a month.

Miss Eloise Sadler is back after a short stay at Brighton with her sisters, Mrs. Donnell and Miss Minnie Sadler.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Forbes are back from a wedding trip and are at home at the Oxford.

Mrs. Horatio Preston of Salida, Colo., is here visiting Miss Preston and her other sister, Mrs. C. B. Diehl, and Mrs. Gannett.

Mrs. Charles B. Onderdonk will give a bridge party next Wednesday at her apartments in the Kensington.

Miss Damon of Oakland, Cal., is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. W. F. James.

Miss Irma Walker returned yesterday from Long Beach, Cal., where she has spent the summer.

Miss Sara Johnson will leave some time next week for Seaside, Ore., to attend the northwestern convention of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Messmore is back after a trip through Yellowstone National park.

Lieutenant Royden E. Beebe has just received word of his promotion to a first lieutenant. He and Mrs. Beebe are still at the Park country home visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Park.

Mrs. Lear Riles and her two children, who have been at Brighton for some time, will be home tomorrow.

Miss Sarah J. Jones is back from a stay of some weeks at Long Beach.

Mrs. Edward S. Perry has returned to Brighton for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Jones and their family will leave today, accompanied by Mrs. West and Miss Weber, for a two weeks' stay on the Snake river.

Miss Robina Hay of Butte is visiting Mrs. Ida Shumway for a few weeks.

Miss Greta Cosgriff gave the 120 children of the Kearns orphanage a picnic yesterday afternoon on the lawn at the orphanage. Mrs. McGurkin, Mrs. Fife, Mrs. Ivers and Mrs. Smedley assisted.

Mrs. A. H. Little has returned from Mountain Dell for a few days.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

- 4718—Thomas W. West, Mt. Pleasant. Long E. Jordan, Salt Lake. 4719—Eugene P. Gordon, Pioche, Nev. Annie Taylor, Salt Lake. 4720—Earl M. Sutton, Salt Lake. Mary Ann Hayes, Salt Lake. 4721—Alfred N. Campbell, Rigby. Julia R. Spindlow, Morgan. 4722—Frank Shepherd, Salt Lake. Annie Lether, Salt Lake. 4723—Alexander Dabel, Grand Junction, Colo. Alice Gunnris, Grand Junction, Colo.

THE HUSHED VOICE.

(Buffalo News.) What mother said—didn't matter then. A loving word, perchance, and then again. When childish wrath came in our simple play. And little woe beset Youth's rosy way. Her sweetly gentle words dispelled the wrath. And coaxed the buds to bloom that outlined our path. Her voice was sweet to greet the morning sun. And, sweeter still, when Golden Days were done. Her heart's goodnight that sent us to our bed. It didn't matter then—what mother said. It didn't matter then, but now she's gone. The world lacks all its sweetness, and, at dawn. The sunbeams coming down from heaven's dome. But emphasizes the loss from out the home. No kindly smiles to cheer the passing day. No mother-words to guide us on the way. No loving arms that wait but to enfold. When world and all grown merciless and cold. The Kingdom There, I think, is made of such. What mother said! O now 't would mean so much!

MUSIC TO SUIT THE JOB.

(London Tit-Bits.) A lady had engaged a new page boy who whistled music hall ditties while cleaning the chairs. "Joseph," she called, "please don't whistle those vulgar things." "Very well, ma'am," replied Joseph meekly, "but you can't expect a Beethoven sonata when I'm cleaning the knives. That will come later when I'm polishing the silver!"

THE COLOR OF THEM.

(Philadelphia Press.) Grass widows may, of course, be blue. But I have never seen one. No more has any one of us. A single one that's "green."

WEIRD IMAGERY OF PRESS.

How Entertaining Correspondents Invent Good Stories.

"No, my son, all newspaper men are not Ananases," said one of the oldest and best newspaper men in Washington, giving a tip to a newcomer, "but we have some who are very sparing with the truth. President Roosevelt is in the wrong pew about the men who write for the papers."

Then the old newspaper man went on to say that he was generally the amateur in newspaper work who worked off the biggest and most unreasonable lies on his papers. These lies are generally backed up by so many reasonable details that they pass current with the elect. Most of the purely original and imaginative sensations, social, political and otherwise, have originated in Washington. Political fables have become so numerous from Washington that anything that comes from here is discredited from the start, but—the correspondent must earn his money.

White House society item sent out when four men occupied the chief executive's chair caused a big sensation and put the "bustle" makers out of commission. One night news, distressingly slow on old News-paper, the arrival of the correspondent had gathered in the office of a writer for a Kansas City paper, and was discussing the death of news.

"Boys," said a correspondent for a southern paper, "I really have a first-class piece of news in relation to the bustle to give it up; I want it exclusively." He worried the fellows a while, and after several visits to Shoemakers', set 'em up, he made up the sensation told them that he had inside information that Mrs. Cleveland had determined to cease wearing a bustle, and so announced to several of her friends.

Padding a Sensation.

That was sufficient, and straightway the correspondent hastened off and padded the story for all it was worth, and more, too. Of course, it was printed under "scare heads" and double-headed. Mrs. Cleveland's discarding the bustle was the central theme of the papers next day, and throughout the bustled women who had been devotees to the "hump" followed suit and shed them off. The truth is that Mrs. Cleveland had not determined to go bustless, but she never denied the yarn, and a week after it was printed she appeared on the streets without her bustle, her seemingly indispensable prop, her mainstay. It may be added that men called her "bustled."

It has only been about six years since a Washington correspondent sent out a long story to the effect that Wilson of the Agricultural department was banking heavily on skunk farming as a sure road to fortune. The writer went into details, and the article was the cause of simple flooding, swamping the secretary with letters inquiring about skunk farming. It was necessary for the good-natured secretary to deny through the press that the article was true. However, after this skunk farming did become a most profitable industry.

A SCYTHE HIS MEMORIAL.

Remains Where Youth Hung It When He Went to War.

When the territory about Waterloo, in this state, was sparsely settled, says the New York Tribune, the principal industry was the hewing of timber from the forests along the Seneca canal. At that point the canal crossed a landing, midway between Geneva and Waterloo, the woodchoppers were wont to gather and tell their stories of early Indian fights, and here young Hyman Johnson, a farmer boy, first learned of the impending disaster to the Union if the southern states were allowed to withdraw from their early affiliation. It seemed war was imminent and speculation was rife as to the time when the actual hostilities would begin.

One day in 1861 Johnson, who was then 20 years old, was mowing a lot on the farm. A neighbor drove up bearing the tidings that the call to arms had been sounded. Without hesitation the youth walked to the house and placed his scythe in the crotch of a young Balm of Gilead tree. His mother asked him what the matter was, and he said:

"Mother, Lincoln needs men. I am going to war."

"What, Hyman? You, my son, going to enlist?"

"Yes, but do not fear any harm will come to me. The war will be over in a month. The southerners cannot face the troops from the north for more than that time. When I return I will mow the rest of the lot. Leave my scythe in the tree until I return."

His regiment marched to the front to the stirring martial music and was often in the fighting line. The mother, true to the words of her boy, left the scythe as it had been placed. Johnson came home a year later on a furlough and he laughed at the almost forgotten incident of the implement and its position.

He inspired hope in the hearts of those who thought of nothing else than his safe return, by saying: "I will yet be back to mow that lot."

Soon after returning he was captured in a skirmish and became a prisoner in a southern pen, from which escape was impossible. Disease laid hold upon him and he died surrounded by enemies. He was buried in an unknown grave with hundreds of his comrades.

Meanwhile the tree grew apace and the blade became partially imbedded in the trunk of the tree. The handle rotted away, but the steel remained fixed in the wood.

A general proclamation was issued from the White House declaring one day should be set apart as a time for memory of those who had fallen while defending the country. It was the first Memorial day. Word of the proclamation was carried to Mrs. Johnson, but she had no grave to decorate. She faintly remembered a few flowers upon a spot where the boy lay, but its location must ever remain a mystery. Kneeling in the garden, she offered a short prayer. Then she plucked a few lilies from the plot she tended daily and, making a wreath, she bore it to the tree which gave such a grim reminder of her sacrifice to her country. With a caress she reached up and hung the wreath upon the scythe point.

Memorial day has long become an established anniversary. Many years have passed since Mrs. Johnson was laid to rest in the village cemetery. The old home, as it stood in the day of the civil war, is exactly as it was then, but is occupied by another family. Thomas Buck and those gathered about his fireplace tell of the hanging of the scythe to the scores of eager listeners each year.

Bogus Train Robbery.

"I dislike facts; they hamper one so," was remarked by Ross Raymond of the London Daily News. To Raymond's fertile imagination, while he represented one of the most monumental lies ever perpetrated on a reading public, he printed an account of a robbery of a passenger train in Union tunnel, says that a passenger escaped with his valuables, and the Pennsylvania Railroad company had to go to the trouble and expense of proving the story false by printing the statements of passengers.

A year or two later this talented pretvaricator discovered the original sea serpent, which has reappeared at intervals ever since. The testimony of the captain of the schooner, ten of his crew and the log book proved the story to be true, yet the whole thing was purely imagination.

Several years ago an article appeared, giving a description of the scenes and inhabitants of the moon, as seen through a powerful telescope. The hoax was fortified with so much astronomical knowledge, and hedged about with such scientific data, that it was believed by those interested in such investigations.

Many readers will remember the fake story sent out by a California newspaper pretvaricator, saying that a fast-sailing yacht, chartered by a well known merchant, had overtaken the Vanderbilts' steamer and, after subjecting Mr. Vanderbilt to mesmeric

influence, made him write an order for all his securities in a certain trust company's vaults.

In 1879 there was sent out from St. Louis and printed in a number of papers a detailed account of a fight between a mammoth bulldog in St. Louis and a well known sporting man of that place. Both contestants were compelled to fight on all fours, according to the story, the man only being allowed to use his fists. The story was a thrilling one, but it was entirely a fabrication.

Frecks of Brown and Mulhatten.

Harry Brown and Joe Mulhatten pained off so many and such unreasonable lies on the American press that they became professional liars. Brown got up a horrible murder and found the bloody garments and dinner basket of a girl on the banks of the East river, Brooklyn. The affair involved the New York and Brooklyn police in a war and caused several reformers to a long list of reporters getting scooped. Brown, while working on the Buffalo Times, went to Lake Chautauqua and wired a two-column account of a steamboat explosion, in which 300 lives were lost. The Times had a big scoop, but Brown never again reported for duty on that paper. He worked a number of newspapers on just such stuff.

Mulhatten never attempted to engage regularly on newspapers, but preferred the life of a commercial drummer. He traveled extensively, and it was a dull place for news where he could not grind out a column of fake news and wire it off to a score of papers. It was in 1882 that Mulhatten started the ball story in the Philadelphia Press. A gentleman, so the story went, bought a bundle of toy balloons and gave them to a little girl whom he met on the seacoast. The girl wrapped the string around her waist, and a sudden gust of wind carried her away, sailing out over the wide waste of sand, and she would have been carried over the water had not an hunter shot at the balloons, exploding them and letting the child come slowly to the ground. It was this same monumental liar who palmed off on a New York paper the story of an acrobat, covering thirteen acres of ground, which was alleged to have fallen near a remote town in Texas. The dispatch gave the precise information as to the locality of the strange visitor, and was printed, triple-leaded, on the first page of the paper. The story of the five skeletons found sitting upright in a carriage under a lightning blasted tree on a long abandoned road was also born of Mulhatten's imagination. The alleged presumption in this case was that the party had stopped there for shelter from a storm, and had been stricken dead, remaining undisturbed until they were reduced to skeletons. A second mammoth cave was discovered in Kentucky by Mulhatten, who said it was four times as large as the original. European scientists came over to investigate. He, too, found another cave, where the James and Younger brothers had thousands of dollars' worth of loot stored away.

All of these and many others were widely copied and generally believed. —Washington Correspondence Los Angeles Times.

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Drop drugs—they create a habit, the dose becomes constantly larger, your stomach is ruined and your Rheumatism returns. Use Nature's aid—soft, searching, safe, steady remedy, properly administered.

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