

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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THEATRES TODAY.

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Grand—At the Old Cross Roads. Lyric—"The Gold King."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Rain or snow.

A CLEAN-UP NEEDED.

The time has come for the police to rid this city of its undesirable citizens. The time has come to do away with the dens of vice, the low saloons and rooming houses and other places where crooks and thugs are known to congregate...

These two thugs can get together in a much frequented resort and there, after they have been warned to leave the city, after they have been arrested with concealed deadly weapons in their possession, with one of those weapons covered with blood, is absolutely intolerable...

The city council, if our information is correct, has authority to legislate on this subject. It is not necessary to wait for the next legislature to assemble and enact a statute. The council should pass an ordinance imposing a penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment for the man who carries a revolver concealed about his person...

Nine out of ten of them carry a pistol for the purpose of taking somebody at a disadvantage, and so taking them, to kill them if necessary to the completion of their purpose. There is no difficulty elsewhere about punishing pistol carriers. Why should there be any difficulty here?

HUMOR OF LONDON'S BISHOP. (Boston Transcript.) The Bishop of London's humor, now tender and kind, now sardonic and cruel made him many friends in America...

WALKING FOR HEALTH. The recent feat of Weston, the veteran pedestrian, in walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago, has had the effect of making this healthful form of exercise more popular. The good health of Weston at the age of 69 years cannot, of course, be attributed entirely to his habit of taking long walks...

to get a reasonable amount of rest before the dawning of another day. Weston's long walk will, however, be a good thing if it stimulates interest in that exercise. Here in Salt Lake the people have special reason to walk, for the Psalmist has specially enjoined them to "walk about Zion and go round about her."

Fear of catching cold impels a great many people to bundle themselves up so that even the exercise of walking to the nearest street car starts a perspiration. Then they are chilled by cooling off too rapidly in the car, and by the time they get down town they are wondering how in the world they caught such a cold. They thought they had taken every precaution, when, as a matter of fact, they invited the cold.

Men leave their warm offices in the chill days of early winter and, arrayed in their hunting clothes, go out and sit through a snowy, blustery day in a duck blind. Often, in wading after ducks they have killed, they step into holes and their boots fill with water. Sometimes they are wet to the skin all over. Yet they comparatively rarely catch cold.

It is not possible for all of us to go out duck shooting. Neither is it possible for all of us to fit out gymnasiums in our homes or to take courses in athletics in outside gymnasiums. It is possible for every individual in ordinary health and in possession of sound legs to walk and get the full benefit of the exercise. Our advice to all of them is to try it. Try walking through the snow. Walk every day for a month or six weeks. Give the system a fair trial and see if you are not better off as a result of it.

THE LOVEY BOOK.

The Lovey book of cartoons, which was placed on sale some days ago, is being rapidly disposed of. The proceeds of this sale will, as is generally known, be used for the benefit of the invalid mother of the late cartoonist and for his baby girl. Still, it is not an appeal for charity that the committee in charge of the sale makes. Everybody who has read The Herald during the past ten years, and up to a year ago, is familiar with Alan Lovey's work as a cartoonist.

The book is made up of 150 of Lovey's best cartoons, covering a wide range of subjects and presenting much of the local as well as the national history of politics for a period of ten years. The Herald knows of but few Christmas presents the giving of which would cause more pleasure to donor and recipient than a copy of this book. It should be in every Salt Lake library, because in the years to come its value will continually increase and it will always afford interest and entertainment.

It seems hardly necessary for The Herald to comment on the character of the Lovey cartoons. With deft, sure strokes Lovey pictured the prominent characteristics of our prominent men. And he always pictured them in a way that was devoid of offense, though never missing the point at which he aimed. He gave us the laughter without the sting, and he could sting, too, when the occasion demanded.

"Cartoons by Lovey" is handsomely bound, the popular edition at \$5 being in silk covers and printed on heavy India tint paper. A limited de luxe edition, on sale at \$25, is printed on Japan paper, with leather cover and gold lettering. As a holiday remembrance the book fills every requirement.

Louisville lost the Democratic national convention, but she might even things up by sending a strong delegation to Denver and insisting on the nomination of Colonel Watterson for vice president. Come to think of it, though, we're just a trifle afraid the cologne would stay hitched with Mr. Bryan.

Sombody has started a proposition for the editorial paragraphs to refrain from mentioning the Knox boom. But, dear brothers, that's the best joke of the preliminary campaign.

A man by the name of Looney wants to be attorney general of Texas. If there's anything in a name and the people of Texas know it, Looney won't even come close.

By the way, brother, he said, 'could you lend me that sermon?' "I don't wish to brag or boast," he began, "nor would I have you think me conceited, but, gentlemen, I assure you—"

KILLED HIMSELF IN COURT

Bradley Case Recalls Famous Old Gardner Forgery Indictment.

(Washington Post.) "Another celebrated case will be recorded in the annals of the old criminal courts of this district by the trial of Mrs. Bradley, charged with the killing of the late Senator Brown of Utah, and it will have at least a semi-national importance, inasmuch as it was a United States senator who was killed."

Thus remarked one of Washington's oldest inhabitants, who for a long time has been familiar with proceedings in the Washington courts. "There have been many dramatic events in the course of some of the trials in our temples of justice," he remarked, "and just now our mind reverts to one trial, that I expect every citizen in Washington remembers, that was marked by circumstances which gave it a sort of international tinge."

"I allude," he said, "to the trial of Dr. Charles John Gardner, away back in the year 1853. Gardner was a dentist, and for a time lived in the republic of Mexico, where he went to seek his fortune. The doctor was a bright, keen-witted sort of a man, and always depicted himself like a thorough gentleman. When he was in Mexico he got an idea into his head that he could successfully carry out a scheme by which this government might be wheeled into paying him a white lot of money, and for a time he was securely located on 'easy street.'"

"He managed while in Mexico to secure a number of fraudulent titles to silver mines, and did not hesitate to commit forgeries in nearly every case to support his claims to the mines, and a commission which was then in session here adjudged matters growing out of the war between Mexico and the United States in favor of the demand, and he was actually awarded a very large sum."

"There were several persons, however, not only here, but in Mexico, who avowed openly that Dr. Gardner had, with his fluent pen, committed all sorts of forgeries, and it ended at last in a suit being instituted by the United States, and Gardner was indicted for forgery. It was quite a long trial, and was characterized by the production of much documentary evidence."

"There were two trials. In the first the jury could not agree. The defendant seemed never so much at his ease as when the second trial was going on. He was the very picture of elegance as he faced his accusers, and the court room was crowded with friends, who, like himself, were confident that he would be acquitted."

"But they reckoned wrong, for the jury did convict him, and here comes in the dramatic part of it. Gardner stood up while the jury was being polled, and heard the verdict of twelve answer in response to the question, 'Guilty or not guilty?' the fatal word 'guilty.' He fairly staggered to his seat and asked for a glass of water, at the same time putting the glass into his mouth. He was taken back to the old jail, then located where the pension office is now, and died in a spasm within half an hour. He had taken strychnine in the court room, in the presence of judge, jurors and every one else."

"There was another very dramatic picture in the criminal court room when John Surratt tried for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. He was discharged by that good man and excellent jurist, the late Judge Wylie. The jurors were out, but the court had not taken a recess. It was twilight, and

THE BATTLEFIELD. (Baltimore Sun.) A mother's heart is a battlefield. A mother's heart is a nest. Where love leans down with snowy shield. And life that stirs to red in the night. A mother's heart is the plain where meet through all her days of life. The legends of the battlefield. The glittering ghosts of strife.

A mother's heart is a field of war. Where none may know, may see. The wounds that bleed, the guns that roar. The anguish hours that be. A mother's heart is battle's home. But, oh, so few have knelt. Will her where shadows fill the gloom. Have felt what she has felt.

A mother's heart is warfare's realm. In it, unseen of time. Rage the grim wars that overwhelm. But for her faith sublime. A mother's heart is where she hides. So much she never tells. So much that in her soul abides. And conquering love's quiet.

A mother's heart—oh, sacred place. Oh, tempted fate, how frail. To kneel beside its shrine of grace. To kneel and worship there. A mother's heart is where she waits. In rest and love and song. And round it, oh, how tender sweet. The shades of memory throng.

A mother's heart has seen so much. Has felt so many things. The rugged blow, the tender touch. Within its warding zone. Has borne so much of grief and pain. Upon its help and trust. Has done so much to keep them clean. To lift them from the dust.

A mother's heart is a battlefield. Where sacred state has been. Where spear and shield on shield. Hath raged the battle din. Oh, holy shrine, inviolate spot. Where love and memory come. When all the rest of life's forgot. When all the rest is dust.

AN OUTCAST. (Chicago News.) This very morning I was told. Impressively, I had a cold. I ought to know it, I suppose. Because I own my throat and nose. But, being told, it's up to me. To hide myself, I plainly see. To take my throat and its distress. 'Way off to some vast wilderness.

To take my nose with me and go. Where I can blow and blow and blow. To where in comfort I may sneeze. And cough as much as I darn please. And blink and gasp and wipe my eyes. Where none is near me to advise. Far off from that officious tribe. Whose greatest joy is to prescribe. To say that they have suffered, too. And know exactly what to do—

The sympathizing friends who say. They'd knock it out in just a day. And then expect a man to cope. With their especial sort of dope. I'm going where I won't be told. I should do something for that cold.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES. Via Oregon Short Line, Dec. 19 and 20. Round trip to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, \$19.75; to Omaha or Kansas City, \$22.00; to Portland or Spokane, \$25.50; to San Francisco direct, \$33.50; to Los Angeles via San Francisco, \$42.00. Tickets good thirty days. City Ticket Office, 201 Main street.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

But January 1st it may. (Atlanta Constitution.) The story that \$3,400 was paid for Highball does not refer to closing out sales in Georgia, but to the "Old Glory" horse sales at Madison Square Garden in New York.

The Japs Are Willing. (Atlanta Journal.) It appears to be the Japanese policy to allow the United States to bankrupt themselves sending the fleet to the Pacific and then back again to the Atlantic.

Not So as You Can Notice It. (Brooklyn Eagle.) Since Weston stopped walking he has made quite as much progress as Mr. Fairbanks' presidential boom.

Has Something to Say About It. (Buffalo Express.) It is quite evident from Mr. Foraker's letter that he has some personal feeling on the proposition "to eliminate him from public life."

Considered It Appropriate. (St. Paul Dispatch.) The very name of Gamble probably suggested to Roosevelt that coin-flipping idea.

Still a Safe Topic of Conversation. (Baltimore Sun.) The bird-catcher is always sure of a smile when he gets to the White House.

Where is Bonaparte? (Nashville American.) At last report Roosevelt was only a few jumps ahead of the pursuing maelstrom.

Have Taken to the Woods. (Philadelphia Record.) What has happened of the European adage of Theodore Roosevelt, who used to hold him up to us as the greatest of "world statesmen?"

The First Thing Necessary. (Portland Oregonian.) What to do with our ex-presidents is not the question worrying dishonest corporations. How to make an ex-president is the task before them.

To Blame for It All. (Houston Post.) From the way Governor Beckham is talking it is clear he regards Colonel Watterson as the William Loeb, Jr. of Kentucky.

What an Awful Risk. (Buffalo Express.) Secretary Taft left Vladivostok heavily guarded by Russian officials.

After Grover's Record. (Omaha Bee.) In a recent speech Mr. Balfour uttered a sentence containing 275 words.

Nothing Left to Say. (Baltimore Sun.) Now let us have Assistant President J. P. Morgan's message.

BUCK SAMPSON'S POLE VAULT

(Ernest M'Guffey, in Chicago Tribune.) "Buck Sampson was the champion pole vaulter" in his college. Of course I didn't know this when we started on a quail shoot together, and, in fact, I never would have thought of it if I had known it, for what had pole vaulting to do with quail shooting? Not much, generally speaking, although it happened to cut quite a figure in our hunt. Buck's real name was Leonard, but every body called him Buck, because he was so tall and heavy, and he had such a rollicking laugh when anything tickled him. To hear Buck open his mouth and roll out that infectious, roaring laugh of his was something extremely enjoyable, if the joke did not happen to be on you.

We had started in that year on snipe, along about April, and were taking our last hunt of the season at quail. I was doing well in my country in that part of the prairie state. The birds were fairly plentiful, but there had been so much rain that all the little branches, sloughs, and "cricks" were filled with overflowing water. In many currents that plunged through the timber and ran down the hillsides, making crossing at many points a matter of walking a long way to find suitable spots.

We had one dog, a liver and white pointer, named Don, and he was one of those pottering, careful dogs that make up in "bird sense" and game finding what they lack in speed. Old Don was not such a star on bevels; but when once a bevy was found and scattered he was first-class in picking up the "singles," and on locating cripples or dead birds.

So we were enjoying our hunt. Early that morning we had struck a little "crick" in his college. Of course I didn't know this when we started on a quail shoot together, and, in fact, I never would have thought of it if I had known it, for what had pole vaulting to do with quail shooting? Not much, generally speaking, although it happened to cut quite a figure in our hunt. Buck's real name was Leonard, but every body called him Buck, because he was so tall and heavy, and he had such a rollicking laugh when anything tickled him. To hear Buck open his mouth and roll out that infectious, roaring laugh of his was something extremely enjoyable, if the joke did not happen to be on you.

Now, this particular stream was deep, and the rains had swollen it out of all shape. It was too wide to jump across, and I was too heavy to wade. I was tantalizing in the extreme to have these beves of quail dart across the "crick," and maybe give us one shot on our side. If we had been hunting with a brace of dogs we could have hunted a man apiece on each side, but with only one dog we were handicapped. It was cold, too, biting and nippy, and we didn't feel like taking shots as the birds were flying across and depending on old Don to go across and retrieve them. Buck said: "We'll get 'em when we cross at the end and come back."

"When we come back" was my remark. "They'll all fly back on this side. They're educated birds, Buck." Our conversation was taking place at the noon hour when we had stopped to eat a bite. Eating a bite meant about five pounds of flint chignon apiece and literally tons and tons of bread, doughnuts, and other truck. As for the dog, he ate bones enough to have built a Golgotha.

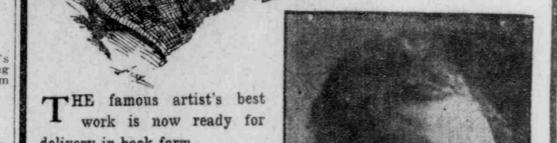
After we had picked our teeth—Buck and I, not the dog—Buck said, stretching himself to his full height of 6 feet 2 1/2. "Do you know I was the best pole vaulter at Ann Arbor while I was there?" "No, Buck," was my reply, "were you thinking of giving an exhibition of your powers here?" "Well," says Buck, "I may if these quail keep on crowding me."

"How so?" says I. "Why," says Buck, "I'll take one of these dead snipe and run across the creek 'til I vault across and str 'em up something eminent."

"I'll go with you," was my answer.

CARTOONS BY LOVEY

THE famous artist's best work is now ready for delivery in book form. The book contains 150 of Lovey's best cartoons and sketches, covering a period of ten years and presenting many national as well as local characters.



THE profits from the sale of the book will go to the dead artist's invalid mother. Should there be a surplus, it will be held in trust for the benefit of his infant daughter, to be given to her when she becomes twenty-one years old, or sooner if needed.

The book, representing months of careful preparation, is in two editions, both of the highest class of workmanship. The de luxe edition, limited to 100 copies, is printed on heavy Japan paper, with leather cover and gold lettering. It sells at \$25 and a few copies are still available for subscription. The popular edition, printed on heavy India tint paper and bound in silk, sells at \$5.

Mr. G. C. Bowen is the authorized representative of the Lovey Fund to secure subscriptions for the book, and will attend personally to the sale of it in Utah. Copies of the book may be seen at the store of D. A. Callahan, 164 South Main, and at the Deseret News Book store.

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