THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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Total Copies of the Herald Printed in July, 1908.

1	9,162	16	9,058
2	9,020	17	9,062
3	9,053	18	9,066
4	9,064	19	17,876
5	18,500	20	9,067
6	9,061	21	9,061
7	9,055	22	9,073
8	9,060	23	9,058
9	9,058	24	9,006
10	9,160	25	9,140
11	9,064	26	18,211
12	18,250	27	9,087
13	9,064	28	9,103
14	9,066	29	9,115
15	9,063	30	9,225
		31	9,200

Total daily	245,281
Total Sunday	72,837
Daily average	9,085
Sunday average	18,209

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This Certifies That THE SALT LAKE HERALD is entitled to a guarantee rating in The Advertiser's Blue Book of Certified and Guaranteed Circulations as having afforded every facility for a complete examination of circulation, permitting unrestricted access to the books and records of all departments for a thorough audit and analysis, from the paper purchased and consumed through the details of press production and all channels of distribution to the final cash receipts.

1908

The Blue Book lists and guarantees a publication only after a complete and thorough examination and audit has proved that the publisher has made accurate statements of circulation, and the rating which this examination insures provides a guarantee that

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

has proved by examination that the circulation records are kept with care and the circulation stated with such accuracy that advertisers may rely on any statements of same made by the publishers under the ownership and management in control.

JULY 20, 1908

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Local Showers.

THE METALS.

Silver, 51¾c per ounce.
Copper (cathodes), 13½ per pound.
Lead, $4.60 per 100 pounds.

SALT LAKE'S NEWSPAPERS.

On another page of this issue The Herald presents a complete and official statement of the circulation of four Salt Lake newspapers. The figures are from the office records of each publication, and have been verified by A. A. Seaver, a circulation actuary of national reputation and long experience. In examining the data furnished him, Mr. Seaver analyzed the bills for print paper, the press reports, bills for postage and expressage on outside circulation, the mailing lists, newsdealers' accounts and cash receipts of each office. All of the newspapers of the city except the Intermountain Republican gave him every facility for this examination, and the results are shown by the comparative statement published in The Herald this morning.

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In Mr. Seaver's findings of the net paid circulation every deduction is made for returned, unsold copies, exchanges, employes' papers, complimentaries and all free copies of every description. Mr. Seaver reports that The Herald leads its nearest competitor, the Tribune, in net paid circulation, by 283 copies on the daily edition, and by 2,544 on the Sunday edition. It has 8,198 more paid circulation for its Sunday edition than the News of Saturday. Its daily edition is 1,701 net paid ahead of the Telegram, and 701 ahead of the weekday News. On both the daily and Sunday it has a clear lead in the whole field, and its supremacy in the Sunday edition is so great as to be phenomenal.

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Apart from this lead, the most significant thing in the report is the showing of growth for The Herald since Jan. 1 of this year, as compared with the status of competitors. In the six months from January to June, The Herald made a gain of 330 copies printed for the daily and of 1,568 copies printed for the Sunday edition. In the same period the Tribune dropped 545 from its daily and added only 657 to its Sunday.

Printed in a different form, this is the comparison for the Sunday editions:

Herald—Gain, 1,568.
Tribune—Gain, 657.
On the Daily Herald—Gain, 330.
Tribune—Loss, 545.

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Naturally, The Herald takes a good deal of pleasure in presenting these official records. It is the first time in the history of Salt Lake's newspapers that an unbiased, complete and disinterested report has been made public. For some days The Herald has been asking its competitors to join with it in publishing the facts simultaneously, so that all the advertisers and subscribers of all the papers concerned could know exactly the situation. Curiously enough, none of them seemed willing to join in such a move, so The Herald is left alone to tell the story, although the Tribune has continued to publish its stock declaration, a relic of days long gone, that it is "the premier newspaper," and "has by far the largest and best circulation."

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Very little comment is needed as to the facts in the case. The Herald, according to Mr. Seaver, not only has the largest paid circulation, but it has been growing when its chief competitor has been losing circulation, and it is so far ahead in Sunday circulation as to distance all competition.

The Herald has made it a practice to "blow" very little about its circulation or its pre-eminence in the news field, believing the general public perfectly able to judge for itself between the publications of the city. It is a great satisfaction, however, to have an outsider, whose ability and honesty are unquestioned, thus certify to The Herald's leadership.

THE PANIC THREAT.

For a generation and more the stock argument of the Republican party against a change of administration has been the threat that a change would bring on a panic. After the experience of last fall, when a panic came like a bolt from the blue sky when the Republicans controlled every branch of government, one would suppose the old argument would be abandoned if only for shame.

It is apparent, however, that the Republicans believe they can fool all the people all the time, for Mr. Taft has reiterated the old tale than a Democratic victory now would portend disaster at some future time.

In his Des Moines speech, Mr. Bryan comments on this foolish talk with a good nature and clarity that are conclusive and crushing. He said, and history verifies his facts, that "we have had three panics since the Republican party was born; the panic of 1873, the panic of 1893 and the panic of 1907. The panic of 1873 came after the Republican party had been in complete control of the federal government for twelve years, and eleven years before our party succeeded in securing control of the executive branch of the government. The startling 'panic and depression' of 1873 occurred in the very midst of Republican rule, just after a Republican victory, and under a high tariff. Is it not strange that Secretary Taft should forget this panic, when he warns us to beware of any departure from the protective system? The panic of 1907 came after the Republicans had been in complete control of the federal government for more than ten years. They had had an opportunity to do everything that they wanted to do and to undo everything that needed to be undone, and we were under such a high tariff that even Secretary Taft admitted the necessity of revision. This panic was so bad that banks felt it necessary to do something that they had never done before, namely, arbitrarily limit the amount of money that depositors could draw on their own accounts. Ex-Secretary Shaw says that the stringency of 1907 was 'the severest the world has ever witnessed.' With this panic fresh in his mind, is it not strange that he should argue that his election is necessary to prevent a panic?"

The merest tyro knows now that the threat of a panic is only a bunco game designed to fool the people into continuing the Republicans in power, and that the promise of revision after election is nothing more than a promise to repeat the party's past performances in the tariff line. In other words, the Republicans expect the people to forget their record and believe they will abandon the trusts and beneficiaries of special legislation upon whom they depend for campaign funds and political strength.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

During the week just closed the financial situation in the country at large showed an abundance of money in sight for legitimate operations, but stock market operations all indicated a weakening of faith in the immediate future and a refusal on the part of the general public to enter the market for large investment operations. Part of the bear strength in Wall street was due to rumors that the Rock Island system might have difficulty in financing heavy obligations of one of its branch roads which become due in a few weeks. Aside from that the lack of outside support encouraged the bears in the face of call money available at rates down to seven-eighths of 1 per cent. The cash reserve gained $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 through treasury operations.

General business is still in a cautious state, though retailers are buying more freely than was anticipated some months ago for fall and spring trade. In manufacturing lines the disposition to curtail production to the needs of visible demand is a factor in restraint of any rapid improvement, and earning reports of railroads show that operations are planned with a view to continued economy in every department. The outlook for re-employment of the many railroad employes now out of work will depend altogether upon the extent of crop movements; and those men who have depended upon railroad construction for a livelihood are likely to be dependent upon other means of support for some time to come.

In the west, and particularly in the region of which Salt Lake is the financial center, conditions continue exceptionally good, much better than there was reason to expect six months ago. The opening of new irrigation enterprises, the development of mining properties, the promise of a still greater gold production in Nevada and contiguous states, and the promise of good crops in the agricultural regions, all foreshadow a continuance of substantial prosperity here. In Salt Lake City the building movement continues phenomenally active, with an unabated demand for all classes of buildings, store rooms and residences. At the same time there is no boom spirit abroad, and property is changing hands at reasonable figures. A number of handsome improvements now under way and contemplated for the immediate future promise a continuance of the general modernization of the city; and the public works under the new bond issue will insure a continuance of the plan which is making Salt Lake one of the beautiful places of the country, as well as one of the most desirable for residence.

Meanwhile it may be observed that the spasmodic effort to stimulate a show of sudden returning prosperity in the country at large for political effect has failed. The nation is still confronted with the necessity for economy, for care in its larger financial operations and for the retrenchment and penance which must always follow a period of speculative inflation and wild extravagance.

OGDEN'S WATERWORKS.

Without knowing the details necessary to form exact judgment on an important proposition, The Herald believes on general principles that the people of Ogden ought to own their own waterworks and to get them at the first opportunity. The price asked may be large and the conditions onerous, but even then, if there is no prospect of better terms, the deal ought to be closed while it may.

In a growing city such as Ogden, the private ownership of the water supply is always attended with dissatisfaction for the people and owners alike. No other public service comes so close to the comfort and health of a community as its water supply; and none is so absolutely essential to the prosperous growth of a city as an adequate and low-priced supply for domestic and manufacturing use.

Whether the present offer to Ogden is reasonable or not—and that is for the people there to judge—they can afford to pay an extravagant figure, if need be, to insure the control of their own service and insure the people such advantage as comes from the increased revenue and value of a plant in a constantly increasing population center.

ROOSEVELT BUTTED IN.

President Roosevelt has definitely decided that the Republicans of New York shall nominate Hughes for governor, and there is no court of appeals to intervene. Whether or not Mr. Hughes can be elected is another matter. Curses long, loud and deep, will go up among the rank and file, but the governor will probably be renominated and the chance of his defeat taken, the theory being that it is necessary in order to save the national ticket in the Empire state.

For several days past the New York papers have been carrying letters from the goody-goody wing of the Republican party, each and every one stating that if the governor is turned down by the state convention the writers will vote the Democratic ticket, state and national. Just why these people, who are for Taft as well as Hughes, should make such threats cannot be explained. If the other fellows feel that way about it, the G. O. P. is going to be whipsawed in November.

Agreeing that it is the good people who want Hughes and the bad ones who are against him, we fail to see what is to be gained by forcing him on the ticket. The rascally Republicans in New York outnumber the nice, clean ones by a large majority, and if they jump the fence, a long farewell to Taft. They certainly will be in the mood to bolt after having the man for whom they have the most intense hatred rammed down their throats by the president, who does not seem to be able to keep his fingers out of the pie.

The situation in New York will be watched with great interest from now until election.

A "PROPHET" TRANSLATED.

"Prophet" Crowdy, who caused several hundred Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore negroes to forsake their old religion and follow him, is dead, leaving the Church of God and Saints of Christ in a bad tangle. Crowdy was originally a cook, and one day, while among his pans and kettles in a small western place, a vision came to him and he was told to "go into a great city and establish a church." He obeyed the summons, and the "Footwashers" soon gained prominence in colored circles as a result.

The woman followers of the "prophet" were given the high-sounding title of "Daughters of Jerusalem," and polyandry, as well as polygamy, was practiced. Just before he died the "prophet" issued an edict commanding the heads of families to return to their lawfully wedded wives, and set the good example himself, leaving several pro tem. wives and numerous progeny to shift for themselves.

This church under the new dispensation has some remarkable ideas. If a married woman becomes a member, and her husband refuses to follow her, she is entitled to choose a new husband in the congregation. It happened in numerous cases that the women joined the new sect for the purpose of obtaining a change of partners.

It is said the edict of the late "prophet" concerning the marriage relation has not been followed to any considerable extent and that the first act of the new head of the "church" will be to issue an order restoring polygamy. This is thought to be certain, as the brother who is most likely to be chosen has lately acquired a young and comely wife in addition to the ones of maturer years and less prepossessing appearance already on hand.

The most remarkable thing of all in connection with this Church of God and Saints of Christ is the fact that these practices were carried on in the District of Columbia, under the very eye of the national government, and there was no outcry.

The monetary commission and the waterways and forestry commission, having had their little junket at the public expense, have ceased making a pretense of studying conditions abroad and have scattered over Europe in search of pleasure. Senator Smoot, one of the members of the last-named commission, was compelled to forego the pleasure of a few weeks on the continent, and sailed for home. Being a political boss has its disadvantages at times.

President Roosevelt is trying to counteract the effect of Senator La Follette's speeches by writing letters. The colleagues of the Wisconsin man squeal like stuck pigs every time the record of the last session of congress is read to the home folks. Burkett of Nebraska is the latest victim of La Follette's activity in dragging the Republican senators into the limelight, and the president flies to the rescue. No go, this year.

The Republican party sinned away its day of grace in the matter of tariff revision. As the G. O. P. is dead, and the stench arising from the corpse is exceedingly offensive, no time should be lost in arranging the funeral. Few and short are the prayers that will be said when the interment takes place Nov. 3. No flowers.

The next conference in Cache county ought to be decidedly interesting in case President Orson Smith becomes proficient with the gloves.

BOY GRADES THE CLERGY.

(Washington Star.)

Bishop Potter, at an ecclesiastical dinner in New York, read a Cooperstown school boy's essay on "Clergymen." The essay, which created much amusement, was as follows:

"There are 3 kinds of clergymen Bishups recters and curats. The bishups tells the recters to work and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man but when he is a recter he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becums a good man."

THE MOUNTAIN.

(Edwin Markham in Nautilus.)

Each builds his world forever, dark or bright,
And sits within his separate universe.
The shepherd sees in this green mountain top
Place where his sheep may wander and grow fat.
What to the drover is the lilied pool?
A hollow for his swine to wallow in.
Gold hunters find upon this rocky peak
Nothing but ledges for their ringing picks.
But to the poet all this soaring height
Smokes with the footsteps of the passing God.

THE MERRY WIDOW.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Rudyard Kipling told this story about Simla:

"Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla he was presented to a 'grass widow.' They call those ladies 'grass widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness Kipling said:

" 'I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband, grilling down below?'

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learned afterward that she was a real widow."

A WAITERLESS CAFE.

(New York Herald.)

After the horseless carriage, the playerless piano, and all the other less things that modern invention has devised, New York is to have a waiterless restaurant, and, of all places in the world, it is to be on the site of the old Saranac hotel, on Broadway, near Forty-second street. John L. Murray, backed by a syndicate of wealthy tobacco manufacturers, has obtained a twenty-one years' lease of the building, and his plans are elaborate and unique.

In the new restaurant all one will have to do will be to give the order upon entering. Then the most intimate and confidential conversations may be pursued with immunity from the eager ears of the servitors, for at the end of each course all one will have to do will be to press a button.

Then, in Arabian Knights fashion, the center of the table will sink through the floor into the serving room beneath, and presently will rise again with the new dishes. The table has been patented by Mr. Murray, who has just returned from Europe, where he searched for ideas, and the plan will be made practicable by having the kitchen next to the top floor, but connected with the serving rooms on all the other floors by means of a dumb waiter system operated by compressed air.

HE WAS ACCEPTED.

(Pick-Me-Up.)

He was a comic writer, and asked her to be his wife. He proposed as seriously as a humorist could, and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled, and said:

"That is a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise.

"Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That was no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship and marriage—"

"Well—er—er—yes—but—"

"I should never suit you. I write postscripts, stop before the mirror, am slow in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress, and—"

"But, my dear Angelina, I should never object to—"

"You have always said that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would want to visit me; and—"

"Why, I—"

"And I have my animosities, and may look round in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the—"

"Those horried Misses Sniffleton?"

"That's a fact."

"And the stuck-up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough. I am yours."

THE CAPTAIN CONFUSED THEM.

(Buffalo Enquirer.)

Discussing the spring rush to Europe, J. Stuart McDonald, the naval officer of customs in Baltimore, said the other day:

"During the last spring rush a friend of mine, a shy young man, had an adventure. My friend, the first night out, played bridge in the smoking room till about 11, then took a nightcap and retired. But a few minutes later he rushed back pale and worried.

" 'Purser,' he said—the purser had been one of the bridge players—'there's a lady in my cabin. You've put me in with a lady.'

" 'Rats,' said the purser. 'We don't make errors like that on this ship.'

"And he got out his passenger list.

" 'You share your cabin with a Captain Maybury,' he said. 'Go back and you'll—'

" 'Nothing can persuade me,' the other interrupted, 'to go back to that room.'

" 'Then I'll go,' said the purser.

"And he did. But he soon returned, smiling and perplexed.

" 'There is a lady in there,' he said. 'I'll put you somewhere else for the night. Come and see me the first thing in the morning, and we'll look into this.'

"Well, the next morning my friend sought out the purser, and the purser sought out the state room steward.

" 'I don't understand it,' said the steward. 'Captain Maybury's the gentleman assigned to that there room. Here's an unlocked portmanteau of his. Suppose we open it?'

"They opened it, and their eyes fell on a lace petticoat, a corset, and hairpins.

" 'By jingo,' said the purser, as he took up a book that lay beneath the petticoat. 'I see it all now. She sent in her name as Captain Maybury, but she never said she was in the Salvation Army.' "

Rival "Devils" Create Sensation

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, Aug. 21.—Franz Molnar surprised Vienna greatly with "The Devil," because he had no fame, and who could expect Mephistophelean fiction from him that would more than cast a dim shadow in the brilliance of Goethe's "Faust?" His play has been acted in most of the European countries with eminent actors for its Satan. As there is no reciprocity of copyright between Austria and the United States, Molnar could not protect his work in this country. He sold his practically valueless sanction to Colonel Henry W. Savage to use the material, which Savage tested down east in July, and dated a New York introduction for mid September. Harrison Grey Fiske sent a cast of eight persons to Tarrytown, the Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving, a month ago, to rehearse the principal roles, told them that their jobs would come to naught if they blabbed a word of what they were at, and so got ready to advertise last Monday morning that he would produce the play at one of David Belasco's theatres on Tuesday evening. That was the first news of the forestalling exploit. Colonel Savage summoned his scattered company in haste by telegrams, and announced in the Monday afternoon journals that his first New York performance, too, would be given on Tuesday evening. Those were the preliminaries to a duel and dual presentation of "The Devil" by Fiske in alliance with Belasco and by Savage in association with the Klaw & Erlanger syndicate. I don't dabble often in the business of the drama, but in this case the row is so peculiar as to be interesting.

* * *

The merit of "The Devil" is a matter of literature and dramatic art, though, and at this Wednesday morning writing I can't assure you that it will be appreciated by other American audiences than its initial two as it ought to be and probably will. The small doubt arises from the coldly unsympathetic nature of its characters. The Devil is not much more prone to deviltry than those he tempts along in evil courses. An artist and his friend's wife are lovers, but they have done no wrong, and she, for the sake of moral safety, has promoted wedlock for him with a good girl. Those facts are disclosed in his studio by his dismissal of his fond girl model. The wife is there to sit for her portrait. A big, carved chair is placed with its back towards us, for her to pose in, and behind it is a screen not unlike a reredos in a Roman Catholic or Protestant Episcopal church. Up from this sanctum-kind of a construction the Devil rises. He is vaguely Mephistophelean in aspect, though without horns, hoofs or tail protruding from under his clothes of modern cut. However, he instantly gets to work demoniacally. More than the briefest summary of what he does wouldn't hold your attention in print, although in stage action his gleeful deviltry might engross you.

* * *

The intelectuality of "The Devil," its subtle allegory, its moral purpose, lies in the fact that this tangible, potent, sardonic master from hades might be regarded as invisible to the persons he tempts, and the sophistries with which he leads them astray might be taken for the voices of their own unholy tendencies. He argues and disputes with the others, frustrates their virtuous motives, furthers their vicious desires, and as a finalty of satanic influence, the artist takes the wife away from her husband, dishonors his affianced bride and devotes to infamy his loving model. And all of it is but the Devil's single day's amusement. When his ruination of four persons is complete, he comes forward to the footlights, leers at the audience, jerks his thumb back at his victims, and says, jovially: "Well, why not?"

* * *

Edwin Stevens is Savage's Devil and George Arliss is Fiske's. If Henry Irving were alive, he could place this among the best in his gallery of portrayals. Stevens had racketed sleeplessly by rail to get here from Nova Scotia just in time for the performance, and was said to be exhausted; his comrades were unready, and no doubt many helpful details were left out that will be put in. Comparison, therefore, would be unfair. The opposition was all ready. I noted but one weakness, and that was in a scene at a ball, where the movement and chatter of minor guests didn't show the careful control seen in Fiske productions; and I wondered why, until I heard that these supernumeraries had rehearsed only once with the principals, as, for fear they might reveal the secresy of the preparations, they hadn't been taken to Tarrytown, but had been prepared in town, as they thought, for some play in which Mrs. Fiske would appear. As to Arliss, he was loaded right to hit a mark high up. He was weird in his wickedness, a thing of diabolism separate and apart from his victims, never quite with them, always back of them, evil for the mere sake of hellishness, a creation to be admired by people of critical taste, but what will the multitude think of it?

* * *

A woman in "The Man From Home" says to the hero, whenever he vexes her with low-voiced repartee: "Don't mumble your words." It is such a catch frase as dramatists used to think essential, but of late have discarded, and on the opening night in New York it didn't count for laughter until it was spoken by some one in the audience. That was when William Hodge, the mumbler, was called out to say something for himself. Real or mock modesty made him inaudible. "Don't mumble your words" came loud and clear from away back in the parquet. Hodge tried to laugh with the people; yet, when they listened again, he raised his voice to say "Thank you," and so I can't tell you whether he mentioned Booth Tarkington. This actor and this author ought to feel very much obliged to each other. The play has another author, Harry Leon Wilson, but I take it that he formulated it, and wrote most of its straight-away matter, while the Indiana novelist provided the colloquial wit and humor for the "man" mentioned in the title as "from home. A whole long season in Chicago had left no doubt of the popularity of this comedy; so I turn to the task of apportioning the merits.

* * *

Surely there is nothing to brag of in the plan and scope of "The Man From Home." Its brash American abroad, who insults aristocrats without getting a kick or a cuff, has multiplied himself since Jefferson was Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin," along with E. A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary. Crane, Raymond and Goodwin have exploited him, and he is ever a favorite with his countrymen. In this example of the familiar misrepresentative of Americanism, he is a young lawyer of Kokomo, and he crosses the Atlantic to look after an Indiana heiress over whom he is a guardian, and who wishes to buy a titled English husband with a "settlement" of three-quarters of a million. The lawyer ascertains that the family she would pay such a price to marry into is not only beggarly, but criminal, and he saves her from its son to be a wife to himself. All that is stale stuff; but there is a jolly fresheninng of it by Booth Tarkington with funny lines and William Hodge with a droll utterance of them. Maybe you saw Hodge as the lazy old bummer in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," boisterous and drunken. His personation of this Indiana lawyer is not like that, but in quiet drollery resembles his rustics in "Sky Farm" and "Sag Harbor." Nature has made him a long, lank fellow, with a country twang that he can't help, and a better choice for the good of the play couldn't have been made. Yet his last previous starring venture was a flat failure with a farce of his own writing. So I will conclude that the jocular success of "The Man From Home" is due equally to Tarkington and Hodge.

* * *

It was a mistake to promise, a fortnight ago, that I would write no more this summer about Salomes. I might have known that one or another of the dancing women would be so singular that an account would be compulsory. Well, two do it this week—one anonymously and one ridiculously. Egyptologists believe that an ancient "dance of the seven veils" was the one with which Salome bewitched her stepfather and got St. John beheaded for her mother. Oscar Wilde accepted that as authoritative when he wrote his short play of "Salome," afterward utilized as the libretto for the opera which the trustees of the Metropolitan decide shall not be repeated on their stage, but which is to be given next winter at the Manhattan with Mary Garden, as she says, in a costume that "bothers her jeweler more than her dressmaker." To be historically correct, though, she should be wrapped in seven veils and not a scrap else. As the original girl of the Herod exploit posed and gyrated, she unwound and cast off one after another of these strips of gauze until she delivered herself nude to the old wretch. Julia Marlowe, when she played with E. H. Sothern in "John the Baptist," did all that—except in the one particular. After tossing away the final veil, she was still draped in white from neck to heels; but Julia is an artist, and as she threw herself flat before Herod, a mantle was spread quickly over her by Herodias, and the needed dramatic effect was wrought startlingly without the smallest sacrifice of womanliness by the actress.

* * *

A hundred Salomes and no less are dancing now in New York, if we add to Broadway's eight all that are in vaudeville, burlesque, live interpolations in moving picture shows and even the single dime museum that is left to us from the past. Only one of all these, so far as I have seen or heard, gives the "dance of the seven veils." The exception is billed at a Brighton Beach theatre as "Who Am I?" Two summers ago the Red Domino made herself a notoriety in a roof garden by reserving her face from the exposure of herself. A guess was that her covered visage was old and ugly; but the later removal of the mask, originally intended to shield her sensitive eyes from the footlights' glare, and utilized as an advertizing device, showed the pretty Daisie, who became the premier of the grand opera ballet. Time may tell how it is with Who Am I? Her idea is to make folks think she wishes to conceal her identity in her sacrifices of modesty to art. She is a slender, lithe, expert pantomimist, and she does not stop short of complete sincerity with the veils, as Miss Marlowe did, but upon the removal of the seventh stands forth with nothing on save the mask—and a partial enclosure so skinlike in texture that it is hard to detect the junctures of the bare arms and legs with the trunk that is really covered, but doesn't look so. The discriminate eyes of a woman discerned the truth for me.

"Dolt of a man that you are," she said; "human hides perspire and tights don't. Now look again."

* * *

Now for Eva Tanguay, the Salome that is funny. Eva is a new Barnum of bluff in the show business. Able to neither sing nor dance expertly, she yet has made more money by doing both badly than any clever American within the past year. Her sole qualification to start with was a symmetrical figure. Her act began in long skirts, shortened them for her second song, removed the remnants for the third; and that process was particularly audacious because it hadn't the slightest excuse in the ballads. She seems to have had a shrewd mind in the body which she thus put on exhibition; for, while capering about the stage with no grace, and yelling verses with no melody, she behaved so violently as to suggest craziness, and used rhymes declaring that, though her voice was a "freak to shriek," and her dance was "a chance to prance," she defied the managers to get along without her, the critics to abolish her and the audiences to dislike her. The uncritical, unsophisticated people—especially the women—who make up the audiences at the audiences at the dozen highly respectable vaudeville houses in New York, dote on her.

* * *

That is why Eva Tanguay's Salome crowds as big a theatre as we have save three, and it is said—I think truthfully, too—that even in midsummer she gets $1,500 a week; for in the whole program there is nothing else costly, and the only incidental expense is the doubled orchestra, which she insists on to play the music that one of the Strausses wrote for Oscar Wilde's opera. After she has given her usual four songs, ending with the one for the refrain of which she screeches, "I don't care," in defiance of imaginary enemies, the lights are lowered, and on a white screen is thrown the explanation that Salome has already danced before Herod to win the head of John the Baptist. While time is given for a perusal, the big orchestra plays softly, and when the stage is reopened, the gory trophy is seen on a pedestal, ghastly with faint green light, while Eva Salome Tanguay stands for a moment spot-lighted on a raised space at the back. She seems to be absolutely naked except between hips and knees; but it isn't quite so; for she is too fleshy to denude her torso; and she solves the problem by whitening her body with a textile so snug that it looks like powdered skin, as her arms and legs are really. Thus she is more like one of those "living statues" that had their day in indecency years ago than a recruit to the present army of Salomes.

* * *

That far Eva is soberly impressive, and more statuesque than sensuous. Then, immediately, she becomes funny—very funny. She runs down the stairway two or three steps at a time, yelling that she's sorry she danced St. John's head off, and that her mamma put her up to it. She races upstairs, to and fro on the platform, down again to the footlights and across the front of the stage several times. All the spyglasses are up to see how good Eva really is to her admirers. That her feet are bare, and her legs as high as the whirling drapery uncovers them, is beyond any question; but the conclusion that her torso is deceptive is slower, for the make-believe is misleading down to particulars which I can't specify. The music gets wild, and Eva's remorse becomes frantic; but there is an art in pantomime which she doesn't know, and by the time she swoons flat and limp before the Baptist's head I half expect her to break out with "I don't care" in reply to my critical condemnation. The general assemblage, though, is in a state of rapturous delight; and she seems to be, too; for in coming out for nine recalls she stands in the strong limelight bowing, smiling and tossing off kisses. Finally, she comes out playfully at the opposite side of the stage, calls the calcium over to her with a cheery "Coo-hoo," and flings up her skirt of gauze with playful kicks of her bare feet.

Now that I have written derisively of Eva, my conscience asks me if she didn't point her big toe—pardon me, the largest of her toes—at me accusingly for underrating her brain in my appreciation of her brass. Isn't it a stroke of genius in her to sidestep a comparison with the Salomes who are trained danseuses by carrying Salome's story into a second chapter of repentance? Anyway, not another of the Salomes in Broadway is making $1,500 a week from the sale of her modesty.

* * *

The Biblical source of Salome led to an introduction of her, in a salacious way that was meant to pass for sanctity, at the great Christian summer city of Ocean Grove, over on the Jersey shore. Ocean Grove has no theatre, but there is one that they call a Casino in the modified pious Asbury Park, separated only by a narrow lake. One railway station serves for the two places, and thereabouts the assertion was made big on walls, wagons and men that a scriptural exposition of Salome's dance would be given reverentially by La Millias in the Casino of Asbury Park. Worldly people smiled knowingly, and a thousand of them went to see the show. Half as many pious folk went, too, expecting no indecorum. And I was there to see what happened. The program provided an orchestral concert and some quite orthodox singing till 9 o'clock, then motion photographs and a phonograph presented a portion of Oscar Wilde's drama; which the 500 from Ocean Grove regarded with symptoms of alarm; and their agitation became a panic when La Millais came forth as Salome. The sight stunned the Ocean Grovers, and for awhile they sat as though petrified. Then one set the example of quitting the place, others followed rapidly, and few waited with the thousand Asbury Parkers to see the whole show. Next morning the mayor forbade La Millais to illustrate Salome there any more. Maybe the Salome epidemic will be quarantined in New York and not permitted to spread through the land.

HE WAS NOT SURPRISED.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Associate Justice D. R. Brewer, the wit and story teller of the United States supreme court, is credited with the following:

A millwright was converted to the way of thinking of a sect which periodically was inspired with a foreknowledge of the imminence of the day of doom and set the date, preparing for Gabriel's greeting.

The date was set and the day came. The millwright donned his white robe and went out into the fields to await the coming meeting with the celestial throng. The day passed until it was late in the afternoon, and the millwright, having risen at the stroke of midnight on the morn of the eventful day, grew drowsy, and, throwing himself down upon a pile of hay, fell asleep at his watch.

Boys discovered him and, with the natural mischievousness of boys, they set fire to the hay. The smoke and the heat soon woke the slumbering millwright, and, sitting up with a start, he cried with the anguish of the lost:

"Just as I expected! In hell, after all!"

A PRIMITIVE HOTEL.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

The Rev. M. G. Dickinson of the Second Baptist church of Hoboken was discussing the war that he had made on the sheath skirt.

"The fact is," said Mr. Dickinson, smiling, "a good many women have lost sight of the purpose of the dress. They are misusing dress as—as—

"But, listen.

"A friend of mine stopped over night in a rough mining camp. The sole hotel's accommodations were most inadequate. My friend had no sugar for his coffee.

" 'Waiter,' he called, impatiently, rapping his tin cup with his knife, 'waiter, sugar.'

"The waiter took his cigar from his mouth and laid his soiled hand on my friend's shoulder in a kindly fashion.

" 'Sorry, boss,' he said, 'but ye'll hev to wait a few minutes fur the sugar, 1which there ain't but three lumps in the house. An' them Redface Leary an' Stump Jerome is usin' jest at present. They got 'em marked and are shakin' dice with 'em. But I'll fetch 'em the minute the boys is through.' "

WAY OF SOUTHERN SHERIFF.

(New York Telegraph.)

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge:

" 'I have persuaded him to come.'

"A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading the prisoner, tied snugly with a clothesline. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service.

" 'Why, for heaven's sake, Jim,' said the judge, 'you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?'

" 'No, sir,' said Jim.

" 'I hope not,' said the judge.

" 'No,' said Jim; 'part of the way I drug him, and when we came to the Tallapoosa river he swum.' "

A CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

(Pilot Rock Record.)

To pick up your home paper in a strange city produces a feeling akin to seeing your nation's flag floating in a foreign country. That we knew, but we did not know that sight of the home paper would cure seasickness until last week. A lady on board the steamer State of California, on her trip from San Francisco to Portland, was shown a copy of the Pilot Rock Record, and the effect was marvelous. The lady was on her way to Pilot Rock to pay a visit to her parents, but had been confined to her berth almost from the hour of leaving San Francisco. At sight of her home paper she came on deck and enjoyed the remainder of the trip immensely.