

WISHARD AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

Dr. S. E. Wishard has determined upon another line of policy. He will now beard the Mormon lion in his den. To this end he has secured the services of two preachers and a theological student from California, and the quartette, with a tent for a meeting house, have been holding meetings at Ferron, in Emery county, and as soon as they get through there will go down into darkest Sanpete and invade the strongholds of the "hierarchy."

People east who have heard Dr. Wishard tell of the terrible Mormons will no doubt gasp when they read that the old man and his corps of evangelists are away down on the headwaters of the San Rafael, far, far from railroads, Gentiles, military posts, police protection; in fact that they are camping in the very heart of "Mormonism" in its intense intensity. No doubt when Wishard gets through we will read in the papers of the east some rare accounts of his bravery. Now he took a revolver in one hand and his text in the other and discoursed on the topic "A New Commandment I Give Unto You That Ye Love One Another." How he stood bravely in front of a maddened congregation of bad, wicked and blood-thirsty Mormons and insisted upon their forsaking their wicked ways and getting into the Presbyterian band wagon. We look to read of how Dr. Wishard and his assistants slept with six shooters for pillows and how, during the night they were often called up to engage in a gun contest with the Mormon limbs of Satan who wanted to fill their frames full of holes.

Yet notwithstanding the fact that Ferron is far and away from the "civilization" that designates other Utah towns as safe, it is fair to presume that Wishard and his gospel band will have as good a time as they would roaming the prairies around Beatrice, Nebraska, and will meet with a much milder reception than they would in the southeast corner of Pottsville, Pa. That they will be killed to attentively and will be treated kindly.

Still when all is over and Sarah Jane Elliott goes on the stump this fall, to tell eastern people about the people of Utah, we will bet a small box of ginger snaps that she will weave into her remarks some thrilling tales of this same trip, tour, journey or whatever it is, and will paint some hair raising pictures of Dr. Wishard fleeing in his night shirt with

a howling mob of bloodthirsty Danites chasing him through the sage brush, while his faithful followers humped themselves up the mountain sides to escape being mowed down by the ravenous destroying angels of the "hierarchy." Just wait until the first frost opens Sarah Jane's chestnut burrs and we will have a bit of the most salacious reading we have had for lo, these many moons.

In the meantime reports from the "front" are to the effect that the Mormon people are furnishing the elders of the Presbyterian faith with yellow legged chickens, cooked with dumplings, just as if they belonged to their own church and that Wishard and his assistants are getting fat on the richness of the land and the fruits thereof.

COLONEL NELSON FOR MAYOR.

"Colonel Nelson for Mayor."

That is one of the latest schemes of the so-called managers of the so-called "American" party, formulated by Joe Lippman and Furious J.

The fiat has gone forth and word has been sent down the line to the boys to get out and whoop things up for this bottle-beg pardon-battle scarred veteran. To scour the wards, invade the districts, storm the precincts, in the interest of Colonel Nelson for mayor.

So in a few days we may look for things to happen. Not alone in the center of town but elsewhere. To begin at Ensign Peak and work to Forest Dale. To start in at the reservation line and toll down to the river. To let no guilty man escape, but to enroll them, one after another, under the white banner of Nelson, "Americanism" and d—n the hierarchy.

Oh my, oh me, but what a time there is going to be. With George Sheets taking care of the tenderloin and Frank Swenson wading through the tules in Poplar Grove; with Tom Kearns lining up the denizens out on Brigham street and Ed. Colborn lambasting the folks out in Popperton Place and Joe Lippman running at large; with the Tribune preaching for peace, purity, protection to the home and Nelson.

What a nice bunch of argument we will be able to listen to. What strenuous speeches. All about how the Colonel was born, at an early age, of poor but honest parents; how he came westward with the star of empire and only stopped here because he thought the star had; how he has labored for the upbuilding of Zion and the tearing down of the hierarchy; how he has ever been on the right side; first when Goodwin and Lannan were roasting the Saints; next when Perry Heath and company were applauding the Saints; next when Tom

Kearns et al were broiling the Saints; all things to all men at all times of the day or night. How charmed we will be to listen to the multifarious tales of his benevolence, his kindness to his fellow men; his jovialty; his jocularity; his beaming countenance; his benign features; his appreciation of a good story; his fondness for the society of his fellow men. We will be told when Nelson is mayor there will be nothing too good for us; that when Nelson gets there we will all have a job; that when Nelson is elected the march of improvement will be one triumphant procession and that the laboring man's life in Utah will be "one grand, sweet song."

Don't ever think this is all a josh. Not by a darned sight. The colonel is in the race. He is the candidate of Tom, Joe and Furious J. Those fellows want a grip on the flesh pots, and they are going to try to work up one of those simultaneous affairs that prompt a convention to rise up on its hind legs and howl a man on to the ticket by acclamation. Its a tough old job to be sure, but they are going to try it. Some silver-tongued orator, like Colborn, will place the name of the venerable old gentleman before the convention and in a ringing speech will declare him "The Nancy Hanks of this campaign." The boosters in the pit and in the galleries and in the loges and in the balconies will all arise at the signal and will howl for "Nelson and Reform; Nelson and Purity; Nelson and Peace for Utah; Nelson and No Hierarchy."

In order to make the pathway of the colonel smooth Joe and his satellites will endeavor to get enough boosters in the Democratic and Republican conventions in order that weak men may be selected for the colonel to run against. Every device that ingenuity can suggest will be utilized to get poor material on the other two tickets, so that the colonel will have an easy time. Joe is working on this line right now.

'Rah for the colonel.

J. J. Myers, food inspector, will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for city recorder.

JOHN WATSON APPOINTED.

Mr. John Watson, manager of the Z. C. M. I. at Ogden, has been appointed as a member of the State Board of Equalization, to take the place of the late Thomas D. Dee. The appointment is a very good one. Mr. Watson is a very capable man, and a broad-minded man of affairs.

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