

Table with financial figures: Some of Our Figures. Cash Capital Paid In \$100,000.00, Surplus and Profits (earned) 136,911.40, U. S. Bonds, Stocks and Warrants 232,608.03, Cash in Vault and with other Banks 662,027.09, Loans on Mortgages and Personal Security 1,224,276.85, Deposits 1,855,907.03, Total Resources 2,132,318.43. OGDEN STATE BANK.

CALL HENEY DEMOCRAT

Motion to Exclude Him From Committee is Defeated

Chicago, June 13.—When the Republican national committee convened today at 9:15 o'clock to resume consideration of contests, only twenty-five members were present at the opening.

A motion to exclude Francis J. Heney of San Francisco from the national committee on the ground that he was a Democrat, was made today by Committeeman W. S. Sturgess of Arizona.

Mr. Heney had presented a proxy of Thomas Thorson of South Dakota. Mr. Sturgess said the records showed Heney had run for prosecuting attorney of the Democratic ticket in San Francisco.

Mr. Heney denied the charge. He said he had refused the Democratic nomination and had run on an independent ticket and had been defeated by the "money of Patrick Calhoun."

When Committeeman Sturgess of Arizona made his formal motion that Mr. Heney's proxy be refused, Senator Borah said:

"If this action is to be taken, I suppose we will have a chance to discuss the matter."

"As I am still in the committee I'll say something for myself," said Mr. Heney. "I refused to accept the Democratic nomination. I did run as an independent candidate and was defeated by the money of Patrick Calhoun."

The motion to exclude Mr. Heney received little support.

Committeeman Chubb of Florida said he wanted to hear more about Abe Reuf of San Francisco. On his motion, the proposal to exclude Mr. Heney was tabled without opposition.

To Be Independent Candidate. San Francisco, June 13.—Francis J. Heney announced early in 1909 that he would be an independent candidate for the office of district attorney of San Francisco. He was opposed by Charles M. Fickert, the candidate of the Republican party.

A bitter campaign, the outgrowth of the graft prosecution of which Heney was in charge as special assistant district attorney, followed and Heney's supporters appealed to citizens of all parties to write his name on the ballots in the open primary election.

A sufficient number of Democrats wrote in Heney's name to give him the Democratic endorsement. He continued through the campaign as an independent candidate, asking the support of both parties.

Previous to the election, Heney had been one of the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league of California, and had aided in organizing the league.

FIGHTERS SQUABBLE OVER REFEREE. Los Angeles, June 13.—For a time it seemed as if there would be no fight in Los Angeles, July 4, between

MRS. HOGGE ASKS FOR \$50,500

In the district court, Orine Hogge, as administratrix of the estate of her late husband, Lawrence C. Hogge, has commenced suit against the Salt Lake & Ogden Railway company, the Merchant's Light & Power company, C. J. Humphris and others to recover the sum of \$50,500 for the death of Mr. Hogge which occurred in this city June 28, 1911.

The complaint alleges that Mr. Hogge was employed by the defendants at the time of his death in the building of a sub-station for the transformation of electric power and that while so engaged, he came in contact with certain electric wires belonging to the Salt Lake & Ogden Railway company, carrying about 4,000 volts, causing his immediate electrocution.

The plaintiff avers that Mr. Hogge was not familiar with the use or operation of electric currents, but that, notwithstanding, he was required to work in proximity of the death-dealing electric wires.

It will be remembered that while the Merchants' Light & Power company was erecting a sub-station in the southwestern part of the city last fall, Mr. Hogge, who was working for the company, touched the high voltage wires that passed over the structure and was instantly killed.

WASTEFUL USE OF COAL.

The latest estimate of the coal supply of England places the date of its exhaustion as 17 years hence. While this is a long period measured by the average life of a man, it does not look too bright compared to the history of that country. Our own coal supply is so large, and the expectation—at least in the mind of the layman—of continued discoveries of vast deposits of fuel, make it practically impossible for our own people to seriously consider the exhaustion of our own coal fields.

Our present method of generating steam power for stationary engines is absurd and extravagant as to at least 75 per cent of all the power used in this country. We mine coal, we ship it, and haul it to our plants; we shovel it from the wagon, we shove it again into boilers, we fill our cities with smoke until they resemble a foundry on casting day; and then we must shovel ashes into wagons, cart these ashes through our streets, and after another expensive haul we give the worthless refuse a final shoveling.

First Suffragette—What sort of a ticket does your suffragette club favor?

Second Suffragette—Well, if we owned right up, I think most of us would prefer matinee tickets.—St. Louis Times.

NOT AN EPICURE.

"Don't these parvenues make you sick?" asked Chaplevy of his vis-avis at the Spilldorf.

"I don't know," she replied innocently. "I never ate any"—Judge.

Fishermen Attention! Don't take a day off to buy your tackle and supplies. Every-thing you need, Fish Licenses included at The Canyon Grocery. Open all the time and our prices are right. MOORE & DOON, Wildwood, one mile above the Hermitage.

SHOULD FLY STARS AND STRIPES

Acting favorably on the recommendation of Mayor Fell, regarding a petition from the G. A. R. committee for Flag day, tomorrow, the city board of commissioners this morning passed the following proclamation-resolution:

PIPELINES CALLED COMMON CARRIERS

Washington, June 13.—The interstate commerce commission today held that pipeline companies transporting oil between the states are common carriers, with the obligations of such and ordered thirteen of the largest oil pipe lines to file schedules of rates by September 1 and to comply with the provisions of the interstate commerce act.

OGDEN STATE BANK

H. C. Bigelow, Pres. A. P. Bigelow, Cashier. J. M. Browning, Vice Pres. J. E. Halverson, Asst. Cashier.

NEW YORK'S NEW GATEWAY

The port of New York is a costly and convenient one to do business in. It is old-fashioned. Wharf charges are high, compulsory pilotage is exacted, much drayage and lighterage through congested streets and crowded river are necessary. In Manhattan, where the thrifty burghers of a century ago laid out exterior streets so that the piers might belong to the people, they have passed into private control. In old Brooklyn, where there is no water front streets, freight is more cheaply handled, but by a warehouse trusts.

A modern port such as Hamburg, Buenos Ayres or Antwerp has abundant wharfage space where any ship can lie alongside a freight car of any line and cargo can pass direct from one to the other. New York has only now taken the first legislative step toward such improvements in the Cullen Harbor act, which permits the Board of Estimate to construct proper water terminals as distinct from mere docks. Next this bill in importance is the canal terminal act providing by the issue of bonds when approved by the people at the polls next month, accommodation of barges coming over the enlarged Erie canal soon to be finished, and the previous act authorizing a commission to consider port improvements in concert with New Jersey. This commission seeks new arrangements, whether by permanently lengthened piers or otherwise, a plan by which the port of New York may for years to come be able to harbor any vessel that may be harbored in any other port.

THE IMPRISONED GHOSTS

By ELEANOR VAN HORN

The story of a night in a haunted house with wild noises all about, high words and pistol shots

Here is a ghost that is finally traced to its lair and forever laid at rest

LOCAL historians used to call it Whitehall. That was in the days when one of Washington's officers lived there. Then, for immemorial years, the village folk called it the Haunted House. It was a mansion of stately build, approached from the main road by a sweep of imposing driveway. It was large and square, with a pillared porch. Its lofty front windows looked out across a once beautiful garden, laid out like the gardens of Italy and France. But in the years of mystery and desertion, the garden, like the house, had fallen from grand magnificence into gentle decay. There were tangled masses of exotic flowers run wild. The box borders had been bitten out at intervals by the hungry winters of the past. There was a moss-covered sundial, a dead fountain, a moss-covered marble seat, and mysterious paths.

It was here that the village boys and I used to play when the sun shone cheerfully and the day was young. The house exerted its spell upon us. We peered fearfully in at the windows and shook the strong old doors, then scurried away with shrieks of half-frightened ecstasy. The house seemed to submit to these familiarities patiently. But it never lost, not even in the sunshine, that aspect of cheerless, unholy sorrow that made it awful.

The room was in great disorder. Sure enough, both men lay dead, their faces bruised and marked. One, the stranger, had been strangled. As for the master, he had evidently shot himself. He lay within a large closet, the door of which stood wide open, and across the sill trickled a stream of crimson. Upon each victim was found a miniature of a woman of extraordinary beauty, her lovely face smiling out coquettishly—from within a frame of pearls in one case and a plain gold rim in the other.

Whitehall, after the tragedy, fell to some distant cousins, and they came to live there. They started but a short time, however, departing suddenly and leaving a caretaker in charge of the place. The caretaker, in turn, left hastily, declaring that he had heard weird sounds at night, accompanied by two pistol-shots, and that he knew that the ghosts of the two dead men enacted the tragedy every night in the old library.

Then the house was closed. The weeds sprang up in the garden and sprawled into the trim walks, and Whitehall had, within a year, become that strange eerie thing—a haunted house.

I cheerfully assured him that we had not seen or heard anything of a disquieting nature, and had no fear whatever. He waved his palsied fingers warningly, and feebly shook his head as he said impressively: "You will yet, young man, you will. It's never failed to come on the night of the anniversary. You'll hear and see things to-night. This house has been haunted for night out fifty year, and them that's lived here has always heard wild noises—groans and curses, high words, struggling, pistol-shots—two pistol-shots!"

Then, with a dramatic fervor that seemed like the good old man's last effort on this earth, he graphically rehearsed every detail of the ancient tragedy. In spite of myself, I felt all its horror and its reality.

When he had finished, he departed, creeping slowly away with many a backward look and ominous shakings of the head. I have to confess that he left a depressing effect, and I felt very lonely without Lydia. The golden days that we had revisited in seemed very far away; and much as I desired to think of the gruesome past, I could not refrain from dwelling upon it with an awful fascination.

"A pistol-shot!" I whispered, my flesh creeping with an anomalous species of terror; for the sound came from the large closet in which the unfortunate inhabitant of Whitehall had died. It was now used as a storage closet.

I had half decided that my overstimulated fancy had been playing me a trick, and was about to settle back upon my pillow, when another report, louder, clearer, sharper, came from the region of the closet, and made me jerk back to my sitting position.

"Two pistol-shots," I said to myself in an ominous whisper, recalling the old man's words. All of a sudden I grasped hold of my senses and got back my manhood, a keen disgust of myself hastening my actions. I jumped out of bed, lit the lamp, and made my way toward the closed door of the closet. I held the lamp rather high, and its light shed itself sharply downward upon the floor where my eyes were attracted to something within its rays. I stooped—spreading slowly out across the sill from beneath the door was a crimson stain.

