

The Sun

POLITICALLY, REPUBLICAN
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For the Lord God is a Sun and a Shield; the Lord will give Grace and Glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psalms, 84-11.

"Now that election is over," etc.

The czar wor, after all. Long live the czar!

Culebra is Spanish for snake. That explains it.

Banks are flooded with money, but the circulation is still low.

New hyphenate discovered. Fatherland calls Roosevelt a good Morgan-American.

Bryan says he is done with holding offices, which amounts to a motion to make it unanimous.

One year hence the results politically in Carbon county will be the same as at Price on Tuesday last.

One hundred thousand attended an amateur baseball game in Cleveland, O., recently, but not at five dollars a head.

American mules in Europe are seeing things. Judging by the reports of artillery fighting, they also must be doing things.

One advantage of being a college graduate, it appears, is that it cultivates an intense interest in football ever afterwards.

Despite a few recent setbacks, women are still elated over the prospects of suffrage. That kind of optimism ultimately wins.

Vice President Marshall's announcement that he will not ask for a renomination indicates that he is an adept at polite politics.

Game Warden Anthon Madsen at Scofield advises The Sun that there is no law against killing off "bull moose" the year 'round.

One motor car factory advises farmers should buy its machine because of "pride of ownership." Joy riding seems to be a sideline.

That period is approaching when country folks will have more time on their hands than town slaves except for chores seven days a week.

No fuss and feathers when Wilson weds, we are informed. It is feared, however, that the society editors will insist on padding the item a little.

Turkey ought not to get too gay with Uncle Sam about the Armenians or anything else just now. No, not just now. Thanksgiving time will be along this month.

Considerable betting was indulged in during election. Rumor has it that some could not very well afford to lose what they did. Moral: Never bet on sentiment.

One astute New York editor remarks that the world moves and the American people with it. Yet there are some people who say there is a dearth of originality in the world.

There was but one ticket in the field at Castle Gate last Tuesday. The affairs of that town will be in honest and competent hands the coming two years as at present and in the past.

No small part of the success of the republicans in last Tuesday's election is due to Arthur J. Lee and C. R. Marcussen, chairman and secretary, respectively, of the precinct organization.

Bull moose appear to be about as scarce throughout the East as at the present time in Carbon county. They are getting back into the republican fold everywhere with "precision and dispatch."

Has Benfer lost the services of the erudite Mrs. Grundy? Or was she (or he) so busy directing the affairs of the bull moose party that she (or he) was unable to devote any time to the composition of verse?

Anybody who doesn't agree with the colonel these days may expect a nice little bouquet of bricks. Roosevelt has just called Henry Ford a Chinaman and that he should wear a pigtail. All of which doesn't make the slightest impression on Ford.

That New York judge who opined that a baby had a right to cry at night must have known from experience that the law was helpless in the matter. Crying at night is a baby's way of showing its gratitude for being permitted to sleep all day.

Pronounced "politically dead" but a year ago, Neil M. Madsen comes back as president of the Scofield town board with a unanimous vote, which shows better what the people of his community think of him than any words of eulogy that might be pronounced by The Sun. Behind him he has an excellent town board.

Everything was open and above board at the Price republican primaries, which unquestionably had much to do with the splendid majorities later on for the ticket. This should be a lesson to those who would have one and two-men conventions (?).

Wellington elected a democratic ticket last Tuesday with J. W. Hill as president of the town board. The opposition was known as "the citizens." Good and conscientious men opposed each other. The defeated ones will now boost and help the victors to make things go.

All of the candidates on the citizens' ticket at Price in last Tuesday's election are good men and as The Sun has stated before not one word derogatory to their characters may be said. They were simply backed by the wrong influences—political bosses, if you please.

Government expert advises us that one can't be poisoned with colored underwear if baths are taken frequently—at least once a week. Also that stockings don't poison the feet if they are washed frequently. Thanks, "old top." Trust this advice will be generally followed.

Those doctors who discovered "anthrax," a new disease, should be more considerate. Mankind hasn't had time to absorb the other new ones inflicted on it. We are doing pretty well, however. Read the other day of a 6-year-old girl being operated on for appendicitis.

Citizens of Helper, tired of one man rule, have voted in a democratic set of officers for the coming two years. Ben F. Moss is the successful candidate for mayor and is backed by an able council, treasurer and recorder. Things at the railroad town cannot go far wrong with such men in charge of affairs municipal.

When people learn to have nice homes and pretty and artistic objects inside of them they quickly graduate to the point where they demand the town they live in be likewise. People who live in rickety shacks in slums are not particular how their neighborhoods look. People who live in nice homes don't want slums around them. That's the germ of town beautifying. It really begins in the home.

Dallas, Tex., wants the democratic national convention, but its mayor promises that the state will give the usual big free trade majority, whether the convention goes there or elsewhere. Of course it will—which is why Dallas will not get the convention. If Texas would put out a few hints that it is getting sense into its head and likely to go republican, it might possibly be given the—no it wouldn't either, for nobody would believe it possible for Texas to have sense.

What a sad disappointment it must have been for some of the young ladies of Price who, for the first time, exercised their privilege of voting last Tuesday, that Matt Gilmour did not get elected. With what pleasurable anticipation they must have looked forward to that grand banquet which was promised them if only the defeat of Czar Louis I could be effected. Several have been trying to picture in their minds the scene at that festive board, could such a result have been brought about. Oh, Willie Wise! If only Gilmour had been elected! What a proud, parental and dignified host you would have made! With what beatific benignity you would have smiled upon the feasting throng of youthful femininity. Yes, one can just imagine the fatherly smile beaming on his satisfied countenance. We are sincerely sorry for the young ladies who have had to forego this sumptuous treat, but nary a regret for Willie.

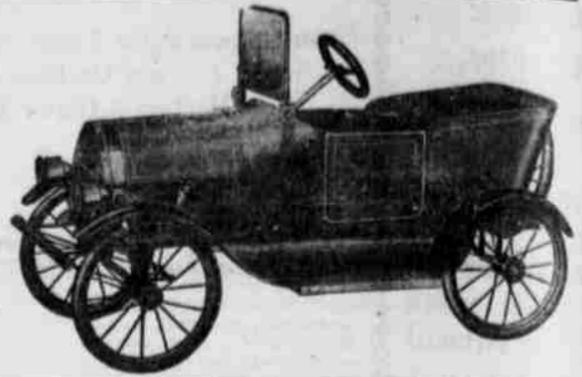
Election returns from the East make it very apparent that the republican party is rapidly regaining its proper place in the hearts of the American people and that the bull moose party is doomed to oblivion. In Massachusetts, for instance, the bull moosers failed to poll enough votes in the gubernatorial race to maintain their legal standing as a political party. In spite of the apparent prosperity in the East today, due to the constantly increasing number of orders from belligerents in Europe, the people are realizing that, should the war not have happened, the hard times of 1913 and 1914, would not only have been duplicated in 1915, but the situation would indeed have been perilous. The American people are too intelligent to be fooled all the time and they are determined to repair the error they made in 1912 by following Roosevelt and thereby electing the democrats to power.

Price went overwhelmingly republican at last Tuesday's election. The vote was about two and a half to one against the candidates of the citizens' ticket, except for city recorder, upon whom a big fight was centered at the last end of the very short campaign. A. W. Horsley was chosen mayor, with Thomas Fitzgerald, J. O. Faussett, Lars Frandsen and John F. Pace, councilmen. The holdover councilman is J. W. Loofbourrow, while L. A. Lauber is re-elected recorder, and A. H. Hunte is chosen as treasurer. These men are all representative citizens and will give our city such an administration of affairs as is most needed, in their judgment, when they come into office less than two months hence. Each one of those chosen in last Tuesday's election is too well and favorably known to the people of Price to need any special mention at the hands of The Sun. The outgoing officials have nothing in their records to be ashamed of. Much of lasting benefit to the people of the city has been accomplished by them.

BOYS AND GIRLS ATTENTION! Baby FORD Auto

REAL JUVENILE AUTO GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE

FREE BIG
\$50.00
VALUE



Come to our store
and see it where
it is on exhibition.

HERE IS THE PLAN.

The boy or girl who sells the largest amount of coupon books or coupons and has the votes deposited in the ballot box at our store by January 1st, will receive the Auto. So get busy, have your folks and friends buy from you. You are sure to win if you are a hustler. Each penny will count one vote; five cents will count five votes; ten cents ten votes; fifteen cents fifteen votes; and so on; \$5.00 spent at our store entitles you to five hundred votes. You may deposit your votes at any time. The contest begins November 1st and closes January 1st. So get busy.

VIGLIA BROS. GROCERY

Viglia-Bonomo Block Main St., Price, Utah.

MAJOR H. P. MYTON KILLS ROY HORTON IN SALT LAKE



GORGEOUS EVENING WRAP.

From a deep collar of sealakin hang ample folds of old rose panne corduroy cut bayadeer. The richness of the material and the plainness of the design achieve a very luxurious effect. Sealakin is used for the deepish cuffs. This is one of the smartest winter models for an opera coat.

HIAWATHA RESULTS.

The election at Hiawatha resulted in the election of Eugene Santschi, president; T. W. Lewis, George Haymond, Gus Goodheart and Dr. J. E. Dowd, trustees.

Smoke Elks' Pride Cigar.—Ad.

I Take the "Dis" out of "Disease"

D. L. CECIL, D. C.

Chiropractor

Graduate P. S. C. class 1910.

Chiropractic Fountain Head

Major Howell P. Myton, former deputy sheriff, mining man and well known throughout Utah, shot and killed Roy J. Horton, traveling salesman of a Buffalo (N. Y.) firm, shortly before 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning in front of the Bismark bar and cafe on West Second South street in Salt Lake City. Major Myton at the city jail gave this story of the shooting, says Sunday's Tribune:

"I was preparing to go to my room in the D. F. Walker building about midnight when I saw Horton coming toward me. I knew him well, as he had served a term in the county jail while I was deputy sheriff. Horton looked at me and then declared in a loud voice that any man who would wear a star was no good. Then he began to apply vile epithets to officers of the law. He came toward me and said, 'You are the man I mean.'"

"I knew Horton to be a bad man, so I went upstairs to my room and got my gun, a .38-Luger automatic, which was loaded with nine bullets. As I came out of the entrance Horton rushed up to me. I reached for my gun and he shouted, 'Don't pull any gun on me. I'll kill you.' I didn't pull my gun then and Horton continued to swear at me. He swung on me and struck me on the forehead. He struck me with his right hand and then stepped back and reached for his hip pocket.

"I was sure he was reaching for a gun, so I drew mine and fired three times. As he fell, I put my gun away and immediately gave myself up to an officer. I was just starting to walk to the station when the officer came up and took me to the station in an automobile."

Just before the shooting several boys and others in and about the D. F. Walker building, in which the Bismark is located, noticed Myton and Horton talking sharply to each other. Suddenly they saw Horton strike Myton, nearly knocking him down. Recovering himself, Myton pulled his gun and shot Horton three times. One of the shots struck Horton in the right shoulder and penetrated the right lung, causing almost instant death. Another shot passed through the left arm, and still another went through the left shoulder and out of the back. The end of Horton's middle finger on the left hand was also shot off.

Major Myton was placed under arrest immediately after the shooting by Sergeant Keddington and Officers McKenna and J. C. Anderson, and taken to the city jail.

Others picked up the body of Horton, placed it in an automobile and rushed it to the emergency hospital, but Horton was dead when taken from the pavement. No pistol was found on Horton. The body was later sent to the morgue.

The tragedy appears to have grown out of an old grudge. It was on February 16, 1914, that Horton was arrested on a statutory charge. On May 16, 1914, he was tried and sentenced to six months in the county jail. While he was in jail serving his term, Major Myton was acting for a time as jailer. Myton says that Horton grew antagonistic to him for some fancied wrong. They met and Horton knew him, according to Myton. Horton walked up to Myton, according to the Major's statement, declaring he could whip any officer, and heaping abuse upon Myton and upon officers in general. Horton was drinking, it is said. Suddenly, Myton says, Horton struck him a terrific blow on the right forehead, nearly knocking him down. Myton then says he saw Horton put his hand toward his rear pocket as if to draw a gun. Then he drew his weapon and fired.

Major Myton is one of the best known characters in the West. As a young man he lived in Dodge City, Kan., and was prominent in the community. He served as deputy sheriff when Bat Masterson was sheriff of that county, and later succeeded Masterson as a good officer. He represented his county in the Kansas legislature and in other ways took a prominent part in the history of the state.

About twenty-five years ago Major Myton came to Utah as Indian agent on the Utah reservation and served in that capacity for several years. The town of Myton is named for Major Myton. He was always active in politics and took a prominent part in the republican ranks. He was elected presidential elector for Utah in 1900 and went to Washington to cast the vote of Utah for President McKinley.

Since taking up his residence in Salt Lake City a few years ago Major Myton has served at various times as deputy sheriff for Salt Lake county and occasionally he has acted as jailer at the county jail. During the last session of the state legislature he was employed in the state senate. Recently the major has been a salesman for a coal company at Zion.