

in our country trained in the elementary duties of soldiers, would cause the boldest of this world's powers to hesitate before becoming involved in serious trouble with our republic.

And it would be the cheapest insurance a nation ever took out to guard against danger.

If the general government will not see to this the individual states should.

### A Blackguard Fiction Writer

A STORY with "The Gray Dawn" for its title, from the pen of Stewart Edward White, is running its course through the Saturday Evening Post. It is a history of early California days, put out in the form of a novel.

As to the merits of the story as a novel we have not read it carefully enough to judge, but the history part is indeed high-class fiction.

Mr. White writes in an unfortunate time. Twenty-five years ago his slanders upon the dead would have met instant retaliation, could he have waited a few years longer what he writes might be received as reliable history.

In the early fifties the decent men of San Francisco utterly neglected their duties as citizens. They avoided jury duty, they neglected to vote; most of them were there merely to "make a stake" and get out. The result was that many tough men obtained places in the legislature and in the city government of San Francisco. These men were always in a hopeless minority, the reason they were in power was because the real citizens by their neglect permitted them to obtain and hold their places.

About 1854 James King of William started a "reform" newspaper called The Bulletin. It was a blackguard sheet from the first. Now, after sixty years, no man could start such a newspaper as The Bulletin was in any fair-sized town in the west and run it a year without being killed.

It was not permitted in decent houses.

On the evening of the 4th of March, 1856, the writer of this called at the house of that Mr. Perrine, who married for his second wife the mother of she who was Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Mention was made of The Bulletin, whereupon Mr. Perrine declared indignantly that it was a disreputable sheet which he did not permit to enter his house.

The writer sailed next day for New York, and returning reached San Francisco on July 2nd following.

He found Perrine carrying a gun before Fort Gunnysacks, a red-eyed "vigilante."

James King of William had been shot and wounded and the surgeon through excessive treatment had permitted the wound to kill him, and he at once had become a martyr before whose memory those staid citizens, who so long had neglected all public duties, fell down in worship.

James Carey, a young man, for some offense had served a brief term in a New York penitentiary. When released, he sailed for San Francisco. He had a friend who was a compositor on The Bulletin. This friend sought Casey and told him that he had just set in type an article denouncing him. Casey went to The Bulletin office, obtained an interview with the editor, told him his name, explained that he had heard about the article and had come to tell the editor that he was free to publish anything about him since his arrival in the city, but to beg him to let the New York record rest because he had promised his old mother that he intended henceforth to live an upright life. To this King told Casey that the article would be published in full and wound up by ordering Casey out of the office.

Casey then told him that if he did publish the article he would hold him personally responsible and went out.

The article was published that afternoon, together with an editorial explaining that he had

been threatened; sneered at the threats and stated for the benefit of enemies at what hour he would leave the office and exactly the route he would take on his way home.

Casey met him, face to face, on the route and shot him through the shoulder. He died a few days later. Then King became at once a martyr and San Francisco in a day became an organized frenzied mob.

The foremost men in the city, such men as Baker, Broderick, Tecumseh Sherman, he who was later Admiral Farragut, the bar and bench of the city and state, tried to stop the craze, but it ran its course.

That year eastern merchants lost more California debts than they had since '49. Indeed, the city never recovered until the discovery of the Comstock awakened it from its half coma.

But Mr. White in his anxiety to make a flowery showing for the vigilance committee, goes into personalities. In his last article he says:

"Colonel Ed Baker came forward to speak. The Colonel's gift of eloquence was such that in spite of his known principles, his lack of scruple, his insincerity, he won his way to a picturesque popularity and fame. Later he delivered a funeral oration over the remains of David Broderick that has gone far to invest the memory of that hard-headed, venal, unscrupulous politician with an aura of romance."

There is not much to say to that except that the man who would seek to defoul the graves of those two men in that way is a disgrace to his race.

The crime of both those men was that they were ready to die for their country, as both did die; the one at the hands of a skilled duelist, the other on the battlefield.

The one, the close friend of Mr. Lincoln; the man who on the rostrum and in the senate was unmatched in eloquence, and who sealed his convictions with his heart's blood; the other, the stalwart, whose word and courage were never doubted by friend or foe; to call these heroes named up from the graves in which they have so long slept, only to try to cast reproach upon them, should cause any man who ever shook the hand of Stewart Edward White to go and get manured at once, lest some taint should still remain upon his.

### New Jersey's Way

LAST winter in New Jersey, imitating a German custom, there was an exhibition of the state's industry in clay products. As described the Newark exhibition was so arranged as to give a complete bird's-eye view of the state's potteries, showing their history, their development, the special processes employed, the raw materials, and the finished products, from the commonest brick to the most elaborate terra cotta and the finest examples of table service and decorative art.

Thirty thousand people visited the exhibit. There will in this coming February be another exhibition of the state's textile industry in striking form in its range and variety.

It will include not only the processes of cloth making, but also knitting, embroidery, lace making, rug weaving, felt hat making and other allied industries, in the production and distribution of which at least one-fourth of the workers in the state are engaged. In addition to the commercial exhibit, Mr. John C. Dana, Director of the museum, plans to have small related exhibits, entirely educational in character; a school exhibit of how the textile art is taught in New Jersey schools; a fatherland exhibit, showing textiles made in countries of the old world; and a historic exhibit, illustrating the primitive weaving of the New Jersey Indians and the spinning wheel and hand looms of Colonial days.

The striking fact in the above is that one-fourth of the workers in New Jersey are employed

in making material which other states could make quite as good and cheaply if they only tried. We do not know but suspect that New Jersey has to import its best clays, that is the clays for its finer work. We in Utah have the fine clays right here; clays that are heavy in aluminum and real kaolin; almost every material used in potteries and beyond that, all the material needed to supply the most extensive chemical works in the world.

It is the same way with textiles. Utah ought to make its own cloth, carpets, rugs, auto robes, blankets, knit goods. It will come after a while, not in small establishments probably, but through great united capital investments, and people, looking on, will so soon as a success is made, sit down and bewail the presence of great monopolies that draw all the profits from the poor man's labor.

### Once More

COLONEL INGERSOLL, through his Pocahontas organ, sounds the praises of his patron saint, Colonel Roosevelt. He declares that "he is the first president who has had the moral courage to denounce those who resort to unfair methods in our private and public economic methods."

Why did he not add that the colonel is the first ex-president who ever tried by unfair methods to get nominated for a third term and when he failed bolted and got himself nominated to defeat the party that had showered so many honors upon him?

And was it not that same colonel who, after shouting for years for a square deal, ratified the taking in of the Tennessee Iron & Coal company by the big Steel Trust? Of course, when president, he tried to run congress and the supreme court and after he lost his ballast through the death of his secretary of state, John Hay, he seemed to be like the skunk which, when complained to that he gave off a most offensive odor, replied: "Anything for distinction." He might have sent a messenger to the stock yards of Chicago to warn the managers that the yards must be kept in a sanitary condition. He preferred on hearsay testimony, to denounce them, causing them a loss of \$17,000,000 of trade in a year, which fell mostly upon the farmers and stock raisers.

He had been governor of New York a term before he was president, but had not been concerned because of the impurity of New York politics.

Tammany was there and had then for half a century been open every year to trade its power for its own profit.

His anxiety for a "square deal" always begins when he wants something for Colonel Roosevelt.

Then he becomes an evangel for purity in a moment, and for previous honors and emoluments heaped upon him, he has not one trace of gratitude.

As a clincher Colonel Ingersoll pulls what he calls Mr. Root's confession.

That is but the embittered expression of a soured man who thinks he has not been sufficiently honored. In it Senator Root is made to say:

"For I don't remember how many years Mr. Conkling was the supreme ruler of the state; the governor did not count; the legislature did not count. And in a great outburst of public rage he was called down."

If Mr. Root said that he should feel covered with shame.

If Mr. Conkling ruled the state it was through sheer intellect and patriotism. He was always poor in money, but he was the foremost man that New York produced in the last generation.

He was a United States senator. When a Republican candidate for president was conceded to be beaten by even Mr. Blaine, Conkling and Grant started out and elected him.

At the first opportunity that president betrayed Mr. Conkling in the interest of such men as