

"Slippery Dick" And The Tenderloin

THE statement made Wednesday morning by Lon J. Haddock, campaign manager for Slippery Dick Morris, is indicative of the kind of a campaign Slippery Dick and his henchmen propose to make and it is exactly what was expected by those conversant with Slippery Dick's campaign methods and those of the delectable Mr. Haddock. Among other things, Mr. Haddock said: "The fact that down town districts, Commercial street for instance, voted heavily for Mr. Ferry is not without significance. It is in evidence that the voters of these districts believe that they have nothing to fear from Mr. Ferry."

So that is to be the cry. The slime and filth of the tenderloin is to be used in an effort to besmear a man against whom there is not one word of reproach, and whose record is so clean that even the Morris gangsters will have difficulty in saying anything about him that will not act as a boomerang.

To infer that the vote of the slums is for Ferry, would seem to be rather hazardous ground for the Morris heelers to take, in view of the good memories of the citizens regarding what occurred the last time Slippery Dick was mayor. It was a wide open town from garret to cellar. There was a protected clique of gamblers and sure thing men who got rich at that time. Salt Lake was the rendezvous for every crimp, maquereaux, and prostitute who had the price to get here, and the poor laboring man, for whom the Slippery Dick organization is so solicitous, had a fat chance to get home with his money after it became known that there were certain places where his cheque could always be cashed, and who in consequence left the bulk of it in that same Commercial street, which Mr. Haddock now intimates, cast its vote for Ferry.

There was no time in the history of this city when the citizens and the strangers within our gates had so little protection and the state of affairs continued throughout the administration of Slippery Dick, and nothing was done to curb the operations of the blackguards and parasites of the underworld or the lost woman who thrived

here with complete protection during the time that Slippery Dick was the city's executive.

It will be remembered that his campaign before that election was on the same lines as that outlined by this Haddock person. The same cry was raised that in the event of his defeat, the tenderloin would be jubilant, and the villifiers in that campaign went so far as to distribute hand bills containing such denunciations as few would stoop to no matter what their ambitions might be. It wasn't a month after Slippery Dick took office until the gambling joints were wide open, it was open sesame for the hopheads in a dozen dives, the brothels blazed all night, and the mysterious signal that goes to crooks when they have nothing to fear went all over the country.

As a result the city's population was rapidly increased, though it was only in the tenderloin districts, and during that administration, Salt Lake became notorious, following a long series of crimes.

But coming up to the present, the record of this administration for which Mr. Morris is mainly responsible, scarcely adds any luster to that gentleman's record as a purist. During this administration, the police department has been rotten to the core, though there has been careful discrimination between those who were in accord with the administration and those who were not. Some bagnios have been allowed to run, and certain sure thing men and gamblers have been unmolested while others have been given the tip to beat it. With the police looking on, certain places have been allowed to flagrantly violate the liquor laws, while others have been closed tight and in spite of general and specific knowledge of what was occurring, the administration has continued the same policy from the first, and Slippery Dick Morris is in a great measure responsible for the whole mess.

His campaign managers have a supreme nerve to intimate that the tenderloin has nothing to fear from Mr. Ferry. It would be serious were it not so humorous in view of the record of the

slippery one, and so far as any statement of Lon J. Haddock goes, those who know him simply consider the source.

Isn't it rather significant that in the dictionary definition of a haddock there is the notation that on each side behind the gills there is a dark spot, and this peculiarity has lead the fisherman to believe that the haddock is the fish from whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money.

THE CLACK OF A LITTLE LAWYER

The six-column display advertisement in last Sunday's Tribune signed by J. W. McKinney, who we believe, was a candidate for mayor and who came within one of being low man at the qualifying election, was a nasty piece of business which acted as a boomerang for this petty politician.

Of course it is pretty well understood that he did not write the stuff, perhaps he didn't read it and probably he personally didn't pay for it. He was in the hands of some dear friends, a scheming clique who compiled the data, put it together and put it in the Democratic organ, the Salt Lake Tribune, a fact in itself which made it an asset for Mr. Ferry.

Mr. McKinney and his Democratic advisors could have done nothing to assist the Ferry chances more than to put out such a statement, and McKinney's card to the public the following day, in which he said that the paragraph referring to Mr. Ferry's private affairs, had escaped his notice while looking over the proof, and that it had not been his intent to say anything except regarding his public record amounted to almost a confession that the statement was issued and signed and published after consulting him but without his personal attention. Of course the identity of the gentlemen responsible is perfectly well known to those familiar with the machinations of the little gang who are running certain things locally, and brother McKinney was either made the goat or was ill-advised or just naturally thought he would create a sensation as he used to do when he was a laughing stock in the city council.

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