

### A FISH OUT OF WATER.

The question of when a haddock is not a haddock or how long it takes a deep sea-going fish to become a sucker, when tethered inland, has within the past day or two caused considerable discussion among those who know more about scaley politics than aquatic specimens.

On Wednesday evening, in the 16th Ward Meeting house, the smug and self-satisfied Lon J. Haddock, assisted by Apostle Senator Smoot, proved himself a humorist of the first water and demonstrated that as secretary of the M. & M. Association, an organization composed principally of men whose party principles he maligned, he is missing his vocation. It is just possible, too, that if it is brought to the attention of the association, that Mr. Haddock is making a martyr of himself in that cause, when he might be making the nations laugh, as the only legitimate successor of Twain, that the merchants and manufacturers would consent to release him, for its members are composed of men who are charitable and self-sacrificing, and hard as would be the parting, for his sake, they might consider his resignation.

A great many of the friends of Mr. Haddock are criticising him for not letting them know that he would put on his sketch at the meeting. It was modest of him to keep it quiet, but hardly generous to those who hadn't an idea how funny he could be, and who would have poured out en masse to hear this youthful orator hurl his diatribe at the poor Americans and misguided Democrats.

Lon told his amused audience that if the Gentle members of the American party, who were all character assassins, had their way, they would drive the Mormon people from their homes, that their bones might bleach on the desert sands. Ain't it awful, Mabel? The fact that he didn't designate which particular desert had been chosen for this bleaching process, or how soon the Mormons were to be driven to this fumarole, added an air of mysticism to his hectic utterances which struck terror to the hearts wildly beating in front of him, and this audience so susceptible, left the building undecided whether to stay home and vote or give the alarm and then load their pack saddles and fill their canteens preparatory to a migration across the tawny dunes.

But seriously speaking, the unique fulmination of Mr. Haddock should be kept very quiet, for if Charley Frohman or John Cort or Billy Brady or Martin Beck should be informed of the tremendous hit of this star, who so cautiously hides his light in this valley of the mountains, he would be taken from us, that his accomplishments might be revealed before the multitudes of other cities, where prophets are not without honor.

But possibly we are making a mistake in insisting that he remain with us, though this question will be an open one until some medical authority can tell us definitely whether or not fatty degeneration of the ego is contagious.

Tom Fitch, "the silver-tongued," who never fails to put in an appearance in a different state

every four years just preceding a presidential election, and who just as regularly gets into difficulty with the powers that be, in the party, nearly got through this campaign without a break. Had he gone another ten days he would have broken all previous records.

But he made a speech at Goldfield the other night, and then the trouble started. Tom has hardly been in Nevada long enough this time to become familiar with the conditions that have changed considerably there since his departure, or if he has, purposely went out of his way to make things unpleasant for the Republican party in the state, for in his Goldfield speech he bolted the platform outright, announcing that he did not stand for the State police law, which is strongly approved by the Republican party.

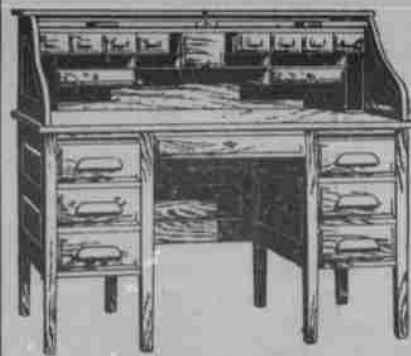
Following this a public repudiation of Thomas was made by the Republicans in a Reno paper, and this was followed with a speech in the great gold camp delivered by P. L. Flanigan, in which he stated that the stand Fitch had taken was neither approved by him nor the Republican party.

This action was thought necessary in defense of United States Senator George S. Nixon, who, in a speech recently delivered in Reno, strongly declared for the police bill, urging the voters to support those who had passed the measure at the last session of the legislature.

The harrowing part of it to Fitch came in an order to deliver no more speeches during the campaign, a punishment that seems almost too severe.



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