

HOT WEATHER INEFFECTUAL

Paprika Harry and Cocoa Jimmie Given a Chill
by Jake Greenwald.

The rubicund twins, "Paprika" Harry Joseph and "Candy Kid" McDonald, who but a short time since were battling for a choice for a successor to Lester D. Freed, when it was rumored that Mr. Freed would remain permanently in Chicago, have now, like the lion and the lamb, or rather like the sick kitten and the hot brick, gotten so close together that you could not wedge a cheese knife between them, and in unity and brotherly love and affection, he of the curly mustachios and he of the freckled neck, have united in a common cause for the good of the state and are searching energetically for a new member of the Commission, who will be agreeable to Mr. Joseph and subservient to Mr. McDonald, and who will not be rebellious under counsel or dare to disobey the edicts of the molasses prince.

The last excursion of these two beauties was made during the week, when J. A. Greenwald was approached and invited to take the place left vacant by Mr. Freed when he withdrew from McDonald's Commission and called upon the now silent to back up the insinuations he had so liberally distributed.

Perhaps the two thought that Mr. Greenwald looked easy, but they were doomed to disappointment, for Jake has been around these diggings long enough to know them both pretty well, and the crown (it was not stated whether it was one of Mr. Hewlett's Three Crowns or not) was put aside in no uncertain tones.

It was at the time that Mr. Joseph wanted Ferd Strouse on the Commission that he had his clash with the cocoa canner, and with that in view, as well as the certain knowledge of what he

would be expected to do, Mr. Greenwald did not take long to act.

If there seems to be so much trouble in getting another member for the Fair Commission, why would it not be well to appoint Mr. Joseph himself?

The public would then be assured that no matter what took place at the Fair grounds, if it was under Harry's supervision, it would be absolutely on the square; there could be no loophole for crookedness; there would not be a chance for any kind of graft. Besides the purity of such an administration, the driven snow would look as black as Erebus. Mr. Joseph's appointment would be eminently proper and fitting, and we urge the Governor to make it, for with Harry on the board for about six weeks, and McDonald on the same board, there would never be a clash of authority, and in the Elysian sweetness of the tranquillity that would prevail, the meetings would be a miniature example of the beauty of the Millennium.

The west side stockade has passed into history, a history thoroughly saturated with salacious newspaper stories from the sheet on West Temple, self praise and tiresome boasting from the same source and the sheriff's office, lies, hypocrisy and much noise from Haddock et al., like unto peas rattling in an empty barrel.

And now that the stockade is closed, what?

Just what the sheriff and every other person who had a hand in the move meant should happen. Every rooming and lodging house and every hotel in Salt Lake will house their quota of the scarlet women who have been driven from the west side institution. Every downtown business street and half the residence streets will see these creatures plying their trade after nightfall. There will be more "macques" and crooks running loose about town than any time in years past, and the

best police force on earth couldn't run them all down, make arrests and get them out of town, working twenty-four hours a day.

The masterly sheriff will watch the situation with a satisfied smirk, and in about four days the West Temple "Mouth" will belch any amount of gas over the number of fallen women infesting the streets and the inability of the police to cope with the condition. Then the sheriff's deputies will sally forth some night, arrest half a dozen of the three hundred unfortunates they have turned loose on the city, keep them in jail over night, let them out, and the next morning read the party organ to see what paragons of virtue they are.

It is just about as the woman who managed the stockade said, the day it was closed. "These women must eat and sleep, and you can depend on it they will get the money some way. In the stockade we had them where the police could not only watch the women themselves, but they could keep track of the thieves and consorts who prey upon them and commit petty crimes whenever they get the chance and think the chances of their apprehension are less than usual."

The police will deal with the situation as best they can, but with the best that can be done the prospect of Salt Lake's rooming houses and cheap hotels being overrun with prostitutes and thugs is not a pleasant thing to contemplate with the city preparing to house and entertain fifty or seventy-five thousand people this summer.

The old gentleman was not accustomed to having the new railway in his town; upon seeing a train approaching he whipped up his horse and tried to cross the track in front of it. He and his horse came out safely, but the wagon was badly broken. When he found that he was not injured he called to the engineer: "Why, I thought you saw me coming."

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