

THE RILEY TRAGEDY.

The distressing tragedy enacted on Tuesday evening, when Officer C. C. Riley was murdered by thugs he had in custody on the way to the police station, has been the subject of a great deal of discussion regarding some of the ill-advised laws and rules governing the action of peace officers.

For instance, that which forbids a policeman to search a suspect before arriving at the station should be changed at once. Had it not been for this, the brave officer who lost his life might have escaped, or at any rate, his chances would have been a hundred per cent better.

In dealing with desperate characters, such as these murderers proved to be, an officer should be allowed all possible latitude, rather than be hindered by petty rules, because some political barker might possibly suggest a suspicion of graft in searching men on the street.

While some people are of the belief that the dead officer took too many chances in walking his man to the station as he would an ordinary prisoner, instead of placing him in front, and drawing his revolver, Riley's record is that of an utterly fearless man, though taking no unnecessary chances. The arrest took place in the center of the theatre district about nine o'clock in the evening, and the shooting directly across from the Orpheum, while hundreds of people were on the street, and this fact alone would tend to lead anyone—even an experienced officer such as Riley was—to believe that there could be little danger of such a terrible deed.

The state and city have offered rewards for the criminals and the entire local department is doing everything possible to run down the hold-ups, though the clues they have are only a few meagre details.

In order to prevent a possible reoccurrence of such a dastardly deed, Chief Barlow should be given authority to make some new rules which would reduce to the minimum the chances an officer is now obliged to take in dealing with desperate men.

THE CANDIDATE.

By T. G.

There are furrows of care in the candidate's brow
From the burdens of state he is carrying now;
For the weight of the ages is resting right where
The cerebral meets with the rubber affair.
So tethered to dignity, he wouldn't stir
But to view or to point, should occasion occur;
So when he squints around, or he raises his arm
He is "pointing with pride," or he "views with alarm."

He can tell you exactly how things should be done,
Though if there's any "doing" to do he's the one
Who'd prefer to conduct it; his methods are new,
Or presumably so from the candidate's view;
And he reels off hot ether surcharged to the brim,
In amazement that no one had discovered him;
Then assures you he'll save the whole country
From harm,
Though he's "pointing with pride" and he "views with alarm."

On that brow where such responsibilities rest,
And encasing that heave in the place called his chest;
There is not much more room for additional freight,
Only laurel and bay and the small added weight
Of a medal or two he'd reluctantly nab
From his legion of friends who are in on the grab;
And preceding election his word waxeth warm,
While he's "pointing with pride" and he "views with alarm."

The Salt Lake Sunday Times, backed by the remnant of the Utah Democracy and with fine old "Mike" Cunningham in charge made its first appearance during the week, and proved to be bright and interesting with every department containing good features.

It is the avowed intention of the management to turn the Times into a daily as soon as practicable, and it will then be the Utah organ of "the great unterrified" and "the great unwashed."

The WEEKLY sincerely wishes the new paper all success.

With the Independents and Democrats fusing and the church-Republicans holding coyly aloof until it is decided by the church whether it prefers Mr. Wallace or Mr. Murdoch for mayor, the American party is going ahead along the same lines that have characterized every one of its former victories, and right now it is all over but the shouting and the guessing on Bransford's plurality.

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