

Gibson, be appointed State superintendent of Sunday schools."

"Second the motion," came from the Democrats side.

Another member from Cow Hollow, I think, chimed in—"I move that nominations do now close."

"All in favor, say aye," said the speaker and the ayes, which included the Democrats, had it.

Mr. Gibson arose to return thanks to the members, inclusive of the Democrats, for the unexpected honor, when a paper ball as big as a boxing glove banged him in the face and he sat down with his speech unborn.

Whereat everybody, including the Democrats, laughed considerably.

The speaker was about to remonstrate against such conduct and arose for that purpose when the skin of a hot tamale grazed his forehead and he sat down, calling on the sergeant-at-arms to enforce order, which that official proceeded to do, when a report of the committee on education which cost the State \$1.76 to print found a sudden stopping place against his clean white shirt front; on turning around to see who the offender was, a fusillade of paper missiles hastily improvised whizzed onto and past his unprotected head and he withdrew to his lair, amid applause from the members, in which the Democrats joined.

Things commenced to be lively. While the chief clerk was inserting a word in the right place, a slice of Dr. Condon's Cuban resolution struck the clerk's pen and disseminated the ink to almost every place on the sheet but where it was wanted. It became so warm that the speaker vacated the chair and sought the ante-room; just as he stepped down to go out, a wad composed of copies of the bill to give a bounty for the production of pine-apples in Cedar valley patted him behind the ear and he stood not on the order of his going, but got, while the chamber was filled with shouts of merriment, to which the Democrats contributed their share.

Somebody hung Mr. Monson's hat on a chandelier and it became the target for a good deal of miscellaneous legislation, until the sergeant-at-arms raised his hands in deprecation, saying that the furniture must be respected if nothing else was; whereat the chandelier was given a rest and the officer received the bombardment instead. He soon withdrew to join the speaker, and was applauded as the last of his coat-tail emerged through the door, the Democrats joining in.

Dr. Condon occupied a seat in the center of the chamber, and like my native state Missouri, got it in the neck and elsewhere from both sides, which necessarily included the Democrats. An amendment to the Constitution proposing to repeal the woman suffrage clause, whacked him over the left eye, and while trying to locate his assailant, was saluted on the right ear with the doubled-up speech of a member which had never before been delivered. Thicker and faster the pellets flew through the air; the insurgents were in complete possession, and with the unseen aid of Old Nick were making the most of it. It had to stop finally, because the ammunition was exhausted. When assured of this, the speaker and sergeant at arms re-

turned to their posts as though nothing had occurred, the presentation of the watch took place, the speaker thanked all hands—including the Democrats—and I walked out into the pure air.

ESSAY CAIGH.

NEPHI'S MISSING MAN.

The disappearance from home of Frederick Farmer, of Nephi, in January last, as chronicled in the News of April 3 is still a cause for anxious inquiry and agitation among his relatives and friends. The people of Juab county, according to report, do not take much stock in the story of William May who left Utah with Farmer in January last on a Colorado river gold prospecting tour.

It appears that the two men reached Colorado on or about February 16th where it is alleged they had a falling out over some matter. Then according to one version of the trouble the men separated and Farmer was lost sight of. May returned to Nephi on March 17th and was closely questioned as to the whereabouts of Farmer. It is alleged by reputable citizens that he told materially different stories to different persons and that he was even insulting and abusive to Mrs. Farmer, an estimable lady who is left with three children to mourn her husband's strange departure. Like the citizens of Nephi she fears that he is the victim of foul play and is well nigh distracted from the effects of worry and grief.



May's insinuations that Farmer has voluntarily deserted his family is strongly resented by Nephi people who say that he was an honorable man devoted and attached to both wife and children. A St. George searching party which attempted to find some clue that might lead to the discovery of the missing man's whereabouts wired to his friends at Nephi about April 1 that their work had been fruitless. A mass meeting followed, being held at the Nephi Opera house Thursday night, April 3. The building was packed with indignant citizens, and a purse of \$172.45 quickly raised for the purpose of defraying necessary expenses in searching for the man. A committee

of five was appointed to make arrangements for the equipping and sending out of another searching party with George C. Whittemore at its head.

Farmer, whose photograph is given above, is reported as being a manly, open-hearted fellow. He was 29 years of age, but looks younger than that. Height about five feet six inches; weight about 146 pounds; color of hair, dark brown; eyes, blue; moustache, a shade lighter than hair; face smooth shaven except as to moustache; scar caused by abscess under left eye; thumb on left hand cut off between first and second joints.

BETTER BREAD.

In your SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS of March 27th I read an editorial on this subject, which led me back to the 40's as to the way the commercial bakers made their bread in the north of Scotland. Flour at that time was milled into three grades and sold to the bakers as fine flour, seconds, thirds, and clean bran. What was sold as fine bread was composed of the whitest, or starch of the wheat. The brown bread was made into dough from a portion of the fine flour sponge from a mixture of the seconds and thirds, thus giving the consumers the whole substance of the wheat and from two to three cents less on the four-pound loaf. Clean bran being composed of cellulose or woody fibre and being unfermentable, degrades the whole mass and is of no use as food in any form.

If our commercial and domestic bakers wish to make healthy brown, not graham, bread, let them make a sponge with fine flour and dough up with what Americans call fine middlings, which lies nearest the bran, containing the gluten, the bone and muscle-forming principle of the grain. A great many bakers here as elsewhere throw a scoopful or two of clean bran in their fine flour, sponge and call it graham bread, or brown, or something else. Whole wheat meal might be tolerated were it not for the fact that some millers make wheat meal out of the poorest kind of wheat they have.

I enclose a clipping from the Baker's Helper of Chicago, on The Cost of Baker's Bread:

Quite a controversy was precipitated lately by a "Belfast Man" writing to a Chicago paper to inquire why it is that in Belfast a four pound loaf of bread can be bought for ten cents, while a one pound loaf costs five or six cents in Chicago. The special point made was that the Belfast bread was largely made from flour imported from this country. It certainly was a pertinent inquiry why bread costs 100 per cent more in Chicago than Belfast. But now comes a Chicago baker, and replies that wages in Belfast for bakers are \$5.50 per week, with from twelve to fourteen hours' work, while here \$13.00 a week and ten hours' work are in vogue; that nearly all Chicago bread is made from high grade flour, enriched with either milk, butter or lard, or all three; while all sales here are made through grocers, the loaves from stale bread being borne by the baker. On this the American Miller remarks as follows: "Of course, the cost of production is greater here than abroad through a