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SALT LAKE CITY, - OCT. 20, 1909.

SHOULD UNITE.

There are good reasons why the citizens of this city should unite in the election of an administration. The fathers of the party in power drew from the ranks of the two parties and effected a fusion by means of which they outvoted the voters who remained true to their party standards. If that is good policy in the future of the schemes of ex-Senator Tom Kearns, it ought to be as good policy in the future of the financial and moral interests of the city, which are of paramount importance to all good citizens.

But there is another consideration. The leaders of the party in power do not rely on the bona fide vote of the people for the perpetuation of their power and influence. They know very well that people of all classes are tired of the lies they have circulated about the "Mormons" and the strife and had feelings that have been engendered between neighbors. They know that business men have become aware of the injury slander is doing to the State. They know that people are groaning under taxes for the expenditure of which they cannot account, and they dare not leave the election with the majority of the bona fide voters. And so they are suffering the element that no city is proud of to multiply in the saloons and the streets at this time.

Do you want any party to carry the city by the aid of that element? Is not its vote obtained for the promise that it shall have free money after the election? Just reflect on what that means to your children, and your homes. Does not the emergency call for the united effort of all good, respectable citizens, be they Republicans, Democrats, or so-called Americans, for a city government that shall not be in league with, or owe a debt to, those who would build here a Sodom and Gomorrah?

It has been urged that party interests must be considered, and that is, of course, true. But party interests this time demand union of effort. A country too weak to resist an invading force would naturally look for an ally, and when found, they two would co-operate in the defense. The interests of both would best be preserved by such co-operation. In the same way party interests this time demand co-operation. That does not mean the dissolution of party organizations. Alliance does not mean the giving up of the identity of the parties to the alliance. It means unity of effort for the salvation of the city.

CATTLE PRICES SOARING.

According to Clay, Robinson & Co's Live Stock Report prices of cattle are soaring. The top of the cattle market last week was \$3.00, making a new record for the month of October. Herring show cattle and in June, 1882, when \$2.30 was recorded, this price, the report says, was within 10 cents of the highest figure ever reached on the open market. In August, 1902, and December, 1901, the summit was \$2.95. There are those who believe that \$3.00 will be recorded for prime corn-fed steers and that the top for western range cattle is yet to be seen.

Higher prices on cattle means, we presume, higher prices on meat in the retail market. That would mean enrichment on the part of many consumers whose meat bills are too high already, for their earnings. To many this would be a hardship. But, possibly, most people would do well to reduce their meat consumption somewhat and substitute other kinds of food. To eat meat sparingly is a Divine commandment supported by reason.

A UNIVERSAL PROTEST.

The outburst of protest all over the world against the execution in Spain of Prof. Ferrer, is a phenomenon of which governments must take cognizance. The time has passed when the fate of reformers is a matter of indifference outside the countries in which they live. This day did not dare to mention Count Tolstoy, though the church dared to communicate him. The Russian ruler knew that the eyes of the entire world was upon him, and Tolstoy was left alone. The Spanish ruler has now learned that the affairs of Spain are the affairs of all who feel interested in the brotherhood of man.

Ferrer was court martialed at Barcelona. For a long time he was an object of suspicion in the Spanish government. He was a Republican, but he was generally classed as an anarchist. He had a school in Barcelona, where he taught the principles of Republicanism. He was also suspected of being one of a band of conspirators who plotted to overthrow the monarchy by armed revolution. In 1906 he was arrested and charged with complicity in the attempt on King Alfonso's life. But he was acquitted, and has continued at liberty at Barcelona.

Following the Barcelona trial Ferrer was arrested on Sept. 1, on the charge of having instigated the revolutionary uprising. He was sent before a court martial for trial. The proceedings were behind closed doors. Of the evidence against him little or nothing is known beyond the fact that incriminating documents are reported to have been submitted showing revolutionary sentiments.

What the "proofs" before the court

were is not known, and the secrecy with which the case was conducted lends color to the claim that Ferrer sold another martyr to the cause of freedom. Spain must have forgotten the Philippines. The execution there of patriots was only the prelude to the expulsion from the islands of Spanish despotism.

GRAVE CHARGES.

Councilman Fernstrom, in an address at the Citizens' headquarters last night, made the charge that the so-called American party leaders actually are in league with the criminal element, to the extent that they are levying a tribute on all kinds of illegal business under promise of immunity from prosecution as long as the blood money is paid. Councilman Fernstrom, who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, made this awful charge against the party at present in control of the city government. What are you, Christian men and women of this city, going to do about it? Are you going to aid that party in the conspiracy against virtue and righteousness?

Councilman Fernstrom told a story illustrating the business methods of the council. He said the city has a crematory where the dead bodies of animals are disposed of. At this crematory, he said, three men are employed though there is but ten hours' work a day, or less, and often the employees there are drawing pay from the city for skinning horses and cows and selling the hides for their own private benefit. Such business methods, he said, are prevailing in every department of the city. The people are being robbed right and left, by incompetent management, or worse.

Do the tax-payers want such business methods perpetuated? If their own private money were handled in that way, they would soon have a radical change in the personnel of employees. That is what the city now needs—a change for the better.

GENEALOGY.

For the 22nd of this month the New England Historic Genealogical society announces a celebration upon the completion of sixty-five years of its work.

The love for genealogical research has become of great significance in recent years, and numerous and varied organizations are now devoting their attention to the discovery and preservation of this form of historical data. This result is not due to family pride or to the claims of those who regard their ancestry as exceptional. There is little of aristocracy in this general movement to trace ancestors. Investigators find, for instance, that a study of American families, scarcely one of which passed through the period of 1675 to 1725 without the trials of poverty, breeds a wholesome spirit of democracy.

This New England society claims to have built up the best library in America relating to family and local history. It is also said that at auctioneers other Boston libraries have left the rarest items in these fields to its bidder, and a loyal public has provided the money with which it has carried off the prizes of the auction room. Through the summer months the rooms of the society are crowded with professional men, teachers and leisurely travelers who have through a winter of waiting prepared themselves to search intelligently among its shelves.

One of its officials says that every state in the Union sends its citizens to No. 13 Somerset street. To those who can never come to Boston, the Genealogical Register, the oldest periodical of its kind in the world, carries records of the colonial days to be read by the western freeds. Many an invalid thus keeps in touch with progress in research which can only be carried on by him who drives to neglected graveyards or explores musty attics in far-off farmhouses.

One curious result about books has been discovered, emphasizing the need of permanent ink and durable paper. The books of twenty years ago are fast crumbling to decay, while those of four hundred years ago are as strong as on the day of issue.

What was at one time looked upon as an "absurd fancy" of the latter-day Saints, now claims the enthusiastic devotion of innumerable people and of many organizations. The search for genealogical records is a modern impulse among mankind, among the first, and perhaps the first, to engage in it with peculiar zeal being the people called Latter-day Saints. Their motive was simply a desire that their unknown kindred should enjoy the blessings of the Gospel message. The opportunities for doing much work for the dead are now rapidly multiplying.

Did any man ever have a really great and good friend?

The rate of discount depends upon who supplies for the story.

Not an agricultural state, still Nevada's crop of divorces is very fine indeed.

Down in Texas President Taft is doing just as he pleases. Does this mean that he is doing as the Texans do or not?

Mr. Hearst says that Judge Gaynor and Mr. Bennett are machine-made candidates. He himself is a self-made candidate.

According to their statements about each other, the three candidates for mayor of New York are those of a kind, and a bad kind too.

Northwestern university recently held an examination to find out who of its students were the six best speakers. The best was very bad.

Down in Yorktown Va. they have been celebrating the surrender of Cornwallis. That event occurred so long ago that it has passed out of memory into history.

Holmes brigand says that Mary's ship, the Rosevelt, is a white elephant on the banks of the Arctic sea. And he is the Commander regarded as the Old Man of the Sea?

Judge King made a very forceful

speech at headquarters of the Citizens last night, in favor of good government. He was listened to with intense interest.

Judge Robinson Mountain Lands filed the Standard Oil company \$25,000. Now he has just fined John Hoover of Rockford, Ill., one cent for using the United States mails for sending a threatening letter. His honor seems to be softening if not extreme.

How is it that an automobile can always stop soon enough to avoid running into an ice wagon or a street-car, but not soon enough to avoid running into a pedestrian who may chance to cross its path?

Congratulations to the police department of this city and of Ogden for the capture of the murderer of Policeman Riley. It was a wanton, cold-blooded murder that shocked the entire community and aroused its just indignation.

That was good advice Mr. Gompers gave the textile workers—to organize themselves into mutual benefit associations. Such insurance is the best in this that it encourages the habit of saving better than any other system, and the saving habit is worth more than the insurance. Thoroughly established, it is an almost certain guarantee against poverty, whose mother is improvidence.

Friend John Beck is devoting his time to efforts at creating interest in co-operative efforts. He has issued a little pamphlet on the subject, which is well worth reading, and he intends issuing another setting forth in fuller detail what his ideas are. Co-operation is a subject that is bound to become popular in the long run. It is the only method of successful resistance to trusts and monopolies.

We are much inclined to agree with

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

THE TIME LINCOLN WANTED CHEERING UP.

By E. J. Edwards.

This daily series of anecdotes and incidents that throw new, interesting and frequently dramatic light on famous events and personalities of the past have been collected by Mr. Edwards (Holland) during his forty years' experience in the country's history since the Civil war. Mr. Edwards' notebook—hitherto unpublished New News of Yesterday gathered from the men who made the history—these articles have a distinctive value all their own.

What do you do when you want cheering up? How Lincoln, at the dark period of the Civil war, sent to Connecticut for a typical down east Yankee to cheer him up, was told to me a few months before his death by Isaac H. Bromley, to whom Lincoln appeared in his extremity for help in getting the cheering up he so badly needed. All his life long Mr. Bromley was a newspaper man, but when he told me the anecdote he assured me that he believed it had never been printed, and until now I have never told the story in print.

"In 1862," said Mr. Bromley to me, "I was the proprietor of a Republican newspaper at Norwich, Conn. I was one of the citizens of that town, and on the eve of a state political campaign, that visit to follow his new historic appearance at Cooper Union, New York city. As Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Harvard to visit his son Robert then a student there, he thought that, without inconvenience to himself, he could make one or two political addresses in Connecticut.

"Well, Mr. Lincoln graciously accepted our invitation, and in due time he delivered a most brilliant and original address. A brilliant audience heard him. Every person in it was actually spellbound by the man's individuality, his power of delivery and thought, and what he delivered I heard men who were there declare that they never before and never since had they been so completely under the spell of spoken words.

"Yet an hour after the close of that wonderful speech some of us who heard it were little short of astounded to behold Lincoln in another light, as he sat at a table with our first one of him that we could scarcely believe that here was the same man who had moved us so mightily earlier in the evening by the sheer power of his intellect.

"Before Mr. Lincoln reached Norwich one who knew him slightly told me that he had heard that the great Illinoisan deeply loved a good teller of tales, and was rejoiced to meet an original character who had a fund of anecdotes always on hand.

"Now, there lived in the neighboring town of Stonington an able lawyer who was also distinguished as a story teller. He was a descendant of that governor of Connecticut who is known in history as Brother Jonathan. This Judge Trumbull, then a student there, was told to me a few months before his death by Isaac H. Bromley, to whom Lincoln appeared in his extremity for help in getting the cheering up he so badly needed. All his life long Mr. Bromley was a newspaper man, but when he told me the anecdote he assured me that he believed it had never been printed, and until now I have never told the story in print.

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the Judge of the Juvenile court that appropriations for the protection of fish and game are good but that appropriations for the saving of wayward boys and girls that they may become good and useful citizens are better. The most precious resource that the State of Utah has is its children. And no expense should be spared to bring those who stray from the path of rectitude back into it.

The campaign for good government opened auspiciously at the headquarters of the Citizens. The hall was well filled by Republicans and Democrats, "Mormons" and Gentiles. And it was an enthusiastic crowd, too. The speaking was earnest and conservative. There was no attempt at personalities or vilification. But there was no room for misunderstanding as to the sentiment of those present. They were for a business administration, and for the redemption of Salt Lake City from graft and immorality.

The "News" has, from the first, taken the view that Dr. Cook's story of his journey to the North Pole must be credited until it is proved to be false, and we have no reason for changing this opinion. He is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. But it seems to us that a gentleman under the cross-fire from Peary and a former companion in his mountain climbing exploits, ought to hasten to lay before the public the proofs he may have of his success in the Arctic regions, and not run round the country and gather up the people's money until those proofs have been made public. His honor is assailed, and he should spend more time in clearing up the record than in giving lectures. If it finally should turn out that he failed to reach the Pole, he should not lay himself liable to the additional charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Lincoln was invited by us to meet Mr. Lincoln at his hotel, and a little after 10 o'clock that historic night I escorted Mr. Lincoln to his room and there introduced him and Judge Trumbull. The instant the two men met, Mr. Bromley continued, "I was recognized by the other a congenial spirit, and with the formalities of the introduction barely over, Lincoln said:

"Judge Trumbull, they tell me that you know more good stories than any other man in your state, and from all I've heard about Connecticut I reckon you have a good many good story tellers in the state. Let's swap stories."

"We brought up a rocking chair for Lincoln. He drew off his boots and sat on a pair of slippers. Judge Trumbull curled up on a sofa. The rest of us waited silently, eagerly, to hear the stories.

"Lincoln began with an anecdote of the president. When he had finished, Judge Trumbull came back with a down east yarn. And so they went on and on, matching stories. This passed, midnight struck, and still they were at it.

"At last it occurred to me that Mr. Lincoln ought to get some sleep, so I said:

"Judge Trumbull, Mr. Lincoln is to take the 6 o'clock train for Providence, and he ought to have some sleep. I think that he is getting a little better rest than sleep would give him, the deal of story telling went on, and as a result it was not until 3 o'clock that Judge Trumbull and the rest of us bade Lincoln goodnight, all except two or three of us never to see him again.

"Two years later, when the exciting events of the war had all but effaced the memory of the meeting of Lincoln and Trumbull from my mind, I was astonished to receive written word from Mr. Lincoln that he would be very glad if I could induce Judge Trumbull to come to Washington and spend the night with him.

"That was all. So, without knowing why the president wanted to see Judge Trumbull, I extended the invitation to him, and he in turn, not knowing what he was getting into, accepted and went on to Washington.

"But no sooner had the judge landed at the White House and been ushered into Lincoln's presence than he was informed by Lincoln that the latter only wanted him to come and swap stories with him once more; things were not going exactly right with the war and he (Lincoln) felt the need of a little story telling relaxation. So it came about that, telling stories to each other, these two men passed the greatest part of the night with no other sleep in all Washington knowing about it. And when it came time for the judge to bid the president good-night, the latter fervently declared to his guest that the night of swapping stories had acted as a tonic to his wearied soul."

(Copyright, 1909, by E. J. Edwards.)

The title of the article by Mr. Edwards to be published tomorrow is "A Memory That Saved Uncle Sam \$21,000,000."

that even its well wishers deplore. Neither are we engaged in a lingering, creeping campaign which gains powers and is kept up to furnish employment at a distance to soldiers who are suffering from the effects of the war. They might carry out if at home. We "discuss the tariff," and we grumble a good deal about taxation, but our people are not doing much to help the war. No one thinks of making the curtailment or abolition of one branch of the National Legislature a campaign issue. We have plenty of issues, some of which seem burning, but compared with those that are agitating others they appear of academic calmness, and the movement of national life "like that of a hair drawn through milk," to borrow from Heine. Long may this happy unpermeability of our annuals be maintained.

NOT RICH ENOUGH.

Providence Journal.



OUR DRUG STORE IS AT 112-114 SOUTH MAIN ST.

JUST FOR FUN

Startling Encouragement.

"Was Amelia's father encouraging when you went to ask him for her hand?"

"Not very. He asked me to put the proposal in writing so I couldn't back out as all the others did."—Baltimore American.

The Ubiquitous Parist.

Vicar, I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must play for a good heart, Thomas.

Thomas: Yes, sir; but it's my liver that's wrong, ye know, sir.—Tattler.

No Time Lost.

"Fisher playing cards. Great invention."

"What good are they?"

"Bathes needn't lose time from the whist table. Can get a plank and play bridge in the surf."—Washington Herald.

Life's Many Trials.

"I was sorry to hear of the death of your aunt. Ah, life is full of sorrows."

"Yes, indeed. Just fancy having to go to Paris for the funeral this hot weather."—Bon Vivant.

Jack, Tom, I'm in a terrible fix.

engaged to three girls.

Tom: Well, that's not exactly a crime.

Jack, No; that's the worst of it.

If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.—Ex.

Sporting Season Begins.

"Boy hunter kills companion." "Man shot while arising from stump." The hunting season seems to have opened auspiciously.—Rochester Herald.

SALT LAKE THEATRE

The Season's Comedy Event.
Beginning OCT. 25
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Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.
SEAT SALE TOMORROW.
FIRST TIME HERE.

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COLONIAL

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Chas. A. Seillon in

THE CAT

AND THE FIDDLE

Prices—50c, 75c, 1.00.

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Next week—"A Knight for a Day"

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The Grand

Salt Lake's Most Popular Playhouse.

Tonight and All This Week.

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50c, 75c, 1.00 Matinee Wednesday

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