

THE OLD CONTINENTAL.

And now comes the announcement that the Continental Hotel in this city is to close its doors and go out of the business altogether. Probably it is a fact that of late the establishment has been conducted at an expense to its management, but as to this we cannot speak with certainty; it is enough to know that since the palmy days of the Continental the hotel business in Salt Lake has received a great impetus and assumed metropolitan proportions, thus not only dividing the old patronage but cutting seriously into the new, expenses not being curtailed proportionately meanwhile.

This city has half a dozen hotels that would be a credit to any place. This refers not only to their great capacity and their fine exteriors, but to their furnishings, accommodations and manner of doing things as well. By common consent the Continental was one of these so far as interior arrangements were concerned; but its style of architecture long since drifted out of the modern, and as the age run to newness and outward display, the hotel as well as homely attractiveness of the place lost its power and the patronage largely went the same way.

What a tale its old walls could tell if they could speak! How often have they echoed the revelry of parties from far and near on pleasure bent, while the mingling of happy voices and the patter of little feet have floated through its corridors like a cadence of home and the dear one! From its low-browed veranda the silver-tipped sarcasms, stately periods and dignified humor of Schuyler Colfax, Francis P. Blair, William T. Sherman, William H. Seward, George Francis Train, Benjamin F. Butler and, if we mistake not, James G. Blaine and Thomas A. Hendricks, have held the attention of vast throngs, while its register contains some names to mention which is to almost make one unconsciously take off his hat in very reverence—Ulysses S. Grant, Philip H. Sheridan and many more we cannot now recall. That was in the days when the Continental—or as it was then called, the Townsend House—was not only the "finest in the land," but the only hostelry hereabout occupying the first place or anywhere near it;—when it was considered big enough and good enough for anybody, and so indeed it was.

All the landmarks, like those who created them, are passing along. Soon will our part of the footstool be in possession of a wholly new aspect and an entirely different array of people from those we knew and mingled with when the Continental was erected. "Uncle Jimmy" Townsend, its builder and once proprietor, has long since been numbered with the silent hosts beyond, and his work is at last drooping in the realm of desuetude. It and all things and people contemporaneous with it have well nigh had their day; the shadows reach out further and further to the East, anticipating by only a little the time when they shall cease to be and shall become blended with the impenetrable shades of an endless night.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

The *Peoria Journal*, a staunch Republican paper, propounds a series of questions for certain Democrats to answer, this being one of them:

Can you name a single manufacturing city in free trade England where the best skilled mechanic owns the roof over his head?

We care nothing for the political aspect of the question, but viewing the matter from a strictly economic standpoint will make a few remarks regarding it.

To attribute the "homeless condition" of the people of England to free trade, which the question does by implication, is to mislead and misrepresent. The News is not a partisan for either free trade or protection, neither is it an apologist for or upholder of any political party as such; we present as a matter of history and statistics that the skilled English laborer is more prosperous of late years than formerly; that is, under a tariff schedule which is so very limited and light as to amount to nothing practically considered, his wages are higher and his general condition more improved than when custom houses were numerous and nearly every imported article was dutiable. The fact that few, if any, of the British mechanical workmen own their own homes is due neither to tariff nor the absence of it, but to a system which obtained in the feudal days and cannot be changed without a revolution. The lord of the manor, otherwise the landlord, is by heredity the representative of one class, the "villain," "fief" or tenant the element making up the other by the same rule. It should also be remembered that while England has more than half the population that we have, any one of our larger states is equal or superior to England in area, and in many cases in productiveness also. We have land to give away here, and nothing short of providence or the hardest kind of luck can prevent a man from being a "lord" in his own right if he sees fit to; whereas, in England there is no land to be had except at such rates as no laboring man can begin to meet. These points of explanation, we think, throw more light on the situation and its causes than any amount of political lecturing could do.

As a commercial and manufacturing rather than a productive nation, England must have open ports and open markets; as to whether or not such condition would be beneficial to or is desirable in this country, which by comparison is productive and manufacturing rather than commercial—that is another question altogether. It constitutes the sum and substance of the tariff controversy in the political arena and is a matter concerning which we have nothing to say.

While Deputy Sheriff Tom Casanage and Special Officer Charles Winston were attempting to arrest three drunken Yaqui Indians near Calabasas, Arizona, the latter opened fire on their pursuers, shooting Winston through the fleshy part of the left leg. The Indians escaped to the hills.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

One would think that a railway car constructed for President Lincoln and which he occupied going to the front during the later operations of the army in Virginia, would be too sacred a relic to be cast off in an out-of-the-way place and left to be devoured by the elements, but so it is. The murdered President not only used the car spoken of while he lived, but it bore his body from Washington to Springfield for interment. Since that time the car has been used variously, but principally by the leading officials of the Union Pacific road as their private car, and while thus employed it had quarters specially erected for it in Omaha, where it was housed when not in actual service. When it became old and rickety, it was permanently side-trucked at North Platte, Nebraska, and used as a place to live in by the division superintendents. It is there now, battered, broken and bruised, of no use save as a reminder of that dark and dismal period the crowning and brightest event of which was the close of the war and the saddest feature the unprovoked assassination of the Chief Magistrate. Sentiment that has no money in it takes form and shape very slowly in this materialistic age.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION SUSTAINED.

The News is in receipt of the full text of the important ruling by Judge Wallace in the United States circuit court of the southern district of New York, which was previously but briefly spoken of in these columns. It appears that the case on hearing was that of the Interstate Commerce Commission itself vs. The Texas and Pacific Railway company; and it was brought upon a petition by the Commission for the enforcement of its order requiring the road to desist from carrying articles of imported traffic shipped from any foreign port upon through bills of lading to any place in this country at any other rates than are in vogue on the inland traffic of defendant for the shipment of similar traffic.

The defense of the company was in part that the Southern Pacific company was engaged in the same kind of traffic and had not been made a party to the action, concerning which baby-act plea the court held that "if the defendant is violating a proper order of the Commission it should be restrained from doing so and it cannot escape upon the objection that another wrong-doer is also violating it." It seems to us, at this distance, as though it was almost trifling with a court to require it to pass upon such a plea; but the average railway corporation perhaps looks upon courts as it does upon everything else—it uses or is for a time an occupant or user of—they are to do whatever it wants done whether such things are customary and right or not. Once let the camel get his head into the window, and his body will soon follow.

The court further held that the law creating the Commission would be emasculated in its remedial agency, if not practically nullified, if a carrier