

first license granted to the "Variety" people was procured by fraud. To grant another would be folly. I shall vote against it if necessary.

Councilman James—When the license for the Theatre was granted, solemn pledges were made by the applicants that they would sell no liquor on or near the place, that it was to be moral in every particular, etc. I have heard on the streets from many that if we refuse these folks a license that it will drive away capital and that the city can never be built up without such institutions. Such statements are absurd. For one I shall oppose the granting of the license and trust that every member of the Council will do the same. If we do not take measures to suppress such glaring evils it will plunge the "Liberal" party into the depths of oblivion.

Councilman Pickard—I want to enquire of the city attorney if we can legally refuse to grant licenses to respectable people when they apply for such privilege? According to the ruling of the courts, I believe not.

City Attorney Merritt—That is true in regard to renewing licenses, but not with reference to the original application.

A vote was taken as follows:

Ayes—Anderson, Pickard, Pembroke, Noble, Cohn, Karrick and Lynn. Noes—Parsons, Pendleton, Spafford, Heath, Wolstenholm, Hall and James.

The count resulted in a tie, when Mayor Scott decided the matter by voting in the negative.

Councilman Cohn introduced the following resolution:

"In view of the necessity for proper maps of the City Cemetery, to enable the keeping of records in the city sexton's office; and in view of the pressing need for additional lots; therefore, be it resolved that the city engineer be and hereby is authorized to prepare suitable maps of the various subdivisions of the City Cemetery from A to Q inclusive. Also that an additional subdivision to embrace about 250 new lots be laid out and platted by the city engineer."

Adopted.

#### PARDONS GRANTED.

The following inmates of the city prison were pardoned by the Mayor during the last quarter: Richard Thompson, Jeanette Lynch, James McDaniels, Bessie Brown and J. D. Turner. Filed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mayor then filed the following report:

To the City Council, Salt Lake City:

Gentlemen:—The committee on police having examined charges made against Officers Merrill, Gates and Lang, unanimously report as follows:

We have investigated as far as our limited power would permit, the charges against Officers Merrill, Gates and Lang. The evidence is very positive and at the same time conflicting, but we are satisfied that the charges are sustained, and to assure better discipline among the force we recommend to your Honor that you ask the above-named officers for their resignations.

This I have done, through Marshal Young. They have not complied

with the request, with the exception of officer Merrill, and I hereby notify you that I have removed Gates and Lange.

GEORGE M. SCOTT,  
Mayor.

The report was adopted.

Police Officer Merrill tendered his resignation. Accepted.

Mayor Scott reported the appointment of J. S. McNair, A. N. Randolph and Charles Schelling on the force to fill vacancies. Committee on Police.

#### APPROPRIATIONS.

The sum of \$10,000 was then appropriated for salary purposes, after which the Warm Springs matter came up. Mr. Jones moved that it go over for one week. Another proposition had been submitted and he thought the Council could wait. The matter then went over for one week and the recorder was instructed to furnish each councilman with a printed copy thereof by mail.

The Council then adjourned for one week.

#### THE UNDERTAKER'S STORY.

"I have \$100 in my office safe which may belong to the living or the dead." The sallow-complexioned and withered little man with squeaking voice sat in the corner of the village grocery with his stubby and clumsily clad feet resting upon a ridge of the stove several degrees above his head.

It was the undertaker who spoke, and every ruralite whose habit it was to smell the nightly coterie at the village rendezvous moved nervously in his seat and wore an annoyed expression as if his train of thought had been unpleasantly interrupted.

Seth Smith, the store-keeper, a local character of recognized importance, arose from the uninviting mackerel-box which had been affording him temporary rest, and, taking a broom-handle, began to savagely poke the dying embers in the egg-shaped stove in a manner which indicated that he was unusually agitated.

For ten years the undertaker had done nothing but spend his evenings at the store, coming so early that no one ever happened in after supper without finding Plodkin—that was his name—perched in the same leather bottomed chair in an attitude which defied indigestion and propriety. He seldom spoke and it was well that this was so. His voice was a rasping tenor, which fell upon the ear like the sound of an ax in contact with the grindstone, and he had an irritating hesitancy in his manner of speech which exasperated one in short time. When he did talk it was to relate some uncanny ghoulish story of his peculiar professional experiences. There was nothing like a story from Plodkin to reduce the numerical proportions of the company and cause an adjournment long before the usual hour. First, the deacon would arise, shake himself, and smooth the creases out of his jeans before getting into the faded blue overcoat, which had served him as a protection from win-

ter's cold blasts for a period which taxed the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and there was no authentic information to be had that the coat was ever new.

When the deacon made good his escape Sol Martin, the town clerk, Hiram Ramsey, the constable, and Andrew Jackson Smith, the postmaster, followed suit in the order named. There never was a time when a story from Plodkin failed to have the desired effect. It seemed as if an hour had elapsed from the moment of Plodkin's first utterance and the resuming of his speech again, and it was an intermission of uneasiness for all within ear range. Plodkin undoubtedly had some understanding of the sensations which his stories usually incited, and showing his embarrassment he continued apologizing by way of parenthesis. "I don't suppose you folks care much to hear me talk, and it may be that you don't admire the nature of my stories altogether. I don't blame you much. I suppose I might talk about something else except the dead and the charnel house. I have in mind an experience which happened to me one Christmas eve—just six years ago tonight. It ain't a disagreeable story, calculated to make the cold chills run down your back, but it's how I found a woman dying of starvation with plenty of money in the house."

This statement gained for Plodkin the strict attention of every one in the store, and they all moved their chairs closer to the stove and prepared to follow the speaker uninterruptedly until the close.

"As I was sayin," he continued, "it ain't none of your sensational stories, but it's an almighty peculiar one, just the same."

Plodkin's explanations were tedious under any circumstances, but just at the time when he had succeeded in arousing intense interest all expletives were aggravating to a superlative degree."

"Six years ago tonight," he finally resumed, "I had been sitting here with you as usual, but when I started to go home I felt sorter restless, so I thought I'd just go over to my place and set down a spell and think. Sometimes I get the blues, and nothing does me such a deal of good as a long think—by myself. You may remember what sort of a night it was. There was snow on the ground up to your knees, and the wind it was blowin' great guns. That poet hit it off when he said:

"A melancholy sound was in the air. A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail around my dwelling. 'Twas the wind of night."

"I stirred up the fire, which had not yet died in my stove, and sat thinking for at least an hour. It was long past midnight, and I must have been nigh asleep when the infernal noise you ever heard awoke me from my reverie. Whoever it was pounded and kicked and then kicked and pounded, and before I could unlock the door I thought it would fall in. When I opened it and faced a gust of wind which blew everything in the room