FOR LACK OF BETTER STUFF,

There is a class of tors in this city who think they are being sorely discriminated against, and who have come to the conclusion that America is not a free country at all. I refer to those under 15 years of age, to whom the whistling curfew applies; those when the shrill steam pipes wake every evening to "take a smak" and to themselves homeward promptly at 9 o'clock; those to whom that mysterious warning comes as a thunderbolt, and those when it wrests the gay, pleasure-loving life, leaving the festive youth from his boisterous prattle and leaving him to lay aside his game of "Rover, rover," "pull away," "Relievio," "Pick the ear" and a thousand and one other jolly pastimes, to scamper off home and report for duty at the bagnio.

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I say this class of boys feel that it is high time that city ordinances were revised—revised. They long for the time to come when absolute freedom of speech, life and limb will be given to every child and child in this city, when young America may enjoy itself and lead a somewhat latter, long life, free from the shadow of curfew, exercising American independence and something everything that tends to curb it either in thought, word or deed. These young urchins have long had this matter under consideration. They object to being "side" all their lives, and are busy devising ways and means whereby their desires and objects may be accomplished. Already they are threatening revolt unless their demands meet with success. They protest against this serfdom, this tyranny, that holds them bound and lost and forlorn. They can see no reason why the sun should go to rest beyond the western borders. They have been taught in the Sabbath school that it is necessary, but for the period have failed to see wherein that declaration was made. They have heard of a country far away in the Philippines and establishing a City, the monarchy of their sires, called Manila. What rather seize Queen Lil's place and make of it a free—yes, absolutely free—and independent republic, rather than stand idly by and be dared out to them on this part of the world's footstool.

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I fell in with a delegation of this class of people only yesterday. They were all seated in an unfinished cellar in the rear of the Salt Lake police station, the young men staring at each other and neither saying a word, and the women "what are you doing here boys?" I asked. They seemed astonished; neither dare reply. "Speak up! Is that how you have been treating?" I suggested. Then they spoke, all at once, "No, sir." "You must have been doing something wrong, or I know you wouldn't have been brought here. Now tell me, boys, what's the matter?" "Do unto others were they what you pardon me if I say, of the lower order. They were as intelligent for, however, and with greater brain power than the others ventured an answer. His words were a little disconnected, but the honest expression on his face and his earnestness—yes, in all—had ventured to the show; that it had continued until it whook, and that after the performance they were wending their way homeward, when a policeman overtaking and gathered them in. They said they had done no harm—simply went to the show as the other folks, and they didn't see why it was that under the stars and stripes such a crime should be condemned, and they to be made to suffer the penalty of the law. The saw-dust trail that they had been forced to remain there all night—and from their appearance I believe they had—and that they had to eat breakfast in the presence of the police, and