

gray horses on which they first came to Provo, for security. Yesterday morning they had not returned the horse and buggy, and when Mr. Lewis began to inquire into matters the above circumstances were brought to light. One of the men is very dark, about 45 years of age, with a small dark moustache, weighs about 145 pounds and is about 5 feet nine in height. He gave his name at the stable as Fletcher. The other gave the name of Peter Nielsen; he is about 30 years of age, 6 feet in height, smooth faced and has light moustache, wears boots and dirty overalls. Mr. Lewis heard of a dark man driving into Pleasant Grove Thursday afternoon with a horse and buggy answering the description of the one he hired the strangers. They left some bedding, two Winchester rifles and two saddles at Mr. Meldrum's, and it was thought they might come back last night for them and the horses they had arranged to buy. The sheriff's office had the matter in hand yesterday and telegraphed descriptions of the men to officers, and last night an officer went up to Mr. Meldrum's farm to help deliver the horses and property in case the men came for them, but they never came back.

This morning Sheriff Storrs received word that the Lewis horse and buggy were seen last evening coming this way from Pleasant Grove. He and Lewis went north to investigate. Shortly after 10 o'clock word was received that the Springville bank had been robbed by two men answering the description of the men who hired the buggy, and who came to Springville in the rig. They entered the bank as Cashier Cummings opened at 10 o'clock, and at the point of pistols relieved him of \$300, after which they hurriedly left.

Deputy Sheriffs Henry and Knowlden at once went over, and Sheriff Storrs was stopped on his northward trip, and, with Mr. Lewis also, went to Springville. At 11 o'clock word was received here that the robbers were surrounded by a Springville posse in Hobbie Creek canyon. It now appears that there were seven men in the gang, of which Fletcher and Nielsen made themselves most prominent around Provo. Where the other five have gone, or if waiting to assist the men who committed the Springville robbery, is not known.

Another report is current to the effect that E. L. Carpenter told certain parties some days ago in this city that Butch Cassidy and his gang would soon make a raid on some central Utah bank, presumably Nephli. The correctness of this cannot be verified. If true, it is not known how Mr. Carpenter received the information.

Provo, Utah, May 28.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon a telephone message from Springville says that both robbers have been caught and all of the money recovered. One robber was killed and one member of the posse, Joseph Allen, was wounded being shot in the leg.

## THE BOARD OF STRATEGY

Among other signs of advancement along civilized lines are wireless telegraphy and flightless war. The old-fashioned plan of conducting hostile proceedings between nations has been superseded by strategy boards who manage things with maps, typewriters and cigars, all of which suggests something that the readers of the "News" can have without extra charge.

When Mr. McKinley (who personally is an upright man) was a candidate for the position he now holds, he was at first somewhat hampered and harassed by the very common circumstance of being in debt. Not that he was wholly lacking in acquisitiveness or carefulness, but being neither a

miser, a sharper nor a skinflint he accumulated but little and finally lost the little and a good deal more along with it, the whole amount as stated being some \$115,000. A man who can get into debt to that extent can usually get along fairly well, it being only those who are behind a few dollars or at the most hundreds, who are constantly subjected to that uncomfortable feeling which possesses the system when payment is demanded; but yet, a candidate for President with such an incubus burdening him would be subjected to a good deal of savage criticism which might prejudice his chances and that would never do. So a counsel of war was held by his friends and supporters, at which it was resolved to effect a settlement. The job was assigned to one Hanna, the front elevation of whose name is strictly classical, being Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Hanna is another type of man altogether, being thrifty and crafty. He also has a lot of friends and business associates in the Wall Street section of New York, where rich men are so common that only the poor attract particular attention. Between them they took up all the candidate's obligations. Not only this, but they put up much coin of the realm to make Mr. McKinley's calling and election sure, said coin not being of small measure, but counting up many millions of shekels. Well, he was elected, and the same good people who paid the bills would not then of course desert him, but undoubtedly assured him that their kindly offices would always be at his disposal. In the course of events war was decided on, and it does not require a great stretch of the fancy to see a committee of those sterling patriots calling at the White House and setting forth in the form and manner following, to-wit:

"Good morning, Mr. President. As there is to be a war you will need some counselors, a board of strategy so to speak, and we take pleasure in recommending the gentlemen whose names are here presented for such position. They will meet with general approval, at least they will with ours, and the contest will under their control be prosecuted on advanced principles."

And so it was done.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely May-day morning in a far-away land. A magnificent harbor fronted a great city; the water was as smooth as a floor and its clear depths reflected all surrounding objects with a vividness of detail rarely seen outside of the scenic half-tones in railway advertisements. The wharves were lined with shipping and a series of fortifications and embattlements crowned the crests of the eminences surrounding the harbor. A great number of warships appeared upon the scene, a lot of them huddled together under the guns of the principal fort, while another lot were slowly but steadily approaching. Suddenly the reposeful calm previously prevailing was broken by a loud-mouthed gun from one of the ships near the shore. This was followed at once by others, and soon both fleets were exchanging destructive compliments in a manner that the board of strategy had not counted upon. It was a real old-fashioned fight that was going on, and it ended in the old-fashioned way—the Stars and Stripes waving proudly in the breeze and the other flags nowhere to be seen. How did it come about? Listen.

A Yankee pig named Dewey was in command of a small flock of ships whose mission it was to look out for United States interests in the orient. He was not widely known and only regulation work was expected of him. Shortly after war was declared, he

was ordered to hunt up a Spanish fleet supposed to be near Manila, Philippine Islands, and capture or destroy it. It was not believed at the time that he could accomplish either feat, but his movements would have the effect of turning attention that way, thereby diverting it from the waters nearer home, and for the time being satisfy the people's demand for action. If the result had been foreseen the order would have been countermanded or at least modified. Dewey not being a political fighter and being thoroughly indoctrinated with old fog notions of carrying on a fight proceeded before the contest was over to sever himself from the board of strategy by cutting the cable which connected Manila with the rest of the world, and before communication with him could be had it was all over—the Spanish were licked.

## CHAPTER III.

The Board of Strategy must have been in a frame of mind bordering on frenzy. They went into and out of secret session every hour or so. It is said that one member, more nervous than the rest, wrung his hands and groaned; the others were at times furious, again looking at vacancy with an anxious, careworn expression.

Finally a suggestion relieving the awful tension somewhat was made.

"Perhaps all is not yet lost," is rumored to have been suggested by an elderly member with a hairless head and a stomach like the turret of a monitor. "Spain will not quit yet, as severe and crushing as was the blow that the hothead Dewey dealt them. No; they will make an effort to retrieve something in the West Indies, where we can continue to exercise control. This war must be prolonged at least three months, six of them if possible, or there will not be a shadow of an excuse for a bond issue. We must see to it that Sampson and Schley and the others have orders not to strike until ordered, and then withhold the order until the bonds are issued and safely stowed in our vaults. Then they can go ahead or stop as they please—the former preferred, of course."

Like rain upon the parched and blistered earth, these words fell upon the Board of Strategy's ears. The meeting then, after giving it out that they were overjoyed at Dewey's victory, adjourned.

## CHAPTER IV.

Sampson, one of the men spoken of above, was pacing the deck of the flagship of his fleet, just in sight of the northwestern coast of Cuba. His hands were in his pockets and he presented the appearance of one who was compelled to kill time, and had grown restive under it. A strong, determined man is he, and he looked it, but he had orders which were stronger and more determined. Else why did he obey them? Every hour's delay in making a decisive stroke was giving the enemy so much more encouragement and strength, and he knew it, but like Brother Swan on a recent occasion, what could he do? The blow that would reach Spain's solar plexus and send her reeling and helpless to the earth is ready to be delivered, but the man's arms are held from behind. The board of strategy, aided with more or less cheerfulness by a certain secretary and with slightly more of reluctance than otherwise by a certain President, have that job well in hand; so instead of a fight first and then peace we have the peace with a certain dramatic display of war to satisfy those who will be called on to pay the interest on those bonds which are to follow. Hence Sampson and Schley have a real hard time of it: keeping out of the way of that Spanish