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SALT LAKE CITY, - APRIL 12 1907.

SMOOTH THEM DOWN.

The attention of the engineering and street departments of the city is respectfully, but none the less vigorously directed, to a vast deal of unfinished work in connection with the laying of last "summer sidewalks," as they are distinguished from those that were put down before and since.

A patient public has been vainly waiting, in many instances, almost a year now, for the filling up of little hillocks, and for the smoothing out of rough places at sidewalk terminals and junctures. There is scarcely a corner in the whole northeast bench section in which new walks have been laid, where the earth is not riven and jagged as a result of the work done. In some instances the "jump ups" and "drop offs" are so high as to be positively dangerous, particularly to older dark locomotion. Besides many walks are lined with dirt and cobble stones that make pedestrianism easier out in the street where animals and vehicles alone should travel. So far as the public can see there is no disposition to do anything towards remedying the situation, which every councilman as well as the heads of the departments named, must know, is very bad. To begin with, the walks were put down along lines so notoriously crooked and on grades so manifestly irregular, that the whole improvement was a disgrace to the city, and an unintentional monument to the engineering and construction inability of those who directed the work. To add to it the other conditions herein complained of, renders it unendurable. Not since Salt Lake was a city have street conditions been as incomparably wretched as during the past year. It is high time to smooth down the rough places and make walking safe without guide or escort in the residence sections.

NOT THE FIRST.

Do the newspapers which are saying that Mr. Roosevelt is using his influence toward winning support for Secretary Taft in the national convention of 1908, imagine that he is the first president who did anything of this kind? Possibly asks the editor of Leslie's Weekly, and then quickly gives answer that if they do they are very far astray. The Deseret News cannot make reply for all the newspapers of the country, but it thinks they hold no such views, at least in the main. The contrary is too much a matter of history for that. Jefferson's preference for Jackson over Monroe; Monroe's for Crawford, his secretary of treasury, before a personal difference separated them; Jackson's for Van Buren, and Lincoln's for having Johnson vice president, a fact that made him president on Lincoln's tragic death, are all familiar to every careful student of American politics. Grant's grief over the failure to accomplish the feat of electing Conkling as his successor is an interesting chapter of convention history. Hayes was more than favorable to Sherman. He gave him substantial aid, and Cleveland had not yet forgotten or forgiven the men who helped nominate Bryan instead of Carville.

In view of this showing it is clear that Roosevelt will not wander into untrodden ground should he conclude to lend a helping hand to his successor. He will only be doing that which his predecessors have done for, to these many years, and that, too, without their honesty or motives being challenged in the premises.

THE KAISER'S MOTIVE.

With regard to the frequent recurrence of the report that Emperor William has determined upon the sending of one of his sons to America, "to round out his education," to become a student in fact, at "President Roosevelt's Alma Mater" (Harvard), both German and American newspapers agree that recent developments indicate this is to be done.

Royal red tape, however, has so entangled His Majesty's purpose, as to make it impossible to learn at this time whether or not it is absolutely true. But among those who think so, apparently, is no less a personage than Baron Eberhard von Pawel. Many thoughtful Americans have long looked upon some of the actions of the so-called "war lord" of Europe with suspicion. They have never regarded him as particularly friendly to the United States. On the contrary the winds of an aggressive diplomacy have borne to our shores the belief that he was envious of the place we are carving out for ourselves in the niche of nations. But Baron von Pawel says this is not true. The sending of one of his sons to Harvard, he declares, is highly complimentary, and comes from the fact that the emperor entertains a sincere and lasting admiration for this country. He is very anxious to make the German Empire the foremost of nations, financially and commercially. He likes the do things spirit of Americans. He likes their system. And he likes President Roosevelt, very much. It is quite natural that he should desire his son to emulate the strenuous and successful American, to drink from the same font of knowledge from which the President drank. In selecting his second youngest son, Prince Oscar, he is making a very fortunate choice, because this prince is

naturally as much inclined to study as he is disinclined to army life. And where could he study under more favorable conditions and freedom than here in this democratic land? Besides, the value an intimate acquaintance with American conditions will be to him, to all Germany, and eventually to this country, is incalculable. And it must not be overlooked that a life untroubled by court intrigues and circumstances which surround the European prince of a reigning house, will give him a broader vision of life in all its phases.

Should Prince Oscar really come to the United States it may be depended upon that the open hand of hospitality will be extended to him, and that he will, in all respects, be quite as well treated as are American students in Germany. It may be that he will have to be "one of the boys," occasionally, and that he will be given a lively round of American college high life, now and then, but beyond that, there need be no fear that the amenities of international consideration and regard, will be in any wise violated. It may be set down at once that Prince Oscar's station will not be forgotten.

ORIGIN OF GARGOYLES.

Salt Lake's innumerable, who pass the altogether splendid Catholic Cathedral, now nearing completion on South Temple street, and the pretty and picturesque new Presbyterian Church on the same beautiful thoroughfare, daily stop and admire their imposing fronts and fine architecture. But to many their otherwise, in all respects, pleasing appearance, is marred by the presence of hideous gargoyles cut into the solid stone.

It must not be imagined that they are in any wise new or unique, for they are not. They are found on the finest church buildings in Christendom, in Europe and the United States alike. They comprise the almost every kind of bird and beast, real and legendary, and include many uncanny and diabolical distortions of the human form. The boldness and abandon to which this sort of ecclesiastical embellishment has been carried, probably reached its height in the work of the sculptor of the last century, who, during the restoration of Chester Cathedral, at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, cut a hideous caricature of Gladstone's head over or near the main entrance to the edifice. As to the actual origin of this kind of malformation there is more or less doubt. But a special writer of the London Globe has succeeded in obtaining some definite information. He says that one of the earliest of the elaborate attempts to transform roof spouts seems to have been at the Cathedral of Rouen, where the figure of the great dragon was adopted for one of them, though whether it was intended as an object of terror to the hobgoblin fraternity of the seventh century, or a symbol of the church's triumph over a public foe, can only be conjectured. This fearsome wild fowl terrorized both banks of the Seine and terribly ravaged the City of Rouen until he was gallantly slain by St. Romain, bishop of the cathedral there. Probably in sheer jubilation of spirits and in compliment to the valiant bishop the carcass of the mischievous beast was embodied in stone and set up aloft as a warning to all depredators and any evil spirits by which they might be actuated. The name given to this unlucky animal is said to have been gargouille, and hence the name given to his ally, according to some authorities. Others, however, derive the appellation from "gargolles," the weazand of the throat, or from "gargale," a disease to which swine are liable, and which causes a gurgling sound in the throat, like that which water makes in passing through a pipe. We are all at liberty to choose a derivation, since nobody can speak with authority.

If gargouille was really the name conferred upon the more or less fabulous beast whose carcass was embodied in stone, then the probability is, that we have here the origin not only of "gargolles," but of the French word for the weazand, as well as the English words, "gurgle" and "gargle." Commenting upon the matter the Globe correspondent says:

One ugly creature having been adopted for a stone effigy on so famous a church as that at Rouen in the seventh century may easily be conceived to have set the fashion for other churches, and the superfluous hideousness of so many of these objections certainly supports the notion that in part their sculptors were actuated by the idea of frightening the uncanny folk from the sacred edifices of the worshippers.

FLOATING EXHIBITIONS.

The profile and fanciful mind of Jules Verne, the noted French author and journalist, was wont to picture in some of his apparently more impossible narrations, the time when rich men would have floating palaces, surrounded by great gardens, and would remain year after year upon the water, spending the winter first in this balmy port, and then in that, or close to a particular island where they could bask in the gentlest sunshine and be fanned by the spice laden and perfumed winds of some land where only beauty and health, and love and long life reigned.

Altogether it was languorously glorious and passively pleasing to the dreamer who would suddenly awaken to think that he was only reading the views of Verne, and that there was nothing real about it after all. So far as we can see the Verne idea is not destined to end in fulfillment in the near future. But already there are great floating hotels and summer homes and whatnot, upon the mighty deep, and it may be that what the imaginative

Frenchman saw in some of his more fervid mental pictures is nearer realization than we vol of. It appears that his countrymen are taking a decided step in that direction. According to Consul-General Gabriel B. Ravindal, who writes from Beirut, they have at least given it a commercial application by the inauguration of a floating exhibition of French products in the Mediterranean. He says that the ports of this sea are shortly to be visited by an exhibition ship, which is to be fitted out with a view to gaining new outlets for French commerce. The vessel is to be arranged as a floating exhibition of products suitable for export, and French manufacturers and merchants will be enabled to exhibit their goods and samples on payment of moderate charges. A number of salesmen, partly drawn from pupils of the commercial schools, speaking at least two languages, will be carried, these being under the superintendence of experienced commercial travelers. In order to stimulate their zeal, all these employees will be paid on commission, and the widest possible publicity is to be given to the expected arrival at the ports at which the vessel is intended to call. At each place the salesmen will present their samples to the various buyers and transmit the orders they may obtain to the head office, which will see them carried out. A series of receptions and fetes are to be held on board with a view of attracting customers.

Salt Lake is to have a new ice plant, but the old prices.

All the railroad presidents are in favor of home rule.

It is particularly true of automobiles that it is the pace that kills.

Food for romance and food for scandal are often served in the same course.

All the difference there is between a rain storm and a brain storm is the latter.

Ohio is the greatest state in the Union in which to take a post graduate course in politics.

His address to the jury in the Shaw case showed District Attorney Jerome is well up in the Arthurian legend.

One of the greatest improvements that Salt Lake City could have would be a change of administration.

William L. Douglas may run again for governor of Massachusetts. There is good leather in him yet.

It will take a long time to restore public confidence in the alienists. They have had their day in court.

Ernest Thompson Seton hints that canned horse is the staple of beef today. Then the staple should be pulled out.

The new judge of the juvenile court seems to go along all right. May the grist that goes to his judicial mill be small!

Should there not be some sort of a celebration on the occasion of the reopening of the Salt Lake-Los Angeles route?

"Are we inviting another panic?" asks Leslie's Weekly. If anyone is it is to be hoped that the invitation will be declined.

Prince Oscar will not be sent to Harvard to complete his education. Of course Yale feels very much put out over the news.

Why doesn't the International Bureau of American Republics put Nicaragua and Honduras in separate drawers and lock them up?

Six automobiles are being built for the purpose of making a dash for the north pole. In the dash they will scarcely exceed the speed limit.

It was very proper for Senator Foraker in firing the first gun in the presidential campaign in Ohio to refer to the "shooting up" of Brownsville.

It is doubtful if in all his life Mr. Carnegie ever enjoyed a day more than he did yesterday in Pittsburgh. And he was fully entitled to his enjoyment.

Next Tuesday the forty-five thousand people who live in Topeka will devote the day to making war upon the dandelions. They have come to realize that if you want to accomplish an object you must dig for it.

The proposal of Mr. John Temple Graves of Atlanta that Mr. Bryan, when the next Democratic national convention meets, nominate President Roosevelt, is one of the most amusing things that ever happened in American politics. Truly it was a case of from graves to gain.

A DECISION ON BETTING.

Pittsburg Sentinel.

By a decision of our state supreme court yesterday, betting on horse races is declared illegal. The case grew out of the arrest of Albert Rosenthal at Readville, last session. He was convicted last August for betting on horses in Dedham, but appealed to the supreme court. Now the verdict has been approved. This is highly satisfactory and it ought to put a stop to a great deal of conduct which is decidedly against the welfare of the community. If only the law could reach other forms of gambling as easily as it can betting on horse races, then there would be less money wasted in one of the most foolish ways that fools ever devised for throwing their money away.

UTOPIA A LONG WAY OFF.

Washington Post.

Because all men are not created equal and endowed by their creator with equal capacities for accumulating property; because some men are constitutionally lazy and shiftless and others are constitutionally industrious, economical and ambitious; because many men naturally prefer criminal methods of getting a living while other men, abhor that course—for these reasons, poverty and riches, paucity and comfortable subsistence have abided side by side ever since the record of the human family began. Numberless have been the attempts of well meaning persons to abolish poverty and equalize social conditions, but all have failed signally in these efforts to amend the work of nature. Possibly the time may come when a universal commune will be in-

stituted and all the inhabitants of the earth, being free men and fellow citizens, will dwell together in fraternal unity and social equality. But there is at this writing no indication, hint or intimation that such a consummation is immediately impending.

THAT ESTIMATED CENSUS.

Providence Journal.
It might have been expected that an "estimated" census would make trouble. While nobody is disposed to take it upon himself to dispute the figures for the country as a whole, from various sections come loud protests against the unfairness of the figures as locally determined. Seattle, the searing city of the setting sun, declares she has at least 100,000 more people than Director North allows her, and of course St. Louis is among the list of complainers. As it would require a real census to prove any thing, these aspiring towns must control their feelings until the date for the big count comes around.

The Benefits of Travel.

Travel broadens a man—sometimes, when the engineer goes by the red target or the operator is taking forty winks, he finds himself broadened out over half an acre of landscape.

Travel shows a man the resources of his country—he may look from the car window and estimate the millions of feet of lumber required for pickle ads and corset billboards.

Travel teaches a man to respect his fellow citizens—in fact, at the end of his trip he will have learned to raise his hat to any man in uniform.

Travel develops a man's patience, one week of solving time tables fits a man to tackle fifteen puzzles and how-old-is-Ann propositions with a confident smile.—Chicago Post.

Might be Catching.
A young matron of Baltimore, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry," she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to Simmonses' across the street."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Nora?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades, so he said, 'an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had him or not.'"

Some Fruits.
Those Long Island burglars who dragged a 1500 pound safe for three miles only to find that it contained nothing but a large juicy lemon, will have to console themselves with the reflection that their efforts were not entirely fruitless.—Washington Post.

Boston's Principal Noise.
Somebody has proposed a statue of quiet for Boston. It is getting so, however, that the figure of Tom Lawson, shown in the act of hollering is likely to do just as well for the purpose.—New York Mail.

Good and Sufficient Cause.
Constantine—Th' very idea of two old men like you, a fighting! Ain't ye ashamed o' yerself, Uncle Rush Punkin-frost?

Uncle Ruf (still in the ring)—No, sir! He loved his rymyism. But wuss mine did, dad blame him!—Puck.

Not Easily Understood.
"You attended the lecture last night?"

"Yes."

"What did the lecturer talk about?"

"He didn't say."—Lippincott's.

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