

staunch Imperial Guards like Judge Zane may resign as soon as Cleveland assumes command of the grand corps, but generally they will have to be jerked from their saddles by the arm of force. It is the fortune of war, and they should not murmur. Four years ago they assisted in a similar ceremony in which the roles were reversed, and four years hence they will be just as ready to assist again in the same old roles as before.

To abandon metaphor again. The contest for the governorship is the first thing—though not by any means the main thing—that is attracting men's attention. The contestants have narrowed down to two—Hon. Caleb W. West, the former Democratic incumbent, and Col. Lett. Both are on equal ground as regards their exodus from Liberalism—and this by the way (think of it O, *Tribune*!) promises to be the test of true Democracy—the Shibboleth by which men read their title clear to the right to stand in the same rank with the Hendersons, the Dyers, the Chambers, the Rawlins, the Williams, and the others who were the first to throw away their arms and refuse to fight longer under the implacable banners of Liberalism against a foe that had already surrendered. At this distance from the idea of March it may be said that Governor West's chances for regaining his old seat are somewhat better than those of his competitor. He is a Kentuckian, and will have the valued support of Carlisle. He has besides an immense acquaintance in Washington, and, more than all, he was one of Cleveland's first Utah appointments before. Col. Lett's connection is largely in Nebraska and Colorado, which are hardly in the position to ask favors from a Democratic administration that Kentucky is. But Lett is a gamey individual and the verb to falter never had a place in his conjugation.

The part that the local committees—territorial and county—headed respectively by C. C. Richards and J. B. Toronto, the national committeeman, Col. Merritt (vice Ferry, wiped out) the two Congressmen, Mr. Caine the going and Mr. Rawlins the coming man—take in recommending the various applicants will, of course, have a great deal to do in settling the matter with President Cleveland. But as far as the local committees, at least, are concerned, little positive action can be looked for. The reason is that in conducting the great battles so triumphantly concluded the committees had equal assistance from many of those who are now pitted against each other in the race for office. Col. Lett gave up his private business and simply devoted himself to the campaign. Governor West was also an ardent worker. Hence the committee is obviously in no condition to take sides, and all it can do for either is to endorse both and say no mistake will be made, whichever man was chosen. The committees have literally been submerged and overwhelmed with applications from the various applicants, but very wisely they have decided to endorse no one so far in advance, and to wait till all the names are before them before acting on any. Col. Merritt, Mr. Caine and Mr. Rawlins may have

their preferences but as far as can be learned, all are proceeding very cautiously. With one exception, possibly two, none of the applicants can count on the endorsements of either of these three important individuals.

There are two contests before which the gubernatorial race and all other races entered for this great quadrennial spring meeting pale into insignificance—namely, that for the United States attorneyship and that for the position of United States marshal. I violate no confidence in saying that Judge Judd and A. T. Schroeder are locked in a deathlike embrace, struggling for the first, and that Judge Norrell, Wendell Benson and Nat M. Brigham are conducting a lively three cornered fight for the second. It is said that Judge Howatt, the distinguished Iowan, who has just formed a law partnership with Judge Sutherland, would not be averse to accepting the attorneyship, but it is to be feared that he hardly comes as yet within the meaning of the clause relating to residents. J. W. McNutt of Ogden is said to cast a longing eye at the marshalship plum, but it is hardly likely that that appointment will go to Ogden as long as the penitentiary and so large a part of its constituency remain in Salt Lake. So the battle is narrowed down to Benson, Norrell and Brigham, with, it must be said, the chances at present very much in favor of the silver throated tenor. As everyone knows, Brigham was one of the mainstays of Cable, the man who carried Illinois, and who can have anything he wants from Cleveland. The United States marshalship is one of the things he wants, and he has drawn a sight draft for it on Cleveland in favor of Brigham. Rumor says the draft has been accepted, and that Brigham and his friends expect the commission by the first mail from Washington after the inauguration. So far as the Salt Lake public's preferences go, Brigham, though popular in a set, stands last. He has shared no part of the heat and burden of the day in Utah, and is among the recent comers. With the politicians and workers, the marshalship is thought to belong to Norrell, who was one of the war horses of the campaign, and who, even in the hottest days of Liberalism, still guarded aloof and kept alive the sacred embers of the Democratic fire. If Frank Dyer had survived Norrell would be sure of the place. With business men and a good many others Wendell Benson is the favorite. The man who put his thousands into an edifice like the Knutsford has a strong claim on his fellow citizens, and there is a very widespread feeling that his claim should not be disregarded. Then, too, Benson is entitled to the gratitude of everyone for his fearless record in the rantankerous days of '89 and '90, when to favor a Mormon was almost as much as a Gentile's social position was worth. Benson was one of those—whose number could be counted on the fingers—who resolutely set their faces against the policy of ostracism and boycotting at one time inaugurated by the Liberals; he almost caused the Walker House to rock on its foundation by defying in its lobby a committee sent to remonstrate with him for employing Mormon laborers on the Knutsford excavation.

But as I have said, Brigham is in the lead and there is every chance of his reaching the goal. Some of Wendell Benson's friends, however, are not at all backward in saying that a protest will go to Cleveland if Brigham's appointment looks imminent. But protests do not count for much at Washington, as Governor Thomas and Judge Barich can testify.

The attorneyship contest is a very pretty fight as it stands. They say that when Judge Judd learned that any one had the unparalleled audacity to enter the lists against him, he simply sat down and glared at his informant through his eloquent spectacles with mingled amusement and contempt. He has hardly yet brought his soul to a realizing sense of Schroeder's sublime gall. That young man, whose three P's made him locally famous in a single night, is said to have the endorsement of every bank on the street with the possible exception of the American National. Judge Judd has said he expects the office to come to him without an effort on his part. He goes on the principle that everything comes to him who waits. Schroeder operates on the belief that Providence helps those who help themselves, and he proposes to help himself to the attorneyship if he can. In "hustling" qualities Schroeder leads. But Judge Judd secured an appointment from Cleveland once before and he may be able to do it again.

Nous verrons

It is a radiant relief to turn to the office of secretary of the Territory. For this large ripe plum—on whose lusciousness Governor Thomas and Col. Sells both waxed fat—there is only one competitor, C. C. Richards. There were several before it was learned that Mr. Richards was an applicant, but most of them gracefully retired as soon as his name was mentioned in connection with the place. Well, it is a fat berth, but it is none too good for Charley, who led the local Democratic hosts on to victory in the late tremendous battle as few other men could have done, and who, when knees were quaking all around him never for a moment lost faith in the star of Democracy. If Mr. Richards goes in, and the man who doubts it is yet to be encountered, he will be the first Mormon to hold Federal office since—well, since a time so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In passing, it may be mentioned that Joe Walden and Alfalfa Young are said to have had eyes on the secretary's office. It may be doubted, however, whether they are doing any serious work for it.

And what of the Chief Justiceship? The honor of filling Judge Zane's galoshes is an exalted one, but if it were accompanied by a larger annual stipend, perhaps there would be more eagerness in reaching out for it. But men of the stamp of Judge Sutherland, Frank Richards and Parley Williams can double the salary of the chief justice by an ordinary year's practice, and it is understood that neither one of the three will look at the position. It is different now from the days when the clerk of the court could be appointed in the family. That office—almost