

DESERET EVENING NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING.
(Sunday Excepted.)
Corner of South Temple and West Temple
Streets, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Horace G. Whitney - Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
In Advance:
One Year \$5.00
Six Months 2.50
Three Months 1.25
One Month75
Saturday Edition, Per Year 2.00
Semi-Weekly, Per Year 2.00

Correspondence and other reading matter for publication should be addressed to the EDITOR.
Address all business communications and all remittances to
THE DESERET NEWS,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Entered at the Postoffice of Salt Lake City as second class matter according to Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

SALT LAKE CITY, - JAN. 16, 1908.

STOP THE PRIZE FIGHTS.

We trust it has not escaped the notice of the Mayor and Chief of Police of Salt Lake, that the tugs and tows of the sporting fraternity are coolly announcing their intention to bring off sundry fistie encounters in this city in the not distant future. Some of them go so far as to intimate that the powers have "been seen," and that there will be no interference with the "manly pastime" of knocking down and out, disfiguring countenances, and smearing the ringside with gore. To all of which we trust Mayor Bransford will have an emphatic word to say. The Mayor of Ogden has already laid down the law in that city and notified the various "Battlers," punchers, smashers, and the plug ugly class generally that their "exhibitions" in future would not be permitted in the Junction City. If we know anything of the sentiment of decent people in both Salt Lake and Ogden, and we believe we do, it is that these prize fights (for they are nothing else, disguise them under what name you will) are brutalizing, demoralizing, and altogether bad in their effects. They promote gambling, they draw the worst element from the surrounding country, and as a rule they are engineered, concocted and pulled off in saloons.

The fact that the recent fight in Ogden drew an audience that paid \$6,000 or \$7,000, for the privilege of seeing men batter each other to a standstill, and that hundreds of people were unable to obtain admission, was a disgraceful spectacle, and one, we hope, that will not be allowed a repetition in either city, or any other within the confines of our State.

THE MURDER MANIA.

Louis Brislow, in an article in the Charleston News and Courier, calls attention to the appalling frequency of homicides in the state of South Carolina. He gives figures to prove that in that state, during the six months ended December 31 last, there were 153 homicides, or not very far from one every day. There were six murders every week. Just think of that in a civilized community!

Mr. Brislow gives several facts in this connection, that have some interest. He shows that of the number killed, 79 were white and 74 negroes. Of the slayers 70 were white and 85 black, while three were unknown. Murders are no longer confined to "nigger killing." The mania is spreading. Another fact the writer states thus:

"Another matter, and one which I leave to others to account for. Of the 153 killings since July 1, eighty-two were committed in prohibition counties and seventy-six in counties in which there are dispensaries. Since October 20, killings have been reported in prohibition counties as follows: York, Saluda, Union, Pickens, Oconee, Marlboro, Cherokee, and Spartanburg, one each; Greenville, Newberry, Darlington, two each; Edgefield and Marion, three each; Lancaster, four and Anderson eleven. In dispensary counties: Hampton, Williamsburg, Georgetown and Dorchester, one each; Charleston and Colleton, two each; Bamberg, Aiken, Orangeburg, Richland, Laurens, three each, and Barnwell, four. I repeat the last paragraph for the information of those who have desired to compare the homicide records of prohibition and dispensary counties."

This would seem to prove that prohibition alone is not the cure for the murderous mania that costs so many lives every year. Other means must be applied, as well as the extirpation of the low saloon.

Something is fundamentally wrong with our ideas of the sacredness of human life. We might learn something from the criminal code of the wisest law-giver who ever lived. According to the law of Moses, the unlawful killing of a human being, for the sake of revenge, or gratification of hatred, was punished with death. No sacrifice was accepted for that sin. The murderer might flee to the sanctuary, but found no refuge there.

If a person accidentally caused the death of another he might flee to the nearest city of refuge, and when it was proved that the killing was involuntary, the slayer was safe in that city. But if he was found outside, he might be put to death by the relatives of the victim of the fatal accident. The slayer had to remain in banishment from his home, until the death of the high priest. And thus he was made to suffer the consequences of even an accidental killing. If a body was found in the field, the chief citizens of the nearest city had to declare their innocence of murder in the most solemn manner. With regard to self-defense, it was enacted that a burglar, for instance, taken in the very act at night, could be slain, but it was murder to do so after sunrise. Such were the ancient laws.

In this country murderers are rarely brought to justice. And in later years the doctrines of self-defense and insanity have been extended so as to cover most cases of murder. Justice is no match for tricky lawyers with money at their command. And as a consequence murderers of both sexes are let loose upon the community to multiply and breed offspring in their own image.

There will never be an end to this bloodshed, until every murderer is dealt with according to law or her deserts. Even accidental killing should be taken cognizance of by law. Many of these are due to carelessness in the

handling of deadly weapons, fire crackers, bombs, etc., and this should be made a criminal offense, since carelessness in so many cases is criminal. Unless drastic remedies are adopted, the murder mania will claim an ever increasing number of victims.

JAPANESE WORLD'S FAIR.

There will be no war with Japan in the immediate future. This country has received an invitation from the Japanese government to take part in a World's fair to be held at Tokio in 1912. If Japan had hostile intentions, she would not prepare for a World's fair at the expense of many million dollars. It is true, the United States had an exposition at Omaha the same year the country fought for the freedom of Cuba, but no other country in the world could afford to have a fair and a war at practically the same time.

It goes without saying that the United States will accept the invitation and make the best possible showing, even if it should cost a million dollars, or more, to adequately represent the country. This is the first World's fair ever held in the Orient. The Asiatics who have made such favorable impressions at our fairs will be largely represented there. They will come from many parts of the continent and the impression they receive at the fair will not be without influence upon the Oriental trade. Congress should take action early in order that this country may have the benefit of location and buildings at the exposition.

"The location of the exposition will," according to the Washington correspondence of the Chicago Record-Herald, "be on a tract of 292 acres known as the Aoyama Parade Ground, in the City of Tokio, which belongs to the Imperial estate of Yoyogi and lies along the tracks of the Kobo Railroad, so that it may be easily and conveniently reached. There will be five grand divisions of exhibits—education, science, machinery, electricity and manufactures—and those from foreign governments will be installed accordingly. For other exhibits outside of these classifications each nation may erect its own buildings. There will be no charge for ground rent for such buildings. The installation in the regular buildings will be according to the plan devised at St. Louis by Mr. Skiff, the director of exhibits."

If this show is managed with the thoroughness that marks Japanese enterprise, it will be the largest and best exposition ever held. It is to cost ten million dollars, and that sum ought to go in Japan about as far as twenty million dollars here.

BLESSINGS OF THE PHONE

Notwithstanding an official assurance regarding the health of Salt Lake, an uncomfortable number of quarantine flags are visible in various parts of the City. To the sufferers cut off from communication with the world the telephone is a blessing of the value of which is not easily over-estimated. This is what a lady said to a friend the other day:

"Oh, if you knew what it means to me to hear your voice! I am in quarantine with the children—scarlet fever, you know—and nobody I know, or care for, has been allowed to come to the house for weeks. The other children had to be farmed out around with the folks; Bert, of course, has to be free to go to his work, and if it were not for these voices through the telephone, I'd never hear a word of my own and the baby's. We get so lonesome—you know, it is hard for us to amuse each other all day—and nearly all night. That is about what it means when you have to stay awake to give the medicine on the dot. Oh! yes, dear, do call me as often as you can. It is like a visit, you know, and you cannot guess what that means till you are in quarantine."

Such are the snatches of conversation one hears nowadays, when so many houses fly the yellow pennant that seals up the home it separates from human association till the dread visitant disease has taken its leave—wrapped either in a shroud, or as a pale wrath, beaten out of doors by the white angel of health. Does any one stop to think what the telephone means in such cases? Think of that isolation sealed by the health officers' dictum, the intervention of blocks or miles of space, the barrier of thick walls, and then through these, the clear, warm voice of love and friendship penetrating to thrilled ears, and carrying its message of hope and sympathy through otherwise impenetrable barriers. Who says magic has gone out or that miracle folded its mantle irretrievably in the ages of old? Take up your receiver, you who doubt, send your whisper of cheer tingling along the silken steel wire threading to yours the houses of isolated and anxious friends, and hear that choking voice of gratitude coming to you fall-terlingly through the little bell tubes, and let the inspiration it conveys wake your soul to the wonders, miracles and signs lying about us here in this prosaic world of ours!

FIGHTING A TRUST.

Western cities are not alone in their efforts for lower prices. New York City is just beginning a fight on a combination known as the meat trust. This trust was created a few years ago by a light of independent companies against a former trust, the independent companies forming an offensive and defensive alliance, which has been gradually absorbed, it is claimed, through the introduction of trust representatives as officials in the independent movement.

The New York Evening Post reviews the case as follows:

"Several years ago these independent dealers organized themselves into an association known as the New York Butchers' Dressed Meat company. Now they have awakened to the fact that apparently the big packers of the trust have secured control of this concern and that, if this control is not broken, the trust will have absolute control of the meat situation in New York. To find out whether this is the case they have begun a suit through the minority stockholders to compel the president of the company, Frederick Joseph, to reveal the present holder of the majority of the stock of the company, which he acquired in 1907, a thing which he has so far steadily refused to do. All sorts of startling allegations are made concerning the methods of the trust in eliminating competition and absorbing would-be independents even against the will of the latter.

It is alleged for example that Mr. Joseph acquired the majority of the stock of the New York Butchers' Dressed Meat company merely as an agent of the trust, for the purpose of turning it over, and that he previously left at least one other independent company elsewhere because it was thought that he was acting in the capacity of a trust agent. The minority stockholders who are bringing the action because of their desire to know just what Mr. Joseph has done with his stock, further point out that this stock, which at the time of his coming to the company had a fixed value, has now no value whatever. The consuming public of the city looks on the movement with approval, as it is willing to welcome any plan holding even a faint hope of more reasonable prices for its meats."

As the days get longer stocks get stronger.

In Brazil, the Penna's mightier than the sword.

Expelling orientals from Johannesburg looks like carrying the anti-Chinese war into Africa.

Clothing the Thaw skeletons with flesh doesn't seem to have improved them.

Abe Ruef won't get any immunity, not if Judge Dunne's court knows itself.

Mrs. Leavitt denies the rumor that she is going to seek a divorce. The fact is that she is wedded to her idol.

Not having succeeded in killing Lawyer Hamill, Mrs. Metcalf is not entitled to set up the plea of "temporary insanity."

Senator Smoot has introduced bills to revise the patent laws. Nothing is more patent than that they need revision.

Schmittz may or may not have a Ruef over his head. It depends on what agreement has been entered into with Langdon.

At the wedding Count Ezechenyl's best man will be Count Anton Sigray. After the wedding the count's best man will be Old Man Vanderbilt.

Senator Beveridge would take the tariff out of politics. He will find it a much harder task than Lipton has to "lift" the America's cup.

The motto, "In God we trust," was taken off the eagle and double eagle but it appears on the silver half dollar of 1907. Why this invidious distinction?

Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, says he feels that President Roosevelt owes the officers of the federation an apology.

Governor Sparks' recommendation to the Nevada legislature that it pass a special vote of thanks to the President for his prompt action in sending troops to Goldfield, looks wonderfully like a case of heaping coals of fire on the President's head.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS.

Washington Post.

But what is the cause for this great army of women workers? Authorities differ; they all agree, however, that neither the condition of our woman-kind nor our national ideas, nor the indifference of our men, nor actual conditions of poverty make it necessary. One woman writer, who admits to little sympathy with the ideas of her sex in this generation, has an answer, however, and perhaps she has it somewhere near the mark. She says our young women choose wage earning instead of marriage because they want to spend more money on themselves than husbands of their class could afford to give them. She declares that the ideal life inculcated in our schools is a false one, that of "having a good time." Unless they are having this "good time," which means showy dressing and a plenitude of social enjoyments, they do not think life worth living. They are not content to start life with husbands, as their mothers did with their fathers, on small means, but rely on money to buy them happiness. Then, too, they have been trained in a life of individual freedom and shrink from the duties and responsibilities of married life. Therefore, they prefer going out to wages and spending the money they earn on themselves.

THE NOBEL PRIZE LOTTERY.

New York Evening Sun.

A French writer with a pretty gift of irony, who conceals his identity under the name of Eivonophilos in a letter to the Times of London, makes the charge that the Nobel Prix de la Paix has been turned into a joke, and that when the annual awards are made it is a common thing to find people sorely puzzled as to why the beneficiaries under the lottery should have been selected for the comfortable substantial honor. He draws attention to the glaring fact that of those who have been "crowned" there are but two or three who have a wide reputation or whose names are even known to the general public. Instead, the reward has become a sort of pension awarded as a matter of course to professional pacifists and members of the Peace Congress by other professional pacifists and Carnegians.

OBLITERATING DESERTS.

Collier's Weekly.

Festivals to celebrate the creation of something are familiar, but a festival to celebrate a disappearance is something new. That is what Idaho proposes to have. The sage brush is retreating from the arid West before the advance of irrigation, and the Potomac Tribes has suggested that its parting should be speeded by a "sage brush festa," to mark the transforming of the desert into a region of farms and homes. The idea has struck root, and the festa is to be held at Pocatello next year.

Of course it is not Idaho alone that is interested in the shrinkage of the desert. Nevada sees in it her hope of becoming a settled commonwealth instead of a collection of ephemeral mining camps. Wyoming, Montana, Utah—all the infant giants of the undeveloped West—look to irrigation as the charter of their future greatness. They might have celebrated the work of the reclamation service in a literal and commonplace way, but the idea of attaching the celebration to the passing of the sage gives the occasion a touch of the poetic. Looking out over the desert, "silent, somber, tremendous, lone, austere," the Pocatello Tribes has "this army—this vast ranks of sage brush, uncountable millions in serrated columns and files—awaiting leadership, its annihilation." It asks: "Why not, then, a festa to mark the passing of the sage? Why not a festa, to honor the death of the desert?" The West answers, "Why not?" and the festa is to be held.

A SERMONET FOR WORKERS

[For the "News" by H. J. Hapgood.]

As Leslie M. Shaw, ex-watch-dog of the treasury, liked to put it, "there's a big difference between a man looking for a situation and one looking for work."

Too many young fellows start in and begin to talk salary, the first thing, before making the least attempt to "show" the old man, who is generally from Missouri, when it comes to handing out a job.

"When a man is out of work I think he shouldn't hesitate to spend his last dollar to make his personal appearance first class in every way," is the conclusion of H. H. Vreeland, president of the New York City Street Railway Company, who knows by experience just how many times the laundry can be beaten with the aid of a rubber collar.

After all advice is cheap. The best advice is poor at the best. Some advice is boldness in the applicant, some advice is recklessness, again others emphasize the importance of a man's appearance, his record, his actual knowledge of his job, or his versatility in adding side-lines to his enterprise, and so on ad infinitum.

Suggestions by example, and not advice in the abstract, is what the applicant needs, and will need. Take the case of a German chemist who had been having several interviews with a big industrial firm for a position worth \$500. "He has got ability all right," the manager confided to me, "but I don't feel very strong about taking him on."

I rang up my Dutch friend on the phone, and told him that that job was his if he would go to a barber shop, or a harvesting machine company, and let them reduce his beard and hair crops to human proportions.

The Dutchman obeyed and turned up like a new coin the next day. His cave-dweller's beard had been tamed down to a very sagacious Van Dyke, and his anarchist pompadour had been laid down like a field after a squall. He looked very smooth in comparison with his erstwhile appearance and he got the job.

Most men need little hints of this and other kinds, but the safest way is to prepare yourself—prim yourself in advance—for any question or subject that may come when the boss starts in on you.

JUST FOR FUN.

His Master's Voice.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the noted woman suffrage leader, was talking about divorce.

"Ill temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorce than immorality."

"When I was living in Pittsburgh I called one day on a certain married woman.

"At dinner time my hostess rang for the maid. She said:

"Mary, is that Mr. Brown down stairs. I thought I heard him just now."

"No'm," Mary answered; 'that wuz the dawg wuz wuz growlin'!"—Philadelphia Record.

She Shouted.

Patience—How did the report of Peggy's engagement get out? She says she hasn't whispered it to a soul.

Patience—No, she didn't; she used a megaphone!—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Method of Distinction.

"They look exactly alike, and you dress them exactly alike, Mrs. Highsnoggle," said the caller. "How can you tell them apart?"

"That isn't hard to do," answered the mother of the twins. "If I slap Johnny and he swears a blue streak I know it's Dick."—Chicago Tribune.

Botanical Tantalization.

Little Bertha came home from school the other day in a state of great excitement. Rushing in upon her mother, she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! guess what we're going to do."

"Nothing very dreadful, I hope, my dear."

"Why, our class is studying botany and we're going to tantalize the flowers next week."—Delaware County Democrat.

Of Two Evils.

Mrs. Framery—What reconciled her husband to her keeping a pet dog?

Mrs. Park—It put a stop to her piano playing as it always made Fido growl.—Philadelphia Press.

Ever Thus.

Kulicker—Children are so disappointing.

Bocker—Yes. Johnny broke his indestructible toy and won't break his drum.—New York Sun.

Most Direct Route.

"How did your husband get out of the building after he had located the gas leak?" asked the reporter.

"As nearly as he could remember it afterward," said the woman, "he went out through the roof."—Exchange.

Bohemia.

"We're infested with mice."

"Why not invest in a mouse trap?"

"I can't afford the cheese!"—New York Telegram.

Climax.

First Author—What was the climax of your last book?

Second Author—The bill from the publishers for printing it—Smart Set.

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Joel Priest—Nov. 25, 1906, in Salt Lake Herald.

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