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DYING.

They are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home;
They will toll and grieve no more;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
Like a dimly blending dream;
There is nothing left to bid
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat,
There is nothing left to do;
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of a tree;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise tranquillity.

RODEN NOEL.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

The World's Fair business still drags slowly along. The question of a site has not yet been settled. In reading the story of Columbus, and of his terrible trials in attempting to reach the new land, one can't help hearing a sympathetic sigh for the great old navigator, but in reading the story of the Chicago World's Fair Directory in attempting to find a site for the Exposition to commemorate the discovery of Columbus one can't help being disgusted. The course pursued by the Directory has brought Chicago into contempt, the whole nation into ridicule and the Imperial Congress into the realm of burlesque. Everything that could be done to make this fair a crowning glory for our grand country has been done by the people at large, by the legislature of the State of Illinois, and by the National Congress at Washington. Congress, honestly believing that Chicago was just the city to make a success of such an enterprise, readily turned the fair over to our city. The business men and general public accepted the national tribute to their energy and activity, and went to work to show themselves worthy of the favor bestowed on them. They subscribed for exposition stock from their private purses, they called their legislators together and made provision for raising \$5,000,000 by general taxation. The

Legislature even authorized the Park Commissioners to expend \$1,000,000 on any park grounds on which the exposition might be held, this money to be expended for beautifying and ornamenting the grounds alone, and entirely independent of the appropriation for the Fair proper. With all this encouragement, where is our Fair now? It is the subject of coarse humor for every newspaper from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is being made a shuttlecock by real estate sharks and penniless politicians, and in place of being a Grand Exposition it has become a Grand Imposition.

There is no doubt at all but the trouble is owing to the board of directors, the local body which was supposed to determine the site and character of the buildings, and so on. This board has really no grounds to be called a popular one. When the Fair was first talked of, steps were taken to issue stock to private subscribers to the amount of \$5,000,000. Large numbers of working men and women took part of this stock. A call was next issued to those subscribers to meet and elect a board of directors. Business men and wage workers who could not attend turned over their proxies to men who would be supposed to know what to do. A board was elected, the most prominent members of which turn out to be a few ex-railroad men and pestilent politicians. One man, the president of the board, Mr. Gage, is a well-known banker of unimpeachable character and of undoubted integrity, and his name alone gave tone to the body. But the active members are men out of work. Mr. Jeffrey is a newspaper hero. He is said to be the greatest railroad manager in America, that is by reporters. He was formerly employed by the Illinois Central. He was at first engaged as a kind of errand boy in the master mechanic's office. He manifested a taste for mechanics and this taste was encouraged by his superior officers. He succeeded in becoming a tolerably fair machinist. But he succeeded in getting acquainted with the daughter of the president of the road, and married her. The president, Mr. Clarke, a fine old gentleman, sensible and practical, did not turn his new son-in-law out

in the cold, as Morosini did, but pushed him on, until finally Mr. Jeffrey came to be general manager of the I. C. R. R. In time Mr. Clarke was forced to leave the road, and Mr. Jeffrey soon followed. The fact was Mr. Jeffrey thought to run the road not as the I. C. R. R., but as the Jeffrey system. Of course he was fired. His father-in-law was already gone. The Chicago papers took up Jeffrey as a martyr. They boomed him for director-general of the Fair. They sent him to Paris to investigate and report on the French exposition. Just fancy sending a man to France for such a purpose who can't speak a word of French, who knows nothing of the arts and sciences, nor even of mechanics except something about a locomotive. This man cherishes a deadly enmity to the road of which he was once the manager. This road happens to be directly mentioned in connection with the World's Fair. It was hoped that by its co-operation a very choice site could be obtained on the Lake Front. The management of the road is now divided among itself. A meeting of the directors of the road will be held on Oct. 8. Part of these directors belong to the Jeffrey faction, and if they win Mr. Jeffrey will get back again, and then, as general manager of the I. C. and as director of the Fair, he can fix a site that will benefit both sides. But now, while outside the road, he is afraid the I. C. would benefit by the trade, and that would be gall and wormwood to him.

Another of the Directors, Col. Davis, is a professional party politician, who would, if he had the power, consign to eternal perdition all citizens who don't vote as he does. Another, a Mr. Bryan, is one of these offensively ultra nationalist Americans who would disfranchise every citizen that could not adopt his type of Americanism. First he has acquired his local notoriety by his attacks on Roman Catholics and on German Lutherans. In a religious sense he was free to condemn them as they were to condemn him, but in a business sense it was bad taste to place him in the World's Fair Directory, a scheme so closely identified with Rome and Roman Countries. Mr. Bryan, I believe is a Canadian, and ex-Roman himself.