

DIVES AND TOUGHS.

An Old Officer Says They Are One and Inseparable.

HOW ORDINANCES ARE VIOLATED.

If the Laws are Enforced and Dives Suppressed, the Toughs Will Soon Disappear—The Police Force.

"How would you go to work to rid the city of the thugs and thieves that now infest it?"

This was a query put to a member of the old police force yesterday.

"I do not care to make any suggestions unless you agree that my name is not to be used in connection with their publication," he said, "or else I may be accused of officiating, or something akin to it. The fact of the whole matter is that times are much different now than when I was on the force; the population has largely increased; there is a much greater percentage of the tough element; there are more saloons and dives, and a better opportunity to dispose of stolen goods. I will remember the time when the words Salt Lake would cause cold chills to run down the spinal column of the average loafer, and he avoided this city as though it were a pestilence. I have seen half a dozen toughs arrive at a railway station, but they never get up town. The officers in charge were in the habit of walking up to such persons, tapping them on the shoulder and inviting them to leave. Some would protest, but they were always in the wrong; they were caught on the streets of Salt Lake after the warning they would be run in and no questions asked. As a rule, the second warning was sufficient; if not the arrest that followed was sure to be. This policy had the effect of frightening off a great many, who would otherwise have remained and caused as any amount of trouble."

"You would advise that this policy be pursued?"

"Most certainly, and if it were put in practice good results would soon be made manifest. Another thing that should be done is to revoke the license of all saloons where the toughs are in the habit of congregating. There are half-a-dozen resorts in this city that would be a disgrace to the toughest railroad town or mining camp in the west. I need not name them, as they are well-known to the public and to the police. Villainous-faced toughs who would cut a man's throat for a dollar may be seen hanging about these places at all hours of the day and night. These are the proprietors of these dens which shelter the criminals, but I do say they encourage their presence for the patronage obtained. The dollar of the tough is as good to them as any other."

"But where is the evidence that could be gathered?"

"It could be obtained every night in the week—Sundays not excepted. There is an ordinance that forbids throwing dice or playing cards in any place where liquor is sold. This is violated in a greater or less degree, and the saloons men are under bonds to comply with the ordinance. This alone is sufficient to revoke a license when persisted in. There is another ordinance making it obligatory upon saloon-keepers to maintain order on their premises. This is broken every hour in the day. There is another ordinance forbidding music or singing in saloons, or other places where liquor is dispensed. This is also violated openly and flagrantly. Each and any of these violations would be sufficient to guarantee the city council in revoking or refusing to renew licenses. Stamp out the dives, and the criminals and tough classes generally will go with them. Dives protect criminals in a greater or lesser degree. I would also detail a number of the present force to wear plain clothes at all times and their business would be to circulate freely in places where saloons are being watched. I believe in a uniform for the police force on general principles, but there is much necessary work that must be done, and if the officer is unknown to the men by whom he is surrounded, there was a time when the saloons were pretty well bunched together, and it was not so much difficulty in keeping an eye on the frequenters of such places. Now, they are scattered over a much larger area, and it is at the out-of-the-way places where more liberty is taken; and it is in such saloons that crime is hatched."

"Do you think the present force is large enough to cope with the criminals now in the city?"

"Really, I could not say how many members are on the force now, for it is a matter to which I have given but little attention since I retired about ten months ago. The rule, though, I believe, throughout the country is one officer to every thousand inhabitants. I do not know but that in a city like Salt Lake, which is scattered over so much ground, this number should be slightly increased. One experienced officer to every thousand citizens is generally considered the correct thing."

SEEKING RAYMOND'S FREEDOM.

Judge Powers Moving the Earth in Behalf of His Client.

Judge O. W. Powers, counsel for Frank T. Raymond, imprisoned in the county jail on the charge of murdering R. J. O'Brien on the 21st ult., appeared before Judge Zane, in chambers yesterday, and made a motion that his client be admitted to bail. The application was made on the strength of the testimony adduced at the preliminary examination of the prisoner and certain affidavits secured since that time. District Attorney Varian opposed the application on the ground that none of the persons named in the affidavits were called at the preliminary examination, although they were in the city at the time. If the matter were to be reopened, he wanted a check in the affidavits in order to ascertain if their testimony could not have been secured at the examination before the police magistrate.

Judge Powers replied that the preliminary examination had sought to have these people summoned, as he had specified them as eye-witnesses to the killing. Some of them were in the court room during the examination, and one was actually sworn, but not called. Justice Zane had overruled his request. He had then asked for the continuance of the case in order to secure additional testimony, but this request was also denied, the magistrate demanding that the case be concluded on the same day.

Mr. Varian asserted that one of the affidavits, a bartender in the employ of the prisoner, was present in court when the preliminary examination began, but left soon thereafter, having been told that he would not be called.

County Attorney Murphy here read an extract from the statutes showing that the preliminary examination could not be postponed to another session except by affidavit showing good cause for continuance.

Judge Powers contended that the affidavits submitted to the court showed conclusively that his client was entitled to bail, and he averred that under the circumstances it was the plain duty of the court to order a writ of habeas corpus.

The court asserted that all the eye-witnesses ought to be present.

Mr. Varian replied that he would see to it that the eye-witnesses of the killing were subpoenaed if action on the motion were postponed for a few days.

The court thereupon set Thursday of next week for the hearing of the motion.

Judge Zane in Chambers.

Judge Zane, in chambers, yesterday heard the report of the receiver in the case of John Blazard vs. Lucy D. Watts et al.; report filed and approved by the court; allowance of \$75 made to receiver, who was discharged.

In the case of A. C. Erving vs. H. P. Folsom; judgment for plaintiff in default for \$25.15 and costs of suit.

In the case of the People vs. Frank Ray-

mond, murder; motion to admit to bail; motion set for hearing January 8.

Routine Business in the Third District.

In the Third district court yesterday the following cases were disposed of by Judge Anderson:

G. S. Ellis vs. W. H. Porter et al.; motion for non-suit overruled; case argued and taken under advisement.

Jos. G. Burnwood et al. vs. Frederick G. Lyndberg; motion to dismiss appeal sustained.

Victoria Copper Mining company vs. Wm. Haws et al.; motion overruled to vacate order granting extension of time for defendant to file motion and statement for new trial.

The following cases are docketed in this court: January 8.—W. H. Gibson vs. De Witt B. Lowe; on motion to set aside judgment.

January 3.—J. W. Eardley vs. D. D. Hout et al.; demurrer.

January 3.—Margaret Reipen vs. Fritz Reipen; divorce.

January 6.—Bollivar Roberts vs. Nephi Clayton, de facto territorial treasurer.

In the Probate Court. Estate of William C. Staines; executor's account allowed.

Estate and guardianship of John M. Morgan, et al.; order allowing account and discharging guardian.

Estate of Ellen B. Haight, January 24, 1891, fixed as the time for hearing final account and distribution.

Estate of North Beach, a minor, petition of William Henefer and wife for adoption; case continued to January 29, 1891.

Estate of John Snider; order of sale of real estate as prayed.

FOOTPADS ATTEMPT TO HOLD UP J. G. McALLISTER, BUT HE STANDS THEM OFF IN GOOD SHAPE.

At a late hour last night three fellows were arrested, two of whom at least will have to answer to the charge of burglary, and it is possible that the third will also be held on the same charge. A kit of burglar's tools was also discovered in connection with the gang. Two of the fellows are now at the county jail and they answer to the names of John Wilson and Bert Holloway. The other is at the city jail, but as the marshal had not reached the police headquarters when THE HERALD went to press, further particulars can not be given now. The officers, however, regard it as a very neat catch.

Two Footpads Attempt to Hold Up J. G. McAllister, But He Stands Them Off in Good Shape.

Another hold-up a little more daring than usual, occurred early yesterday morning about 1 o'clock J. G. McAllister was driving along the street in his buggy and when he arrived at the corner of Fourth East and First south he noticed two men, one on each side of the street, and his suspicions were aroused. He threw his revolver and held it in readiness, and as he crossed the walk one of the men jumped him to hold up his hands while the other made a dash for his horse's head. The horse and driver were taken to the police station, and the footpads, who took to their heels, Mr. McAllister says the moon was shining brightly but he could not distinguish the faces of the men, one of them appearing to have on a mask. He says one of the toughs was very tall while the other was of medium size.

CUTTING DOWN A BOY.

She Proposed to Maintain Discipline and Did It.

I was driving along a highway in Woods county, O., with a man who was selling farming machines to farmers, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district school house. The schoolmaster and about twenty scholars stood under an elm tree about forty feet high near the tree, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about 14 years old.

"Anything wrong here?" asked my friend as we halted before the door.

"Budd Hawkins says he won't and the teacher here is called a little girl. The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain looking girl of about 30, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained:

"It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down."

"But could you conquer me?" shouted the boy.

"Budd, order you to come down!"

"I won't!"

"The best sent for an ax, and here it comes," she said as she turned to us. "He'll come down with the tree if not before."

We offered to use the ax, but she declined the offer with thanks, and stepping to the tree she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood.

"You don't!" shouted Budd from the top.

"I'll do it or resign!" she answered as she struck several blows.

At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and I was relieved as the schoolmaster sprang forward, ranked him out of the branches, and while applying a gad with one hand she pulled him into the school house with the other, saying:

"Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do something of the awfulest begging ever heard of in the state of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!"

He was hard at it when we drove on.—New York Sun.

A Prodigal Mother.

"And you are determined on this shameful extravagance, Allegrretta?" demanded the husband of the world-famous soprano, as he gazed with a haggard frown into the face of the peerless woman who stood before him with the light of a firm resolution in every lineament of her classic countenance.

"I am, Giuseppe. Consider the season. Remember a mother's love for her only child. Look at dear baby as he lies slumbering here in his little nest. Ah, Giuseppe, the mother must sometimes overcome the woman. Combat me no more. I will do it—but this once and this once only."

"Be it so, then," assented her husband sadly; "but breathe no word of your weakness to any human being, or your name will be a byword among lyric artists."

"You can trust me, Giuseppe," proudly returned the diva, and bending softly over the cot, she sung a \$1,000 lullaby to the dreaming infant.

"Allegrretta," groaned her husband, "this extravagance breaks my heart!" and with a heavy sigh he resumed his monotonous occupation of passing government bonds through a patent coupon cutter.—Puck.

Tea and Coffee.

"I never did think this country was altogether right in going to war in the Revolution over a lot of miserable tea."

The old boarder made the remark and attracted general attention, for when he spoke at all he generally said something.

"Why, Mr. Dingus!" asked the mistress affably.

"Well, speaking from what I know of it, it was certainly a very pretense for fighting; but if it had been over certain kinds of coffee, from which parts of this country have long been suffering, I'd not only approve of rebellion, but even go fight myself."—Philadelphia Times.

PROVO UNION DEPOT.

Good Prospects that it Will Be Built at Once.

REAL ESTATE QUITE ACTIVE.

A Steamship Line Across the Lake is Proposed and Will Soon Materialize—Other Business Notes.

The rumor that the Union Pacific company were about to construct a new depot for Provo spread from tongue to tongue with the rapidity of wild fire. The people of this prosperous city had begun to think that the above company were entirely neglectful of any improvements here, and a report to the effect that a building of a creditable kind would be erected was the occasion of the greatest delight. Inquiries of the officials of the road developed nothing definite, except that word had been received from the general office that there were to be considerable improvements in the Provo.

It is evident that the magnates of this line have fully seen the fact that the public have suffered much through the inconveniences of getting to and from their little red house, and have determined to do to them the best of a good depot. The Rio Grande Western company will also make elaborate improvements, besides putting up one of the finest depots on the line. Intelligence to the effect that plans were out for the depot was given by an agent of the road who knows whereof he speaks. The feasibility of putting in a union depot is so apparent that it is almost certain that before building commences the question will be seriously considered.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Now that the money market is becoming easier, there is beginning to be some activity in real estate. The sales for a week past have been considerable, and a great many letters of inquiry to the articles, which are comparatively low, have been received.

Negotiations for thirty feet of business property on Centre street are being made by parties from Denver, on which to erect a business house.

Four balls were given last evening, all of which were well attended. The ball at Cox's hall was particularly popular, and gaudy was at its height. Those at the Excelsior hall, opera house and Third ward were the scenes of much jubilation. The next society event will be a grand ball given by the Excelsior club, which will probably take place Friday, January 9.

A movement is on foot for a most worthy enterprise for Provo, which will be operated by parties from Denver, and that is the construction of a steamship line across the lake. The matter has for some time been the subject of newspaper talk, but nothing definite was accomplished. Local capitalists who are interested in the money in the bank sufficient to insure transportation across Utah lake in a steamer of forty-horse power. Work will begin in about two weeks on the steamer, which will be built within our city.

A petition is being circulated for the construction of a school house for Ward Three. If ever a ward needed a school house it is that one.

Provo, Jan. 2.

Traveling toilet and manure sets.

Best-Terray Men. Co., 142 Main St.

Schmer Pianos.

James G. McDonald & Co., candies.

STONING THE RAISINS.

Heard she are sitting in the window seat in the study. Enter her mamma with a pan full of raisins.

Her Mamma—"If you young people aren't doing anything, I'm going to make you stone these raisins, and I'm making mincemeat, and I'm just as busy as I can be."

She—"Why, of course, mamma. I'll be just fun."

He—"Delighted, Mrs. Muzzert. We'll turn the whole job out in just about seventeen minutes and a half."

Her Mamma—"I guess not—there's two pounds there. (Exit in the direction of the kitchen.)"

He—"Great scheme, isn't it? How do you stone the things, anyhow?"

She—"Why, you just squinch 'em up like this—"

He—"I don't seem to get the hang of it, She—"Why, how clumsy! You don't hold them right."

He—"How, so?"

She—"No, so!"

He—"This way?"

She—"No—why, how stupid you are! (Sets his raisins right with her own dainty hands.) There."

He—"This is great fun. (She withdraws her fingers abruptly.)"

She—"Now, see how many you can stone while I am doing one."

He—"Why do your mother make her own mincemeat? What's the matter with the cook?"

She—"Nothing. But there are two things that mamma says should never be left to servants—mincemeat and sweet pickles."

He—"Oh!"

She—"It's a religious duty with her."

He—"So?"

She—"Mamma's from New England, you know."

He—"Oh! (After a pause.) If you had a house would you make mincemeat?"

She—"Oh! I don't know."

He—"But would you? Just suppose."

She—"Oh, yes, I guess I would make raisins and all."

He—"Chop up the stuff and stone the raisins and all?"

She—"Why, I suppose so. What an absurd question!"

He—"No, it isn't."

She—"Yes, it is."

He—"No, it isn't."

She—"Ridiculous!"

He—"Because, you know, if you want to, you can have the house, don't you know, and I'll help you stone the raisins."

(One hour and a half later.)

Her Mamma (from the kitchen)—Come you young folks, are those raisins stoned yet? I'm waiting for them.

She—"Oh, my heavens! Jack, how many have we got stoned? One, two, three—gracious bless me, only four!"

He—"Who cares? Is it June?"

She—"Let go of my hands, Jack—oh, do, do, do! What will mamma say?"

He—"Well, tell me."

Her Mamma—Ag-ee-e-e-e-e!

She—"Let go—oh—yes, June—May—April—anything! In one minute, mamma—"

He—"Not quite through! Oh, Jack, do hurry up and help me stone these raisins. Yes, June, of course, you silly boy!—O. E. Calendar in Puck."

Too Flattering.

"Madam," said the tramp snuggly to the woman of the house, "you will have no objections, I hope, to my remaining on your back for a few moments to rest myself and inhale the odor of that delicious young prairie chicken you are cooking."

"How do you know it's a young prairie chicken?" she demanded.

"Why, I—"

"How do you know it isn't quail, or venison, or Rocky mountain sheep?"

"Madam, I assure you!"

"How do you know it isn't canvasback duck, or Carolina ricebirds, or blue-winged teal, or diamond backed terrapin?"

"It smells good enough to be any of them, I am sure, and—"

"If you've got any use of that red nose of yours," retorted the woman, "you know well enough it's a leathery old barn yard hen. She's been cooking for six mortal hours and ain't done yet, and I've got no time to waste on a smacking, hypocritical,

flattering cold victuals loafer. You git!"

The tramp lost no time in obeying the command.

"The next house I tackle," he said savagely to himself as he trudged on. "I'll ask 'em for some of their fried liver scraps, by gosh!"—Chicago Tribune.

It Wasn't Expensive.

Book Agent—That is a work, sir, in which the writer has handled his subject with a master's grasp—a book which has received the highest encomiums of the pulpit, the press, and of educated and refined people wherever it has been seen. It is at once entertaining, instructive, and as a book of reference it is invaluable. It costs you four dollars.

Busy Man—Cheap, isn't it?

Book Agent—Remarkably so for a work of its character.

Busy Man—I did not refer to the book.

Book Agent—Excuse me. What did you refer to, sir?

Busy Man—Talk.—Puck.

Inappropriate.

Hicks—How do you like your new neighbors, the Woolseys?

Mrs. Hicks—She seems a kindly soul; but she has no taste about her dress.

Hicks—What did you find to criticize?

Mrs. Hicks—The idea of a woman appearing in a coffee colored tea gown.—Harper's Bazar.

A Mean Man.

"Old Bankerson is pretty stingy, isn't he?"

"Very. He won't give his family anything. He even growled when Penelope had the measles."—New York Evening Sun.

Defining His Avocation.

Blind Fergus—O'd know th' smell av that pipe anywharres. Is it you, McCracken?

McCracken—It is.

Blind Fergus—It's glad Oi am 't run avocet yez. Are yez wor-kin'?

McCracken—O'm in business.

Blind Fergus—Contrairin'?

McCracken—No; O'm a middleman in th' produce thrade.—Judge.

All Turned Around.

A Lowell young woman went to a church of which she is not a regular attendant, and was politely shown into a pew. Soon after a man made his appearance and immediately glared upon the visitor as if she were an unwelcome intruder. He seated himself with the air of a proprietor and continued to stare at the fair stranger in the most insolent manner.

Embarrassed beyond measure, the young lady felt impelled to offer an apology, which she did in the following terms:

"Excuse me, sir; but do you occupy this pie?"—Lowell Citizen.

Argumentative Hedging.

"In polemics," said the professor, "it is the more effective way to take the aggressive. Overwhelm your adversary with fact upon fact and argument upon argument without giving him time to meet each one in detail."

"But suppose he takes the aggressive and overwhelms me with fact upon fact and argument upon argument," suggested the learner. "What then?"

"In that case, my young friend," replied the instructor, "you must preach toleration."—Chicago Tribune.

The Letter That Never Came.

Barney (making a futile effort to write to Bridget)—Feth, this pinel would be an illigant way to write saycrs wid; it makes no mark at all.—Puck.

The Day Was Honored.

"They say the real old Christmas spirit is dying out, but I don't see it," observed the gentleman from Dead Horse Gulch.

"Now, our town is a quiet, conservative sort of place, and it's nursing a tired boom just now. And yet we had a lively, pleasant, genial sort of Christmas."

"First off, Dick arver undertook to clean out the town—before 9 o'clock in the morning, sir—and he made cullenders of three men before we put him to bed. Then we tarred and feathered the sheriff—he had gone back on his election pledges, and the moral sentiment of the community was roused. Then Jim Fowler had a dog that had just gone mad, and he let him loose in the street, and he was more fun than a goat—it was 'most an hour before that dog was shot. Then we ran a temperance lecturer out of town, and in the evening Bill Hasenpfeffer made a bonfire of his new barn, just for a show for the boys—he's a thoroughbred, Bill, if he is a Dutchman."

"No, sir, the Christmas spirit ain't dying out, not while there's any sort of society left in Dead Horse Gulch, and you can tell anybody I said so."—Puck.

Their Parting.

She clung to him and sobbed in heart-breaking sorrow.

"Promise me, Harry," she pleaded, "that your last thought shall be of me!"

"I promise, darling," replied the strong man brokenly as he strained her to his bosom and mingled his tears with hers.

"Yes, I promise, I once had two sons. One of them was in a police court, and I left the other in a pawnshop to satisfy the lawyers.—Lowell Citizen.

Two Suits.

Tramp—Could you give a man who has known better days some old clothes?

Tramp—Yes, I once had two suits. One of them was in a police court, and I left the other in a pawnshop to satisfy the lawyers.—Lowell Citizen.

Didn't Follow It.

Dr. Pillsbury—Well, Mr. Skeptic, did you follow my prescription?

Skeptic—Yes, I had it, but I would have broken my neck.

Dr. Pillsbury—Why, what do you mean? Skeptic—I threw the prescription out the window.—America.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.