

MR. GRANT

his efficiency, for the captain was watching him, and he leaned too far, lost his balance and fell 30 feet to the deck. Every one thought of course the fall would kill him, but he landed square on the deck in a sitting position. Springing up he extended his arms, made a bow, such as circus acrobats do after a stunt, and said: "Captain, 'yees have not a man aboard the ship that can do the likes of that," and walked ashore. The captain smiled grimly, but Wooley rolled on the deck and screamed with laughter.

But that same laughing Wooley was once on his way to New York as a passenger when the steamer caught on fire. The fire had started just over the boilers, the seamen could not get to it, and the fire was gaining headway rapidly. Wooley knew every inch of a ship. Throwing off his coat, he seized an axe, and saying to the officer in command: "Get two strings of hose ready right here, and man your pumps. I will find a way to the fire," and commenced chopping his way. He soon made a place where the hose could play on the fire, but they carried him out unconscious, overcome with the smoke and hot fumes.

He left the sea and was running the engines of the Manhattan mill in Austin when Stedefeldt completed his furnace. Meeting Stedefeldt one morning he asked him how he was getting on with the furnace. Stedefeldt replied that everything was perfect, except that he could not give the screen at the top feed the necessary shaking motion, that he had worked weeks upon it, but could not fix it, and added that if he had that fixed his furnace would be worth a million to him.

"Oh, I will do it for half that," said Wooley, and picking up a shingle, he with a pencil made a rough drawing and handing it to the baffled inventor said: "Fix it that way and it will work all right," and it did.

Later Wooley was the engineer in charge of the machinery in the first Eureka furnaces at Eureka, Nev. Then he came to Salt Lake and later went away to Arizona and died there.

He was the jolliest soul on earth, but one of the most capable men in his profession that ever worked out his life in the west.

The cut and dried testimony of Mr. Grant with its febrile accompaniment, has been the big laugh at the opera bouffe, staged by the city commissioners during the week, and in his excitement he so far forgot himself and his own record as to deviate considerably and take up the time of the mock court to carry out the threat he made in one of the ante rooms of the council chamber that he would throw plenty of mud when he got on the stand. Owing to the utter incompetency, not to mention suspicious circumstances which have characterized the police department since B. F. Grant has had charge of it, this journal has been unremitting in its zeal to have the stench stopped or have him removed for "the good of the service."

It has not been a personal fight; we don't care what he does personally just so his official acts are above reproach and his work competent.

But the Cheese of Police has seen fit to make it personal, and if he wants to, he's on.

B. F. Grant is a fine old bird to have anything to say about the libations anyone has connected with. The first time the writer saw him, he was standing at the end of a not overly crowded roulette table supporting numerous drinks by leaning on the table with one hand while he fussed with a couple of stacks of chips with the other—stacks such as boosters use and carefully increase during the evening when the play is light.

His height and distinguished bearing, also his mellowness attracted attention and when asked who he was, the gentleman with us said: "Why, that's Heber J.'s brother; you will always find him around the gambling joints this time of night."

Then we learned that he was very well known about town and other towns, principally mining camps, a saloon keeper who worried a local brewery for years, and a fellow just like any other ordinary one of his type whose consorts were the kind one might expect to find in the same profession.

Drifting along, he was said to have separated from John Barleycorn and otherwise showed signs of leading the life immaculate, and then

someone conceived the brilliant idea of making him chief of police.

The files of this paper will show that we endorsed him, expressing the opinion that he would make good on the job and asking that he be given a chance to show what he could do. We apologize for that and take our part of the blame. His regime has proven that he is anything but the man for the place and his record is one of incompetency and laxity in respect to crime unparalleled in the police annals of the city. Really, nothing else was to have been expected in view of his personal record, and to allow such a man to take the stand and scarify those who have an honest desire to clean up the city, is just another reflection on him and the commission, the majority of whose members have long been familiar with the life and work of B. F. Grant.

When he talks about special privileges in restaurants in the face of testimony that is absolutely true and which may be verified by scores of other witnesses who have never had any trouble getting a drink in certain restaurants after midnight, it looks very much as if either he had received instructions from the lawbreaking interests with which he seems to be in such perfect accord, or was seeking revenge for an expose of conditions through which there might be a chance to profit if allowed to continue. But his should be a weighty word in an investigation started with the idea of completely whitewashing this ex-tipler and petty gambler of the past who, according to his own reports, has made the purity of this city like unto the lilies of the field.

But all that does not reach the real business. That is only discriminating between the men and women who know how to fix things and the timid ones who dare not attempt to bribe an officer; nor does it turn aside the greater danger of permitting thugs, holdups and dangerous burglars from going free after they have been arrested.

"We'll make a night of it," declared the Bostonian. "We'll have a feast of reason and a flow of soul." "All right," assented the New Yorker; "I never heard of them cabaret features, but they sound good."—Judge.

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