

**The Good Old Times.**

When Benjamin Franklin took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.—Success.

**Happiness in Poetry.**

There are so many holy and tender emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act, so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbs all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.—Jean Paul Richter

**The Simple Life in Gotham.**

After all, the simple life is widespread here. We do nothing but labor to get a few dollars to pay the office holders. Political bosses do all our thinking for us, so we have no cares along that line, but simply work and sleep until it's time to go to the poor house. Surely nothing could be simpler.—New York Telegram.

**Practical Scotty.**

"Positively the worst struggle I ever had in the water," said the young man who had been at sea, "was one night trying to save a man with a wooden leg." "Man," said an old Scotchman, who was listening, "if ye had got a bit of rope ye could hae saved the man quicker wi' it than ye could dae wi' ten widden legs."

**Embezzler Boiled to Death.**

In 1890 the last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia. The offender, guilty of stealing state revenues, was put into a large caldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed, as a warning, among the provincial tax collectors.

**The Capsules Came Back.**

"Some days ago," remarked the druggist, "I put up a prescription calling for quinine in capsules, as the doctor directed. This morning a small boy came in and requested me to refill the prescription and handed me the empty capsules in which to put the medicine."

**To Stop Bleeding of the Nose.**

Here is a simple suggestion from a hygienic exchange, to stop bleeding of the nose. Another use for the useful lemon: "Clean the nostrils with pure water. Fill a glass syringe with lemon juice. Inject the lemon juice and the bleeding will stop."

**Virtue and Vice.**

We pass for what we are. Character teaches us above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overactions and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.—Waldo Emerson.

**Have No Use for Pockets.**

We ordered a new pair of trousers the other day and when we got them they were without pockets. When we kicked the tailor told us he always made newspaper men's pants that way.—Sauk Center Herald.

**U. S. SENATOR BARTCH.**

It gives the Truth great pleasure to announce to its readers that the Hon. Geo. W. Bartch, ex-Territorial Probate Judge, through the kindness of ex-Gov. A. L. Thomas, a kindness Judge Bartch never remembers, ex-Territorial District Judge, ex-Supreme Judge, through the grace of the political ring organized by the Silver King Mining company, and now supreme judge of the great and growing state of Utah, has condescended to emerge from the coat of congealed dignity which surrounded his form and will accept the United States senatorship should an admiring legislature condescend to hand it to him on a gold platter (it being understood that the platter goes with the senatorship).

When such an eminent jurist is willing to lower himself to accept such a paltry position as United States senator it furnishes another evidence of the stability of our institutions, and assures us that the future of the country is safe.

By all means let this eminent gentleman be elected. He is a patriot of Utah whom all should delight to honor. His presence in the Senate chamber would drive all the senator sorcery to the cloak rooms, would cause the Goddess of Liberty to smile another smile, and Uncle Sam to have a new patch attached to the domain which remains forever under the protecting care of his protracted coat-tails. The people learn with unadulterated satisfaction that he has been endorsed by the legislatures of several states and by Hon. Thomas Kearns. All that is now necessary is to have him endorsed by the legislature of Utah, when from all parts of the land, particularly from Pennsylvania, at husking and spelling bees, in socials and sewing societies in church and hall songs of joy and gladness will rise like incense to the skies, and above all will be seen shining like the "phiz" of Horace Greely, the refulgent resplendent face of Hon. George W. Bartch, United States senator from Utah.

**COLONEL FERRY.**

One of the stalwarts, one of the strong men of the land, passed to the beyond in the person of Colonel William Ferry a few days ago, at the ripe old age of 81 years. He came of good stock and lived up to the highest traditions of his ancestors. Michigan was his native state, but he came west and more than a quarter of a century ago planted his home in Utah, and devoted his energies and talents to mining. Preseverance in the face of great difficulties and a large share of brain and muscle won and for many years he has enjoyed more than an ample sufficiency of this world's goods. He was a man of sensitive feelings, always kindly and considerate of others. He made friends and kept them. His home and family life was ideal and withal he ever took a lively interest in public matters. For some years he was in poor health and his demise was not altogether unexpected. In his death Utah loses one of her foremost and best citizens, the poor lose a good and sympathizing friend, but the greatest bereavement falls on his family who have the sympathy of the entire community.

**THE FLOOD OF BOOKS.**

It has come to be a trite observation to any that about one-half of America's population confess to "literary" aspirations. The mere reading of the titles of new stories as they come from the modern presses in an ever-increasing flood would take up all the spare time of the average man. "Best selling books" now follow so rapidly upon one another that it is

hard indeed to recall what was popular a year or six months ago, while of the scores of books the sales of which have been phenomenally large during the past few years, not half a dozen have lived.

Now, of course you knew all this before, but a consideration of its significance in the literary field possesses unusual interest.

First of all, it seems to us that the demand for fiction of today has grown beyond normal proportions. Readers now devour stories so rapidly and in such quick succession that they have not the time, if they possess the ability, which is often questionable, to appreciate them. Skillful advertising and the "rush" of things in general have both helped to bring about this condition.

The effect of this heavy demand for readable fiction has, in more ways than one, been detrimental to the literary taste of the public. The glittering offers made by popular publishers to writers of genius have tempted many of them to turn out work of which a conscientious amateur would be heartily ashamed. Lust for gold has supplanted the fire of genius in the mind of dozens who a few years ago gave promise of adding something truly great to fiction.

It is easy to see how this has lowered the public taste. Readers who lack discrimination are ready to take a book because it is the work of some author who once did something good to take it without question, and make an indifferent or bad tale their standard of measurement.

The other phase of the question is not less strong in its bad effect. Seeing the tremendous demand for stories,—thousands of men and women, boys and girls even, rush for a tablet and a lead pencil and blossom out as writers in a single day. Fortunately for the public, only a small portion of this "copy" ever gets into print, and yet the amount of weak, inane, coarse or worse stories that are thrown out for the public to read is simply appalling to the lover of good literature.

There is, however, a brighter side to all this which should be remembered. Today the young writer of ability usually finds encouragement, sympathy and success without a long period of probation and starvation.

**AQUARIUM FOR THE FAIR.**

An aquarium which will contain several hundred varieties of fish will be a feature of the United States government exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial. The exposition authorities have received a communication from the government commission asking that a supply of fresh, cold water of 200 gallons a minute be provided for the fisheries wing of the government building.

Huge glass tanks from six to twelve feet long will be erected in the fisheries section, containing all known members of the finny tribe that the government can collect. The tanks will be above the level of the floor, and the light will come from above, so that the visitors to the exhibit can see the fish swimming about in their natural element. Several hundred feet of glass walls will be necessary to display the fish true to life. The department will be in charge of experts from the government department, who will attend to the proper care and feeding of the fish.

It is said that special arrangements will have to be made for the accommodation of the chinook salmon, as he will butt his head against the wall if confined in a limited tank, causing his own death. Impotent of restraint, the salmon would, if allowed, commit suicide by charging against the walls of his prison. It is believed that to overcome this suicidal propensity of the salmon that smaller circular tanks will need to be provided for the accom-

modation of the chinooks. In such quarters the fish could not get sufficient headway, and the curved wall would not offer enough resistance for him to kill himself by impact with the walls.

**PART OF THE ESTATE.****Servant Folk in India Remain Long Positions.**

Servant folk in India attach themselves to the house; they become part of the family, writes Mrs. Evelyn Cotes. Certainly masters have a troublesome habit, every twenty years or so, of slipping away to England to grow old in the enjoyment of "pension," but there is usually some one left behind of the old stock, some son or daughter grown and married and living in Lucknow or Jubbulpore, who will take on the servants of childhood, and to whom they contentedly go. As they grow, by the claim of long custom, to the place. Our gardener, Atma, was here gardening for fourteen years before we came; and we have been his titular lords for six. We perform a function; we pay him his wages and admire his roses, but we are ineffectual, Atma and the garden are the enduring facts. Long after we have disappeared in the direction of Persia and the Red sea Atma will prune and rule in this, our once domain, for which of our successors would dream of turning out the diviner of every Ahla, the geographer of all the hidden roots and bulbs?



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