

TRUTH

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SCHOOLS OF SALT LAKE CITY.

The school system of Salt Lake City has excited the admiration of every person who has observed it. Its twenty-five handsome structures are in every respect modern; its curriculum is complete and practical; its teachers competent and thorough. To acquire this perfection has required an expenditure of \$5,020,784.82 which amount has been expended since the inauguration of the city public school system in 1891. One million and a half was spent in the construction of new buildings, the balance going to pay teachers' salaries, for books, and for general expenses. No city in the Union has facilities equal to those of Salt Lake. There is no overcrowding here as elsewhere. When a surplus is noted the board erects a new school house. Taxes of all sorts have been grumbled at here, as well as in other places and in some instances the collection of taxes has been enjoined, but here in Salt Lake people cheerfully pay their school tax, and never kick.

While the schools are in control of a board, half of which is Mormon, Gentile teachers predominate to a very large extent. This, too, when the majority of children are of Mormon parentage. The number of children going to school is about 14,000, of which 8,250 are Mormon and 5,750 Gentile. There are, however, approximately 290 Gentile and 74 Mormon teachers. The Gentile teachers are mostly from the east and equal to the best teachers anywhere. The school principals are all Gentiles but two. In employing new teachers only efficiency counts, the examination passed being the standard. Religion cuts no figure. The Gentile teachers, and, in fact the Mormon teachers were hired by the old board, which was Gentile, and having demonstrated their fitness have been retained without regard to religious distinction. This fact is mentioned for the purpose of correcting any wrong impression that may have been circulated by professional lecturers and affidavit makers throughout the east where this edition will circulate.

The system embraces eight grades and a high school course and the methods are very thorough. In addition to the ordinary studies, drawing and music are taught in the first eight grades. Medical inspections are frequently made, both in the schools and at the homes of the pupils, which, combined with the excellent sanitary and heating arrangements at the buildings has insured the good health of the scholars.

The books, pencils, paper, etc., required by the pupils of the schools of the city are furnished at public expense, but the child is required to care for them. By this plan a uniform book system is secured and the annoyance the teachers of olden times had to contend with is obviated. The cost is about 7 1/4 cents per capita, so it will be seen that it is cheap as well as practical.

The school year covers nine months and with the exception of the Christmas holidays is a continuous course of study. The children show an interest in the work and that the schools are doing excellent in the matter is manifest from the eulogiums showered on the Utah school exhibit at the World's fair at St. Louis. The school buildings are well ventilated and were constructed with a view to securing the best sanitary conditions possible.

The furniture is especially constructed with the object of causing pupils to assume correct positions and thus avoid the serious results that have taken place in other schools.

Salt Lake City is proud of its school system and justly so.

A GREAT SHOW TOWN.

When the assertion is made that Salt Lake is a great show town, it is done without mental reservation, or even an inclination to exaggerate. By "show town" is meant a city keen to appreciate theatrical amusements and their attendant feature of diversion. Unlike many other religious denominations, a great portion of Salt Lake's population, the Mormons, regard a theatre as an institution absolutely necessary for their proper diversion. This condition alone creates a larger field for theatric amusement than obtains even in larger cities elsewhere. Today Salt Lake City has theatres which cater to first-class attractions only, others confined exclusively to vaudeville, and still others in which melodrama is the principal feature. There are already four theatres successfully running and two more will be opened for the coming fall season. Six theatres in a city of the size of Salt Lake speak well for the metropolitan activity of the city and the amusement craving of its people. While the city is situated so far west of the great populous districts of the east, it might be thought that first-class companies could not afford to visit here. If it were a question of population alone, such might be the case. But fortunately for Salt Lake, its position on the great transcontinental lines of railway insures visits from all the leading theatrical companies, either going to or returning from California and the Pacific coast. During the season just closing, this city has been visited by such well known professionals as Mrs. Fiske, Kyrle Bellew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, Willie Collier, John Drew, E. H. Sothorn, and Julia Marlowe. In the music world we have had Sousa's band, Creator's band, Ysaye, the violinist, the Conried Metropolitan Opera company, Melba, the noted singer, and many other people favorably known in the theatrical and musical worlds. Charles Frohman, the great New York manager, regards Salt Lake with especial favor, and the attractions he introduces to Broadway, he also, during the course of a season, introduces, to the Utah metropolis.

If it's the cream of theatric amusement you want, if you desire to see the great stars who dazzle London and New York, if you want to see the very best offerings of the foot-lights, all you have to do is to become one of Salt Lake's population—and have the price of a ticket in your pocket. Another feature which conduces largely to our ability to supply audiences for our theatres, is the fact that Salt Lake is a great stopping place for tourists and a city where state and other conventions are held. With a large floating population, such as is created from these sources, the theatre affords not only a convenient but a necessary means of amusement. "Strangers within the gates" of a city go to our theatres, often for the good reason that they can here see what they are denied at home—the best professional talent from New York and London. Often a great operative or extravaganza company jumps from the east to the Pacific coast, but rarely indeed do they pass the doors of this city.

Klaw and Erlanger's celebrated "Mother Goose" company is a case in point. In point of numbers and cost of transportation, this was the most expensive theatric company ever seen in the west. It traveled a thousand miles before reaching us from the coast and another thousand after leaving us for the east—two thousand

miles over the rails, with only Salt Lake between, considered a good enough town to be worthy of consideration. "Mother Goose" played here a whole week at advanced prices to tremendous business.

Consider the entire map of the United States west of the Mississippi river, and, while you will find some larger cities, you will not find a town where the footlights shine on more persistent and enthusiastic audiences, and the box office returns are more generous to the managers.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO UTAH.

Many years ago it was said: "All roads lead to Rome." In these modern times we assert: "All roads lead to Utah," and incidentally, to Bear River Valley. They do. There isn't a ticket agent on any line of railroad in the United States who will not sell a ticket to Utah; one can start from any station on the continent and arrive safe and sound at destination, if one makes proper connections. Economy, however, teaches us to select the shortest and most accessible route; hence this journey from the little town of Dallas, Pa., is made over the picturesque Lehigh valley; the Grand Trunk, the Northwestern, Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line, with a side trip to Portland via the O. R. & N.; down to San Francisco, either by boat or rail and back to Utah—and Bear River Valley by way of the Southern Pacific's Central Pacific line and once again the Oregon Short Line.

Starting from Dallas, first go to Wilkesbarre, the county seat of Luzerne county, and take a through train, leaving that city of anthracite coal, old traditions and Indian history at 11:33 p. m. This gives one a chance to sleep while going through the country with which he is familiar, and, while the scenery along the crystal Susquehanna is beautiful, indeed, it is the new sights the traveler is looking for. The porter of the sleeper will awaken you at 6 o'clock next morning, with the information that you have time for breakfast before arriving at Niagara Falls, and, although he suggests there is plenty of time, the chances are that in your eagerness to see this greatest of natural wonders, you will hurry a bit, but no matter, the dining cars on the Grand Trunk are well supplied and the service is good. At exactly twenty-four minutes after seven in the morning you gaze with awe and admiration upon the seething waters hurling themselves over the great precipices on either side of the island; you are hypnotized with the song the rushing tide sings as it pours over the brink into the abyss below, and your eye lights up at the prismatic colors that dance on the mists which arise from the foaming, boiling torrent. It is with great reluctance that you turn your eyes from the spot where the river makes its great leap, but there are other sights to see. For an instant as the train shoots across the great suspension bridge below the falls, you gasp, as for breath; an instant only, and then you realize that the Union Jack floating from the staff not far away, means you are no longer in America, but are traversing the domains of his Britannic majesty, King Edward.

All forenoon, and until 2 in the afternoon, you whiz through towns, little and big, past farms laid out at right angles; with fences stretching as far as the eye can reach; with big "pepperage" trees looming skyward; with grassy meadows reaching northward, and cultivated fields; with fruit orchards, beautiful. Then, across the river from Windsor and we are again in the land of the Stars and Stripes in Detroit, one of the fairest cities in the nation.

Through Michigan, with its fine scenes; with its homes laid out with regularity not observed in any other state; with its apple orchards and its grain fields; with its fat cattle and its fine sheep, we ride enchanted with the enterprise that reclaimed, what were once vast tracts of timber, until about coming on, we are fain to rest our tired eyes until the flitting lights, the rows and rows of buildings, the street cars halting until we pass, remind us that we have reached Chicago, the giant city of the middle west. Into the Dearborn street station, with its mighty arched roof and then: "Chicago! Chicago! Change cars for all points west and northwest; south and southwest."

Mercy! We thought we were west already. Is there anything beyond Chicago? Later we find there is, but at this time, in obedience to the mandate, we leave the train, knowing that the baggage is all right, for was it not checked through? And entering one of Parmalee's omnibusses, away we roll through the brilliantly illuminated streets, under the Lake street Elevated, down Fifth avenue to the Wells street depot of the Chicago & Northwestern, the only double tracked road west of Chicago. We have a wait of an hour and fifty minutes, so we take a run across the street to Fall's restaurant, eat some oysters as fresh as when they were taken from the sea; then go out on the bridge and watch the shipping. We are charmed at the "sassy" little tug towing a big propeller, laden with grain, or a barge with lumber and coal, and as we swing around with the draw, we seem to hear the little fellow talking, in steam tug language of course, and this is what he says: "Oh come hurry up there. I can't wait a bit and you know it what's the matter do go on there turn that draw bridge don't keep me waiting," and then as the draw clears the channel of the river the noisy little fellow whistles as he passes, while the propeller, in silence dignified, glides by as though it was beneath its position in society to make a sound.

But it's time to go. So we bid ourselves to the Pullman and on the Northwestern sleep the sleep of the secure. At 6:42 a. m. we pass a little station and note on the depot sign the magic word "Luzerne." What can that mean? Nothing, except that the place was settled by a lot of Pennsylvanians, soon after the close of the war, and in honor of the old county they came from, they called the place "Luzerne." No more sleep after that. Two hours later we pass through "Scranton." Goodness gracious! More Pennsylvanians! Certainly, and they named the town Scranton, after the big city above Wilkesbarre, on the Lackawanna and the D. & H. There's a "Blairstown" and a "Parkersburg" on the line, too, and as we consult the folder we begin to think it isn't so far away from home after all, for are not our old neighbors here ahead of us? Why, of course; the world isn't as large as some of us think.

But what is all this green stuff growing? Corn? You don't mean it. Corn? Why there are hundreds and thousands of acres of it. Fields of corn with as many as three hundred acres in them? Pshaw! Impossible! Why, when Joe Stephens planted sixteen acres in one field the people thought he meant to glut the corn market. Fact. But it is sure enough corn, else why would they need all these big elevators, and cribs at every station. Land sakes! Don't people raise anything else but corn? They do? Well, what do you think of that?

But while we have been talking we have been gliding along at a lively pace. Through the rolling prairie country, thinking most of the time we