

TRUTH

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John W. Hughes, Editor and Manager

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The Tribune makes a great howl to the effect that the people have been robbed by the new franchise granted the Light & Railroad company and by the city council. There is nothing in the Tribune's cry. The entire object of the Tribune is to cover up the facts. In the first place the Light & Railroad company is neither owned or controlled by the Mormon church. A. W. McCune owns 45 or 46 per cent of the company, the English stockholders own over 38 per cent of it, and the church owns not to exceed 16 per cent of it, which it would be glad to get rid of at less than cost. The church control cry has no foundation in fact. No matter who owns it the franchise is a good one for the public. The company had, prior to the granting of the new franchise, franchises running for about 42 years, which it could operate under for that length of time without hindrance. By the new grant they get a consolidation of the old franchises and an extension of only about eight years. In exchange for which they make a reduction of about 25 per cent in the price of electric light and a similar reduction in street car fares to purchasers of 100 car tickets at a time, it gives the city a largely increased number of electric lights free of charge and it deeds to the city its water rights in Cottonwood canyon. All this in exchange for the short extension of eight years. Those are the facts, but the Tribune, Telegram and the Herald until very recently strained all their nerves to misinform the public of the facts. The desire of most people is to be fair and when the public becomes correctly informed as to the new franchise it will not blame the councilmen who passed it.

An unholy traffic in Indian girls has been discovered in British Columbia. Some of the copper hued maidens are said to have been sold at prices reaching as high as \$200. Inasmuch as one of the Ute squaws which occasionally roam the streets of Zion would not bring over four bits, we infer that there must be some right smart pretty Indians up north.

An old timer passed away a few days ago in the person of Jacob Alt. He came here thirty-five years ago and was familiar with all the changes that have taken place since Salt Lake laid aside the swaddling clothes of primitive infancy and donned the metropolitan garments of citydom. He left behind him many friends to regret his departure.

The Tribune criticises Judge Dey for defending Councilmen Wells, Tuddenham and Barnes before Judge Armstrong in the injunction matter, brought by Thomas Homer. It spares the attorney in no wise. Now as a matter of fact Judge Dey was doing his duty and that only in appearing as counsel. The three men sought to be enjoined are members of the city council and when that action was brought it was the duty of the city attorney to appear for them. But it is probable that had the councilmen engaged other counsel the Tribune would have been just as bitter toward him. And in criticising hired counsel the Tribune would have been just as consistent.

According to McClure's Magazine, an investigation, such as Miss Tarbell prepared on Standard Oil and Rockefeller, required six years of work on her part, assisted by a well trained staff. Thousands of letters were written, tens of thousands of miles travelled, hundreds upon hundreds of people were interviewed, hundreds of volumes of documents and testimony were investigated and the eighteen articles that resulted cost not less than \$50,000. The work paid, because it was basic and authoritative carrying with it its own proof and conviction and was worth the money and labor.

The Tribune arrogates to itself all the credit for defeating the Hartenstein "purchasing agent" ordinance. Although the Tribune seldom does anything creditable, in this instance it was right in fighting that vicious measure, but the fact is that to Truth belongs the credit of making the winning fight. It was Truth that pounded the facts into the people, not the Tribune. The Tribune railed, but advanced no arguments. The Tribune slung a lot of coarse abuse at people, while Truth presented conditions as they existed.

Yes, gentle reader, you will be safe in betting that John S. Critchlow will be a candidate for city recorder again. But do not bet on his election, because John is going to have a stormy road ahead of him.

Those who visited Saltair on "Auerbach" day were annoyed by a gang of hoodlums, who delighted in making a "flying wedge" and rushing through the crowds to the great danger of little children, one of whom was knocked down and trampled upon. A few biffs over the head with a policeman's night stick would be wise punishment for such a crowd and Truth hopes that next time that gang appears at the resort summary punishment will be meted out to its members.

In his eagerness to get a "scoop," an enterprising reporter for The Herald, paraphrasing a story from the Dixie Advocate about connecting the trail on the north side of the Grand Canyon with the trail on the south, constructed an aerial tramway 33 miles in length, with no intervening supports. If that doesn't make most engineers stand hitched then nothing will.

William Lewis, of Port Matilda, Pa., is 91 years of age and boasts that he walks two miles per day to his work cutting and peeling wood for paper, at \$2 per cord, and then walks home again. There doesn't seem to be anything to boast of in that. It's the man who is 91 years of age who doesn't have to work that way that is entitled to do the boasting.

Sam Grice has been sent up by Judge Armstrong for a term of twelve years. By the time his sentence expires Sam will be too old for further mischief. Grice has been a chronic thief, but always managed to get off with light sentences. This will hold him for awhile.

Cassie Chadwick's creditors will get seven mills on the dollar. That is a whole lot of money to have left considering the good times Cassie had while she was at liberty.

Johann Hoch declares in a letter to the governor of Illinois that Almighty God interposed to give him a new trial. Deity has to stand for a whole lot sometimes.

Mr. Hartenstein seems to have supplanted the "hierarch" in the Tribune cartoon department. Some men are born great, etc., etc., etc.

Provo and Commissioner Richards seem to have conducted the registration all right, notwithstanding the howls of the Tribune.

KNOCKERS AND BOOSTERS.

Editor Truth: In last Saturday's issue of Todkin's Knocker is the following:

"J. P. Meakin is delivering a series of lectures in the east on the Mormon question and likewise having himself interviewed on the subject in prominent eastern papers. A recent interview with the lecturer and declaimer appeared in the New York American, to which paper he gave some very valuable information upon local conditions. It appears to be Mr. Meakin's mission in the east to prove that the Mormons do not practice polygamy,

that they are very law-abiding and patriotic, and in general to fill the columns of eastern newspapers with the purport of some of Apostle Penrose's editorials. From the amount of space Mr. Meakin is able to secure in eastern newspapers, he must be one of the highest salaried officials on the church payroll."

According to the above logic anyone who speaks or is interviewed in the eastern papers or says anything in favor of Utah or the Mormons, is a salaried official on the Mormon payroll. The Hon. Simon Bamberger was interviewed at Los Angeles and he praised Utah and her people as highly as Mr. Meakin and by Todkin's reasoning he must be a paid official of the Mormon church. Mr. Fisher Harris, Mr. W. S. McCornick, Mr. O. J. Salisbury, Mr. Samuel Newhouse, the Rev. Elmer I. Goshen, Bishop Scanlan, and hundreds of others who are interviewed both at home and abroad, always speak of Utah as highly as Mr. Meakin and according to Todkin's little knocker they are all salaried officials of the Mormon hierarchy. Mr. John P. Meakin is doing good work for Utah in the eastern states, and if a few more of Utah's citizens would go and help him in one year from now the reverend knockers who go down east on a campaign of slander and graft would find their occupation gone and they would either have to "plow corn" or go hungry. Whenever one of these reverend knockers goes into an eastern town and finds John P. Meakin's pamphlets "Uplifting Thoughtful Articles" or the special edition of Truth of May 24th, cold sweat drops will stand out on his brow and goose flesh will creep over his body. He sees in these pamphlets and papers "the hand writing on the wall." Compare Mr. Meakin's interview in the New York Journal and Dr. Paden's in the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Meakin's interview is like the morning sun over old Wasatch predicting a glorious day for Utah. Mr. Meakin speaks of our mountains as the monuments of God and their snowy summits are "crowns upon their hoary heads." He tells of wonderful canyons and beautiful valleys and our farms where the husband man unites his hands and brain with the soil and the water, and brings forth crops in great abundance. He praises our mines and smelters, our schools or churches and our institutions and people. He uplifts Utah in every way and puts it in a proper light before the world. His mission is for Utah and her people first, last and all the time. Now look at Dr. Paden's interview in the Chicago Tribune. It is like a sunset over a dismal swamp after a dag of carnage, prostitution and debauchery. He pictures Senator Smoot (a man of pure character and marked ability), as unfit to sit in the United States senate along with Thomas Kearns, Frank J. Cannon, W. C. P. Breckenridge. How dark, disloyal and foreboding does this preacher picture Utah and then covers it all over with a hideous looking "Devil Fish." Mr. Meakin upbuilds and uplifts while Dr. Paden traduces and tears down. Which is the better Christian? It was only a few years ago that ministers of the gospel thought that the only way they could make converts and frighten people into the churches was to preach hell fire and eternal damnation. Every winter they would hold revivals in which they would stir up the smouldering fires of perdition by using infants for kindling and old sinners for back logs and cord wood, but one day Henry Ward Beecher had moral courage enough to throw the devil out of his pulpit and tell his people that all the hell there was was what people made here on earth. He said that a loving God and eternal punishment would not coincide; that man was made to laugh as well as to mourn. The preachers were astounded at such a heresy. It knocked down their