

TRUTH

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MUSIC AND MUSIC.

Paderewski, the man with the hair, came to this city on Friday last and after but slight preparation betook himself to the Tabernacle, where some 4000 people, chiefly admirers, were in waiting to see him.

Also to hear him, for he plays the piano real good.

The fact that the people forked over from one to three plunks each for the enlivening of the occasion is not to be construed as evidencing a mercenary disposition on Paddy's part—not at all; the payments were more in the nature of contributions to defray necessary expenses than otherwise. Of course the contributions were not wholly voluntary, nor proportionate, nor were they obtained through duress or coercion, albeit in most if not all cases accompanied with an inaudible protest, chiefly because of the magnitude of the contribution arranged for. But, then, there were no such things as acerbity or ill will following the show, because they (the contributors) got lots of notes in return for their bones, and Roosky has a high-priced way of living that having been trained to in youth he has not departed from now that he is grown up.

The writer hereof is fond of music. He goes to some little expense now and then in order that sweet sounds may be available even at the fireside. And he doesn't expect unusually capable singers or performers to gratify his taste in that respect without putting up, as the saying is; but there is a difference between reasonable admission fee and a system

which is too much like an exaggerated protective tariff to be palatable to a lifelong Democrat. Not any \$3 in ours, nor \$1 either unless it is a performance which, by reason of embracing many performers and expensive adjuncts, makes that sum reasonable, just and proper. In unusual cases, as two great stars in superior conjunction—like Booth and Barrett, for instance—\$1.50 may be endured, but only then and not then often. No show is worth \$2, and to ask \$3 for a very inexpensive one is for the management to say without words that the community is like London as described by Carlyle, mostly — fools. It by no means follows that those who go to the exhibition on such terms are thus describable, for they are not; they are able to gratify their liking for classical music in that way and it is their business altogether. But were the scrawler hereof what nature never designed and won't permit—a wealthy person—had he a roll as long as from here to the next Democratic victory, he would sturdily decline to encourage legalized pilfering whether in the interest of piano pounders, prize fighters or preachers. All of these are meritorious in some cases and entitled to such rewards as belong to capability of entertaining properly carried out, but not to little fortunes every time they make themselves visible in that capacity.

At 50 cents and \$1, the Paderewski house would have been double what it was in size and that additional number of people would have got to hear him, while the receipts would have been somewhere near \$4000. This would have been wholly disproportionate to the occasion, being more than twice as much as such performances are entitled to; but it would have been that much nearer to a just and common sense arrangement of things.

An entertainment like this: Bob Easton sings "Annie Laurie" and "Mary of Argyle;" Charles Kent gives us "My Sweetheart When a Boy" and any other favorite piece; Emma Lucy Gates carols "Zion" and "Oh, My Father;" a violin number by Willard Weihe, with such other melodious features as our Stephenses, Shephards and others can prepare equal to any on the footstool—would be as enjoyable a musical occasion as the most exacting taste ought to require; yet there would not be anything like a panic to get to the box office at \$1 per. But if the Paderewski show was worth \$3 in genuine gratification, the other spoken of ought to command about \$7.50. And that's all.

THE BOSS AND THE SAVAGE.

Their Race is About Run, and It Is a Good Thing Altogether.

Crossing the plains used to be an occupation which cut a considerable segment out of a lifetime. Up to 1867 those who came westward in considerable numbers equipped themselves with any kind of conveyance they could, organizing trains which contained all sorts of animals and every form of vehicle on wheels known to the commerce of that time. In the train which the writer hereof came in were sixty wagons, each ten under a captain who was within that sphere an archduke unencumbered with any constitutional restrictions; while over all was the captain of the train, who will be called the czar for the simple reason that I can think of no official invested with greater personal potentiality. This was all necessary. When a lot of green people, or dried ones either, get away out into the open, with no other protective reliance of a human character than gregarious and friendly co-operation, captains who are all that the word implies and more too are a stern necessity. It is to be understood that a captain of ten was supposed to be a man who had "crossed" at least once, and the captain of the train must have not less than two trips to his credit, and therefore have a knowledge of the roads, trails, cut-offs, watering places, and above all the localities where the red fellows swarmed most and did their principal holding-up. The wagons ranged all the way from those right out of the shop with the red paint still untarnished and good for a much more trying trip, down to rickety little market jiggers "bound all round with a woolen string," and creaking at every joint like they had inflammatory rheumatism; while the animals embraced young Missouri mules with a kicking power equal to one of the earth's pulsations, and warranted to descend unimpaired to the owner's heirs and their heirs, along with teams of horses, oxen and cows, some of whose fine points would have been dangerous if leaned up against.

You see, everything to be successful must have a head. Sometimes a fellow gets a head put on him, which argues a lack of success in a certain direction, but this article is not dealing with that subject. The head must be so constructed as to be adjustable to circumstances, and yet immovable when the occasion arises requiring that quality. A man might be quite successful in conducting a steer round-up, leading a cotillion, umpiring a ball game or playing progressive poker, and yet be a dismal failure if placed in some other positions of leadership, and in no one occupation in which mankind ever engaged is it necessary for one to be considerate, long suffering, gentle and encouraging, and yet tyrannical, impetuous, aggressive and dare-devilish to so great an extent as when engaged in the work of escorting the young and gid-

dy as well as the old and infernal through the desert wastes to the land of promise. If he isn't a despot part of the time, he loses his grip on critical occasions; and if he is one all the time, he is apt to get licked now and then, and there you are.

Once onto a time the quorum of captains of a certain train were called to meet in solemn council and take action with greater rapidity than the nature of the case warranted. A man in the train who was not noted for his Joseph-like qualities succeeded in attracting the attention of a dusky Evelyn Nesbit, who placed herself in his way on every opportunity and finally loved not wisely but too well. The girl demanded that he remain with her and became a Milton Royle hero, which being declined her whole tribe was up in arms with her, only they wanted the fun of converting him into dog meat. As the band contained fully 1000 well-armed and Satan inspired warriors, it was not a trifling matter. Numerous "talks" were had with the savages, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Finally their ultimatum was given. The man must be turned over to them or not one soul should ever leave that spot alive, and as they knew nothing of time measurements the period within which a young mezzotinted barbarian could run to a mound some five miles distant and return was given the emigrants to decide in, this meaning not to exceed an hour. Talk about a momentous question! Not counting the women and boys under 14, the odds were ten to one in favor of the native Americans of smoked exterior, the white people having the advantage of such shelter as the wagons afforded and being somewhat better armed than the enemy; but what of these after all? Without engaging in open hostilities the Indians could soon reduce the whites to subjection by shutting off water by picking off those who ventured out to get it; while remaining themselves in perfect security. Reader, did you ever have a hankering after office with its honors and consequence—to order and be obeyed, to direct and arrange and forbid and have your own way in all things? If so, how would the job which those white nabobs of the plains had on their hands at the time spoken of suit you? True, the way of escape was easy—to hand over the man wanted to such treatment as only the essence of deviltry animating the minds of those unbleached natives could devise. Undoubtedly he deserved punishment, but not their kind, and this was offered, together with all kinds and great quantities of compensatory damages, but they had set their hearts on a sacrificial circus and would not listen to it; they would have him or all of them. Choose! Meantime the sprinter had reached the mound and was turning back. With a pale face, painfully drawn with nervous intensity, the guilty man awaited the verdict. Murmurings, low but increasing, were heard among the little groups