

# TRUTH

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## WHY NOT START SOMETHING?

Unless some action is taken soon we will not have a campaign in this city this fall. Neither of the two old parties, nor the "American" party seem to be doing anything toward getting action for the election, now sixty-five days away.

The furniture in the Young Men's Democratic club lies idle under its cover of dust and dimity, and no man visiteth the place except Assistant Secretary Caine, who occasionally drops in to use the typewriter in issuing an order to the cavalry troop, of which he is captain. The sign on the door swings dismally, and the telephones inside are never rung. The records of the last county and city committee are piled inside and the books used in making the canvass, lie a useless mass of old junk. Because that canvass will do the Democras no good this fall. It did no good last fall for that matter, and might as well have never been taken. People marked Democrats voted the Republican ticket, and people marked Republican voted as they pleased and will doubtless do the same at the coming election. The Democracy might as well wipe off the slate and start anew. Chairman Thomas, of the city and county committee, has taken no steps whatever looking toward the calling of a meeting and Vice Chairman Hood has no jurisdiction in city matters. Perhaps, however, something may be done next week. Mr. Bamberger may go up to the office of Thomas & Maycock and awaken the chairman from the trance he went into on election day last year.

The Young Men's Republican club is the only active organization in that party, although it is whispered around that there will be a committee meeting at that indefinite period known as "one of these days." The club, however, contains within itself nearly all, if not quite, the membership of the committee, so there may be no use of getting a move on for the next fortnight. The Republican organization is in much better shape than the Democratic outfit, and can get action much quicker.

Chairman Darmer, of the "Americans" states that the work of organi-

zation is going on right now and that within the next three weeks he expects to call his committee together and issue a call for a primary in each district in the city. That is the only absolute indication of political activity in Zion at the writing.

Tom Homer has filed another suit against the transfer of water rights at Big Cottonwood, and by so doing has embarrassed Democracy not a little. The mayor and his coterie wanted to get action on spending the money soon, and this puts a sprag in their wheels. The case is set for the 11th of this month and there may be vexatious delays that will keep the matter hung up for a month or two and then election will be over and the boys will not have had good jobs and will be discontented and all that sort of thing.

If the conventions of the three parties were to be held tomorrow, Frank Hewlett would be the Republican candidate, Richard P. Morris, the Democratic, and Ezra Thompson, the "American." Hewlett has the balance of the mentioned partisans of his party on the run right now; there isn't anything to it in the Democratic party except Morris, and Ezra has McMillan faded a city block in the running. Of course there may be other candidates mentioned and placed in the field for the Republican nomination, but as to the other two, it is practically settled.

It is very funny that there are not more candidates in the field. Any time previous to this has seen the city full of aspirants. Outside John S. McCune Critchlow, who is legging as hard as he knows how, there doesn't seem to be any one who cares to be city recorder, while the treasury and the auditorship seem to be going begging. Why this apparent diffidence? What is the matter? Has every one got a good job and concluded to retire from politics?

Although he has said nothing about it, there is every reason for believing that if properly approached, Fisher Harris will accept another nomination for city treasurer. Admitting

that he has not put in the time at the office, there is this to be said of Harris; his salary has not cost the taxpayers a cent for two years; in fact the city is ahead by having elected him. Harris has acted very honestly and uprightly in connection with the handling of the city funds. Instead of going out of office several thousand dollars richer, as he might have done, legally, he has turned over the accumulation to the city. Here is the story:

When the \$200,000 was received on the sale of bonds, Harris instructed George H. Wood, his deputy, to canvass the several banks for bids on the deposit for the term of four months. He did so with the result that the money was deposited at the rate of 6 per cent interest for four months. Usually the city has had an overdraft of \$200,000, but this was not permitted this year and the interest on that was saved. A further saving will be made on the next \$250,000, the total amount being \$8,687. With the exception of the interest on the overdraft, Harris was entitled to take the amount himself. This sum would have been \$7,125. That represents the interest on the money from bonds. Plenty of banks wanted the money and plenty of banks would have paid the interest on it, but Harris decided to give the city the benefit, instead of taking it himself. Now as a matter of cold fact it is the judgment of the best attorneys of this city that Harris could have done what he pleased with that money. He gives a bond for its safe keeping. He could have locked it in the vault at the building, took it to the Commercial Club and put it in the safe, taken it home and hid it in the wood box or deposit it in bank to the credit of himself until called for. But he didn't and hence, while his salary is \$7,200 for two years by his actions he has saved the city his salary and \$1,562 additional.

On this statement of facts Harris' friends in the Democratic party expect to renominate him and expect the people to consider carefully the matter before voting for any one else.

### CHATTER.

(Being the personal opinions of the writer and for which no one else is in any manner responsible.)

Brethren and sisters, I arise this week to make a plea in behalf of birds.

That is, some birds. I also arise to plead for the extermination of some birds. I ask for the absolute extermination of that useless, saucy, and altogether worthless member of the feathered tribe, the English sparrow. I would urge that he be shot, poisoned, trapped or otherwise killed; that the nest of his mate be robbed and its eggs destroyed or the fledgelings killed, and that the partner of his joys and sorrows be wiped off the scene of action. I urge that this work be commenced right away and continued until there is not a sparrow left.

Now some people will say: "Why the mean, cruel wretch!" I am no such thing. I am doing this in behalf of the blue bird and the robin; of Jenny Wren and the little tom tit, of the little yellow birds you erroneously call wild canaries, of the English robin and all the other birds you used to see around in the trees, but now see very rarely, except in the country, away from the place where the English sparrow makes his home. Not a blessed one of you will contradict me when I say that this nasty little scavenger, who does not and can not sing a note, has driven out the other birds; that he is an unfair fighter, and attacks the others in troops and makes life a burden for them, many times killing them. Now did you ever go into the hills and watch a tree full of tom tits? Of course. Did you ever notice that they were most always upside down, looking at the bottom of the leaves? Yes. Well, do you know what they were doing? No. Then I'll tell you. They were looking for the eggs laid by noxious insects, which always choose the under side of the leaf for an incubator. Well, you say, what of it? This of it. Before the English sparrow was here; when the tom tit roamed around at will, there wasn't such a thing as a coddling moth was there? Ask any of the old settlers and he will tell you that the appearance of the coddling moth began with the disappearance of the tom tit and that as the tom tit grew scarce in the valley and took to the hills the moth increased. Ah, now a light dawns on your vision. You see a few things.

Have you noticed, too, that the worms that eat your vines, light on your plants and destroy them are increasing day by day? That this year they are worse than last? That they even get on the hop vines you have