

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

With a full sense of gratitude to all friends and patrons near and far, and with profound thanks to the Giver of all good, for merces and loving kindness beyond power to describe, the DESERET EVENING NEWS today begins its Twenty-sixth year. For a quarter of a century, the busiest and most important period in all the world's history, this paper has endeavored to perform with faithfulness and integrity the part allotted to the public chronicler of current events. Year in and year out, in times of prosperity and of distress, in sunshine and storm, it has paid its regular visits to the homes of its subscribers, contributing to each, as the occasion might warrant, its portion of hope, of encouragement, of amusement, of instruction, and of reproof; never vindictive in pursuing an enemy, never timid in defending the right, never faltering at the call of duty; always striving to be just, always aiming at the highest standard of respectability in itself and of goodness in the world, and always ready to take the part of the oppressed against the strong and haughty. A record such as this—who shall say the NEWS has not made it?—is surely something to be proud of, in these days of venal, sensational, claptrap journalism.

In his salutatory, appearing in No. 1, Vol. I, dated November 21, 1867, Editor George Q. Cannon said:

In entering upon the publication of a daily paper, we do so with a consciousness of the responsibilities of the position. To edit a daily paper, and conduct it in a satisfactory manner, is a task of no small magnitude. People's ideas about the style in which a paper should be edited and conducted are as varied as their minds. Each reader has his own taste. If this be gratified, then he is satisfied, and the paper is pronounced a good one. There is less of this diversity of taste, however, in this community than in any other with which we are acquainted. This is a result of the people's unity, and gives us a degree of confidence that under other circumstances we would not entertain. If we do our duty, we know we may safely trust the verdict of our readers.

In issuing this paper we do not have many promises to make. They are not required. We know what is expected, not promises, but a good, reliable paper—the fearless exponent of the truth—a paper that old and young alike can read with pleasure and satisfaction; in fact, a representative paper. It will be our endeavor to make the DESERET EVENING NEWS such a paper. We bring to our work in this department an anxious desire to benefit our readers and the people at large. Honesty of purpose, truthfulness and diligence, we are convinced will do more towards accomplishing this than any amount of talent unaccompanied by these other qualities.

In publishing the DESERET EVENING NEWS we propose to use the power of the press for good. We know that through its agency mightier results for good can be brought than ever were for evil. That which forms the daily reading of the community must leave its impressions upon them. Their thoughts will, insensibly to themselves perhaps, in some instances, take shape and color from that which they read. To have healthy, sound and high-toned minds, therefore, people should have reading of that character. This makes the

position of a journalist a most responsible one. We view it in this light, and while we fill the position, we sincerely hope that no word may ever drop from our pen that can truthfully be viewed as unworthy of this responsibility.

After a lapse of twenty-five years, we find no fitter words than the foregoing to express the present hopes and aims of the DESERET EVENING NEWS; and if at the expiration of the next quarter of a century, our successors shall be able, speaking truthfully, to say as much in praise of our efforts and of the papers as we can say in praise of our predecessors and their work, our hearts' desires will have been satisfied and our measure of success complete.

Shall we be pardoned for casting a single glance back to that cool November afternoon twenty-five years ago today? The writer of these lines had been dignified with honorary employment as paper carrier, his beat being all that portion of the city lying west of East Temple street. Proud in the possession of a riding pony and a warm, blue neck-comforter, —for November, 1867, was chilly—he put in an appearance at the NEWS office soon after lunch and made one of the expectant group that waited upon the porch while the editors within, the compositors upstairs, and the pressmen in the basement, labored over the birth of the first daily paper in the mountains. At last the matting clerk, standing near the spot where the city editor's desk is now located, announced that the carrier force could be supplied. "No 1" was called up (there were but two others); and, receiving instructions as to his district—which included what we now know as the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th and 22nd wards—he was handed sixteen papers, the total subscription list that day in the locality described. Being the first carrier to get away, "No 1" was also the first to begin the delivery; and to Mr. Joseph M. Hammer, then employed in the post-office, and residing on the block just south of the present Union Pacific depot grounds, he handed the first paper. Mr. Hammer was waiting at the gate, and he displayed no less agility in retreating when he thought the carrier's pony, which had jumped the deep ditch, was also going to jump the fence, than he showed joy at the sight of the paper.

It was a cold, swampy, cheerless district to travel, and not without its terrors to the timid youth of those days. No railroad tracks then crossed the street—none were thought of. The Utah Central was not yet projected, though it was hoped that the Central and Union Pacific roads, which were already under construction, would decide upon Salt Lake City as their point of junction. The depot block was little more than a pasture bordered by a morass, its one house being the square adobe still standing in the northeast corner. Within the square were several mounds which to the youthful mind were peopled with the restless spirits of those whose remains were buried beneath. The prevailing notion that it had been the site of an Indian battle and burial ground was confirmed when, later, the mounds were leveled and large numbers of skulls and bones were uncovered.

Looking through the columns of the

first issue, we find congratulations from the southern settlements over the completion of the Deseret Telegraph line; correspondence from north and east; a goodly supply of telegraphic dispatches; crisp locale that read strangely yet familiarly today; advertisements of many whose names are yet familiar, such as Walker Brothers, Kahn Brothers, Taylor Brothers, Woodmansee Brothers, William Jennings, Eldredge & Clawson, Ross & Barratt, and many others, not forgetting the inevitable stray notice. There are few who have preserved copies of the first volume, which is almost worth its weight in gold. Twenty-five years hence, when many of those who read tonight's NEWS shall have crossed the river, their children will be as much interested in a review of this issue as present readers would be in the copy from which we quote. The world moves, and moves rapidly, and we all must perforce move with it.

A WATERWAY WANTED.

The ablest newspaper in the Northwest is the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. It always takes a lively hand in whatever matter most concerns the constituency among whom it circulates. Following this line, it has prudently put away politics for a season and laid hold of some of the business issues before the western people. These it discusses with vigor and intelligence, giving fresh evidence of its earnestness and capacity as a popular champion.

A subject that has received recent treatment in its columns is one that concerns many others besides the citizens of the northwestern states. This is nothing less than the advocacy of a deep waterway from the west which will be extensive enough to admit of the bulk of the east-bound grain being transported during the navigation season. That the western farmer is at the mercy of the eastern railroads in the matter of getting his grain across the continent to the coast, no one will dispute; and that this drama of injustice is played over again year after year, always to the draining of the farmer's profits and the fattening of the railroad companies, is too obvious to require proof. Wherefore, thinks the Pioneer-Press, the agricultural interests of the country demand a canal system which shall complete the transcontinental route of which the great lakes form the most important link. There have been several propositions made by which such a plan could be compassed. Perhaps there may be better ones devised in the future. But it is certain that until some such scheme is carried through the farmer will suffer the natural consequences of the annual congestion at Buffalo and other like points, and will pay the price of escape from it, no matter how unjust that price may be.

It should be one of the immediate labors of the American people to devise and put through some plan for a deep waterway from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. It is not simply a legitimate cause, but an urgent one, and to neglect it is to neglect a practical need. This is the era of great undertakings, and these last twenty-five years have been marked by great