

there is much yet to be done and at the pace traveled a hundred or even a dozen years ago we would not be able to accomplish it in the time at our disposal? We are already, as suggested, preparing for "lowering records" and otherwise diminishing the period of physical transit between points, and may it not some day—and not so far hence, either—he disclosed to our astonished (for a short time only) minds that the absolute setting aside of time and space is no longer confined to the transmission of verbal messages but includes the animate and inanimate entities of the earth. And when we are able to proceed to any point without consuming any appreciable amount of time, and thus have no waste at all in that respect, is it not absurd to conclude that we have as much of the article drawn upon as in the times when we used so much of it? It is going into the teeth of every proposition relating to natural economics to say so. The ballad of Berger says, "The dead travel fast." When the living travel as fast as the dead will not the distinction between them be very slight will it not soon thereafter cease altogether?

S. A. K.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

CACHE COUNTY, July 15, 1895.

In looking over the program for the first grand annual Eisteddfod, to be held in October next, at Salt Lake City, I find that the committee has departed from the rule generally held in vogue in connection with such institutions. In the first number we find two choruses covered by one prize; that is, first and second prizes; suppose one choir should excel in the first chorus only—it may happen in this way, while another choir should sing to better advantage in the second chorus; how are the honors to be divided? Again, it appears to me that the second prize is not sufficient; it ought to be \$200 instead of \$100; the first prize is either too much or the other not enough. In the band contest we find them more evenly divided, \$200 and \$100. Is it not reasonable to conclude that the choir that earns the second prize is entitled to greater consideration than the band that will gain second prize in the band contest? I think so; though I am well aware that it is customary to offer an extra good prize for the best rendition of the main chorus.

In connection with the above I will ask, would it not be better to number the choirs at 100, or no less than seventy-five voices on the first number? It will be all right for Salt Lake City, but I very much question as to whether cities outside will be able to muster from 100 to 125 good voices unless they combine together, that is, two cities go it together, but such combinations cannot work to advantage. A choir numbering 300 voices can very easily put 125 good voices in the field, while on the other hand it will be a difficult thing to put even 100 where from 50 to 60 voices are generally used at home. I make mention of this, not to discourage anyone from making the attempt, but rather to put them on their guard, as every choir who enters the contest will go there to win—nothing short of that will satisfy them; and that is right too.

Another departure is the appointing of Prof. Stephens to take lead in the grand concert at the close. If we are to follow the custom and ruler, the victorious leader handles the baton in the grand concert. Not that I wish to debar the professor from this exalted position, but rather to let the honor rest on him who gained the victory. If the appointing of Prof. Stephens to this position is because of what he has done for us in the past, then I say that it is fitting and proper. On the other hand, I will say that we have a gentleman here in our county that we would like very much to see occupy that much-coveted position; I will guarantee that he would handle the baton to perfection.

Since I have said this much on the matter, I cannot very well let up without adding a word of encouragement to all parties concerned, and we all are concerned in this most excellent undertaking. Let no one run away with the idea that the Eisteddfod is gotten up for speculation. I make mention of this because parties have expressed their belief that such was the case. The history of the Eisteddfod cannot point to a single instance where any extra amount of money has ever been made out of them over and above actual expenses. I will refer to our grand national Eisteddfod at Chicago, where the best talent of the world took part. I very much question whether an extra dollar was left over after paying expenses. In connection with this I will ask, could we, as a Territory, invest money to better advantage than do what was done? It did not cost me one dollar, still I appreciate the results as though I had, individually, paid out \$500. What we lost at the World's Religious conference we more than made it up with our choir.

Now then, you choir leaders, get to work, and see that you do your work well. Select only the very best voices, those that have had the most experience. Leave nothing undone; let every member see to it that they are at every rehearsal. Get plenty of copies for all; remember that the "honor" is of more value than the prize you will get.

Yours for success,

"Y DERYN PUR."

P. S.—In referring to the number of voices constituting one choir, I should have added that I realize that less than 100 would be rather a small amount to take part in such a great gathering, as we shall see at this Eisteddfod at Salt Lake City, on the 3rd and 4th of next October.

Y DERYN.

A WORD FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

CANNONVILLE, Utah.

July 12, 1895.

There is some excuse for certain people who have an adopted home in this country to think that veterans receive too much consideration at the hands of the public. It was not these, but altogether another class whom one of our United States senators had in mind when he recently uttered these impassioned words: "But what of us poor devils who were not old enough to be in the army?" Is a question which is uttered every day in Washington

by young men seeking official positions.

But thousands of this class of men were as old as the writer who enlisted in defense of his country a mere child—at the extreme youthful age of ten years, and today enjoys a medal of honor from the secretary of war for the youngest soldier ever enlisting in defense of the flag. These men who delight in finding fault with the old veteran seem to think the old soldier is in their way, and ought to get out of the way of the rising generation, and that the law giving the veterans the preference ought to be repealed. Again and again I have heard the complaint with sarcastic allusions to the length of life of veterans such as, "Will they never die?"

Young men, half a million died when you were in your cradles. Ten thousand of them died inside of fifteen minutes on the morning of June 30, 1864. Twelve thousand of them died on June 27th, 1864, in the same month of the same year, all around the bloody heights of Gettysburg. Many thousands of them died in prison or in rebel hospitals, naked, hungry, suffering, unloved and far from their dear loved ones at home. Many other thousands of them today hobble on crutches or flap empty sleeves. They are dying fast enough. Less than half a million of them still live; but every one of them, barring none, bears in his body the mark of battle or the germs of disease contracted while campaigning in order that this government might not fade from the earth. But for them there would be no government for you to serve nor to protect you.

Don't be in a hurry. These old veterans are marching off the field, brigade by brigade every year. Regiment after regiment is disappearing over the brow of the hill of time. They are marching away into the field of death, bravely as did the Old Guard at Waterloo. Don't be in a hurry young man. Don't be in a hurry. These old soldiers are marching off the field and they will soon—all too soon for me—be out of your ungrateful way.

God bless them. I wish they could live forever, as their fame will live. Gone are the serried columns which stood "in the way" at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Bentonville and a thousand other places—every one of them a Thermopylae. Their deeds are blazoned upon the history of more fields than your weak brain can remember. They will soon be out of the way, but while they are here, the Republic should give them the preference.

JNO. M. DUNNING,

Capt., N. G. U.

The fondness of Frank Jamison and Elmer Bridges, of Dunning, Cal., for watermelons nearly cost them their lives Monday afternoon. The boys were scared out of a patch by a farmer, and, jumping into their buggy, blundered at the roadside, attempted to get away. In their excitement they failed to notice an approaching train, and, as they crossed the track, were struck by the engine. The buggy was demolished, the horse injured, and the boys thrown several feet, sustaining only slight injuries.