

We have a Constitution which is supplemented by statutes to be our guidance. If every man in Utah were to determine to obey that Constitution and those laws in spirit and in truth, we could without advertising have an addition of 100,000 people in Utah in five years. Why not try that experiment? It would be honorable; it would give the men of Utah a new self-respect; it would fill the state with people.

Gifts and Gifts

SOME small gifts count for much; some great gifts for little. The Master explained it practically when he said the widow's mite counted for more than all that the rich had paid as an offering that day, because beside the trifle in money, the poor woman had given her heart. Mr. Carnegie has just given \$10,000,000 to promote the cause of peace. Never was there such a gift before in all the world. It probably will bring the name of Carnegie down the years and the music will be softer and sweeter as time mellows it.

But the era of peace has not yet dawned. Suppose Mr. Carnegie had placed the amount in government 4 per cent bonds, and had contracted that it should be a perpetual debt, only the interest to be paid. Then had appointed agents to go into the country to purchase 200,000 little farms and fit them with a team, a cow, a little house, and each farm to cost \$2,000; then to pick out worthy young couples for the farms and say to each couple: "Take this farm, pay this principal as quickly as you can and then you shall have a deed to it."

Then what would have come of it? Two hundred thousand families would have had homes. After twenty years two hundred families, equal to one thousand people a year, would have been getting their deeds every year and the fund would never grow less. With every census 10,000 people started on the road to independence and perfect citizenship. Mr. Carnegie might not have received much credit for it in this world, but think what his credit would be in the great ledger of the ages!

Mr. Rockefeller, we are told, has given the Chicago University \$23,000,000. What a unique position he is in. Giving great sums to educational institutions, and all the rest of his time trying to stand off indictments for crippling the trade of his neighbor. How is he going to balance his books? Not in this world, but in the world to come?

Will his statement of the case be accepted, when he says, "I was sharp with my fellow men. They had not the gifts that were loaned to me and I outraded them easily. As my money increased, it was easier and easier to do them up, but I gave the money away as I made it, I did not bring enough with me to pay my obolos to Charon for rowing my soul across the Styx." Will that be accepted? We hope so.

Petition Congress

WE wish that the Utah legislature would pass a joint resolution petitioning congress to give to the country a financial system which will take the brake from progress and no longer paralyze enterprise. In substance, it would state a few facts as follows:

Because of the gold combines of a few people in the east; the rest of the men of this country are made a subject people to their combine which dictates when the people may prosper and when panics shall be ordered.

Because of this money is no longer a measure of values, and but a halting and limping medium of exchange.

Though the yield from factory and mine during the past year has been great and from the farm unparalleled; business halts in every state

and there is apprehension of further trouble in the minds of all the people.

The reason is that under present financial management and the present system, not half the needed money to carry on the country's business is available.

The present system was founded in the stress of a great war, not upon the wealth of the country, but upon its indebtedness, the object apparently being to keep the people paying interest for all time. They have already paid the wealth of half a dozen empires in interest, and the debt is never reduced.

By the legislation of 1873 and 1893 our export trade to the nations which contain half the inhabitants of the earth is destroyed. By the same legislation the men of the Orient are enabled to sell their products at a discount, measured in gold, of 60 per cent below that of twenty years ago.

We ask the government to meet its obligations for three years in bonds drawing not to exceed one per cent per month, payable in gold, interest and principal, but to issue those bonds in small denominations and of such size as the people can accept and use them as money in their daily transactions, make them, too, a legal tender for all debts, save custom fees, and payable fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years hence. The people will be glad to get them.

We ask, too, that an international conference be called to adjust, on such terms as may be just, a ratio between silver and gold that our exports to the Orient may be resumed, and our difficulties in trade with Spanish America may be settled forever.

We ask this, for the sake of the whole nation, for the failure of one crop, as financial matters are now manipulated, would overwhelm our country under years of panic. A half measure of values is worse than no standard of values at all would be.

"The Western Slope"

ONLY in response to the earnest requests of many friends are the remarks made by C. C. Goodwin at the Commercial club banquet in Salt Lake City on Dec. 30th, on the above theme, given publication, as follows:

I feel greatly honored to have a place in the dedication of this beautiful structure, for I look upon this as its real dedication.

That first reception was merely that the curiosity of friends and the price of the club should be gratified.

That High Jinks smoker was meant, I take it, merely to permit a few people to gratify their natural proclivity for fun.

But this banquet is the real dedication. It marks a signal station in the history of the club, it is a notice to Salt Lake and Utah that this organization which was founded to further everything good in this city and state, is with increased facilities and with more earnest purpose doing its work.

When my theme for the night was announced to me, I was glad. But when I traced back in thought along the path I have been coming over for the past sixty years, the truth came to me that the men who could have done this theme justice; who could have set to words the true history of this land from the west coast up to where the crest of the Rockies turn back the streams toward the western ocean—this history with its triumphs and sorrows—why they have one by one fallen in the trail and grown still.

The hands that might have painted this wonderful panorama, the transformation with its lights and shadows, have one by one been folded. The graves of the royal band sanctify all the region they redeemed.

We do not enough appreciate the first settlements of Americans in this great west. The men

who loaded their household goods and gods on ox wagons and started out in the face of a thousand and savage tribes on an unmarked trail of two thousand miles; the last fifteen hundred miles of which was over deserts and mountains, and who never rested until they made their camp on the banks of the Willamette; why Xenophon's retreat was a pleasure excursion by comparison.

They were not seeking gold; they wanted more land, few neighbors, and plenty of fresh air. They started the fashion of sleeping on the porches, only not having any porches, they took to the ground.

I often wonder if they ever realized what indomitable souls the good God had given them.

How glorified that company was who first in force sought the golden coast, I fear will never be fully known.

They came a picked body from every state, and many outside countries; the beautiful land greeted them; the valleys were all carpeted to receive them; the soft sunlight that played upon the ramparts of the blue Sierras smiled down upon them in welcome.

They looked around them; they looked into each other's eyes and realized that under sharp competition an empire was to be redeemed, and that they must be the instruments to compass that redemption.

They began their work. Where there was no written laws they established order; where there were no courts they commanded and enforced justice, within a few months they had called a convention and, though quite half of them were from slave states, they dedicated the new land to freedom forever.

Some had tongues that were tipped with fire and could sway a multitude as a southwest storm sways the mighty pines of the Sierras until the roar rivals that of the lashings of the ocean surges outside, that break at the mountains' feet.

Colonel E. D. Baker was one of these, J. Y. McDougal was another, so was Meredith, so was Edgington, so Randolph; so were Scott and Marshall, so were a hundred more; so especially was Thomas Starr King, whose notes were the highest and sweetest of all; who when dying, said: "This cannot be approaching death; such visions of splendor are opening before me."

There were marvelous writers; more legal talent than ever before gathered in a population so small; there were scientists and scholars, professors, statesmen and soldiers and jurists, mighty men of affairs and industrial kings who under new conditions wrought wonders never before deemed possible.

I just spoke of Starr King. A sentence that fell from his lips gives an idea of him. He said: "Great purposes, and the spirit that counts death nothing in contrast with honor and the welfare of our country—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor but an immortal spirit."

When you hear the name of Bret Harte, you think at once of "Truthful James." But listen to what he wrote the night that Starr King died:

"Came the relief?" "What, sentry ho!
How passed the night through the long waiting?"

"Cold, cheerless, dark, as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight, no sound?" No, nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling.
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing, but above the thicket,
Somehow, it seemed to me, that God
Somewhere, had just relieved a picket."

Starr King was one of God's pickets who stood