

ination, Lord-street and Paradise-street, Liverpool.

And this is a "hot" news item from the same enterprising paper:

Bass Rock Island, in the Firth of Forth, has been the scene of an extensive fire, which has destroyed most of the vegetation on the island.

The fire is supposed to have broken out late on Monday night or early on Tuesday morning, and it is stated to have originated from a rocket fired on to the island from a passing passenger steamer with the object of getting the myriads of Solan geese to rise from their nesting places. All efforts on the part of the lighthouse keepers on the island to subdue the conflagration proved unavailing, and many acres of sun-dried grass and herbage burned fiercely all day. Thousands of Solan geese and other sea birds soared about the island screaming frantically from time to time. Rabbits in very large numbers have been destroyed by the fierceness of the fire, which could be seen thirty miles away.

In the course of the afternoon, with the destruction of almost all the vegetable matter on the island, the fire spent itself, and the whole of the south side of the island presents nothing but an extensive blackened mass of waste.

Luckily the new lighthouse, which stands on the lowest ridge of rocks and far below the scene of the outbreak, has suffered in no way.

These are commerce and information. Here is the Mercury's idea of humor:

From a notice in the Hotel Hassler, Naples:—

"Ring once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter, three times for the boot."

At the third ring, you see, the proprietor is seriously annoyed.

One of the doctors at this week's international congress in London remarked that the danger of operating had been reduced to "vanishing point." No allusion, of course, to the all too frequent appearance of those significant words in the obituary column, "after an operation?"

CHARITY NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Charity begins at home, of course. But it isn't the only thing possessed of that characteristic. Business begins at home, too. That is where prosperity starts. And the more cohesive the effort of each, the more substantial and lasting the prosperity of all.

The Commercial Club urges all of us to buy buttons at twenty-five cents a but, advertising Utah, booming Salt Lake and commending the Commercial Club.

They bought the buttons in New Jersey!

They could have gotten the buttons in Utah. The Governor Spry buttons used in last fall's campaign were made in Salt Lake City. They were such good buttons that the governor was elected. They had merit, you see. And yet the Commercial Club, stringing Salt Lake men to spend money for the promulgation of the gospel that Utah people should support Utah enterprises, sends its good money clear to the Atlantic coast.

No Utah manufacturer's name appears on the reverse side of these buttons we all are being bullied to buy. The business card of "The Whitehead and Hoag Company, Newark, New Jersey," is circulated with every purchase of a Boost-for-Utah button. That's runny!

The buttons were ordered for distribution—

at a fair, round price—while the Wizard of the Wasatch held carnival here. In the hurly-burly of that carnival time it was expected that the buttons would go like hot cakes; that the spirit of boost would be so strong no one would go unbuttoned. But one of the results of getting your wares from away from home is that you can't control delivery. The buttons didn't get here the first day, nor the second, nor the third. They didn't arrive till the week following, and then the people who sent good Utah money out of the State for goods that Utah could furnish, stirred themselves mightily to force their state stock upon us.

It was like a chagrined hostess, disappointed of guests, trying to sell her cold victuals to the people who weren't invited.

And these Utah people now solicited to buy the buttons contributed the Utah money which was sent out of Utah to pay the button bill.

Charity isn't the only thing that should begin at home.

JUDGE GOODWIN'S BOOK.

No man ought to write reminiscences till he has passed the age of eighty years. That rule is established by C. C. Goodwin, and books will be better if the precedent be observed.

Judge Goodwin's new book, "As I Remember Them," has just been issued, and it is a distinct addition, a position enrichment of the literature of the west. Many of the chapters have appeared in earlier numbers of the Weekly. They—and all in the now completed book—deal with the big men of this western region, the men who made the states of the coast group, who laid broad and deep and strong the foundations on which mighty commonwealths can permanently and consistently stand.

It is written in that pleasing style of personal narration in which Judge Goodwin excels, and the charm of the manner is almost as highly to be prized as is the matter itself. There is no suggestion of sycophancy—the easy way in such a work. For the most part Judge Goodwin finds the big men great. But he finds some of them distressingly small. His estimate of Adolph Sutro is a case in point. But even to that eccentric German is accorded the credit due.

One finds our own O. J. Salisbury fittingly remembered; and big, blessed, effective Harvey Scott wins deserved tribute. There is poetry enough in this volume to set the mountains singing—and truth enough to warrant many monuments.

No man now living has known so many of the pioneers of Utah, Nevada and California as has Judge Goodwin; and no man living or dead has had the will and the ability to so set down this best of all biographies.

THE WIFE IS NO FOOL.

There is a good deal of philosophy in the view expressed by a pretty young woman in a Los Angeles jail—a pretty young woman who was arrested in company with her employer, and who found with surprise that the employer's wife had sworn out the warrant.

She had been a guest at the home. She had

exerted herself to be agreeable to the wife. She had visited the beaches, the restaurants and places of respectable amusement in company with the wife. She thought she had fooled the wife. And all the time the wife was wise.

The young woman and her employer had slipped away separately, leaving the wife at home, had rejoined each other at hotels and rooming houses. They had congratulated each other on the ease with which a wife could be fooled. And now the pretty young woman sifts the counsel through the bars of her cell: "Don't think the wife is a fool!"

She goes farther, and tells young women in rural environment to stay there; that green fields and purling brooks have more beauty than city streets ever can possess; that the charm of spring, the calm of summer, the joy of autumn in the country far outshine the painted glories of the town. And she adds that she is going back to the farm as soon as she gets out of jail. A good deal of that is wasted. A certain type of young woman insists on knowing at first hand. Experience is like measles. You have to have it yourself. Somebody's else measles doesn't make you immune; doesn't have any effect on you.

But there is no one so willing to learn as the sophisticated. And maybe they will profit somewhat by the experience of this experienced girl. Gentleman who entertain divinities unknown to their wives may take a leaf from the Los Angeles prisoner's book of wisdom, and reflect that the wife is wise. Curious that a man should be willing to live with a fool. And yet, when he plays his wife to believe his lies he is playing her to be a fool. Nothing less. He would guess in a minute if the tables were turned, and she should try to palm off a lover as a transient acquaintance from the husband's visiting list. But he expects her to be blind when he tries the same game on her.

Similarly, young women, solicited to something wrong by married men, should learn from this Los Angeles girl's disaster, that the wife is the danger point. It is unsafe to put her in possession of any facts. And it is folly to try to keep those facts from her. She knows. She knows a whole lot that she doesn't see. And any married man and any married man's forbidden charmer who indulge their tendencies in the fool belief that the wife is blind—are mistaken.

The wife may not make trouble. She may, for any one of a hundred good reasons, see—and say nothing. She may make her husband believe that she thinks him the loyalest creature in clothes. It is a compliment he ought to appreciate and reward with absolute fidelity—the sort he exacts from her. But it isn't because she is blind. It isn't because she is a fool. She knows by an instinct older than applied electricity, more searching than light, more sure than sound, more reliable than touch, more far-reaching than the wireless, exactly what her husband is doing—and with whom.

Don't lie to your wife. She's no fool. Don't think that the wife of the man who cojoles you is crazy. She may have been when she married him, but she isn't now.