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The Governor's Vetoes

UTAH generally, and Salt Lake City in particular, owe a debt of gratitude to Governor Spry, for vetoing the fire and police bill, the hotch-potch liquor bill and the other bills called the Des Moines plan bills, which were left an evil legacy from the late legislature. We do not care to consider the legal reasons which the governor gave for his vetoes; it is enough to say that each one of them was aimed especially at the prosperity of Salt Lake and the rights, some of them inalienable, of the people of this city. Of them all, there was more pure infamy in the fire and police bill than any other. It began by attempted confiscation of the property of the city, it flew directly in the face of the constitution of the state, and the purpose more pronounced than any other was to steal a political point, and deprive the citizens of the city self-government. It was born of ignorance, malice, bigotry, and in utter disregard of justice and a square deal, and shattered as it is by the governor's veto, it still remains a brand of shame upon the brow of every man who gave it his support.

The liquor bill was so misshapen, so crude, so idiotic that it is charitable to believe that it was presented that it might, by its deformities, defeat itself.

The other bills referred to above were intended to revolutionize the government of this city, without regard to whether the men who pay the taxes here, and the men who carry on the work here, desired any such change or not. It was intended as a usurpation as cold-blooded as was ever attempted in a free country, and in it was manifest a malice and disregard of justice, pitiable to see. But the most disgraceful feature of it all was the revelation which its terms presented, that a majority of the late legislature have no reverence for the sanctity of established laws, so comprehensive of the spirit of the free institutions of the country that draws its protecting arms around them and opens all its opportunities and privileges to them.

That Governor Spry stamped the evil work to the ground, should carry to him the gratitude of every free-born man and woman in the state.

His act is the most hopeful sign that has appeared in the sky of Utah for ninety days.

There should be kindergartens established in every county of Utah, and the future legislators in these counties should receive lessons daily for some months to come on the principles of free representative government, with special lectures on common honesty.

The Skulkers

IT HAS been great fun for American party men to watch the squirming of the federal bunch and their assistant manipulators during the past six weeks. Some of these manipulators have been conspicuous by their absence. Some who have been obliged to remain have worn the same look that Macbeth put on when he cried, "Thou canst not say I did it."

There are some Gentiles here who say: "We made a fight in the old days for a principle and

won. Even if the church chiefs have proved false to their covenants, and have whipped their people back to the old servitude, even if they deride the constitution and the laws, why make another fight? Why not wait for the abrasions of time to wear off the wrongs? But there is another company, who made the fight in the old days, and shouted from the housetops their principles, who never had any principles and were crazy only in the hope of being corrupted. They are the conspicuous assistants of the federal bunch, except a few who are in the bunch. These have been much distressed during the past two months. They know just how old David felt when the prophet told him of a man who had been cowardly and wicked beyond compare, and David, in fury, asked who the son of a gun was, and the prophet answered: "Thou art the man!"

It has been fun to watch these renegades and frauds for six weeks past, and see the dread on their faces lest some one should suddenly shout in their ears: "Thou art the men!"

W. W. Chisholm

THOUGH long expected by those who knew his condition, the news of the death of W. W. Chisholm was heavy news to thousands in Utah. Sterling was a word which applied perfectly to the character of W. W. Chisholm. Clear-brained, sagacious in business, under every other trait, was perfect integrity, a sense of justice that dominated his life, and a love of country as broad as the Republic.

He believed in work, and so toiled steadily, until disease withered his strong arms; holding his possessions as a trust, he began to administer upon them when they were but small, and as fortune increased, in full accord, his charities expanded, until in the books of the Infinite his credits outweighed every debt that could be urged against him. His experience taught him that in this world honest effort and ceaseless endeavor often go unrewarded; hence his sympathies were always kept warm; if he had any prejudices, he held them in subjection to his sense of duty, and the tricks which so many men resort to in their methods of gaining a fortune, appealed only to his contempt.

More than once the clouds hung heavy above him, but they never disturbed his serenity nor dampened for a moment his unshrinking courage. And when in great measure his success came, his exultation was more for those he loved than for himself, and not one trace of false pride shone out to mar his superb character. He filled his place in the world, as a perfect citizen, and he goes down to the peace which he earned by his life work, covered with honors. May the memory of that life in its fullness bring consolation to those who in life were all in all to him.

John Muir

NAPOLEON said, "Men are nothing, a man is everything." We always think of that when we think of John Muir. We think him one of the most remarkable men of this age and we do not feel so small when reading any other man's writing as we do those of John Muir.

In the World's Work, French Strother tells about a three days' visit with him in his home in Alhambra Valley, California. He lives there alone, he works long hours in his study, surrounded by his books, current magazines and specimens from the petrified forests of Arizona and Australia. He sleeps on the porch, makes his own coffee and, withal, he is a good farmer.

The charm of the article is in repeating the very words which John Muir said. He is past seventy years of age now and he impressed Strother with a feeling that reverence was his strongest characteristic, and quoting from him, Muir is made to say:

"There are no accidents in nature. Every

motion of the constantly shifting bodies of the world is timed to the occasion for some definite, fore-ordained end. The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that marks the course of constellations, and the song of a bird is the echo of a universal symphony. Nature is one, and to me the greatest delight of observation, and study is to discover new unities in this all-embracing and eternal harmony.

"Little men, with only a book knowledge of science, have seized upon evolution as an escape from the idea of a God. 'Evolution!'—a wonderful, mouth-filling word, isn't it? It covers a world of ignorance. Just say 'evolution' and you have explained every phenomenon of nature and explained away God. It sounds big and wise. Evolution, they say, brought the earth through its glacial periods, caused the snow blanket to recede, and the flower carpet to follow it, raised the forests of the world, developed animal life from the jelly-fish to the thinking man.

"But what caused evolution? There they stick. To my mind, it is inconceivable that a plan that has worked out, through unthinkable millions of years, without one hitch or one mistake, the development of beauty that has made every microscopic particle of matter perform its function in harmony with every other in the universe—that such a plan is the blind product of an unthinking abstraction. No; somewhere, before evolution was, was an Intelligence that laid out the plan, and evolution is the process, not the origin, of the harmony. You may call that Intelligence what you please: I cannot see why so many people object to call it God."

And again, "People talk about creation as a remote fact of history, as if it were something that was attended to a long time ago, and finished at the time. But creation was not an act; it is a process; and it is going on today as much as it ever was. But nature is not in a hurry. With God 'a thousand years is as a day.' Suppose you could have been a spirit in one of the past periods of the creation of the world, and the Archangel Gabriel had taken you to a place where you could see the earth as it was then covered miles deep with snow and ice, the air still full of swirling snowflakes that seemed to be burying the world forever. Suppose he showed you this silent, frozen, characterless waste (as it would seem to you), and told you that God was creating here a world of beauty, of seas and mountains, of flowers and forests, of song-birds and men. Suppose you flew away and were gone for a thousand years, and then looked again. You could not see that the scene had altered a particle. Another thousand years. Still no change that you could see.

"'Creation?' you cry out, 'I see nothing being done here.'

"'Patience,' is the angel's answer. 'Down beneath these miles of snow the ice is shifting, grinding, slicing, leveling, building, making a sierra here, a broad valley there, scooping out a Yosemite, leveling off a plain, polishing boulders, marking rock ledges with the handwriting of God, making ready warm glades for grass and flowers, mountain slopes for majestic forests, homes for birds—breaking ground for beauty.'

"At the end of a few million years your visits are rewarded. The ice-cap has receded from parts of the earth. Seas are exposed, land has come into view, flowers have followed the retreating ice, trees nestle in the canyons and climb the mountain shoulders, birds are caroling, fish dart along the singing streams, man is abroad to enjoy the beauties of the earth.

"This is creation. All this is going on today, only men are blind to see it. They think only of food. They are not content to provide three meals a day; they must have enough for a thousand meals. And so they build ships to carry the food that they call commerce, and they build houses to store food in, and other