

houses to buy and sell it in, and houses to eat it in, and load themselves down with the care of it so they cannot get away. They cannot pause long enough to go out into the wilderness where God has provided every sparrow enough to eat and to spare, and contemplate for even an hour the wonderful world that they live in. You say that what I write may bring this beauty to the hearts of those that do not get out to see it. They have no right to it. The good Lord put those things here as a free gift that he who chooses may take with joy, and he who will not walk out of the smoke of the cities to see them has no right to them."

Again: "See how painstaking nature is in her minutest creations. I picked up this piece of petrified wood in Arizona. It is millions of years old. Millions of years ago the tree that it is from was covered about two miles deep in alluvial mud. Then nature set about making it imperishably beautiful. All living organisms are composed of microscopic cells that are linked together to make the organism. These cells are so minute that millions of them would have to be laid side by side to extend the length of an inch. But each cell is perfectly formed and individual.

"When the process of decay began in this bit of wood, these cells began to break down and lost their shape. But, as they did this, nature repaired each tiny break with a bit of mineral from the water of the ooze in which this lay, so that when a cell disappeared it was replaced by a piece of enduring masonry that is an exact reproduction of the living cell. It is as if you had a brick building and wanted to change it into a stone replica without tearing it down all at once, and so you took out a brick at a time and substituted a block of marble so carefully carved that it reproduced every microscopic peculiarity of the brick in structure and surface. In time your brick house would be all of marble, but identical in appearance and structure. So with the bit of wood, except that the replacing of cells was done on a scale of millionths of an inch. The result is that piece of wood translated into stone, in exact replica, except that nature has added, with the mineral, a rainbow of coloring that rivals the finest gems. Think of it, millions of years of silent labor under miles of dirt, all that at some day there might come to light a new beauty to adorn the earth."

Mr. Strother happened to use the word "psychology" in a remark, and he came back with this:

"When I was eleven years old I could repeat the entire New Testament from memory, and about two-thirds of the Old Testament. Memorizing was the larger part of schooling in Scotland in those days. Teachers had not heard of psychology and all these other new-fangled 'ologies' with which modern teaching is chopped up. They had only one theory: they had learned from experience that there is some unexplained connection between the memory and the skin, and that by irritating the skin the memory was stimulated. So we had the Catechism and the Bible and John Milton thrashed into us, and much of it we never forgot."

Now we are not sure but we do not believe that there is another soul on earth that could say what is said above in so few words, and with such perfect knowledge could give so splendid an idea of the majesty of nature and the goodness of God.

### The Late Legislature

THE LEGISLATURE has at last adjourned, and it is safe to say that no members of a legislature, ever before in Utah, went home so dissatisfied with their own work as did those who made up this last legislature. There were many fine and able men in the body, and our be-

lieve is that, when they convened, it was the wish of the great majority of them to faithfully perform their duties. Referring to them, the Deseret News on Monday evening said:

"From the very first it (the legislature) found itself, between the fires of two conflicting forces, subject to the difficulties of such a situation."

That is true. It had hardly assembled until Apostle Heber J. Grant, backed every day by the News, insisted that it was the will of the people, by which they meant the church, that a senseless prohibition bill should be passed. The demand was neither true, nor backed by ordinary common sense, but the howl, which was as near a threat as those behind it dared to make it, roared around the legislature for weeks.

In the meantime it was known that to make sure the election of the so-called Republican ticket, the federal bunch and Governor Spry and a few other politicians, had made a compact with the liquor dealers, the terms of which were that, for the help and votes secured to the Republicans, the liquor men should not be disturbed in their business. This, for two reasons, must have received the sanction of Senator Smoot and Joseph F. Smith. One reason is that Spry & Co. would never have made such terms with the approval of the chiefs, the other is that such a compact would have ever been accepted by the liquor men without that assurance.

Those were the two fires between which the legislature struggled.

Some devout and credulous saints disputed that any such an agreement had been made, for the reason that they had never heard of it. And it took them three weeks to realize that they had never been consulted because it was known from the first how they would vote, and, second, those in the conspiracy did not want the business advertised.

When these finally discovered that they had been but barking at the moon, between their anger and their shame, they became utterly demoralized, and apparently had no desire except to inflict all the damage possible upon Salt Lake and the American party. That the skirts of the American party were clear, that all the trickery, all the falsehood, all the dishonesty and hypocrisy and shame, attached to their own party, to certain of their ecclesiastical chiefs and their organ, did not matter, that fact made them all the more angry. In a little time they became practically incoherent and ended in disgrace.

We wonder if the experience will be of any avail to future Utah legislators. Will they come again in ten years, ready to be knocked off their feet by some criminal ecclesiastics, a lying organ, and a petty larceny bunch of trick politicians? We rather think, this being Utah, that they will.

### Mrs. Virginia Tiernan Whitney

VERY sorrowful is the death of Mrs. Whitney, wife of Dr. H. A. Whitney. Hers was a perfect character. As daughter, sister, wife, mother, neighbor, friend, she perfectly filled her place, and as mortals reason, no one can explain why such a woman, so much needed, should be called away.

She grew up here; she was universally known and everywhere beloved; could every tear shed for her be converted into a flower, her grave would be banked with blooms.

The desolation in her home is something pitiable to see; its light is darkened, its joy has fled, the happiness that made it radiant has given away to a measureless sorrow, for the eyes that gave it ever a serene light, are closed forever.

Peace to the sleeper, and to the living, through their sorrow may they hear in their souls once again the voice which said: "I will not leave ye comfortless."

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