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It's Work That Counts

EMERSON divides the intellects of men into the discerning and creative, and illustrates by saying:

"Perhaps if we should meet Shakespeare, we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority; no; but of a great equality—only that he possessed a strange skill of using, classifying, his facts, which we lacked. But notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like "Hamlet" and "Othello," see the perfect reception this wit, and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence find in us all."

Which is but another way of saying that the man who has a quick appreciation of anything beautiful in knowledge or in literature, could, were he to try hard enough, acquire a way to give it expression in words. That is true, but the manner of expression depends upon other faculties. When Daniel Webster was in his last hours on earth, he opened his eyes, looked around, and said: "I still live." When the old New Hampshire farmer went home from Boston, and in response to his wife's inquiry what Mr. Webster's last words were, replied: "He opened his eyes, looked around, and said: 'I ain't dead yet.'" The two ways of expressing the same thought, mark the difference between the immortal and the earthly, and there is a dividing line between the two that can never be crossed in this world, though possibly in full health the old farmer would have enjoyed a grand presentation of "Othello" as much as would have Mr. Webster.

Two artists have congenial tastes, they are educated alike. One, in addition to his artistic temperament, has a mechanical hand, the other has not; the one paints pictures that charm mankind; the other can never give expression to his thoughts on canvas, and paints only daubs. Again, both may have genius, both may have a natural mechanical gift, but one has no clear idea of colors. They both have clear ideas of what they desire to produce, the one can never give full expression to his thought, while the other can take the other's picture, and by adding a tint here, softening down and shading another part, in an hour produce in full the thought that was in the first artist's mind when he painted the picture, by those few touches transforming the whole picture and making something which is a delight.

But the solid facts of literature and of all forms of knowledge nearly all men can acquire, if they are but persistent and industrious enough. It is in this intellectual energy that most men break down. And often, too, on the very verge of accomplishment.

The same Emerson says: "Let him intend his mind without respite, without rest, in one direction. His best heed, long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are fitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forbode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearance to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we heeded only the stillness and composed attitude of the library to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as

far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears."

That experience is in every writer's, in every orator's life. A thought, half formed, dances before the eyes of his mind, but he cannot reduce it to form and give it expression. He works upon it, he says, "I will go out, take a walk, and it will come to me," he tries that and fails, he returns to his study, it seems as far away and intangible as ever, when suddenly it unfolds in perfect form before him.

Every newspaper editor who has gone through a long array of exchanges and found no thought that helps him, but has in mind the fact that a certain space must be filled for next day, struggles for an opening in his work, and lo! at last it comes to him, and he cannot write fast enough to keep up with his thoughts.

The secret behind all is that man must work without ceasing, no matter what his calling.

Labor is the omnipotent thing, and when wooed enough, it brings its reward, and it is as sweet as is the betrothal kiss of the fair girl who, after long wooing, finally gives full fealty to her lover.

Let Us Reason Together

THE SEMI-ANNUAL Conference will convene in the Tabernacle again tomorrow. Judging by the crowds already arrived, it promises to be an overflow host. We hope that those already here have taken in the city enough to estimate the mighty progress that is going on here, and that as citizens of Utah they will exult over the onward, upward sweep of the city, both for selfish and patriotic reasons. Patriotic for it is an evidence that very soon Utah is to have the greatest city between the Missouri river and the west coast, selfish, because the more Salt Lake prospers, the more prosperous will be the remotest county in the state.

There is but one shadow over Utah. That is the insistent interference of the higher priesthood of the dominant church—who between conferences, are the church—in the politics of the state. This is in violation of solemn promises, on their part, in violation of the Constitution and laws of the state and of the Republic; it is what has kept Utah in leading strings and a reproach from the first.

It has harmed the church itself beyond all estimation and it has wronged the Mormon people more, and caused them more suffering than any other one thing except polygamy.

Is it not time for the people in Conference to demand that they shall be absolved from this political rule?

The dominating ecclesiastical power of one apostle, backed by the organ of the church, utterly demoralized the late legislature, neutralized nearly all its efforts to do something for the welfare of the state, and caused it, though it contained many estimable members, to adjourn and go home in disgrace, its members not carrying with them even their own self-respect.

Is it not time for all that to be stopped? Long ago these same high priests proclaimed that "henceforth the Mormon people shall be politically free, to espouse any political doctrine they pleased to, to vote as they pleased, that freedom has been proclaimed anew by the Deseret News a hundred times in the past eighteen months. Is it not time for the rank and file of the people to accept those promises, and to act upon them?

Have not these high-priests enough to do in their own sphere? The legitimate business of the church is very great, certainly enough to call out the best energies and great labor of all who have its management in charge.

Is it becoming of them to get down to the level of ward politicians and dicker with the liquor interests here to make more sure the result of an election?

Have they any earthly or divine right to humiliate their honest followers in that way? Have they any right to bring the faith you all profess into shame and disgrace?

You claim to have the new dispensation. Does that rest on such unstable grounds that it requires the support, the purchased support, of brewers and saloonkeepers?

Is it not time for the strong men of the creed to promulgate a new Declaration of Independence?

Look around and see the transformation that has been made here in three brief years after so many years of stagnation. You know the reason. It went out that the city had been redeemed from the obstructionists that held it in thralldom so long. That it was at last a free American city. Then willing hands come to join the workers here, and lo, the change! Has any Mormon been loser through the change? Has not the property of every Mormon property owner in the city advanced in value more than it had in the ten preceding years? Has not the school fund in every remote county in the state increased in the exact proportion that property has increased in value here? Has not what you have to sell on the outside increased in value in the same ratio? Have not your farms in the county increased in like ratio? And has any Mormon here or on the outside been wronged? And these whom your lying organ calls enemies, have they ever asked you for anything except that you and your ecclesiastics shall get in under the laws and be in truth American citizens? Have they not done you more good than you have them? What would Utah have been today except for their coming and their work?

The men who are now crying to you to be Americans will soon pass on, but others will fill their places and these others may be less charitable toward you than those who are here now. Do you not remember the infinite, sweet peace that fell upon Utah with the coming of statehood? Would you not like to see that restored?

It was not Gentiles that drove away that peace and good fellowship. It was the persistent breaking of the covenants that were entered into in order to insure the getting of statehood. You know how true this is. It was aimed at Gentiles, but the rebound is still smiting you, your wives and little children. Have you not manhood enough to shake that off? Do you not love your children enough to clear this obstacle out of their paths?

Under present conditions what child of yours has any chance for promotion, save by the grace of those who rule you? And while you bow to that how dare you call yourselves Americans? The fathers when they framed this government opened every opportunity and every honor which attaches to it to all the children of the soil, making the test one only of brain and heart. What right has any man to change that to the disadvantage of you and your children?

Is it not about time for you to be real men and women and Americans?

Jasper Raymond Rand

IT IS HARD to give him up. So gallant was he, so generous, so genial, so gifted. So delighted in life was he, so anxious to make all around him joyous, so destitute of anything like false pride, so buoyant of spirit, and still under all his belief that his endeavor would bring a reward, and that among the strong men of the nation he would on merit alone carve out an honored place. And while hoping for himself, working for himself, still keeping his heart warm, his ears open to the world's sorrows, dividing a portion of his great wealth as he moved on and bordering his path with charities—indeed, it is pitiable to think his eyes are closed and the hush of eternity wraps him round.

Life was very sweet to him; he loved it for