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Uncle George Bromley

UNCLE GEORGE BROMLEY, so long a familiar name on the west coast; for forty years the life and soul, for the past fifteen years the solicitude and the Nestor of the San Francisco Bohemian club; at last, at the age of ninety-two years, has passed on. His like is seldom seen. Clear-brained, shrewd, but bubbling over with a mirthfulness and quaint humor that were contagious; saying things continually that set all listeners in a roar; but with a face that, though when his own wit was convulsing all around him, was as expressionless as a biscuit; genial as the sunshine and song of birds; the same year after year; "age could not wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety," nor for a moment impress upon him the truth that it must all end sometime. One after another of the famous members of that club gave up their places and went into the silence; for ten years past he must have been the last survivor of the founders of it; one after another he saw them as their voices grew still; for each one he had some tender words of farewell here, but was not depressed, for with each one, was there not one more to welcome him in the club above?

At first he was a sailor and so always during this last half century kept in sight of the mountains, which were head-lands to him, and in hearing of the deep sea. It was always bringing messages to him, messages from far-away shores, messages and memories of the years when he rode upon its billows and made jokes at its expense. But, on land or sea, life was a joyous something to him. He was in full accord with nature, its sunlight, its trees and flowers and children and he understood and interpreted its storms as things necessary to purify the air and make the harvests possible.

But he loved most his fellow men. In the rudest of them he saw attributes that were divine; he believed that un auspicious environments were to blame if any one was unhappy, and so for quite half a century his efforts were to banish sorrow and suspicion and unkindness from all around him. And this kept him strong and well for years after he reached what men call old age. If he received any notices that the evil days were coming and the years were drawing nigh when he would have no pleasure in them; he brushed them aside as forebodings of something to be met on arrival, but not to be anticipated with sorrow or fear.

High Jinks night, in the Bohemian club, will never more be what it was when he was its master spirit. Wit without biting, humor exquisite in its quality, with clear intellect behind all, and taste and judgment that never permitted a mistake, and withal a clear instinct which by intuition steered members away from anything which else might have led up to heart-burnings or ill-will.

If faith has any sure foundation, what a meeting there must have been to greet his soul on the other shore. Pixley and Burnes and Eastman and DeLong and a multitude more of bright

spirits, and we can imagine that after the welcome a speech from Uncle George was demanded and that replying he assured the company that after they left there was nothing in San Francisco to reform, and so with some trouble and at great expense he had made the journey to renew his missionary labors among them, but that it looked as though it was a job that might last through all eternity. God bless Uncle George and rest his soul in peace.

The Work on Hand

THE time is drawing nearer and nearer when the Grand Encampment will be here, and the burden of preparation is growing correspondingly heavier. This is a time for men to call up their patriotism, and it is a time for the men and women of Salt Lake to call up their pride and to determine that nothing must be lacking to give the visitors becoming welcome and to meet their wants. The comers must be housed with proper accommodations and properly fed while here. We had thought that adjoining towns would be anxious to make the encampment a grand success, but Salt Lake must work as though all depended upon its exertions.

There is every inducement. These guests come under the urgent invitation of this city and that carried with it an implied promise that everything possible should be done to make the coming pleasant. That promise must be kept. And then Salt Lake needs the encampment much more than the veterans need Salt Lake. The school of patriotism was not opened in Utah for forty years after its first settlement, and there are thousands of people in the state who need the object-lessons which will be furnished by the coming of these old soldiers, in order to appreciate what they did and how much the republic owes them.

The life of the nation hung upon their work. The peace we have since enjoyed, the peace and prosperity are due to them. Our place among the nations of the earth, they made possible.

They and those who died at their side prevented our country from being a second Central America, and made possible the advancement which has made of our country a glory of the earth.

But there is, moreover, an appeal to the selfish side of Utah. A successful encampment here will be such an advertisement as Utah never had before. It will be heralded in every state, on their return home the visitors will sound its praises; its wonders will be magnified, and not only future conventions will want to come here, but many a man who wishes to change his location, will turn his footsteps toward Utah. And with united energy the visit can be made a grand success and a grand memory after it shall have passed. And let the thought be every morning that it must be a grand success.

The Commercial Club

THE laying of the corner stone of the new Commercial club building on Monday morning last, was an important event. The club was originated on the thought that there should be some spot where business could be considered by all classes interested without reference to anything except business. This was the paramount thought, that the place should be equipped in a way to meet the solid wants of those who belonged to it, or visited it as guests, was a subordinate matter. We believe it has been true to its paramount idea. Anything of concernment to the people, that has been presented has been faithfully considered, whether it be in the line of mining, farming, fruit-raising, railroad rates, or demands for charity, it has always been met with earnest solicitude to have the

right thing done. And it has accomplished very many splendid results. It loaded the first car that was loaded anywhere for the earthquake and fire sufferers of San Francisco; it sent the boys of the high school to escort Admiral Evans in the San Francisco review; it is bending all its efforts to make sure that when the Grand Army comes here next month it shall be properly welcomed and entertained. Every day it is doing something to cause the rocks and thorns still in the path of advancement in Utah to be removed. It does not belong to Salt Lake. Every respectable man in Utah is eligible for membership to it; it is dignified without being at all exclusive; only good men may become members and no demand is made of anyone except that when he visits the club he shall take his self-respect along with him.

The best work that it has done and is doing is the getting of men of different creeds and different political parties, more intimately acquainted with each other and causing them to realize that about all the differences among men originate in their respective environments. There is very much in propinquity, in getting men together and letting each other see what their fellow men are. This in the Commercial club has broken down many a personal prejudice, and changed many a man in his estimate of his neighbors.

The club is doing much good in the state and its present prosperity is, we believe, merely an indication of a greater future prosperity and with it a greater Utah.

When Peace Will Come

MORE than once in his able address on Monday, at the laying of the Commercial club corner stone, Judge Powers used the expression, "Let bickerings cease." As applied to the club that was not necessary, for the club has no bickerings. Religion and politics are banished there. As applied to Utah outside of the club, it is a good sentiment, for as a rule bickerings count for nothing; but there are contentions in Utah which will go on until the right triumphs, for the history of our country has shown that whenever a compromise is made with wrong it has to be paid for, with compound interest added.

There will come a time in Utah when the full sovereignty of this republic and its laws will be acknowledged everywhere in Utah. When that time comes, the heart-burnings will cease, the criminations and recriminations, but not before, for "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." For two years after statehood was given to Utah there was profound peace. Men who had been priest-bound all their lives exulted in their new freedom, women over whose lives a shadow of shame and of fear had brooded ever since before they reached womanhood, felt the thrill of joy that made music in their souls by day and by night. That has since been changed; the grappling irons of superstition and of fear were again thrown out; the old fear was again planted in the souls of men who should be free; the old domination of the state by the church was again reinstated, the hopes in thousands of honest hearts died, and the onward triumphal march of Utah was stopped. That is the situation today and while it lasts it will be vain to cry Peace! Peace! for there will be no peace!

That Storm

THAT storm last Sunday night that struck Great Salt Lake is described as both a terror and a splendor. It is a wonder that all who were bathing in the lake at the time escaped, for all agree that they never before saw such waves on the lake or saw them called up so swiftly. The big steamer, with its