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day on which the Lord was born, and that other day on which he died. And he distinctly stated that prior to that she was but a chattel. A chattel under the old dispensation, until the day came which had long been predicted when a savior should be born. Moreover, his picture of the modern house with the wife and mother as queen of that home, was in itself an apostrophe to true womanhood. And he used no plurals.

Those who listened must have thought involuntarily of the disposition which we all have seen manifested in certain quarters lately, to blast the name of a blameless young woman in order to shield the man to whom she had given her trust under the faith which has been ringing in her ears since childhood.

The truth of his conclusions, no fair-minded man can combat.

When the Gentiles came here in force the degradation of women under the rule of embruted men was manifest enough. Had Utah been an island, never invaded by Gentiles, by this time, it would have been the scorn of civilization.

We speak of this because we know of positive knowledge, that the so-called manifesto by President Woodruff was a mere makeshift. It did not come until the first presidency was advised that unless something was done, there was grave danger that the government would disfranchise every member of the sect and that the supreme court would give that law full validity. This was explained to the apostolic quorum, and then as an evasion the manifesto was issued. We say evasion for no man can honestly construe it any other way. It was a temporary suspension merely of the old so-called brutal revelation, not a repeal, and this is made the more clear from the fact that the books for the young of the sect to read have the old revelation in full, and no sign of the manifesto. We know it too by the manner of lives the chiefs of the church pursue. All the high officers, save two, are living in polygamy. Young men in every hamlet of the state will point out the houses in which the young plurals live; when a man was selected to take charge of the schools in Mexico, he left his wife here and when he reached Mexico he had another, and for many years (probably still) just as an evidence of good faith come up once a year and spent a few weeks in his own house. About one year ago last May a man who held a high office in the temple, hurried away, fearing exposure, the church loaned him the money to go, he went to El Paso, thence to the West Indies and at last accounts was in Alberta.

The expectation of the Mormon people is that just as soon as it can safely be done, the divinity of polygamy as a church sacrament will be proclaimed. Indeed, what else was the burden of the talk of Mrs. Sara Young Gates not a month ago.

With it of course goes the claim that the head of the church has a divine right to dictate to this people in every way, temporal as well as spiritual, or to delegate that power to the higher priesthood. How else could Reed Smoot come, to this city and dictate what candidates must be nomi-

nated and elected? Is it not clear that the American party has ample cause for its existence, and is it not clear enough that every Gentile who loves the memory of his mother should belong to it.

The Hessian misled some readers of the Herald-Republican a day or two ago by heading an editorial "How an Editor Went Wrong." As it happened, the article was not an autobiography.

General Agramonte

GENERAL AGRAMONTE came up from the City of Mexico to attend the Grand encampment, after an absence of twenty-years from this city. He still has his name recorded in the state department as a resident of Salt Lake, state of Utah, in the United States. He has never expatriated himself, and there is in his thought no flag like the stars and stripes. Time has seemed to stand still with him. Most men as they grow old are rated as older than they really are, and some have poor memories and, being small when they were born, date their ages from the time they began to take on lasting impressions. General Agramonte's trouble is the other way. It is hard for him to make people believe he is not twenty years younger than he claims to be. He has the look and actions of a man of fifty or fifty-five at most. Still he was in the Sepoy rebellion; he watched the "charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, and was a seasoned soldier in the war of 1861-65, and though on the staff of the commander-in-chief here last week, he marched on foot with the old boys, as they captured Main Street.

He was welcomed here by a great multitude of friends and when the encampment was over remained several days to "renew assurances," as Governor West was wont to say, with them. He will leave for Mexico as soon as the railroads are repaired. He reports that he is doing reasonably well, that after all the storms the river of his life is a gentle current running between verdure and flower-clothed banks and hopes it may reach a bend soon and turn back and finally sink under the stars and stripes. His visit was most welcome.

Charles Warren Fairbanks has not been heard of for some time. The man who tried to become president on the formula method seems to be just as dead as if he were still vice president.

Death of Mrs. William McGill

MRS. WM. MCGILL, of Ely, Nevada, died at St. Mark's Hospital on Thursday last. She was brought in from her home, desperately ill, some days ago, and never rallied. She was a most estimable lady, a power for good all her life. Her home has been in Eastern Nevada since girlhood. She went there when it was a frontier in every sense of the word; she met its hardships and dangers and privations with a cheerful self-abnegation, which was an inspiration to all who knew her. It seems especially hard that just when fortune smiled upon her husband and herself she should be called away. To her husband she has been, all in all, through all their walk through life, and the strong man is well-nigh prostrated by the mighty bereavement that has come upon him.

The death of Mrs. McGill will cause a great wave of sorrow to spread over Ely and all the surrounding region, for everyone knew her, and to know her was to love her.

Peace to her and such comfort to those near her as comes with the knowledge that the life that has fled was always high and true and sincere, and that her sufferings earned the everlasting peace that has come to her.

The Cathedral Dedication

THE dedication of the new Roman Catholic cathedral last Sunday was most dramatic as well as solemn. The blare of martial music from the grand encampment died away on Saturday night; the great organ of the cathedral took up a loftier strain on Sunday morning. All that the experience and practice of nearly two thousand years, to make dedicatory services solemn and impressive was invoked on Sunday last. The robed prelates and priests, the music, the incense, the flaming tapers, the chants, the prayers—nothing was omitted. The beautiful interior of the great house, the sunlight on the illuminated windows, bringing out in full their exquisite and sacred embellishments, all so harmonized that the effect was most profound.

The crowning feature was the sermon by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. It has been published in the daily papers and all can judge its simple grandeur, but only those who heard it can realize the grace and dignity of its delivery.

It was a great day for the Roman Catholics of this region, a day of days for Bishop Scanlan. He planted a kernel in the desert forty years ago. The angels of Pity and of Love moistened the ground, and from it sprang a tree that has extended its shade far and wide, and its golden flowers were gathered last Sunday and laid at the bishop's feet.

The dedication was a great event in the Roman Catholic history of the west, and in the history of this city.

George Bernard Shaw refuses to visit this country because, he says, he has something of a reputation here now and he does not want to lose it. That shouldn't make any difference; he does not have to run for office if he comes to America.

The Late A. E. Welby

IN the confusion of last week a notice of the death of Superintendent Welby was omitted. He died in Denver on Sunday the 8th inst. He was one of the ablest railroad men in the west; he was master of every branch of the business, and pursued it with a zeal and clear judgment that never faltered. He helped bring the Rio Grande Western into this city, and so long as the late General Palmer lived was one of his most trusted lieutenants. Outside of railroads, Mr. Welby was a most superior man, posted on everything on both sides of the Atlantic, alert and clear-brained and always abreast of the world. In private life he was the very soul of generosity, one of the most genial companions and sincerest of friends. His death is a great loss, he should have been spared for another quarter of a century.

A Texas man and his sister-in-law engaged in a street duel. She is in jail; he in the hospital. This comic-weekly joke about women's aim doesn't go in the Panhandle.

The first Cain-rush was in the days of Adam, and Abel was the original sophomore.

A physician of Nantes thinks he has made a new discovery—that of producing sleep by means of electricity. He only thinks so; he has never heard of Auburn or Sing Sing.

Like produces like. Nothing on earth could make the men attending the Irrigation congress dry up.

We presume it is in order to refer to the heir to the throne of Spain as Castile's hope.

The Kaiser has been advising his people against race suicide. While he was about it he might as well have urged them to drink beer.