

perforce turn in various lines of the noun substantive and keep at it. The head will not dwindle or become enfeebled or add discomfort or danger to the rest of the system if it be not fed, but you don't want to neglect the interior department for more than a few hours at a time, or all the other functions become deranged and eventually prostrate. This is not all. Among civilized people, certain lines of raiment conforming in some measure to established methods in appearance are a necessity, especially at this time of the year; and a little fire in the stove and some sort of light are a *sine qua non* (Latin) if one of those books are to be enjoyed or much of anything else. To give a better idea of the situation, let us illustrate:

It is this time of the year, just after dark and cold enough to convert the lower regions into a skating pond. The place—anywhere. You can't go amiss for it. There is no coal in the cellar, no provender in the pantry and nothing to make a light with. The prevailing stringency has the household in its merciless grasp. Children begging for a morsel to eat, wife in tears, cat stretched on the well-worn rug too feeble to catch a mouse if any were left. Suddenly the snow continues to fall and the wind to chant its misere for the sorrows of mankind. Finally the well known step is heard, the reliable tread of the nominal head of the family, the regularity of the steps indicating that the festive lid as well as the money market is tight. The threshold is crossed, the door is opened and like a veritable Santa Clause the husband and father happens to his family. He is well laden. In the concavity of his left arm he bears a Webster's Unabridged, an enlarged edition of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," a full set of Dickens' novels, the "Lady of the Lake," "Roughing It," a bound volume of Truth and the "Conquest of Hannibal by Scipio Afracanus," while his (the father's) pockets are fairly overflowing with good things such as "Midshipman Easy," "Don Quixote," Hoyle's Games, etc. The wolf disappears from the door, and no wonder; being himself an intelligent animal he is no exception to the rest of the kingdom to which he belongs, and looks first for such aliment as will keep soul and body on terms of reasonable intimacy, additional enlightenment being a subsequent consideration. The mistake made by the givers spoken of is in reversing this arrangement, if indeed the really beneficial benefits referred to figure in this computation at all, which is doubtful.

To those who really want to aid their fellows in this life and be at heart and in soul what the two spoken of are so industriously advertised as being, but are not, the way is easy and the results certain. Man cannot live by bread alone and he cannot live without bread; nevertheless, he inherited at his birth the right to live, just as many others inherit means

which they cannot enjoy or deserve. It does not follow because of this that there should be a general or even a partial equalizing of conditions, but there can and must be a more just and equitable arrangement of our relations with one another. Inherited or acquired wealth in the possession of one who does not foster indolence and vice by indiscriminate and ostentatious charity on one hand, or look with lofty disdain upon and treat with supercilious contempt those who have been less fortunate than himself on the other, is a blessing to the community at large. It requires a large brain, a cultured mind and a wide range of experience as well as a heart in the right place to enable the owner of countless millions properly to disencumber himself of large portions of it; and the overloading of universities with endowments and libraries with volumes, all of which deeds are fully proclaimed from the housetops, and the overlooking of those smaller but more consequential bestowals which would add so much to the sum of human happiness, are circumstances going to show that the letting-go feature of a financial career is a branch of Christian endeavor in which, if John D. and Andrew shine at all, it is as a dead mackerel in the moonlight.

Once upon a time there was a man who attained to prominence and distinction throughout the world, but who began obscurely enough and was not known outside a narrow circle until more than half of his life was spent. He then occupied a position in which substance and the evidence thereof flowed in upon him in an ever increasing ratio, and his opulence became considerable, more than that of any other person in the commonwealth in which he lived. The people whose head and front he was had accompanied him to an out-of-the-way place where for many years there was no such thing as wealth and the struggle through hard to comfortable circumstances was a very trying one. During all this time and after, up to the close of his career, there were always those who were in want, some much more so than some others, as is the case in every community; but by reason of the prevailing isolation wants were more pronounced and relieved with greater difficulty than elsewhere; yet none perished or came near it. The man spoken of saw to it that what there was in the way of sustenance was passed around, so that none should have very much more than needed while others were having very much less. At no time did the thought of establishing libraries or distributing books occur to him, even when the sternness of the situation had become somewhat modified—not until it was overcome altogether and then, when a well stocked head could be produced upon the basis of a well filled stomach, he gave not only bibliographic but every other means of scholastic training earnest and con-

tinued support. First feed, then clothe, then house, then educate. Does not this sequence strike the reader as being safe and sane? Certainly, it has produced good fruit—fruit which is not rotten at the core and shriveled in its tissues through its producers having ignored the source of most of the crime of the land—want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend whose presence is desolation and whose companionship is death. The man performed innumerable acts of charity, none of which were proclaimed with brazen trumpets and mostly, therefore, known to but a few, but he did not give a stone to the one in want of bread nor a book to him whose feet were upon the naked earth; and it was a part of his giving to provide work for those able and willing to perform it, so that in the acceptance of assistance there would be no trace of self reproach. The man was a statesman, a philanthropist, a patriot, one of the greatest of his time or anytime, and each succeeding year adds to the long list of those who recognize the fact by appreciating him for what he was and what he did. His name was Brigham Young.

ESSAY CAIGH.

#### SUCCESS IN ART.

The success of a few Utah art students has been recorded in the city press, as well as in these columns; but it seems that we have not yet come to that period of development in taste and knowledge regarding art that we can refrain from being dazzled by young men's and women's feats of mere technique while at the threshold of incipient careers. Still it is not to be expected that they should yet be able to produce works of weight and vital force, or of originality and inspiration, and their beginnings, of course, are all worthy of commendation. Too much praise of students and debutantes, however, is not always conducive to continued development, and should be avoided for their own good and their advancements in the progressive standards and requirements of an exacting art. But the praiseworthy efforts which the young men referred to have exhibited show them to be of the stuff of which artists are made, and their initial successes should spur

them on to greater endeavor than ever, as they have already created a greater interest in art and its possibilities in the breasts of others.

Originality in artists is not to be had merely for the aspiring thereto. One artist should not care to make his own of what another has disdained, thinking that thus he might make himself original, for the chances are he would be found to be only trivial. The great innovators of former times studied hard and long in the schools that were open to them, and whose precepts they afterward departed from; though even they kept in a measure to the traditions which had been handed down to them. Schools, however, cannot deprive a student of originality if he possesses it; but thorough training and years of study are essential to its finished execution. Correct observation of human nature, sound reason and scientific knowledge are likewise necessary requisites of the artistic equipment, while the day that artists cease to be poets just so soon will they no longer have reason to exist. Even the vulgarities of certain of the old masters—Rembrandt, for instance—have in reality been covered up with the poetry of color and effect. A few seasons at drawing school by no means make an artist.

That so many of Utah's sons and daughters are so rapidly coming to the front is the cause of local pride, and we wish all who enter art's broad and brilliant domain the highest success attainable. What they can do is before us and it is a record to be emulated and preserved; what they can, may, must, yet do is still further along and higher up. But don't get giddy; don't flaunt completion before us until preliminaries and intermediates are thoroughly digested.

As a "butter in," the new senator from Arkansas is entitled to all the fruit in the basket and the basket too. Most members of that august body refrain from making speeches or being otherwise conspicuous during the first session of their membership; but Jeff Davis (honored name!) turned loose on the senate in an outburst of two hours duration after being there only two weeks.

WILSON WHISKEY, That's all.

With a few cigars we have that's sufficient, and they are good cigars too.

RIEGER & LINDLEY,

The Whiskey Merchants.