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## Did It Pay?

IT IS figured that the cost to Utah, of the encampment is about \$50,000 and some people are asking: "Did it pay?" Whether it did in dollars and cents we have no means of telling; no more than we have of estimating the value of sunshine and the soft air that drives away the snow and causes the trees to put on the garniture of spring.

But we have a belief that it was of more value to Salt Lake and to Utah than can be portrayed by figures. If some eager boy, watching the grand march of the veterans asked what it was for and was told, the germ that was then planted in his soul may some day give him the needed elements to hold an army up into the face of an enemy, and win victory, when defeat would be overwhelming disaster. Hugo tells how all his life Marius had been taught to hate Napoleon, up to the time his father, a veteran under Napoleon died, leaving a message for him that he was of right a colonel in "The Grand Army." Then he began to study and then "each day he saw more distinctly," then came "an intoxication and as though attracted by an irresistible fascination, first the sombre steps, then the vaguely illuminated steps, at last the luminous and splendid steps of enthusiasm. "One night, he was alone in his little chamber near the roof; he was reading, with his elbows resting on the table, close to the open window. All sorts of reveries reached him from space and mingled with his thoughts \* \* \*

"He was perusing the bulletins of the Grand Army, those heroic strophes penned on the field of battle; there, at intervals he beheld his father's name, always the name of the emperor; the whole of that great empire presented itself to him; he felt a flood swelling and rising within him; it seemed to him at moments that his father passed close to him like a breath and whispered in his ear; he gradually got into a singular state, he thought that he heard drums, cannon, trumpets, the measured tread of battalions, the dull and distant gallop of the cavalry; from time to time his eyes were raised heavenward and gazed upon the colossal constellations as they gleamed in the measureless depths of space, then they fell upon his book once more, and there they beheld other colossal things moving confusedly. His heart contracted within him. He was in a transport, trembling, panting. All at once, without himself knowing what was in him, and what impulse he was obeying he sprang to his feet, stretched both arms out of the window, gazed intently into the gloom, the silence the infinite darkness, the eternal immensity, and exclaimed: "Long live the emperor!"

We have faith that more than one Utah boy went home from that parade and with an interest that he never felt before, began to read anew the history of this country to which he belongs, and that under the spell of the spectacle which he watched last week in this city, he will as he reads feel a new thrill and seeing things in a clearer light, will, under the enchantment, even as did the youth of Hugo's creation, stretch out his arms and cry, "Long live this republic!"

Who, then, may estimate whether the encampment paid expenses?

We believe, however, that even in a gross and material sense, it paid. Many states had representatives here, many who came here from the flat lands of the east. Many of them never saw a lordly range of mountains before, or looked upon the face of the desert. And when they came they re-

ceived an impression which will grow upon them after their return home; they will have new ideas of native land, its magnitude, its majesty and splendor, and round their firesides in the evenings of the coming winter they will tell of the wonders they saw, tell of this city and how here on the fringe of the desert, men are carving out fortunes; how in the valleys the harvests are larger and more certain than in any land which depends upon the fickle rains for moisture, of the school houses and churches that they saw, of the sunlight that turns the snow of the mountains to purple and gold, and others from every state will come.

"The Herald-Republican"—Is it not lucky that the old law which punished unlawful cohabitation lapsed when statehood came to Utah

## History In Monuments

THE history of cities, of some cities at least, is written upon its monuments. In Paris, for instance, the history of a thousand years is thus engraved. The art that is everywhere displayed is the monument to old Charlemagne, who established drawing schools and first taught the French people how simple and cheap things, if illuminated by art would command the purses of the rich. That was a thousand years ago, but one result is that a French woman in crossing a muddy street can gather her skirts in a way that is the despair of the ordinary woman. It is heredity with her. In one square in Paris is a monument to mark the place where two fierce revolutions had their vortex. There is Napoleon's tomb, with its gilded roof, and there daily aged soldiers repair, drawn by an influence which they cannot explain. It is the magnetism which in him death could not quench; that which made him the foremost of mortals when he was sent to earth, a human cyclone to clear the air which had been tainted by fifteen hundred years of oppression and superstition. Naturally the "Dome des Invalides" is a shrine for soldiers to go to worship before, for to them it represents all that is glorious in history; watching it they see "The Grand Army" at its head, on the white horse he, Mars incarnated, he who played nine-pins with the thrones of Europe and was irresistible until his star fell. There are monuments to victory, monuments to religion and to labor, and to art, and in each one a chapter in the history of the wonderful city can be read.

It is so in greater or lesser degree in London, in Berlin, in Madrid, and Rome is but a city of monuments.

It is so in many cities in our own country. New York is just about to begin the erection of a lasting monument to him who three hundred years ago in an unwieldy craft beat his way in from the sea and discovered the beautiful Hudson. It is the same way with many others of our cities. Boston is one, Washington is one, Richmond is one; and Philadelphia points to where the first cry of the new-born republic was heard and points to it as hallowed ground.

Salt Lake is but a little city, but its landmarks are each a page of history. The monument at the head of Main street is the statue of a born leader of men and studying it one can read the story of an iron will that rather than be interfered with sought the wilderness to carry out his purposes. In the Temple block is another monument to a creed which set itself up to be a conquerer and watching it the whole history of

the past sixty years of Utah sweeps before one's vision—a panorama of light and shadows, in which the shadows predominate. Down Main street are many monuments, each one of which is a chapter in Utah's history. Each one tells the history of some man who came to Utah with nothing but his brain and his hands, wrought out a triumph and built for himself a monument. On lower Main street are two monuments higher than the others. On the front of each should be embossed the picture of a lonely man in miner's garb, leading a donkey which was packed with all his possessions, but the man's eyes are fixed on a height in the distance on which the alphabet on the rocks when set to words spelled out the sentence: "I have the treasure if you have but the courage to win it." And below should be engraved: "He won."

On South Temple street last Sabbath was dedicated a monument, the history of which is the story of a life consecrated to a holy purpose to which a strong man gave his strength, his toil—his soul for forty years, forgetful of the world's allurements, forgetful of his own comfort, self-sacrificing from the first, indifferent to the things which other men covet, intent only on serving his God and his fellow-men, until those who watched him and loved him and were able caused the beautiful monument to be upreared to him.

There are many other monuments here and the story of each would make the city's history, and the moral of that history is, that more triumphs come from labor and self-abnegation than from any other sources, and that cities are bound to reflect back the character of the men who build them.

It may be merely a coincidence that a shift boss, a crew of muckers and two or three drill men and timbermen have been missing from D. C. Jackling's Bingham mines since the Herald-Republican began publication.

## A Great Sermon

THE Roman Catholic church in the United States does not mix in politics. Among those who framed the constitution were many prominent and devout Catholics. They were perfectly familiar with what the clashings of church and state had cost the old world and they were unanimous in the thought that in this their new land, the government should start without any handicap, so they made all religions free, at the same time inhibited any church from interfering with the real functions of the state.

This in practice has made possible the tremendous advance of the country in all material things; it has at the same time enabled all men and all creeds to proclaim and practice their faith undisturbed and untrammelled, so long as they kept within the laws which wise men have deemed essential to protect the citizen and to preserve order.

On Sunday last a most distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic faith preached the dedicatory sermon in the new cathedral.

His theme was the place which Mary, the mother of the Messiah, occupies in the religion of Roman Catholics. There was not a trace of local shading to what he said. The sermon would have been just as appropriate in New York or London or Rome itself, as it was in Salt Lake. And yet it was as terrible an arraignment of polygamy as ever was delivered, at least in that portion in which he pointed out that the date of woman's deliverance and exaltation was on that