

into effect and had already provoked a "concerted howl" of indignation from one end of the country to the other. It is stated that inequalities and injustice in railway tariffs have long been a grievance, and finally in the last parliament legislation could no longer be deferred. Recognizing this, the railways put in a successful plea that if they were given permissive powers by parliament they themselves would reform the schedules and please everybody. When the time came the English railways made a sort of McKinley bill combination and raised freight rates practically in every direction. Five days' experience of the new schedule sufficed to raise the whole country in agitation, and already the radical journals are talking significantly of measures of discipline which are not entirely distinguishable from confiscation. Thus there has arisen suddenly one more pressing non-Irish issue for which the ministry must find room in the coming session somehow, and foreign politics alike in Asia and Africa threatens to provide still other imperative diversions.

It seems that, no matter where we go, if there are any railways there they are always the nucleus around which trouble and controversy and litigation cluster. Different nationalities in control appear to make no difference; the roads seem invested with individuality and intelligence and to have taken a notion to act in concert in opposition to the best interests of the people everywhere. It may be that the colonists abroad have no knowledge of how to control the situation, or that they had it once and have forgotten. If such be the case, the sooner they acquire the means of effectual resistance to incorporated encroachments the better for them and their constituents. They might in such an emergency find something greatly to their advantage in the published reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States; or if it be a severe case we might, for a sufficient consideration, lend them our Chamber of Commerce long enough to tide them over the difficulty.

We have just a word of advice for our English cousins: Don't let the railroads get the upper hand of you. They are much easier to keep down than to get down. If you have to have a fight in order to bring them to terms, let it be short, sharp and surprising.

SCHOOL JOURNALISM.

The News notes with much pleasure the journalistic tendency that is being manifested in some of Utah's high institutions of learning. The *Normal*, which represents the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, is perhaps the oldest and most pretentious of present publications of this character. It is well-conducted, and in tone is instructive and spicy. The *College Record*, issued semi-monthly at Logan, has reached its fourth number. Great excellence and thoughtfulness characterize its articles on education, the writers showing equal familiarity with instructor's desk and editorial tripod. The *University Chronicle*, conducted by students of the University of Utah in

this city, is a lively weekly with numerous departments all cleverly managed; mechanical skill and business enterprise, as shown in its neat appearance and extensive advertising patronage, have made themselves felt for good. The Latter-day Saints' College in this city is now preparing for a venture into the same field. All these efforts are to be commended. The moulders of public thought one or two decades hence may be the very ones who are struggling over their "compositions" in some of these schools today.

A QUESTION OF JUDGMENT.

Exactly seven days ago the court reporter of the News brought to this office, along with the statement that W. E. Thurber had been appointed by the Territorial Supreme Court a United States commissioner for Sevier county, the copy of a letter from that county signed by prominent Republicans endorsing Mr. Thurber and claiming that his appointment would have a good effect upon the "party of progress." The editor declined to let the letter appear in his columns; firstly, because there was no reason to believe Mr. Thurber's candidacy required a partisan appeal in his favor, or that his success was in any way dependent upon it; secondly, because a decent respect for the Supreme Court required that private documents filed with that body, whether appropriate or not, did not concern the public at large; thirdly, because the News has no interest in the partisan bickerings that others seek to stimulate, and deprecates the political tinge that is sought to be imparted to every word, act and result; and fourthly, because in the whole communication there was nothing in the nature of news.

This is the letter which our two rival contemporaries publish this morning as something which "has just come to light." They mean doubtless that it has just come to their light, that is, to the light of the one reporter whom they both employ to furnish in syndicate form court news for them. The News alludes to the circumstance to show that hard times have not sharpened their wits in newsgathering though suggesting economy in their reportorial salary list; also to permit an intelligent public to judge between the different estimates as to what constitutes news and the motives which have weight in the use of it.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe still hangs on to the tattered thread of life at the extreme age of 81. She is not yet as old by ten years as were the German Emperor and his great lieutenant when they gave up life's fitful fever; not so old as is Count de Lesseps and many other distinguished people, but there are all in the full possession of their faculties, while her mental power expired some time ago. That meant the end of her career altogether. The newspapers which speak of her once as a rule prone to wishing her continued long life, and this is meant kindly if not affectionately in many cases, com-

ing from the South as well as the North and from people of all shades of political opinion. Thirty years have wrought a wondrous change in the hearts, the mental poise and even the physical bearing of the people of this land, and in the case of no one is this fact more vividly presented than in that of Mrs. Stowe.

At a time when the two great divisions of the Republic began to be sundered in the sentiment which grew and became so bitter that it could only be extinguished in blood, Mrs. Stowe wrote a little book entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it was immediately put into circulation upon its merits alone. It dealt with the "peculiar institution" of the South—slavery—and while aiming to be fair in its treatment of the people as a class, exposed the horrors and crimes of that condition so forcefully and yet dramatically that the book made her famous at a bound; it spread like wildfire, not alone in the United States but in Europe, wherever the people were enlightened; her name was at once a household word and her work was signalled as that of an evangelist.

"Uncle Tom" marked the beginning of the end. The finishing touch of the fiery debates, the angry criminations and bitter recriminations which had made the halls of Congress ring for years, was found within the covers of that modest-looking volume. The culmination was now but a matter of time, and not much time at that. The war came; for four dark and dreary years its fortunes oscillated first to one side, then to the other; the Southerners fought harder and with more ability than was expected, and finally as a heroic measure it was announced to them that what the book sought to bring about should take place unless hostilities ceased within a short time; but they did not stop! They became if possible fiercer and bloodier than ever. Then the President of the United States proclaimed the slaves thenceforward and forever after free. The work was done; the woman's life-work had been accomplished; the fame gained through the labor of her pen had been sealed with the stamp of immortality.

It is not wonderful that many who once looked upon this great woman as all but a fiend incarnate now speak of her in friendly and congratulatory terms, because they have advanced with the current of events. The evolution which swept the curse of human bondage from the land and made of the nation one country, one soil and one people, carried those men with it too, and they simply live in the present rather than in the past. Their judgment as to what constitutes high intellectual qualities is no longer biased by sectionalism or warped by selfishness. They see with better eyes and hear with better ears. They are brave enough to acknowledge defeat after fighting like Spartans for four years to avert it, just enough to admit the wrongfulness of the system they sought to perpetuate, and wise enough to profit by the errors of the past. We repeat, it is not so wonderful that such men so constituted should now accord a meed of praise to Harriet Beecher Stowe. But there is a wonder connected with the subject.

Where in the section of the land to