

in favor of it as Shoup and that he favored any clause that would prevent Mormons from participating in elections until such time as they could be reconstructed by law; but he was satisfied that Shoup saw the necessity of bringing the Mormon question before the legislature for a purpose, and it was not by accident. It was for the purpose of putting a little fire under that question and to keep the Mormon question from dying out, thus answering two purposes, one to keep the Republican party in power in Idaho, and the other to make it possible for the Salt Lake Tribune to exist, as it has been able to do for many years, and he again reiterated the Mormon question did not fall into the bill by accident.

This afternoon in the House the bill came up for final reading and action, and the members of the Salt Lake Dramatic club were interested listeners and were honored by being invited within the bar among the legislators. When the oath was being read, a glance over in their direction showed they were listening closely and catching every word. When the reading was finally finished, Ballentine objected to section 3 and took the same grounds as Senator White and thought it should be blotted out and said he had in his heart forgiveness for the wrongs or supposed wrongs these people had done, and now polygamy had been dropped, he did not believe in continually hounding.

Emery said he would some time forgive, but not this, as the Mormons never gave up their cause, and the section suited him.

Jones said he was an anti-Mormon democrat, but was opposed to the section, as the present laws were all right.

Steuneberg said he was opposed to the bill, as it prevents those unable to read or write from voting. He said the democratic party was pledged to support the Australian ballot bill, but not this kind. He said among his constituents were two blind persons and three or four other persons who could not read, and these, too, were disfranchised and it was a most unjust measure. The will passed by a vote of 29 to 5.

The bill also passed for dividing this (Ada) county and creating Canyon, with Caldwell as the county seat.

A bill was introduced, and passed both houses, appropriating \$2000 for legislative expenses. As today is the end of the sixty days session, and no one can tell by reading the constitution whether this is a regular or special session, they will continue about ten days longer and the pay of some member for to-morrow will be refused by the auditor who will claim the session was through today. The matter will then be taken before the supreme court and he brings suit, and if it is decided in his favor, the session is unlimited. If it agrees with the auditor, it is but sixty days.

WRITING FOR MONEY.

A reporter of the New York World recently interviewed Julian Hawthorne with the following result:

As to methods of work, Mr. Hawthorne, when he gets a contract or undertakes to write a story, simply goes at it and keeps it up until the task is completed. He begins work at 9 or

10 in the morning and keeps at it until 10 or 11 at night. Of those shorter novels, such as are printed in Lippincott's and Belford's magazines, he writes one in ten days or two weeks. They contain 40,000 words, and that is at the rate of 4000 words a day, or, say two and a half columns of the World. "The trouble," he said, "was to get the central idea for the story. If that is a satisfactory one, why, the story writes itself, and I can do a great deal of work in a day."

On one occasion he wrote steadily for 26 consecutive hours. This was during his residence in London, shortly after he had entered upon a literary career. He had agreed to have a story done by a certain hour on a certain day, and, as is very apt to be the way with young men, he had put off the work until the 11th hour. Then, confronted by the uncompromising fact that he must do the work or lose his money, he set himself at the task with all his might and main. He started in at 9 o'clock one morning, and stuck hard at work until nearly noon the next day. He says he found no difficulty in writing after the first hour; his thoughts came freely and his hand worked mechanically. He remembers that when he finished the story he became aware that his little children were playing about the room where he had been writing; he neither saw nor heard them when he was at work, and now they looked more like shadows than real, tangible forms.

He did not feel particularly worried, but his brain seemed to be strangely confused, so, instead of going to bed as a man naturally would think of doing, he put on his hat and overcoat and set out for a long walk. He remained out of doors until dusk, then, upon his return home, he ate a light supper, drank two bottles of ale and went to bed. The bodily exercise had cleared his head, his brain was as cool and quiet as could be wished, and he slept eighteen hours as soundly and peacefully as a child.

Talking over the success that stories of London life have had, it was mentioned as a curious fact that no tales of New York life had succeeded. "That is," said Hawthorne, "because New York City lacks the old background which London has. London is a pool into which all elements drift, but New York they pass through."

He went on to tell how he forgot one story as soon as another was written, and cited a curious illustration of this in a novel of Spanish life which he picked up about the house not long ago. He read the novel with interest and began to review it as something new until, happening to look through an old scrapbook of his writings, he discovered that four years before he had written a long review of it for the World. Yet the memory of the novel had quite vanished.

In a little literary autobiography Hawthorne tells in a few words his estimate of authorship as a trade. After telling of his novels, he says: "I cannot conscientiously say that I have found the literary profession—in and for itself—entirely agreeable. Almost everything that I have written has been written from necessity, and there is very little of it that I shall not be glad to see forgotten. The true rewards of literature

for men of limited calibre, are the incidental ones—the valuable friendships and the charming associations which it brings about. For the sake of these I would willingly endure again many passages of a life that has not been all roses. Not that I would appear to belittle my own work—it does not need it. But the present generation (in America at least) does not strike me as containing much literary genius. The number of undersized persons is large and active, and we hardly believe in the possibility of heroic stature. I cannot sufficiently admire the pains we are at to make our work—embodying the aims it does—immaculate in form. Form without idea is nothing, and we have no ideas. If one of us were to get an idea it would create its own form as easily as does a flower or a planet. I think we take ourselves too seriously; our posterity will not be nearly so grave over us. For my part, I do not write better than I do because I have no ideas worth better clothes than they can pick up for themselves. 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing with our best pains,' is a saying which has injured our literature more than any other single thing. How many a lumber-closet since the world began has been filled by the result of this purblind and delusive theory! But this is not autobiographical, save that to have written it shows how little prudence my life has taught me."

So much for his literary work. We went out into the sunshine and looked across the rippling blue of the water, and Hawthorne told how, in the early morning, the place was covered with ducks, and there was much good shooting. He told how he helped do the haying in summer on the 30 acres of grass land, how his two seventeen-year old boys ran the farm, and, with the help of one man, raised all the vegetables the family used, and had some left over to sell; how the place belonged to Mrs. Goodsell, but he hoped to buy it in two years, and how his oldest daughter, Hildegarde, was enjoying the winter in Philadelphia, while his other daughters, Gwendolen, Gladys, Beatrice and Luogene, helped their mother at home. Then the boy, with his "all-day" horse, drove up, and the handsome big fellow, with a strong good-bye grip, turned back to his desk and went on filling the long sheets of white foolscap with blue black marks, and when a sheet was covered he had gained 500 words on the end.

BARON HIRSCH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The Paris edition of the New York Herald published yesterday the following from its correspondent at Monte Carlo:

Baron de Hirsch today gave me the following interesting particulars respecting his numerous munificent benefactions to the poor. Baron de Hirsch's whole affections were centered in his only child, Baron Lucien de Hirsch, who died some few years ago after a very short illness. This affliction caused him to retire from all active business. Being possessed of enormous wealth and having no direct heir, after mature consideration, he decided to employ or devote a portion of his fortune to the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-men. Notwith-