

easily discover that Mr. Taylor's statements are at least inconsistent because of inaccuracy; as for instance, where he says in the foregoing quotation that judged by "their cities, towns, churches and homes," no other church has had the same prosperity as the Mormons, while at the same time it is "a church of the worst and most immoral practices." Such practices as Mr. Taylor falsely charges against the Mormons do not go to make prosperous cities, towns, churches and homes, as is amply proved by history, and which should have been remembered by Mr. Taylor, who evidently does not seem to possess the long memory which is an essential in the vocation he has adopted.

A VEXED "WORLD."

As the editor of the New York World pipes in his high metropolitan office, his journalistic missions dance wherever their business or his mandates may have stationed them. Having declared himself on the admission of Utah (no matter how falsely and sneeringly, as has been shown in these columns), his Washington correspondents could do nothing less than strike a harmonious chord in their description of the swearing-in of Utah's Senators. Hence we find them drooling about "the sage-brush and the mining camp" being on "an equal plane with New York," and the "triumph of Mormonism and rotten-boroughism;" the usual accompanying whine being that "by a cunning bargain with the Mormon Church, the Republican managers secured the election of Senators Brown and Cannon." Although it is charged that "the rotten borough system was hatched in the bosom of the Republican party," it is admitted that the admission of Utah, "which commits the Senate hopelessly to free silver," was "the work of the Democratic party, which sought to protect itself by imitating the Republican plan of creating new states out of the material at hand."

There is much in all this agony of the World that will cause amusement here in Utah; on the other hand there are passages that will cause indignation. Among the latter we note particularly the clause that places Utah on a line of comparison with New York—a libel on Utah respectability in election methods and morals which cannot be too sternly resented. As to the "rotten borough" phrase, which the World uses with such glibness, one would think the less New York had to say about those matters, the better for its own decency; for if there is a place in all the broad land where rottenness and jobbery in politics is carried to a more shameful length than in Mr. Pulitzer's state and city, the rest of the country has not yet heard of it.

However, passing these various ravings of a disappointed Democratic sensation-monger as unworthy of great notice now that Utah is complacently in the Union, has able representatives in the Congress, and in the upper house has as much a right to be heard and as much voting power as New York on all questions affecting national interest and welfare—all of which the World cannot help or hinder—

we come, in a more pleasant frame of mind, to the pen pictures of our Senators, drawn by the correspondent. This part of his letter can at least be read without exasperation; and we offer it in the hope that it may remove some of the bad taste left in the mouth by other portions:

The certificates of election, signed by Governor Wells and impressed with the great seal of Utah, were slowly read by the clerk. Then the two Senators arose, looking like two new boys introduced for the first time to a school room.

Senator Brown, a Gentle, is a thin, clean-shaved, hatchet-faced man with a small chin, a sharp nose, small bright eyes set close together and narrow forehead, partly hid by a stray cowlick of dark hair. His jaws are wide and give him an air of determination. His mouth is small and his lips thin. The Gentle Senator wore a long black frock coat hanging loosely upon his meager shoulders, with the sleeves reaching down in an old-fashioned way almost to the middle knuckle of his fingers. His snowy neck was belted by a turn-down collar. A jewel sparkled in the bosom of his shirt. Altogether a far Western type, lank, loose, wrinkled as to clothes, and desperately earnest. As he stood up in his place Senator Burrows, of Michigan, crooked his elbow invitingly and the two men linked arms and advanced into the aisle.

Senator Cannon, a Mormon son of a Mormon father, is a short, ruddy-cheeked man with a deep chest, square shoulders, large, well-set eyes, broad forehead and an upbrust mass of crinkly, curly, brown hair. He was dressed like a prosperous young broker, in a dark cutaway and well-cut trousers. He twiddled and pulled at his brown mustache nervously. Occasionally he clasped his hands in front of him and raised his heels from the ground with an uneasy jimping motion. The Mormons look upon him as a fine specimen of their tribe. He has a manly, aggressive manner, and puts his feet down squarely when he walks. Senator Cannon linked elbows with his sponsor, Senator Dubois, of Idaho.

So the plenipotentiaries of Mormonism strode across the green carpet of the Senate chamber to the Vice-Presidential throne, where they ranged themselves out like a bridal party with a nimble squad of pages grinning behind them. Vice-President Stevenson stood up and read the Constitutional oath from a type-written sheet of paper, while the Utah Senators raised their hands and looked solemn. When the oath was read the Senators bobbed their heads together and shook hands with the Vice-President and with the clerk of the Senate, who held out a book in which they signed their names.

LONG TONGUE, SHORT ARM.

Lord Salisbury's confession, in his speech published in our dispatches last Saturday, that England's arm, long as it is, could have done nothing in mitigation of Armenian outrages, must have been a very unpalatable truth to the people of Great Britain, and a great surprise to the rest of the civilized world.

The mere fact of weakness is by no means an indication of dishonor; even mighty power has its bounds, and is at times brought face to face with problems which it cannot solve. But while there is special amazement at an admission of England's inability to grapple with

the Mohammedan question in the East, the overwhelming surprise is in the fact that, realizing this inability, the bullying game should have been carried to such an extreme as this same noble premier has taken it. The effete sultan has been threatened until in sheer desperation he appeared to conclude that the best he could do would still be insufficient to satisfy the roaring British lion, and, feeling that he could not do enough, he has therefore done nothing at all. And now, when something more than threats are demanded to make good the high assumption of Christian protection from barbarian atrocities, lo and behold, the self-constituted champion meekly answers in effect that while his intentions are honorable, his performances are vain—that while his tongue may be long and sharp, his arm is short—that if bluster and menaces are of any service he can supply them in abundance, but as to making threats good, he begs to be excused.

It is a sad come-down from the high horse of precedent. It shows how little either the United States or Venezuela has to fear as to the South American boundary. It shows how suddenly agreeable some folks can become in an impending dispute when they find themselves promptly opposed upon righteous grounds and in a vigorous way. It shows, furthermore—and this is the most distressing feature of all—that the poor Christians in Turkish lands have been leaning upon a broken reed, and have been induced to build upon fair promises which turn to ashes in their very hands.

LEAP YEAR FIGURES.

Generally the month of February has only 28 days, but this year, as every leap year, has an additional day. This is well known, but the reasons for this arrangement may not be equally clear to all.

According to the ancient Roman calendar the months should have 31 and 30 days alternately, but as this made the year too long, the last day of February, the month whose days were dedicated to the god of death, was cut off. But when the sixth month of the year (our August) had been dedicated to the Emperor Augustus, the astronomers found it disrespectful to the memory of that ruler that his month should have a day less than the fifth month which was named after Julius Cæsar (July) and they agreed to add a day to August, and this was again taken from February, leaving only twenty-eight days for that month.

By this arrangement the year received 365 days, but the fact is that the earth is not able to complete its revolution around the sun in that time but needs 5 hours, 48 minutes and 50 seconds more. As it would be exceedingly inconvenient, however, to commence the year at any other hour than the beginning of the day, it was agreed to add a day to every fourth year. This makes each year 365 days and six hours, which is 11 minutes and 10 seconds too long. The error is small, but in the course of 400 years it will amount to about three days, and these must be disposed of in some manner. The pope Gregory