

## A FINE POEM.

Elsewhere in these columns appears a poem from the pen of Bishop O. F. Whitney. It was delivered by him with fine elocutionary effect at the Tabernacle ceremonies last evening and received enthusiastic plaudits. It is the story of the Discovery couched in the words and measure of song, and is as finished and well rounded an effort as the talented author has yet given us, which is saying a great deal in its praise. The passage referring to Ferdinand and Columbus and which closes with the question as to which is the lord and which the vassal now, is one of the most striking of the gems of thought which gladden throughout the entire production. The poem is well worth taking care of; it constitutes a valuable and delightful contribution to our memorable celebration of Discovery Day.

## THE WORLD MOVES.

In his excellent speech in the celebration ceremonies last evening, Chief Justice Zane said: "A few years ago I never expected to stand in this place and speak to an audience; the fact that such is the case shows that the world moves."

Surely the world does move and necessarily we—Judge Zane and all of us—move with it. Evolution is written on every structure, is blazoned on the public highways, is marked upon the masses with whom we mingle, is even delicately traced in the segments of the foliage which now greets the gaze wherever the eye may turn. The mind of man here and elsewhere, when uncorrupted by wars and free from the searing influence of lawlessness and vice, becomes a mainspring of energy and a gatherer of wisdom whose beneficent effects are stamped upon the brow of the worker and exemplified in the work accomplished by his hands.

It has taken time and patience and thought and care, mingled with the sweat of blood, to carve out from the materials of the Utah that was the Utah we now have. Who shall not say, All honor to the founders! Who can find it in his heart to be niggardly of praise for those who built upon the foundation and year by year, little by little, as fast as opportunities and circumstances would permit, added to the comfort and beauty and attractiveness of Our Mountain Home until it has become a magnet attracting to its midst the civilization and improved advantages of the east and the west, and until at last nothing attainable by man aided by faith and guided by inspiration is impossible to us! Those celebrations in the nation yesterday which were grander than ours were so only in the advantages which greater numbers and more accessible resources provide, and such were not numerous; while in enthusiasm, in that generous feeling of neighborly regard which prompts people to assemble and commingle their voices in honor of a great occasion, there were none which could truthfully say they looked down upon us.

The Judge is right; he is observant,

thoughtful and truthful. Less than the life of a middle-aged man expended upon Utah has made it plain to all observers that the world moves, and that its motion is onward and upward. We are here not to be sluggards, not to clog the wheels of progress or stand idly in its pathway; but to work, to learn, to contrive, to forge ahead, to do something, to be somebody. What has been done is but a beginning; the fruitful future with smiling face and outstretched hand stimulates us to still greater efforts, to yet grander achievements. With a united purpose, with bickerings and jealousies cast aside, "with malice toward none, with charity for all and with firmness in the right," let the grand procession move on!

## WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

There was a large number of people on the streets through which the children's pageant passed yesterday, and the thoughts which that beautiful performance created were different with different people, while perhaps not varying at all in regard to the general effect. Those of a more reflective turn of mind, whose admiration of the admirable is not altogether sensuous and yet who thoroughly enjoy it from all standpoints, found themselves, among other situations, confronted with an economic problem in the solution of which not merely the little paraders themselves, but those who looked upon them and, in fact, the whole community is interested.

Within the brief span of a decade some of those children will be men and women, most of them will be grown up and all of them who live will be far enough advanced along the highway of life to be occupied with something useful to themselves and their neighbors. While they are thus swelling the ranks of our people, adding to the responsibilities and duties of those who shape or contribute toward shaping our temporal salvation, is it the case that the fields and avenues in which they must look for support and prosperity are increasing in a corresponding ratio? We greatly fear not; we are almost positive that they are not.

This should not be. Our admiration for the children should not rest with only looking admiringly upon them or praising them for their intelligence and comeliness; we and not they are chiefly responsible for what they are to do and be hereafter, and if it appears from a careful review of the situation that enough opportunities for their proper equipment in the struggle for supremacy in the race do not exist, we must provide others. Education is indispensable, but the education of them alone is not enough; besides, this is at present fairly well attended to. We must have more factories, more mills, more workshops, more schools where practical training in the means of acquiring a livelihood can be had. This community, always at the front among those which encourage home manufactures and foster home products, must take yet other and greater steps in advance and come as near to the point of shutting off importations altogether as is consistent with legitimate commercial welfare.

This is not at all for the purpose of cutting out or crippling trade, for there will always, even under our most complete development and with all our energies at work, be some things which we cannot produce and many others which we cannot manufacture; it is for the double purpose herein suggested, of permitting nothing with which a kind Providence has blessed us to go to waste, and removing from our rising generation the possibility of obtaining employment from that sinister source which is ever on the lookout for idle hands.

We must encourage local industries; must foster home enterprises; must extend our field of operations, until we become as nearly self-sustaining as we can. The need for this, though often told, was never more apparent than now. These reflections, briefly stated, are what occurred to at least a few of those who witnessed the beautiful pageant yesterday.

## DISTINGUISHED EVEN AMONG JOURNALISTS.

There are very few men indeed who can both write and speak with surpassing ability, the few who can being mainly newspaper celebrities. Horace Greeley was good at either, so was George William Curtis; Henry Grady was one of the best the country ever produced, but that all-round, patriotic, companionable and convivial son of the South, and father of the Star-eyed Goddess of Reform, Hon. Henry Watterson, is the best of them all. The latest and in some respects greatest chaplet to crown his massive brow is his grand effort at the dedicatory ceremonies of the Columbian Fair at Chicago yesterday. To make a thoroughly appropriate and capable speech on such an occasion, the orator should have an abundance of time in order that he may be able to say but very little, that is, little in point of words; but it must glow with a fervent heat in every sentence and every peroration should be as bright and incisive as a Damascus blade. Public speakers are sometimes credited with doing this sort of thing off-hand, and truly enough it does sound like it at times; but analyzed afterward in the light of reason and unstimulated judgment, such rhetorical flourishes oftentimes have no cohesiveness because their metaphors are composed of incongruous material, their flights of fancy do not begin from a pedestal of common sense or land anywhere at all, and too often the more homely but indispensable adjuncts of syntax, orthoepy and measure are mutilated beyond recognition. Not so with Brother Watterson, and yet he had but a few days to prepare himself in.

His speech as a whole is little short of perfection, being exactly, in detail and altogether, precisely what the occasion demanded. Into half a hundred lines he narrows the broad span of history yawning between the landing of Columbus and the dedication at Chicago, seemingly leaving out no material feature attainable by rhetorical imagery; in a few terse sentences our political history as a nation is depicted and is almost as elaborately told as though a lengthy chapter had been.