

THE MIND OF THE MOB, OR THE EVIL OF PUBLIC CLAMOR.

BY JOHN P. MEAKIN.

"If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to their start,
From want of willing heart,
But there's a sly wee working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away,
The elf—I didn't think."

FROM the earliest dawn of civilization to the present time a struggle has been going on, in developing the intellectual or spiritual man out of the animal or unthinking man.

It has been a continuous battle between thought built sentiment and mobocracy without thought. Since two thousand years before Christ, law givers and philosophers have labored to teach men to keep in subjection their speech and their appetites.

The few thinkers, the intellectual lights who have illumined the pathway of the ages, stand out conspicuously because their numbers have been few, but their influence has blessed humanity and we enjoy the fruits of their labors.

There are now a few churches and a few societies, and only a few, with the purpose in view of developing the higher faculties and sensibilities; that is, to develop the man—struggle the brute, in other words, to make men, thinkers.

"You mourn, you sigh, because men hate each other.
It makes you grieve that men shall kill each other.
Alas, that man should fill the world
And yet he may do better things tomorrow."

We owe a debt of gratitude to the workers of the past. Had it not been for the life's devotion of the few who worked unceasingly and alone, without a word of commendation, without recompense, either of food or raiment, and then died upon the cross, the sick, and the sorrowful, that each succeeding generation might reap a golden harvest of intellectual liberty from their sowing the seed of sacrifice, we today would be subject, entirely, to the whims and fancies of the mob.

Lowell expressed a truth when he said:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

The mob cannot think, and some who might desire won't. Hence many must still travel on through the swamps and foul morass of bigotry and ignorance. The ship of progress must founder about in stagnant pools, chained to posts of envy and hate, by public clamor.

The pilgrim fathers who sacrificed all to attain their liberty of conscience, no sooner had they attained it, than they commenced to enslave others. This condition of the human mind seems to perpetuate itself. Nineteen hundred years of Christian teachings, seems to have eradicated but little of the devilish sin of public clamor. Today we see brother against brother, church against church, society against society, and each claiming to be a follower of the gentle Nazarene, who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ walked from town to town, crying to the people, "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you," and they crucified Him.

He died with a smile on his face and a loving word upon his lips, while the mob clamored and finished his devilish work.

The same old spirit and the same old mob are still at it, killing their victims on the cross of slander and burning them at the fagots of prejudice and hate.

Abraham Lincoln said, "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." Lincoln meant this not only for governments but for individuals, churches, and societies. A true man will never ask for a right that he will not accord to his fellow-man.

If a poor barbarian was kneeling to a stuffed snake praying for his wife and babe, you have no right to laugh and scoff at him. You would do better by kneeling down and praying with him.

"Hush up that spiteful tongue of yours,
Give him a chance to grow.
Before you hang him, tell me this!
Why differs he from you?"

"You never made yourself, my friend.
Then why should you be proud?
And if you're really what's been given,
What right have you to crowd?"

A liberal man will recognize the fact that his neighbor's religion and the neighbor's private property. The inner consciousness of religion is dearer and more sacred than life itself. If you have something better open your arms to Christian love and tenderness, beckon them up into the brighter light, the purer way, instead of cutting them with the daggers of ridicule and piercing their souls with scorn. Turn the searchlight upon your inner self before you call your brother a fool.

The road has been long and dreary, from Pythagoras, the sage of Samos, to Lincoln, the sage of America, but all across the ages the mob has kept a going, clamoring for the destruction of every man who was ahead of his time, every advanced thought, every invention, and every discovery. The best have always been abused the most. In our time questions that effect the welfare of the state or nation are not taken up and considered under the torch of reason, but to the contrary, under the red flag and the skull and cross bones of hate and egotism. The warring factions work for supremacy, not for principle, by arousing public clamor. We may well cry where is the Christ and what of His teachings? We surely need "The second coming" or a revival of the works and of His life's teachings.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"
The mob and public clamor has pursued the "Mormon" people for 75 years, which is evidence in itself of their strength and fortitude.

It is not my purpose to say or to argue whether the "Mormon" faith or religion is right or wrong, but it is my purpose to deal with them in justice and fairness as I would with any other body or sect of people and in my talks with the public to give the desirous of knowing the facts concerning them, a dispassionate statement of the history of the "Mormon" people.

As to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, I know that his visions and thoughts concerning the same have built up a religion and a following that have stood unshaken of abuse, and are still exist in powerful numbers, and are a blessing to the nation rather than a menace. The boy Joseph was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vt., in the

year 1805. Since that time the waves of prejudice have been rolling high. All the preachers and wise men laughed at him, called him a silly boy etc. Even his blood did not appease the clamoring crowd.

On the first of June, 1830, the "Mormon" held their first conference, with 30 members. Then came a series of arrests and the mob began to chase the people, accusing them of "any old crime" they could think of—all kinds of bad things.

Bancroft, the historian, says in his "Utah" that "while I found heaped up charges against them, I found little proved against them."
In 1831 these people had traveled over 1,500 miles on foot, carrying their effects on their backs preaching and exhorting Christ, until tens of thousands had listened and hundreds were organized into branches. They have struggled on and on, with never a cessation of hostilities against the "Mormons," and the clamor is still on.

Ladies and gentlemen are traveling to and fro, proving their goodness (?) by telling old-time tales and horrible stories about Utah and the "Mormons."

The huzzard of public clamor has vented its nastiness to such an extent that when a resident journeys from home and names his state, hands go up, eyes bulge and exclamation bursts into the air, "Oh, my! I wouldn't live in such a horrid place as Salt Lake or Utah."

The whole miserable defamation is a huge falsehood from beginning to end. The "Mormon" people are just as pure, just as thoughtful, just as intelligent, just as honest and just as virtuous, as any people in the world. I, who have lived in the world, I who have found the leaders of the "Mormon" Church, during my residence here since 1892, possessing the same fraternal spirit, extending the same kindly handclasp, as I found amongst the people at large.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." These leaders have guided the ship in safety through all the storms of prejudice into the vale of peace and plenty. There is no per cent of the people own their own homes, and the intelligence and status of education is only three rounds from the top of the ladder and they keep "pecking" away.

Their religion is the least one and has been a blessing to many thousands of God's children, materially and spiritually. Forests have been subdued, homes, schoolhouses and churches have been built, and the people educated.

The fight on the "Mormons" should be stopped, but we know that cannot be entirely. Many men have grown angry in slanders, and it is now a part of their existence.

"The world is full o' rix, my boy—
Some shailer and some deep,
An' ev'ry rut is full o' folks as high
As they can heap."

As a lover of justice "we" appeal to the young for liberality and a square deal of America will not be entitled to the name "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

There are similar pictures in the life and death of Christ and of Joseph Smith. Christ no sooner commenced His mission than the mob got after Him. He was a brief life of turmoil and suffering. He wandered about and what a task for Him to get a hearing. I love to read the story of His loving deeds, of His defense of the unfortunate victims of public clamor. One can easily imagine, that heavenly face and strong shoulders, and the poor, and wretched outcasts in the slums, of the city. He sees the mob, with its blood shot eyes and sputtering mouths, chasing a poor fallen girl, each fellow picking up stones as they rushed on, Christ the only friend ran to the rescue with flashing eye and upraised arm. He held the mob at bay.

"Can you not hear Him say: 'Stand back, every one of you!' and after a pause said: 'He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone.'"

"Can you not see, the howlers, the mob sink away, of sight, and by His presence? Listen, and you can hear Him say: 'Don't be afraid, little girl. They shall not hurt you,' and in tender tones and with gentle touch upon his shoulder, said to the girl and sin no more." The world has had one Christian and He was out of Nazareth. See Him, at the supper table with His 12 friends. See Judas, betray Him. Can you not see and hear His best friend, Peter deny Him? Can you not hear Him say during that awful hour in Gethsemane: "Rest, brothers, rest, thou art tired, I would be alone." Can you not see and hear Him say when the mob came to take Him, led by Judas, "Are ye come out, as against a thief to take me?" Can you not hear Him speak and see Him push back the mob, and tell the crowd, He had lived with them in the city many years, "and ye took me not?" Can you not hear the shouts and see the mob push and abuse Jesus and stand Him before the priest alone, deserted by everybody, not one of the preachers had pluck enough to speak a word for the outcast from Nazareth? Oh, public clamor, thou art a devilish thing.

Any one who attended the "Mormon" Church investigation in modern times, can realize the position of Jesus when before Pilate. How the crowd winked and blinked and wagged their heads and poked each other with glee when a point was made as to garments worn and the ceremonies of the Church.

"Can you not see Christ, stand before Pilate and with folded arms completely answer questions about endowments and 'Art thou the king of the Jews, etc., with the brief reply 'Thou sayest it.'"

"Can you not realize the fool power of public clamor? 'Pilate marveled' because Jesus would not answer some fool question.

Think, when at the feast a prisoner was to be released in honor of the occasion, which shall it be? Jesus the pure and good or Barabbas the thief and murderer? The mob shouted give us Barabbas and crucify Jesus. The ladies and gentlemen of the Home Protective association passed burning resolutions to crucify, crucify Him. His best prayer was: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

For particulars see chapter 15 of St. Mark, the Bible. Read it now.

Note the wagging heads when the mob had done its worst and Jesus of Nazareth cried: "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani," meaning, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

In the time of Julius Caesar, the mob (he mob) could not, would not, knock and Caesar the people's best friend, was sacrificed and the "unkindest cut" was given him by one who knew better, but being weak in manhood, he allowed himself to be hoodwinked and urged on by a disgruntled politician. The soul of Brutus was darkened by sin, and note how he struggled with tinkling words to make his murderous wrong appear a mighty right. Over the bleeding body of good Caesar did he stir the mob to frenzied until even the mortal casket was in danger of being torn asunder, limb from limb, and Brutus said "twas right because 'Caesar was ambitious.'"

What a diplomatic struggle it was for Mark Anthony, the one, lone friend of dead Caesar, to get a hearing, but in

an hour, when the mob once learned of the goodness of Caesar, then Brutus was in danger of being pulled to pieces.

Vice of every kind is ignorance and clamor is its vile weapon.

Public clamor kept up its devilish work until the mob assassinated Joseph Smith, the "Mormon" Prophet, and he died crying "O Lord, my God." Public clamor, burned Bruno at the stake and he said "I die willingly" for the truth.

Bigotry gave the hemlock to Socrates, one of the bravest, truest, simplest and wisest of mankind.

Public Clamor painted Abraham Lincoln as an ape picking nuts from a tree. He was assassinated. He is now our gentlest memory.

Public clamor pictured William McKinley as a Napoleon minus the brains. He was shot to death. We all love him now.

Public clamor painted Mark Hanna as a monstrosity, but when he died, with bowed heads people whispered in sorrow, "Hanna is dead."

Public clamor is now painting Joseph F. Smith as an autocrat, a selfish thing in human shape. Wagging tongues, pens dipped in gall and vinegar and the deft pencil of the artist, all are employed in painting vile epithets at this hour of a desecrated and misunderstood people, Joseph F. Smith, a pioneer, a builder of homes, on earth, and a creator of industries for his followers; a pure man—monstrous to a mob, a lover of God and His fellow man. It is brave enough to be honest and thinkers know it. Yet not one voice of priest or preacher has been raised, during the campaign of slander, in his defense.

I have no use for public clamor. I ask neither for its smiles nor do I notice its frowns. It is unsafe, unreliable. It kills, then screams, it cannonades in idle, cannonades after death.

I am not particular about flowers on the casket. If you have any to give, give them now in kindly words and saving deeds.

If public clamor attacks your friend, don't stampee and shout with the crowd. Crucify, crucify. Just stop, think, investigate!

The "Mormon" religion is a builder on earth. Its business is not confined to the clouds. Herein lies its goodness. We have too much wammy family business in the churches and societies.

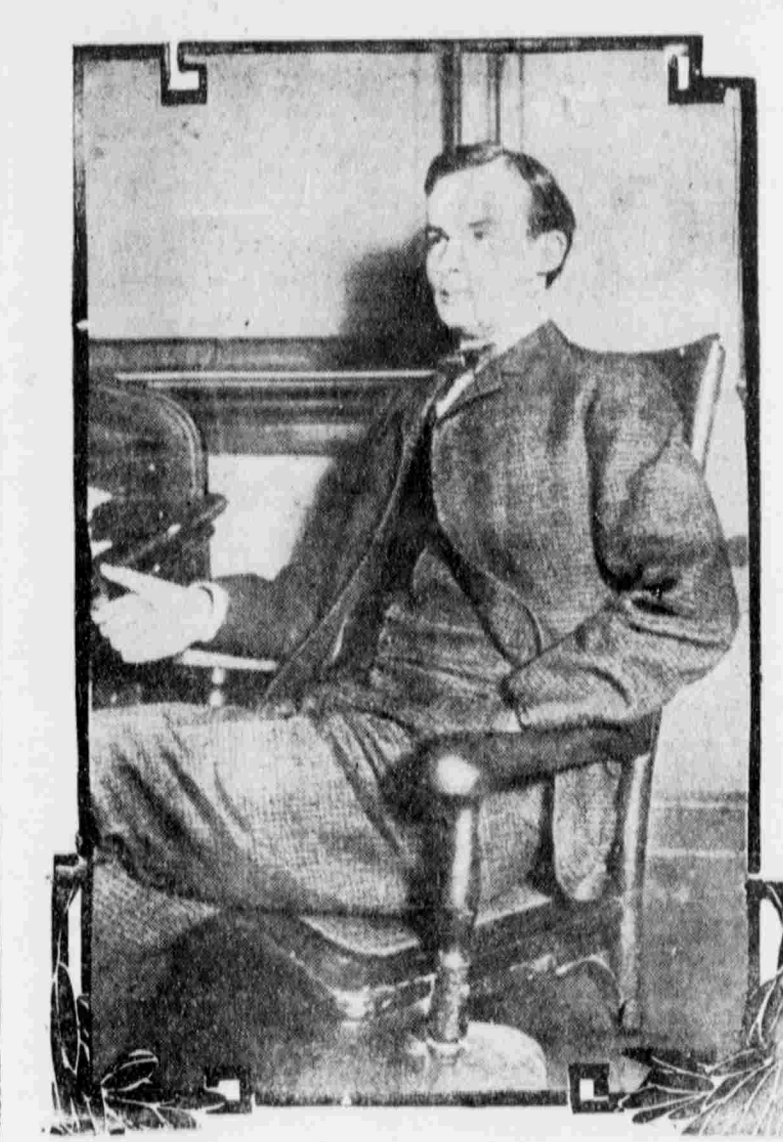
We need more practical churches, more practical home builders, helpers of men to help themselves. Seven-day churches. Don't turn your eyes so skyward as to miss your neighbor's need.

Dear ministers, you have been ordained by some bishop or church. I haven't; my mother ordained me. I set myself apart, I am responsible only to my own soul—God's monitor. I have a message to deliver to as many as I can reach with humble voice and feeble pen.

Don't you see, dear friends, that you are being crowded out of every-day life. Don't you realize that you are treated as something to be looked at, an argument, rather than an active factor in life's work in the community?

Don't you realize the wicked conditions in politics, the bribery and corruptions throughout the land, yet you dare not get into a primary or a convention, because public clamor would howl at you, hence your influence is set aside and the country is turned over to scheming politicians?

Don't you think if you were to put a little bit of cupidity amongst the poor, and do something for the people on earth as well as up in the clouds,



ROBERT HUNTER.

Robert Hunter is the young sociological worker of New York, whose investigations of the condition of the poor has brought forward such startling facts as to poverty in America. Mr. Hunter is an Indiana man. He first commenced sociological work in Chicago with the famous Jane Addams at Hull House. Later he went to New York, where he married Caroline Stokes, the only daughter of A. Phelps-Stokes, the multi-millionaire.

You would be doing more good for God and His children than you are now doing.

There is one thing you ought to do. Stop your abuse of the "Mormons." It's wrong of you. If you don't want to help the "Mormons" to colonize and build homes, join General Booth of the Salvation Army, but for heaven's sake, do something for the people here on earth.

While you are worrying about mob hills of wickedness, mountains are growing about you.

Do your best to stop public clamor and to make the people think in the words of an immortal solon of Athens:

"In all things let reason be your guide
In everything you do consider the end."
Men, my brothers of this great country of ours, stop your ignorant clamor. Think and investigate for yourselves, then decide under the light of reasoning manhood "with good will toward all and malice toward none."

"Give me the soul to feel ashamed,
If for my fault another's blamed;
Let me for justice take a stand
In friendship clasp my neighbor's hand.
Then at the closing of life's dream
I'll gladly die."

JOHN P. MEAKIN.
Saltair—Dancing tonight, 8 o'clock.

BACK ACHE? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS!

Miss Mabel Brown, of Montgomery, Ala., Says Her Life Was Despaired of by Physicians and Parents, but She Was Saved by

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Diseased or weak kidneys cause more trouble and complications than any other sickness. If the kidneys become diseased and are unable to do their work properly, the liver becomes affected, then the bladder, the urinary organs, the blood and the stomach. The blood becomes impoverished, the urine becomes muddy, and will have brick-dust sediment if it stands for 24 hours; the liver becomes torpid and pain in the back is almost constant as the system becomes progressively diseased. The stomach is reduced unable to digest its food properly. The result is a general breakdown.

CURES

This state of affairs could be avoided if every one was careful to test urine as soon as they felt the first backache. If any trace of kidney disease shows itself, get a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure. It will purify and strengthen the kidneys, kill the disease germs, prevent the serious complications that are bound to arise and restore perfect health.

Made Her a Well Woman.

"For some years past I have been troubled with Bright's disease, and I have been a great sufferer. I had all the complications that usually attend kidney trouble, and my people felt that it was only a question of time before the end would come. The good doctors could do nothing for me, and I had no relief at all after two years doctoring. I began to take Warner's Safe Cure. The first bottle helped me. I continued to use it, taking six bottles in all. Your medicine did what my doctors failed to do—it cured me. I am in better health than I have enjoyed for years."—Miss Mabel Brown, Montgomery, Ala.

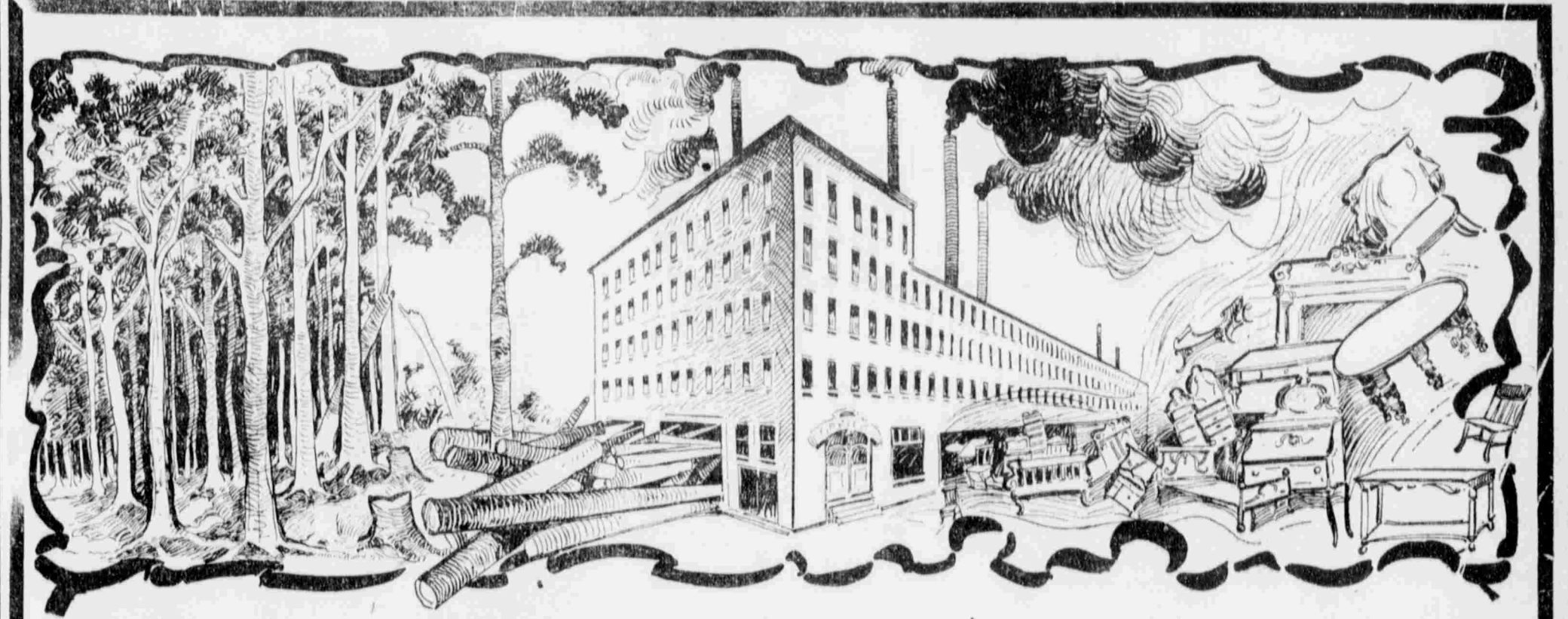
KIDNEY DISEASE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is purely vegetable and contains no harmful drugs. It does not irritate, it is a mild, reliable and effective tonic. It is a stimulant to digestion and awakens the torpid liver, putting the patient into the very best receptive state for the work of the restorer of the kidneys. It prepares the tissues, soothes inflammation and irritation, stimulates the enfeebled organs and builds at the same time. It builds up the body, gives it strength and restores the energy that is or has been wanting under the baneful suffering of kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure with Warner's Safe Cure move the bowels gently and aid a speedy cure.

Warner's Safe Cure is now put up in two regular sizes and sold by all druggists, at direct, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Refuse substitutes. There is none "just as good" as Warner's Safe Cure. It has cured all forms of kidney disease for thirty years. It is prescribed by doctors and used in leading hospitals as the only absolute cure for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood.

Thousands, both men and women, have kidney disease and do not know it. It is hereditary. If any of your family in this or past generations have been troubled with kidney disease of any form you cannot be too careful.

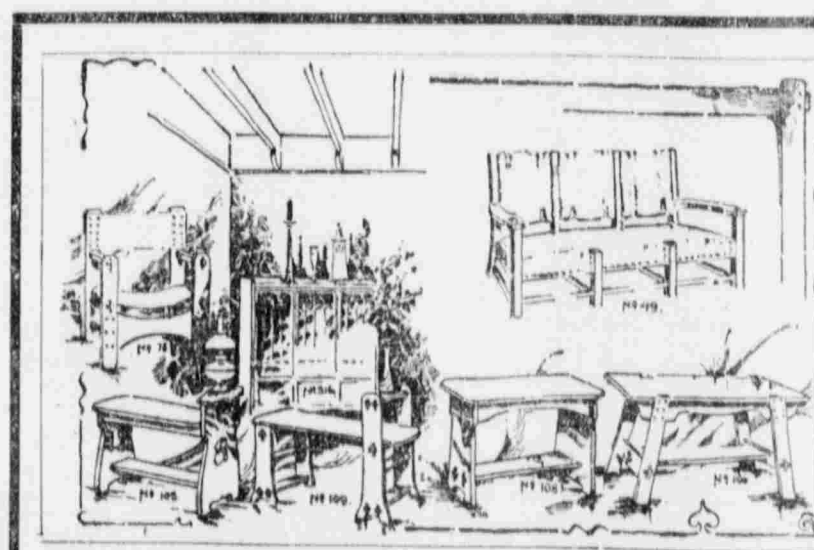
You should make a test of your kidneys at once and satisfy yourself as to their condition. Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism, gout, inflammation of the bladder and urinary organs are caused by kidney disease neglected.



EACH DAY



ACH DAY forest and factory yield to their utmost. EACH DAY of Spring we receive a car from this production. EACH DAY our extensive show rooms are filled with something new and attractive. EACH DAY a little of your valuable time will be well spent in looking over these astonishing creations. EACH DAY many new customers are won by the QUALITY of our goods and our REASONABLE PRICES.



Genuine Craftsman Furniture!

We alone carry this class of Furniture. It stands for simplicity and yet is full of the artistic. Made of burned oak of all colors.



Rattan Goods!

Just in receipt of a car of artistic rattan chairs, rockers, couches and fireside chairs. Many new ideas in combination rattan and leather.

H. Dinwoodey Furniture Co.

UTAH'S LARGEST HOME FURNISHERS.