

lesson can be learned, both in the social and political economy of the matter, but it is to religious and political philosophy the lesson should be applied. It may be good economy to make a fine coat for two dollars and sell it for fifty. It is also good economy to skin a Tewkesbury pauper and make boots of the hide, but I would not recommend the system to Utah. Nor would I recommend the system of housewifery economy mentioned below in Mr. Wakeman's letter as practiced by American housewives. It will be seen that the extracts relate to diversified phases of woman's life. The domestic extract is from Mr. Wakeman, a well-known journalist and literary man. The fashionable, and industrial, and criminal extracts are also from well known persons whose letters obtain wide circulation.

MANUFACTURE OF ANTI-MORMON PUBLIC OPINION.

Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman writing from Havana, Cuba, July 12, 1886, to the Chicago News, July 24, 1886, confines himself entirely to an analysis of domestic and social life in Cuba, and contrasts this with the same phases of life in the United States. Travel and experience have liberalized Mr. Wakeman compared to what he was when editing the Chicago Current. It will be remembered that in the heyday of the Current some curious productions relating to Mormonism were published, or perhaps, to be more correct, were advertised. The anti-Mormon societies for the manufacture of public opinion hostile to Utah patronized the Current, and had much of their trash inserted as literary matter by reason of a contract to purchase and distribute several editions of the paper. The same plan was adopted with regard to the Sun, a paper which has recently disappeared altogether. Can it be wondered that Miss Cleveland declines the editing of a periodical except she has supreme control of its advertisement columns as well as of the literary? But this is too much of a digression, to be consonant with the present communication on sociology.

COMPLIMENT TO CUBAN WOMEN.

Mr. Wakeman approaches the dissection of life in Cuba in a manner which visitors to Utah would do well to follow. He says he writes "only after an earnest endeavor to think with their (Cubans) thought and discuss as approximately from their standpoint as possible." Had he caused the anti-Mormon rubbish which bankrupted his paper and made him an exile to be written after this manner, he would have made a better record for consistency and for honesty.

Here is an extract from Mr. Wakeman's letter, which religiousists and educators will do well to peruse carefully:

And this whole subject here naturally centers about the Cuban woman. Alas! I believe her to be one of the most wretched women in the world. She may not be so much soul as some American women. But some of these American women travel on soul as veritable devils in their homes. They are great artists, these women with soul. In church and society matters, and especially if they may have edged themselves within the outskirts of some literary coterie through the wedge of some other person's brains and efforts they hold their own a bit by exuding soul. But God help the servants, the family, the husband. The public is interested in the contortions of soul for a little; the servants and family suffer; the husband gets done up. The other fellows get the tail, or whatever such females have to sell in their homes. A home is broken and ruined, and the sneering world rings up the curtain for another fool with soul to enervate it. But in this fortunate land wives are not wild with devilish ambition for personal, social, and other notoriety, nor inclined to become anything and everything famous. They seem to continue to remember, as it were, that they really have a soul. If this is the result of the education and training of the church, though every prominent writer upon these people has a finger at the Catholic church, I say all honor to its noble influence.

The attention of that venerable Master Miss Kate Field is called to this clipping. It may explain why she has been left out in the cold and doomed to eternal solitude. Mr. Wakeman says: "The other fellow gets the soul, or whatever such females have to sell for their homes." How is this for parity in the household? Perhaps this is why the average man of the period is not a marrying one. Mr. Wakeman, though a Protestant, is not very complimentary to Protestant education. Women of the Kate Field type he characterizes as "hermaphrodite shaped female beings who howl in bad poetry and worse prose, plastering themselves like Kate upon every slime of life, organizing themselves like old hens for social plunder and assassination." In conclusion Mr. Wakeman pictures the Cuban wife as an angel, and the American one a devil. In religion he speaks like a lay brother to Mr. Capel.

Here is another clipping which will go a long way to explain the

OUR RELIGION AND SHAM PHILOSOPHY

of high life in America. This cutting will speak for itself. It is being reproduced by all the leading papers of the country. Here it is. One of the most interesting places to a student of men and things, says a writer in the New York Times, is Ashbury Park, which lies flat on the sand, five miles south of Long Beach. Every where you go you find evidences of the religious tendency of the place. Sequences are painted on the fences, on the carriages, on the sides of houses, warning people of the wrath to come.

And in spite of all these things they do say that this is one of the wickedest places in the world. And one of those who say it oftenest is no other than Bradley, the founder and encourager of the place. His latest outbreak was an article in his own private and particular organ, the Ashbury Park Journal, in which he said that the drug stores in the place were all dens of iniquity, containing private rooms, where young girls were taken, drugged, and ruined. The place is alleged to be a temperance stronghold, and temperance meetings of great warmth are held daily. Yet a man has nothing to do but walk into a drug store and ask for soda with a stick in it to get a whole telegraph pole if he wants it. Of course there is plenty of true and earnest religion here, and there are lots of people who are walking the straight path; but the shams are so mixed up with the genuine that it is hard to make distinctions.

In this strain the New York Times writer goes on describing other peculiarities of the place. He particularly dwells on the "admirable lady of the place." "She had bleached hair of a reddish yellow tinge, a face fairly buried in liquid white and rouge, and a dress cut so low in the neck that it left very little to the imagination." And he might have added, she had a form which would evoke from a Utah preacher outbursts of admiration. It is said here that Utah preachers are connoisseurs of the nude in art, and that political preachers are enthusiastic over blonde hair and painted faces, naked shoulders and abbreviated petticoats.

The New York Mail and Express describes the process of making coats for men. The description is exhaustive and elaborate in detail.

WOMAN, AS USUAL IS THE VICTIM.

Her lot in this branch of business seems on a par with the rest. Here is an extract which will give an idea of the process of making, the hardships of the workers, and the profits of contractors and merchants. Think of this you wearers of fine coats, but don't let the matter disturb your digestion. It is only poor girls who are used as slaves to make a man of you, for the tailor now makes the man, and there are plenty of poor girls in this country, and as Sidney Dillon used to say "there are plenty more coming over." Here is the extract:

The cutter and inspector are well paid, but those who do the work piecemeal only earn about 35 to 40 cents a day, working constantly and giving half a day to take the work and get more. In one tenement house lives a woman who supports herself and three small children by finishing gentlemen's fine overcoats. She hems the satin linings and sews in the sleeve linings and the velvet collar and puts in several stays, in all setting from 8,000 to 10,000 stitches on each and earns at most 35 cents a day. Out of this she pays \$5 a month for rent. She works Sundays, too. She sends her babies to a kindergarten, where they are fed, but in the summer the school is closed, and now she lives and keeps them in clothes and the none but those who live in the same way know. Just now another woman with one child is sharing her room and her rent, which relieves her a little. The man she obtains work from has a factory, also a fine tailoring establishment, and the class of work these women do is for overcoats which cost \$40 and \$50. Allowing each of the ten workers on each coat 10 cents for what she does, and the cutter and inspector each 50 cents, the cost of making a man's fine overcoat is about \$2.

It is just the same story with all other branches of men's wearing apparel. The writer sums the whole business very tersely: "The result seems to be always the same. Just enough pay for slavish toil to

KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER in one frail tenement." These women are to be the mothers of future American citizens. What wonder if a Murat or a Theophile de Mericourt spring from them!

Olive Harper, a New York World correspondent, devoted a long article to the

MYSTERIES OF NECK-TIE-MAKING, and the condition of the workers, all of whom are females. In this, as in all the other trades in which women are employed, it would seem that the supply of labor amounts to even a glutted market. And it also appears that when a woman has authority she can be as cruel and avaricious as any of the opposite sex. Here is an extract from Olive Harper's letter, which will explain the power and authority of forewomen as well as the condition of the female slave market in New York City.

"In those and second-class, and, in fact, all the other establishments, the forewoman has all the power and she can give more work to one, less to another, or none at all; just as suits her, and there are many of them who exact of the girls a small percentage on all the work they give on condition that they are to be kept constantly employed, and so many an eager searcher for work is turned away in such times, and the others get a full complement where there should be a fair division. When girls and women are waiting for work they have to stand in a line, and the stronger ones force the weaker back when the bundles arrive, and they frequently leave the most needy no chance to get a few dozen ties, when, perhaps, the little amount would have kept them from starving. In one place, a basement, there is nearly always a card out stating that they want more help, and there is a crowd there always seeking work. This firm makes the boxes also that hold the ties, and they keep many girls working on machines. The woman told me that she stood in line one day from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon before she got to the forewoman, and had her work examined, and got her money and other work—the best part of a day every week, when every working hour counts.

It may be supposed that this labor is well paid for and of a very delectable kind when such competition as this is caused by it. But let Olive speak on this. Here are the words of the letter:

The labor of making these scarfs would be light were it not that it is so badly paid as to render it necessary to labor constantly, and the amount of work is always uncertain. For some unexplained cause the handling of the satin seems to wear away the skin on the ends of the fingers, and many of those who make satin ties have the ends of their fingers so sore it is torture to work. They have to keep bowls of strong alum water to dip their fingers in to harden them, and the work is also very trying to the eyes and the nerves. There are about 2,000 women and girls who make their living by this trade, but it is a very poor one. The price ranges for the work from 45 cents, and some even declare they get but 35 cents, per gross up to \$1.25 per dozen for the very finest work for the best houses; but the average earnings for a day of ten hours is not over \$1 a week. The dealers and manufacturers will, if asked, point out the extreme highest prices that are earned by the most expert workers as the standard price, never mentioning those who work equally hard for \$3 a week.

So alarming and so widespread is the DEMORALIZATION AMONG WOMEN AND GIRLS

in our eastern cities becoming that institutions are springing up to check the body and soul-destroying evils of idleness and vanity which produce this laxity of morals. In Chicago industrial schools are already in operation. It is said that by training girls in domestic and culinary accomplishments they are not as likely to go astray as by making musicians, vocalists, shorthand writers, and bookkeepers of them. This is commendable, but it is labor in vain in our present social condition. What use is it to a girl to become an expert cook, an efficient laundress, or a cleanly house girl, when all this will only gain for her a cartoon in a comic newspaper, or a heartless joke from a sneaking humorist. Our young men will not marry a "pot-waller" as the poor, hard working girl is called, when she is not called Bridget or Paulina. This is why the girl who reads the papers seeks a warehouse rather than work in a kitchen. Read what Mrs. G. W. Woodward, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Industrial School for girls says in her latest report. It is reading calculated to stimulate thought in the dullest minds. Here it is:

"One statistic is offered for the consideration of all thoughtful members of the society. The record of the General Superintendent of Police shows that 1,385 females between the ages of ten and twenty were arrested in one year in this city. Of these, 683 were between the years of ten and eighteen. How many of these girls are honest? How many of these girls are ever increasing in passion pass these young girls—crowding each other on, on, with hurried, quick steps, they rush to their dreadful end. Give industrial schools one-half the money expended upon these girls after they have run their course, and have become hardened, abandoned criminals, and we will save them—save them from a life of sin and shame—will save an inmate from the Erling Woman's Refuge, from the Lying-in-Hospital or other hospitals, from the Foundlings' Home, from the Orphan Asylum, from the Home of the Friendless, the Bridewell, the penitentiary—perhaps the gallows and the Potter's Field; an appalling sequence, the history of one young life."

JUNIUS: MISSIONARY WORK IN THE ORIENT.

THE TURKISH MISSION. CONSTANTINOPLE, June 23, 1886.

President Daniel H. Wells: Dear Brother,—I have intended for some time to write to you about Haifa and the German colony at that place, and Brother Spori suggests that I also mention our views regarding the Mission here. When Brother Lyman and I were in Palestine, we visited Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, on the Mediterranean, near Old Acre. Here we found a very industrious German colony, and from the beautiful bones they had erected, one would think they were very thrifty; but on inquiry we learned that they had been considerably disappointed in their expectations, and were not prospered as they hoped to be. They are a religious community, but have cut themselves loose from the existing denominations, believing the Savior would again come before many years, and that the Holy Land was again to be built up. They have their social organization, but do not accept the ministrations of a special spiritual head, as we were told. About a year ago, in Berlin, I met a man who was just about to leave for this colony. He had his trunk packed, but was unavoidably delayed. He heard of the "Mormons" in Berlin, and out of curiosity went to hear them. He received a testimony, was baptized, and as a company was just leaving for Zion he joined it. Enthusiastic over the principles of the Gospel, he was very anxious that they should be preached to some of his friends in Haifa. He wrote letters and promised letters of introduction; but as he left soon after, and as the place was so far away, I partially dismissed it from my mind, till upon entering Haifa the colony was pointed out to us. We had our animals—dragoman, Arab guide—and had made contract for so many days to Damascus, so we could not stay as our purse was too limited. However, I have felt ever since that the Gospel should be preached to them. If a small Branch could possibly be established there it would be, in my judgment, the stepping stone to some important work among the Arabs who are capable of a still higher civilization than the Turks. If I am over enthusiastic on the sub-

ject, it is because of an unceasing longing I have to see a mission started here in the Orient. I have thought, as Brother Spori is German himself, and as he speaks both French and Turkish, he would be effectual in accomplishing something in Haifa.

Brother Spori and I have been considering of late what methods we could best pursue here. Some have been so uncertain as to whether they should accept the Gospel or not, that we are beginning to lose much of our patience. They are chiefly Americans and lack decision, a probable characteristic of the nation. We have now so far secured the good will and confidence of many of the Germans, that we think they would let us have their hall to hold meetings in. It appears to us the best we could do would be to spend some money in the course of three or four months in renting the hall, and advertising meetings which could be held in four different languages if found profitable. Our plan would be to hold meetings for two consecutive Sundays—in one language in the forenoon, another in the evening. We would advertise the meetings thoroughly, and I am satisfied we would have good houses. Then, if you advised it, Brother Spori might go to Haifa for two months during the hot weather here, and in that time he would know exactly what could be done there, and if successful in making an opening, a young man speaking German, and apt enough to get the Arabic, might immediately follow him. He (Brother Spori) could then return to Constantinople when the hot weather would have somewhat abated, and we could continue regularly our public meetings for two or three months. In this way we would know something definitely about the prospects of the Mission here. As it is we reach comparatively few.

Brother Spori joins in kind regards to yourself and the brethren at "42," and concurs in what I have written, or better, he suggested it, as I wanted to write you about Haifa and the Germans there. The weather has to me a peculiar burning sensation. I find it next to impossible to sleep before one or two o'clock in the morning. If I try to sleep sooner, I feel every few minutes as though my body would break out in a flame. The Turks now have their Ramazan—month of fasting—and eat nothing from an hour before sunrise till sunset during the month of June.

The process of introducing the Gospel among the Turks will, to all human appearance, be a slow one to begin with. They are reticent. Ask them to talk on religious subjects, they will generally say they believe in a God, and believe Mohammed was a prophet—further they do not care to express themselves. After all they are the most honest and moral of all the Orientals of Turkey. Like the "Mormons," however, they have been wonderfully misrepresented.

Yours in the Gospel of Christ, J. M. TANNER.

—Mil. Star.

CAMP-FIRE REFLECTIONS.

FORTY-SEVEN SETS UP THE ANTI-"MORMON" SHOUTERS.

The several installments of the G. A. R. have come and gone, and if they are not overflowing with cobra-poisoned prejudice against the Latter-day Saints, it is not the fault of the arch-conspirators of Federal officials and their confederates—the blatant mouthed anti-"Mormon" hyenas, whose wilful, malicious and wicked misrepresentations and downright lying, would in any other community save the long-suffering "Mormon," result in hanging the last mothers son of them to the first convenient tree or telegraph pole.

I listened attentively to most of the speeches of our Utah Lying Brigade, and was conspicuously edified when such meads as Dickson, McKay, Bennett, McBride, Hilt, Murray and Maxwell welcomed the distinguished visitors to our city, our Territory, our valleys, where the eye and heart were made glad and rested by our green fields and our orchards, our bubbling streams and wonderful irrigation ditches, our canals, our railroads, our dead and wonderful inland sea and our everything else. How we apples swim! A stranger would naturally be dumfounded and overwhelmed to think it possible that a baker's dozen of such robust, well-preserved, oily tongued, hypocritical olatherskites should have performed such gigantic labors and wonders and still survive. To the average six-month resident of the Territory, not an is karet idiot, all this balderdash provoked only superlative contempt for the speakers.

Take the whole outfit of the rabid Salt Lake anti-"Mormon" cranks who aired their spleen at the recent "Camp Fires," and who amongst them ever planted a tree, ploughed a furrow, dug a water ditch, pulled a sage brush, made a spear of grass to grow, built a foot of mountain or valley road or did anything but sit under the shade of some "Mormon's" roof and curse the planter and proprietor. They remind me of the enterprising, over-worked noble red man, who over-exerted himself one hot sultry day by lying in the shade watching a white man mow with a scythe.

McBride's statement that Salt Lake City, if populated by any other class than "Mormons" would to-day contain 100,000 inhabitants instead of 25,000, was a stupendous mathematical effort. If they were all like the noble McBride, who would raise the potatoes and

beans? Where would the revenue come from to support the municipality? It brought vividly to my recollection the great Gentile metropolitan city of Corinne—the renowned "Berg on the Bear," where nothing "Mormon" interfered with its expected Alladin growth, where nature had done everything but make the water ditches and plough and plant. And behold her to-day—nine-tenths of the town could be bought for thirty-six dollars payable on the installment plan. It got down so low and so nearly depopulated that even the "Mormons" couldn't resurrect it by the desperate experiment of installing Dr. Faust as whiton Bishop therein. When a "Mormon" Bishop has to vacate a place, it is time all the inhabitants cried "Rats!"

Not one word of praise or commendation was spoken in favor of the brave pioneers or the body of the people who have made Utah what it is today. All of them—not an isolated exception—were branded as disloyal, scoundrels, robbers and perjurers. Let these patriotic humbugs go to California or any other State or Territory, and undertake a similar performance against the old settlers, and see how long before the undertakers would be busy in embalming their rotten carcasses for transportation to their friends—if they have any.

Maxwell says he saw the stars and stripes trailed in the dirt at the time D. H. Wells was released from the Penitentiary, Maxwell had the jim jams that day, he saw snakes in his boots and a great many other things that no one else saw. It was all moonshine—moonshine whisky.

McBride prides himself on being a pioneer; says he camped on the banks of the Ogden river 40 years ago en route to the Western slope. Will he explain how he got to Ogden river? The first wagon road into Salt Lake valley was made by the disloyal "Mormons" 39 years ago last month. The only other wagon road in the Rocky Mountains at that time was the old Oregon trail through Bear Lake Valley via Soda Springs and Fort Hall, at least 135 miles north of Ogden river. Too thin! McBride is a tenderfoot in all probability—rough only in the mouth.

I think "Mormons" ought to be warned against giving their property away and vacating the Territory in a hurry. I noticed the Grand Army were only armed with badges and Dickson's speech—both harmless weapons—and Butler and Hen. Phelps, the second-hand store man, made a good offset on Dickson's speech by giving the boys in blue as they came in 15,000 Latter-day Saint Gospel tracts and articles of faith. No, don't give up the ship. Stay and harvest the grain and potatoes, pull the pumpkins and get enough provender together to keep the poor, miserable fellows from starving the coming winter.

If the audience will now arise we will be dismissed.

47ER.

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LOST.

A LARGE LIGHT BAY MARE, 6 YEARS old, with a very long body, a large head, slightly roman nose, small star in forehead, branded X on left shoulder.

The mare strayed from farm at South Point, with halter on, and was last heard from going north through Sandy, likely making for old range in Morgan County.

Any person giving information concerning said animal will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

36 Quince St., Salt Lake City.

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