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THE "INSULT" AT SEATTLE.

Explanation by two Eldest of officials at Seattle have now been published. Their attempts to justify conduct which had the effect of excluding the Tabernacle choir from participation in the contest, establish clearly just two things: first, that these officials are now engaged in trying to insult the choir still further, and second, that the officials are using language that befits the prize ring or the dog-fight (if it be anything) rather than the competitive comparison of that beautiful species of harmony which human voices are collectively capable of when well trained.

It may be a matter of difference in opinion as to whether or not the officials should have stopped the choir at the doors of the contest hall with the unexpected demand that they pay their way into a concert in which they themselves were to furnish the music. Possibly opinions may differ also as to whether or not these singers, upon their protesting against paying for their tickets, should then have been promptly "dispersed by the police." But the views of those competent to judge on the general features of such a contest cannot differ as to the effect that such a thing as the following might be expected to produce on the average man or woman, to say nothing of the effect that language of this sort would produce upon the wrought-up feelings of trained musicians about to enter a contest in which their beloved art should be measured against that of people of similar tastes, sensibilities, professional standing.

Here is a characteristic excerpt from subsequent remarks by the official treasurer of the association, referring to the members of the Tabernacle choir:

"They were gallivanting all over the city, instead of staying out here. They were afraid of St. Mark's. Griffith Davies of this city offered to pay their way in. In order that they might sing. They refused. They held a public meeting outside. They disturbed the audience and tried to attract attention. I had to have the guards disperse them. Their leader told them to go down the 'Pay Street' and enjoy themselves."

The grotesque brutality of these deliberate "explanations," which were intended to show that the choir was not insulted, amply prove that the insult was both real and flagrant and that it is still going on.

Could any man in his senses possibly believe he could speak to offended people—musicians at that—in such terms and thereby convince them or anyone else that they were being properly and courteously entertained?

A word sometimes speaks volumes; and a sentence may disclose the whole issue of a controversy.

We might have been at a loss to comment, at this time, upon the extraordinary occurrence that prevented the Tabernacle choir from singing in the competition at the Exposition had it not been for the statements of two of those mainly responsible for this regrettable incident.

Besides the Secretary's humorous attempt to prove that the choir had not been insulted a flood of light is thrown upon the musical situation at the Exposition in Seattle by the comment of the highest official for that day at the exposition, Reuben W. Jones, president of the day, said: "The Mormons got the opinion that they were the main drawing card and when they saw defeat staring them in the face—and defeat by a little local choir, at that—they took the first opportunity to squeeze out of a tight place."

Notice that the dignified president speaks slightly of the "Mormons" when referring to the choir, as if this contest had some connection with religion. Something besides music was evidently in his mind. The next words—that the Mormons "got the idea," etc., advertise either the simplicity of the untruthfulness of this speaker. Who told him that "The Mormons" "got" any such idea? He did not interrogate the members of the choir, but the fact that he is so very and willing to impute to the visiting choir the disgraceful state of mind which he, without any warrant, attributes to them, shows the thought that was in his own mind—a thought exhibited in such a manner that it is not unfair to conclude how his own mental attitude is exactly reflected thereby. This new insult suggests a few questions: Was he afraid that "the Mormons" would win? Did he take this method of trying to defeat them? And is he now attempting "to squeeze out of a tight place" by accusing them of harboring the very thought that was uppermost in his own mind?

The choir was there upon invitation. Its members were among the especial guests of the Exposition. They had taken this long journey in order to hear the "little local choir" sing, but to sing in what had been advertised as a great musical contest. They had been in many such contests before and never had they betrayed even the slightest tendency to show the white feather. Why, therefore, should they now turn pale and grow faint-hearted at the prospect of competing in song with the "little local choir" of Seattle? The idea is preposterous; it will decide no one—not even the person who set forth this nonsense, since even he can hardly

believe an insinuation so paltry and contemptible.

The idea that these selected choir singers, 125 in number, would patiently train for many weeks and then would take the long journey, and incur the considerable outlay of means and the inevitable loss of time and money which such a trip involves, then make themselves ready and go to the very doors of the hall prepared to sing, and finally at this last moment refuse to sing because they were afraid—is it possible that Mr. Jones expects this ridiculous invention to be believed by anybody?

Equally discreditable to himself and quite as disgraceful to the management of the Fair, in so far as he in any way represents it, was the similar remark of the treasurer of the Eldest of the Tabernacle choir contestants "were afraid of St. Mark's." Was not this, again, but a mere inference—a transfer of his own thought to 125 others? The choir members were not only "not afraid," but were there demanding admission, that they might sing. The pretense that it was necessary "to have the guards disperse them," will appeal to most people as the last extreme of the improbable.

This treatment, the officials declare, was accorded to the Utah singers after they had arrived at the doors of the music hall; could it fail to produce some such result as that which actually occurred?

IT DOES NOT PAY.

Hardly a month passes without railroad journals publishing the portrait of some bright, young railroad official, with a biographical sketch beneath—not a sketch promising a rosy future, but an immediate future of deserved results from years of preparatory work; but an obituary chronicling the sudden termination of a career just at the time of life when a man ought to begin harvesting the fruits of a long period of preparation for future effective work.

Very likely, accompanying the obituary is a set of resolutions setting forth "the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence in taking away" the deceased. "In the prime of life," and extending "sympathy to the bereaved widow and children in their distress." This sympathy could have been manifested in a much more practical manner by a readjustment of administrative requirements to less exacting standards; and which would not demand a service calculated to exhaust the vital forces of the average railroad man aspiring to higher official rank. And as to the "inscrutable ways of Divine Providence," the less said about that the better. The death of these promising young railroad men was due to overtaxation of physical resources in ambitiously working their way up in the official scale.

Nature will not be imposed upon. In life's strife, she demands that certain rules shall be complied with, and one of these is periodic, regular rest. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh is a Sabbath unto Jehovah thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work"—this is one of the laws of the Sinai code; and, moreover, the writer of Genesis closes his summary of the Creation with, "And God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

The tendency in railroad life is to honor this law more in the breach than in the observance. Railroad traffic of all kinds continues seven days in the week; the Sunday passenger and excursion traffic for six months in the year being heavily in excess of regular week day business. Railroad offices are open at least half the day, cleaning up the week's business in addition to regular routine. Officials are busy Sundays, almost as much as on other days; in short, the whole atmosphere of railroad life is one continuous tendency toward perpetual motion. Ambitious employees become infected with the spirit; officials themselves are more and more possessed of it, until, as in the case of President Maurel of the Santa Fe, the idea of periodic rest, or in fact, rest at all, becomes a lost art—forgotten. But nature "calls the turn" in due time: from that there is no escape. Then we read the "glowing tributes" in post mortem, and look sadly at the printed faces of these able young men called away while on the threshold of promised future usefulness. "Bright" disease, nervous disorders, and occasionally consumption, are the bases of the stroke that sooner or later comes.

Many Salt Lake people will remember W. H. Baldwin, formerly of the Union Pacific, in this city and Butte, who became president of the Long Island railroad. There was a man who gave every indication while here of a long life of usefulness, and profitable activity. But he was cut down like a flower just coming into full bloom—over application to business. It was said of President Maurel that he so insisted in keeping posted in all the details of operation that not even an office custodian could be bought without his official "O. K."

There are young officials on the Harriman lines so devoted to their work in and out of all seasons that the Overstrat Limited is liable to carry some of them off before their time, unless they heed the call for periodic rest; for it is well to remember that, in railroad life in particular, "all work and no play," not only makes Jack a dull boy," but makes a corpse prematurely of him. Mr. Harriman himself is now paying the penalty for overwork on his nervous system, and is compelled to rest, with the eastern papers devoting columns of speculation as to his early summons to a country where railroad securities are of no importance, possibly. Mr. Welby ought to be alive now in active possession of his faculties, carrying out the promise of a bright career as a railroad constructor and operator. But he burned the candle of life in unremitting overambitious application to work, with a persistency that exhausted his vital energies, so that when the time came to call on them for recuperation, there was no response.

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." When will men realize the Creator meant just what He said in handing down that law that shall last through all time? The Apostle says, "Who art thou, O man, who rebellest against God?" and yet a disregard for the Sabbath day is one of the crying

sins of the age. No profession, no calling, no community, state or nation can expect to prosper that denies the necessity of one day in seven to rest. It is the inherent right of men to be allowed to take this periodic rest; and yet, how train men and resort employees are "worked to death" on the Sabbath day! Until men learn the value and meaning of this divine ordinance, the promising, ambitious young element will continue, as at present, to overtax their vital resources in efforts to achieve what they expect will in a few years bring them the much desired success; only to find as they enter on its threshold that the grim destroyer has claimed them for his own; and ere we know it, or they realize it, they are gone.

ALCOHOL AND TUBERCULOSIS.

The regular use of spirituous liquors appears to render the drinker particularly liable to lung disease, especially tuberculosis.

A writer in a French scientific journal has shown that tuberculosis is most frequent in those parts of the country in which there is the largest per capita consumption of alcohol. He says:

On the map of France it may be seen that the northern departments drink, per inhabitant, more brandy than the central and southern departments. The line of separation is represented exactly by the limit of culture of the vine. In the wine-drinking countries, the consumption of brandy is comparatively small; it is considerable in the cider and beer regions. The dwellers in the east of France drink some brandy and much alcohol. The second map presented by Mr. Bertillon shows that the frequency of tuberculosis is much greater, with some exceptions, in the regions where most alcohol is consumed. The phthisis map may be superimposed on the alcoholism map. On the other hand, phthisis is more frequent among saloonkeepers than with other merchants (579 deaths annually, in 100,000 persons, as compared with 240). It is probably alcohol also that makes phthisis twice as frequent, in Paris, among men as among women.

The argument against the use of alcohol in any form as a beverage is almost daily acquiring fresh strength, new facts, and unexpected corroboration of old-fashioned notions against the drinking of this "product of death," made from the decay and disintegration of various substances, the tendency to carry death with it, seems to be the effect of alcohol.

The kicker hits from the hips.

Vise never repelled a true blacksmith.

His enemies think that Pinchot will pinch out.

The wide open town never has a closed season.

The cost of living all depends upon how one lives.

Save our bones from Reuben W. Jones of Seattle!

"A fool and his money are soon started the wrong way."

In doing the aviation course one good turn deserves another.

Hewers of wood are not the only people who have axes to grind.

Mr. Harriman is said to be better. Good. Better late than never.

Aviation week in Rheims has been officially closed. It was a rare avist.

Is the city administration marching through a slot machine to an open grave?

The Mauretania has made a new record. She never fails to take everything in sight.

A cold wave has hit Nebraska. Something or somebody is always hitting Nebraska.

Why specify the blunders of the "American" party? The whole thing is a blunder.

Not a single life lost at Rheims. This is sevenfold better than the record at Indianapolis.

Jeffries may not be able to get into condition but he is able to get into print seven days a week.

Why not put the incubator baby in cold storage until the question of its ownership and custody is decided?

Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor McHarg talked not wisely but too well on the conservation policy.

Did Orville Wright say to Count Zeppelin what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina?

Thaw has been appointed librarian at Matteawan. How much better than that he should be engaged in "literary work."

There may be great earthquakes on the Isthmus of Panama but nothing can shake the faith of the people in the canal.

If people but knew that they will never do half the things they think they will do, they would be discouraged to despair.

The politicians and the place-seekers are beginning to get ready for the fall campaign. For two months and more how dear to them will be the people and their interests. But when it is all over the public be Vanderbilt.

MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

Philadelphia, Inquirer. As a result of the official examinations lately made it has been found that a large percentage of national bank directors know little or nothing of the business they are supposed to supervise. The public has had occasion to suspect as much.

THEY NEEDED THE MONEY.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. Who says Russia is not up to date? Train robbers at Kislovodsk made a \$10,000 haul and then gave it out that they are revolutionary patriots collecting funds for the "cause." Montana bandits should take notice, and when

they again become active declare themselves to be merely "downward revolutionists."

A RECORD WORTH WHILE.

Boston Herald. Not a single railroad passenger in the United States lost his life in a train accident during the year 1908. This record tells of safety, of construction, carefulness of operation, individual efficiency of trainmen and other railroad employees. It indicates a "minimized loss for the railroads and a conserving regard for human life. The Burlington system of this country made a similar record. Other railroad managers please copy.

THE OPTIMIST'S CORNER.

By George T. Butler, A.M., M.D.

Life is good; filled to the brim with mirth that is really worth while. And the hunt is in us, and the hope and the faith, so let us lift our heads and with our purpose clearly defined let us out and for it. To be unhappy is to make unhappiness; to be sad is to engender sorrow; to complain of poor health is to breed disease; to whine is to disgust. So, even though the rainbow ends in a pot of junk, let us smile and try again. There would be no such thing as success if all succeeded; no joy, if all were joyful. These are common sense conditions, and are for us only in such measure as we may be able to take them in. And if we fall and fall again, we may know the reason if we will. We are inclined to blame others for it; to elicit sympathy by talking of conditions and environments, but deep down in our hearts we know that our own lack of strength to cope with these conditions and environments, but deep brought the Black One to us, and that these rocks and pitfalls in the roadway are but chapters in the lesson of life. If things go wrong with you, cut envy from your heart. If you see your neighbors doing as you would like to do, speed them on. It marks you down and puts you deeper in the hole to nurse a wrath against them.

JUST FOR FUN.

"I wonder if the business of tending to pet cats would be a paying line for an animal doctor?"
"Well, it certainly is in the nature of a fee-line."—Baltimore American.

He—Love is like a game of poker.
She—How so?
He—A man often wants a hand he can't get.—Philadelphia North American.

"George asked if your beautiful color was your own and, of course, I had to tell him no."
"Yes, George taxed me with it, and I told him it was true—I had borrowed some of your supply."—Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Hayrick—Why are you going to charge the summer boarders more this year?
Farmer Cornstassel—I've called the place a bungalow.—Puck.

"I understand that politician aspires to be recognized as a favorite son."
"Exp." answered Farmer Cornstassel. "He seems to have some such ideas."
"Don't you approve of them?"
"Not altogether. My observation is that the pet of family is just likely to prove a disappointment as any of the other members."—Washington Star.

"Did you keep the suspected one under close surveillance?" asked the chief of detectives.
"Yes," replied the faithful sleuth; "see for yourself."
And a moment later the movements of the suspected one were reproduced by a moving picture machine.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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