

The character of the exhibition is indicated by the groups into which the exhibits are put: Art, education, necessities, appliances, furniture, dress fabrics, mining industries, mechanics' tools, alimentary products, agriculture and horticulture.

Though essentially industrial the exposition will show the genius of the French for art and historical work. Everywhere is seen the superb sense of beautiful, and the appreciation of the nude, withal. The pavilion of the press is a revelation to the dull workers in dingy writing shops. The main port of entry, the gilded domes, the fountains beautiful—everywhere are incarnations of perfect forms.

France gives a credit of \$8,000,000; a business association loans without interest and if required guarantees a part and business interest, and people have liberally responded. Many other countries aid their exhibitors, and the peace of Europe and the ministry of France are rendered secure for the term of the exposition, which opens on the first Sunday of May.

W. C. EWING.

A little instance of the misconception of children's actions by parents is found in the true story of the man who punished a slow, silent little lad for absenting himself from home so much. Divers whippings having no effect, he followed him one day to see what mischief he was in, and found him building a fire in a little steam engine he had fashioned all himself with the crudest materials, and which was in perfect running order.—*New York Sun*.

A Connecticut man, after winding his clock regularly every night for fifteen years, discovered recently that it was an eight-day clock. When this story was told in the presence of a New England insurance officer he smiled and remarked to those present that fifteen years ago he was in the clock business and sold that identical clock. Evidently the clockseller's persuasive ability in inducing a man to pay full price for an eight-day clock for what he thought was a twenty-four hour timekeeper eventually brought him into the insurance business.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

—The Utah question is once more coming to the front. The preachers and editors are becoming fearfully excited over "Mormonism." The churches are empty. Newspapers contain nothing but divorce reports and suicide details. Something sensational is wanted to vary the monotonous recital of morbid narratives respecting demented infidels and the salacious stories of female nymphomania.

Here is an editorial from the *Chicago Tribune*, on Utah:

"Five Mormon missionaries who have been preaching the gospel of Joe Smith and Brigham Young in Northern Alabama were taken in hand by some of the citizens of Dale County

the other day, stripped, hickored, tarred and feathered, and warned that if they did not leave that section something worse would befall them. They had been making numerous converts, and were about to lead a colony of their dupes to Utah. The Mormons are having great success of late in Alabama, Georgia, and the adjoining States. The illiterate whites, poor and without hope of betterment, have listened eagerly to their fancy stories about the Jordan "land of milk and honey." Dependent women have been caught by tales of a land where there were husbands for all, and sensual men have been pleased with the idea of lots of wives. These converts are so ignorant they do not know that while the United States does not care what jumble of ancient Jewish and Mahomedan creeds the Mormons preach, yet it will not tolerate their polygamous imitation of the patriarchs, nor will it allow a church to usurp in Utah or elsewhere the functions of civil government and tithes men by force of law for the support of a bogus and lecherous priesthood. Yet while these rascally missionaries are teaching such false doctrine and unlawful practices, it may be doubted whether flogging and feathering is the best way to deal with them. They will sneak around among the illiterate poor whites of other communities, show their striped backs, and tell that they have suffered thus on earth, but that in the skies above they shall have "the white robe and the palm," and that they will be winged angels while their persecutors will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the worm dieth not and the flames are not quenched. The best way to head off these false prophets is to educate the people so they can think and reason and protect themselves from being dupes. The Mormon missionaries do not infest those parts of the United States where the people are intelligent."

So glaring is the falsehood in this article, that the writer of it must either have lost the critical faculty altogether, or else he must consider his readers as absolute numbskulls prepared to swallow any kind of munchausenism. Mormon missionaries do not dwell on physical geography while abroad, nor do they chant praises of climatic splendor or topographical magnificence. And well the *Tribune* knows this, but it is so steeped in villainy, falsehood and indecency that it cannot possibly tell truth. It cannot reproduce one "fancy story about the Jordan-land of milk and honey" told by any Mormon missionary while abroad. But in its own columns there appeared a glowing description of Utah last spring when the Utah exposition car visited this city. This car was sent through the country at an expense of many thousands of dollars, pamphlets

"After hovering awhile around the edge of the cess-pool which furnishes Mrs. Carter's cause of complaint Mr. Walker made a dive into it, dragging the witness with him, and for awhile there was in the room the oppressive atmosphere of Phallic rites and other bestialities. Emerging from this into the keener atmosphere of other branches of the case Mrs. Carter stated that in 1882 her home was on Dearborn avenue."

Six of the ablest lawyers in Chicago are engaged in this case. An army of witnesses and detectives are on hand to prove all manner of

were distributed broadcast telling what an earthly paradise Utah was.

Only a few weeks ago a letter appeared in the *Tribune*, signed O. J. Hollister. It was nothing more than an exhortation to the people of Chicago to go and live in Utah. The millionaire and pauper, the athlete and paralytic, the sewer digger and type-writer were all invited to the Jordan-land of milk and honey by the enthusiastic Hollister; and Hollister and the *Chicago Tribune*, and the exposition car are the only missionaries who have preached fancy stories about Utah. It is probable that these agents are helping "Mormonism." Providence sometimes works in a mysterious way. The very dregs of humanity, the very offal of civilization can be utilized if so be it is the will of the Most High. Look at the miserable wretch Pigott. What a helping hand he was the means of giving to Gladstone and Parnell. Nothing meaner in human form could be produced than this same Pigott unless it is Joe Medell of Chicago and O. J. Hollister of Utah.

As to the slander on the white people of the South, it is petty, perjured, and forged as if written by Editor Pigott. The white people of the South are not entirely illiterate; the men of the South are not sensual; nor are the women old maids; neither are they prostitute hirelings in stores and shops, as the Rev. Mr. Barbour says the girls of Chicago are. The white people of the South, outside of the preachers and the bogus religionists, are a good people. Comparatively they are free from the great social vices of the North. Divorce is not an institution. Nymphomania is not a characteristic of Southern women; abortion is not a profession. I must admit that the preachers of the South are a miserable gang. They are bigoted, ignorant, narrow-minded. That is why they are losing their hold on the people; that is why Christianity is moribund among them. The preachers see their pews unoccupied and get into a rage against "Mormonism." Then come the bloody shirt papers of the North to tell about the illiteracy of the poor white trash of the South.

In the same issue of the *Tribune* which contains the above editorial is a ten column report of a divorce case now going on in one of the Chicago courts. The principals in this case are of the *bon ton* of Chicago and New York society. Mr. Leslie Carter is a pillar in Episcopal church circles. Mrs. Leslie Carter is a graduate of an Episcopal seminary of New York City. Good Friday is a day sacred among Episcopalians. On this day Mr. Carter and Mrs. Carter are seeking to be divorced from each other. It would seem that there might be no trouble where both sides are of the same mind, but in this case there is. The charges preferred on both sides are fearful ones. They are unnatural acts, and their parallels could only be found in Sempronius' lives of the twelve Cæsars. Here is an extract from the *Tribune* of Saturday. It is what went on Good Friday: