

The Discredited Prophet of Zion City

His Prophecies Unfulfilled, His Teaching Barren of Results, He Is Held a Fakir by His Own Disciples

AMONG all the so-called prophets, healers and professed dealers in the supernatural who have made their appearance on this round world of ours during the past half century John Alexander Dowie is in many respects the most remarkable. Perhaps the most astounding feature in connection with his career and his alleged apostolate is his courageous assumption of the mantle of the prophet Elijah.

This self-styled and entirely modern Elijah has never questioned the biblical account of the first prophet of that name. The final supernatural disappearance of that ancient Hebrew worthy suggests no difficulty to the believing apparatus of John Alexander Dowie. His faith soars higher, far higher. After yielding generously to the re-creation of the man who was caught up to heaven to beheaded John the Baptist, John Alexander modestly appropriates the second distinction of that kind to his own particular uses.

It is an audacious position for a twentieth century mortal to assume, but Dowie's faith in himself is colossal and so childlike that he seems to have experienced no difficulty in accepting it. It is not quite so easy, perhaps, to account for the credulity of those who were persuaded to take him for what he professed to be, but recent events have shown that there must have been considerable mental reservation—that his followers did not dispute his claim as long as "other things were equal." It was only when the temporalities began to waver that the spiritual influence of the prophet of Zion City showed signs of collapse. As quickly as it was made evident that their leader was as fallible as other men in commercial matters the Elijah III. proposition fell to the ground of its own weight.

According to Thomas Carlyle, "prophecy is not poetry, it is the thing wanted in these days." It is not likely that John Alexander Dowie found his inspiration to embark in the prophet business in the rardonic Scotchman's dictum, but the fact is apparent that his effort to furnish the American world with a first-class article of this great needed article has resulted in a tremendous failure. A bankrupt prophet has less opportunity and is of less importance in America than a discredited prophet. When he becomes financially "done for" the public becomes skeptical as to his prophetic power. That is what has happened to John Alexander Dowie.

The American public has been rather patient with Mr. Dowie. Thirteen years ago he landed on these shores



that evil influence to remain. So he adopted the practice of curing disease by casting out devils. It was not an absolutely new gospel, even in Chicago, where he began his American ministry, and soon built up an exceedingly lucrative business as a "devil doctor." Barring occasional difficulties with the corner and the skeptical and meddling physicians, John Alexander was a great success as a healer. It was the foundation of his subsequent greatness and served to inspire him with the confidence in his own powers which led to further expansion.

Then he was delivered of a series of revelations, most of them of a personal nature and essential to the proper amplification of his cult. He set forth that he was on earth for the express purpose of founding a new church, all others being failures and humbugs. He admitted that he was divinely inspired and that he could work miracles if he chose. The first and chief duty of the elect, he taught, was to dwell together under his protecting arm, and Zion City was the result. He promised that his "Christian Catholic church" should dominate the earth and speedily. His scheme contemplated the colonization of Palestine, the building of new cities and the speedy conversion of mankind to the new faith. To the end that there might be no financial confusion he announced that he would finance the scheme for the world's regeneration through his own bank at Zion City, and he constituted himself the trustee sole and unaccountable.

The marvel is that there was a time not long ago, when this preposterous superstructure seemed to be built on a more or less secure foundation. So it appeared, at least, to the deluded thousands who withdrew themselves and their possessions from the outer world and took refuge within the one man power hewn at Zion City. Even the mocking outside world was unprepared to learn one day that the prophet's reign was over. What it did know was that John Alexander Dowie was denounced bitterly by many of his followers and that many of them were ready to repudiate his alleged divine commission. There came a day when he was ridiculed and derided as a fakir in the streets of the Zion which he had built. His financial integrity was shattered and his church was riven by opposing factions. The healing power which he had invoked in the case of others did not respond to his personal need. All in spite of his positive assertion that he must ever be immune from disease, harassed by debt, his drafts unhonored in the very bank of which he was the sole financial head,

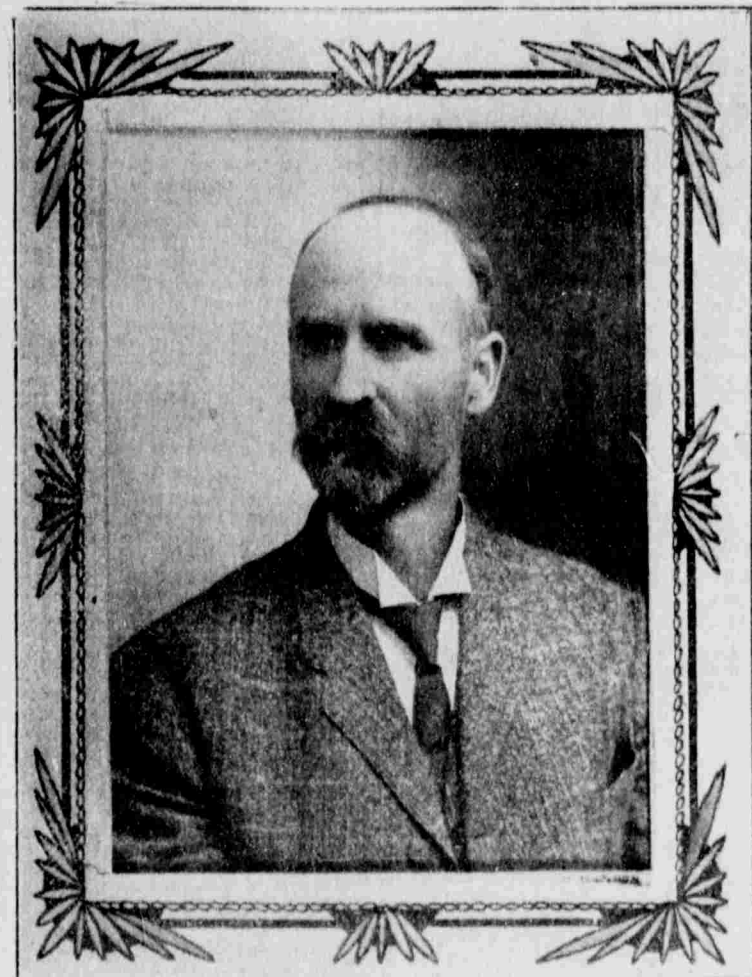
his domestic relations severed, his many disputed, this so-called modern Elijah is a spectacle to excite the pity of the world.

The first thirteen years of the life of this remarkable man were passed in Edinburgh, where he drank in the stern and rugged orthodoxy of the middle class Scotsman. At that age his parents removed to Adelaide, South Australia, and the boy was put into a good school. In seven years he had saved money enough to return to Scotland and complete his education, having the intention of fitting himself for the ministry. At this time his orthodoxy was unassailable. He was a diligent student of the sacred writings as interpreted by the authorized Free church teachers and acquired a familiarity with the doctrine of a personal devil which he never has abandoned.

But he did abandon most of the remainder. On his return to Australia he took charge of a church near Sydney. A natural orator and burning with the zeal of a man with a mission, he attracted considerable attention. He took a hand in politics and became a spellbinder for the Home Rule party. His speeches and sermons in favor of home rule were so much in demand that they were put in pamphlet form for general distribution. The praise he received seemed to work a change in him. He began to stray from the paths of orthodoxy. This was manifest both in his sermons and in his daily life. One day he announced to his amazed congregation that he was interpreting that it was contrary to the teaching of the Bible for a minister to accept pay for his services.

About that time he convinced himself that divine healing was still practically the duty of the laying on of hands. He went to Melbourne and soon became the leader of a new movement among faith curists. He organized the International Divine Healing association and made himself its president. He went to London on a missionary venture, but did not advance his cause in that direction. Then he gathered whatever funds were available and came to America, landing in San Francisco. It was the year of the World's fair at Chicago, and Dowie resolved to take advantage of the occasion. He went there and built a small chapel near the entrance to the fair and began to advertise himself as a divine healer.

That was the beginning of one of the most wide-reaching and successful religious impostures that have had their career in America—a unique and most incongruous commingling of religious fervor, self interest and superstition. GEORGE H. PICARD.



EDWARD L. LYMAN.

Prominent Millard County Citizen Who Answered to the Call of Death on Tuesday of This Week.

For the fourth time within the past few weeks death has visited the Lyman family, and brought sorrow and desolation to its members. Prior to that the calls of the grim messenger had been very infrequent for a long period and there was general rejoicing among all concerned. It would almost seem that there is now to be a reminder that no one can remain safeguarded indefinitely against such incursions and that death may be near or remote, and that it comes oftener when least expected.

The victim this time is Edward L. Lyman, a sterling citizen of Oak City, Millard county, and at one time a resident of Salt Lake. The deceased was a brother of President Francis M. Lyman, and was a man of high principle and upright character, one who acted on the theory that he was called upon to go a mile he would go two, or if he were smitten on one cheek the smiter might have the privilege of striking the other, unless the blow were literal and smote with intent to injure. Then he was a very lion who would resist wrong to the limit. Altogether he was a good citizen and one whose presence, advice and work will be missed in Millard county in the days to come.

The deceased died at Oak City, Millard county, Utah, May 22, 1906, of pneumonia, after an illness of 10 days, was a native of Salt Lake, and was born Jan. 4, 1857. His parents were Amasa M. and Lydia Partridge Lyman. When Edward was seven years of age he removed with his father's family to Oak City, and there the greater part of

his life was spent. For eight years he lived at Salt Lake City and in Ogden, where he was a trusted employee of the Co-operative Wage & Machine company. Nine years ago he returned to Oak City, and there made a permanent home.

On the 14th of November, 1878, he married Mary Maranda Callister, daughter of Thomas and Caroline Smith Callister, and 10 children were the issue of their union. Six children, the youngest of whom is eight years old, are living, and, with their mother, mourn the death of the departed one.

Mr. Lyman was a public spirited man and took a prominent part in all things that pertained to the welfare of the community in which he lived. He was extremely wide-awake, honest and thoroughly reliable in every walk of life. At one time he engaged in the lumber business in partnership with some of his brothers. Three times he was a member of the legislature. In later years Mr. Lyman was employed in mercantile pursuits, and had built up a very prosperous business.

In ecclesiastical work Mr. Lyman always took a prominent part, and at the time of his demise he was an alternate high counselor and home missionary of the Millard stake.

The funeral of Mr. Lyman, which occurred at Oak City on Wednesday, May 23, was largely attended. Bishop Anderson, Counselor George Finlason, Elder Joseph Finlason and President Francis M. Lyman eulogized the life and labors of the departed, and spoke words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved family and friends.

Holden had published, through the California state printing office, a paper which contained a list of the earthquakes that had occurred in California, lower California, Oregon, and Washington territory and which gave all the available data up to the end of the year 1895. The next bulletin (No. 95) published by the geological survey was prepared by Prof. Holden. It contained an account of the earthquakes in 1896 and 1897. The other bulletins covering the records for 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, and finally 1898 were published as bulletins Nos. 112, 114, 120, 147, 155 and 161, respectively, and all were prepared by Prof. Charles D. Perrine of the Lick observatory.

The largest and most complete instrument used for recording earthquakes on Mount Hamilton, as described in these bulletins, records the north and south, east and west, and vertical components of the earth's motion separately on a smoked glass plate, which is started by the preliminary tremors of the earthquake and rotates uniformly in about three minutes. The edge of the plate being graduated in seconds at the same time by a clock, which also serves to record the time of occurrence of the shock. The instrument has been called the Ewing seismograph. Another simpler form consists of a heavy "duplex" pendulum adjusted to a long period of vibration, with a magnifying roller or pen, which records on a smoked glass plate about horizontal components of the motion. The vertical component and the time are not recorded. The seismograph possesses other seismographs of various patterns, but they are not constantly in use.

SAN FRANCISCO—LATER.

After Bret Harte, undaunted at the Western Gate, Thou guardest still our continent.

The shadow of the horror spent, Thou guardest still our continent.

Gather they dead—A Nation's dead— For we who bend above thy head

And bring of aid for thy bereft, Know not of East, nor South, nor West, Of our abundance take, that thou May'st rise and front with dauntless brow

Once more the future big with Fate, O Warner of our Western Gate, She rises with the hope that thrills And builds new watch fires on her hills.

And 'mid her desolation stands, Her ruined palaces and lands, Her scattered people—all the gray Burned blocks of homes that stretch And tremble lying crushed and prone, Of twisted iron, shapeless stone,

As if some mighty Thor had hurled His hammer against the Western World!

But rising now from her dismay, She bares her forehead to the day, Her form no longer crushed and bowed, Her plain sister, fair and proud.

Now in a vision see arise A city in a fairer guise, Purged by the fire and chastened, she Guards, as of old, our Western Gate.

But built anew of what is best In ardent numbers, quickened zest, For what appeals to Mind and Heart, A nobler Culture, fiercer Art.

Whom higher aims and dreams inspire, Out of the earthquake and the fire, Out of the Terror and the Flame; Purged of the taint of ancient shame.

With all her ancient glory lit, By newer glories well with it, And charms of fiercer grace lent, New Warner of a Continent.

—Joseph Dana Miller, in New York Sun.

VOX DEI.

When the Prophet of the Lord stood on Awe-struck while the whirlwind surged and the crashing thunders rolled, Blinded while the shouted flames roared above the crumbling rocks, And the trembling earth, in fear, shook beneath the earthquake's stroke.

When their raging fury passed, in the dim light of the dawn, Deeper than the sounding deeps of the crashing, crumbling spheres, Cried woe in the still, still voice, calming all the Prophet's tears.

City on the hundred hills, by the gleaming Golden Gate, Seated by the ruined fane of your heart's ruin, desolate, While the hearts of sister cities grieve Above your grievous lot,

Though your woes are as the sea, let your heart be troubled not, God was not within the shock of the earthquake's deadly throes, God was not within the flames when they laid your streets low.

But His voice, above their blinding tears, all the earth has heard, In the silence, then, that fell all the nations' hearts were stirred.

God was in the lightning words flashing hope in your despair! His were all the rushing trains and the swift relief that came to you, Ye have heard His voice in courage when the light of hope was low.

And your leaders' faith, in high resolve, on all the winds that blow, O City of the Golden Gate, your heart of hearts be true, That ye still may hear His voice when ye build your walls anew.

ONLY \$1.00

Ogden and Return.

Via Oregon Short Line Sunday, May 27th. Leave Salt Lake 7:19 or 10:30 a. m., or 1:30 p. m.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

PLAY "KEEP SALOON."

"I hear that Smith has just sold out his saloon," said one of the middle-aged men who sat in a public house.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason?" I thought he was just coming money there.

The other sat abstractedly for a moment and then said: "Smith, you know lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three pretty children as ever played outdoors. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of citizen, never drinks nor gambles, and thinks the world of his family."

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping. He went through the house into the backyard, and there under the apple tree where the little fellows played, they had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted strange. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was freely dispensing the beverage."

"Smith," walked over and looked into the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, two little fellows, promptly

"Smith poured out the beer, cartons older, lay asleep behind the tree."

"Boys, you must not drink that!" he said as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We're playin' 'saloon, papa; an' I was sellin' it just like you," said the rick the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys home and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child."

"He came down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor."—Exchange.

ITEMS HERE AND THERE

It is estimated that opium kills about 150,000 annually in China.

On account of the recent order to enforce the law against Sunday liquor selling, it is estimated that the saloon keepers of Minneapolis will lose \$1,000.

schools with a copy of the "School Physiology Journal," and has voted that scientific temperance instruction shall be given orally, when the pupils do not study physiology.

An investigation of nine grammar schools in Providence, R. I., shows that nine-tenths of the boys are confirmed cigarette smokers.

Dr. Shaw of Indianapolis, who made the investigation, says that in all the schools he has visited in other cities the lowest per cent of cigarette smokers was 75. This fact indicates one of the greatest perils of America.

A New York bank has recently required every man in its service to sign an agreement that he will not even enter any place where intoxicants are sold, and it is said that its officers are seriously thinking of extending the pledge to make it apply to any place where stocks or produce are sold on margin. Action similar to this has been taken by many corporations, but it would be much fairer and more effective if the employers who issue such order invariably set the example of abstaining from intoxicants and from all forms of gambling.

The town of Camel, (Md.) has "done itself proud" in prohibition matters. A war has been on for a year. As its climax by special act of the legislature, the people were allowed to vote and the saloon was marched out by a vote of 25 to 184. The six saloons closed their doors on May 1. The municipal election gives the town by a vote of similar proportions, mayor and five councilmen, Prohibitionists. The opposing faction is angry at defeat and some ugly assaults have resulted, all of which will but strengthen the cause of right.

LOCAL OPTION VICTORIES.

Last month's elections show that Minnesota voted 32 towns "dry" and Nebraska 72; while in Illinois the liquor "issue" was in 118 municipalities, of which more than half (64) voted the saloon out.

DEDICATORY SERVICES

At the Joseph Smith Memorial Monument.

Just issued, giving a detailed account of the journey and services of the Memorial party to Roylton and Sharon, Vt., Palmyra, N. Y., The Sacred Grove, Hill Cumorah and other points of interest in the East. Illustrated. Send in your orders now. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

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AGED MAN SPENDS TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR IN TENT.

In the summer of 1878 Charles E. Leibold, then a restaurant, was invited to join a camping party of Civil war veterans who had spread tents on the shore of Onota lake, near Pittsfield, Mass. He remained with the party all summer, going daily to his business in the city and became enamored of the life under canvas.

Next spring he bought a waterproof tent and put it up on his lawn, and there he has slept every night from May to October. Now, at the age of 59, he is entirely free from the ill that age usually brings.

Mr. Leibold a few days ago installed himself in his open air habitation for the season of 1906.

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TERRIBLE LIQUOR CRAVING.

How Oritine Destroys All Desire for Whiskey or Beer—Guaranteed By Your Druggist.

The terrible craving for liquor is a symptom of disease and to overcome it, the disease itself should be treated in a scientific way. When one has used whiskey, beer or other stimulants for a long time, the nerve cells have become accustomed to the effects of the stimulants and demand liquor in order to perform their duties. If the nerve cells are properly treated, the craving for liquor will be destroyed.

It is in this way that Oritine cures alcoholism by supplying to the nerve cells the strength needed, thus destroying the desire for liquor. It eradicates every particle of the toxic influence craving, imparts new strength and vigor to the whole system, and restores the general health. Treatise on how to cure drunkenness from an expert. Oritine Co., Washington, D. C.

So successful has Oritine been that in every box is a registered guarantee which entitles you to a refund of your money if Oritine fails to effect a cure. Never before was a treatment for the liquor habit sold in this way. A guarantee like this shows the faith of the discoverer of Oritine and the agents who handle it, the leading druggists everywhere.

Oritine is in two forms, No. 1 which can be given secretly, food or drink, No. 2 in pill form for those who desire to be cured. Either form costs \$1 per box and both are sold under the strong guarantee of money refunded if Oritine fails to cure.

Oritine is for sale by Smith Drug Co., Salt Lake City.

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