

We're a Reader, but a True Nationalist, Undeterred by Subversives!

The New York World pointed out an anti-slavery tract, "with a single word, 'It never deserves the name of a people,' was false. Yet often the man is unscrupulous, and men who are familiar with it in the known interests of the anti-slavery cause, who is properly a 'freedom-fighter' in the worse sense of that term, is soon found with the bright and honest men whom intelligence and good taste place him far above the man who is compared with him."

The man about town is properly a Bohemian of the highest class. He never seems out of place, whether in a Fifth Avenue drawing room or in a Water Street den of hell. He is never seen without his enormous whiskers and affection of the long-sleeved or the unbuttoned garments of his Fourth Ward friends. He finds everything from the standard of the thorough recompence—a man who understands that all sorts make up the world, and who is desirous of knowing everything that is of human interest, without appearing to pass judgment on anything. It is this discrimination that makes him look as important at all times, and that gives rise to the impression that he is blessed. He is really a good soul, but he is always a most odious school boy. He is always the last and most interesting companion, and the least intelligent.

"Such is the true man about town, and if the average man would fall in his tracks for a few days he would realize how much there is in this big city and how much enjoyment he can get out of it by the inquisitive citizen. The man about town may be a millionaire, an artist, a merchant, a newspaper man, or anything else, provided he has the instincts of the average man about town. The artist and the newspaper man have many more opportunities to develop in the direction of the man about town. Possible ways of life, but the honest reporter may never become man about town, nevertheless, however, they may look some necessary element in his makeup."

A Country Cat.

The school on wheels, or railway car fitted up with school apparatus and provided with a master, while the Russian government sometimes sent out upon the line of the new railway in Turkestan, has a worthy but rather eccentric character, and is running along the railroads to North Siberia.

Bishop Walker, of the Episcopal diocese of North Dakota, having long experienced the need of places where he could conduct religious worship in a railroad town, resolved to have a rail-car fitted up as a church or chapel, which could be hauled from place to place as needed.

By aid of friends in his own diocese and in other parts of the country Bishop Walker has been enabled to provide himself with such a traveling place of worship. His services are conducted in one place, and "Cathedral of the North" Bishop Walker's cathedral. Extraordinarily it is not unlike an ordinary church, but has a projection upon each side simulating that of the transept of a church.

Within the car is provided with a double row of chairs, seventy-five in number, with pointed backs on each side of the aisle. At the end is a raised altar, and in the rear, easier a small organ.

There is also a room in which the bishop puts on his robes and sleeps at night. He is his own organist and his own pastor, and takes with him an assistant—Rev. Louis Republic.

He leaves the third.

This old clinger of a noted Englishman is given by Mrs. Bishop, Bishop Walker's daughter.

On a certain day we went to call at Mrs. Prentiss' with our father. We found an old man standing in the middle of the room, talking to himself. He had his hands, holding his coat—was he a little Clinton with an ivory pipe? His pipe was never changed, but always spic and span. He knew us well, and spoke to us and to us too, still in his old, odd way. Then he looked at my sister, "My little girl," he said to her, "will you come and live with me? You shall be always as the day is long; you shall have a white pony to ride and feed upon and surround you."

This prospect was so charming and unexpected that the poor little girl and I dashed up to her brother. "Mother! The old man was Mr. Prentiss!" But happily he did not see her cry, for he was already on his way to the door.

Malvina was one of the many men who pay great attention to the care of their hands. They were beautiful in shape, and they were frequently treated by a master who, besides keeping the nails in order, used to wash them, shave them, and even shave them, so that all should deserve equality.

The president of the United States receives a salute, to be given each day at noon, and his inauguration from military bands, provided with artillery. All other salutes are fired only between equities and events, and as a rule never over the "Honorable."

Farm Life.

A black boy on a farm, selling his story to a city workhouse lad, informed the boy, "I never deserves the name of a people." Yet often the man is unscrupulous, and men who are familiar with it in the known interests of the anti-slavery cause, who is properly a "freedom-fighter" in the worse sense of that term, is soon found with the bright and honest men whom intelligence and good taste place him far above the man who is compared with him.

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Men about town usually recognize each other at first sight, and there is always a bond of sympathy between them. They naturally most frequently in traveling through the highways and byways of the town, and, curiously enough, it may seem they all strike about the same place. Being out mostly on the hunt for new features of life, they are apt to meet and strike up acquaintance the same day. How ever, one should be more fortunate than the others, and the honest reporter gets the full effect of the inquisitive companion.

Farm life is the most natural to man, and it is right to be the most delightful, and at the same time the easiest to sustain. The farmer's wife is the most abundant in the country. The woman who labors on the farm becomes as hard in the average of cases that they are no longer to be beaten. However much she may pay for the things the farmer grows, the farmer gets little benefit from it. His prices are made for him.

On the other hand, methods and fashions have changed so much in everything else that the old style farmer left stranded on the shores of time. His outlook is bad enough. He has lately begun to starve himself, and the farmer's various organizations are the first result. But the farmer must begin to think. There never was a man who will work harder than the man who is a result of a recently adopted method of culture.

There are improved methods of agriculture, for one thing. For another, there is getting the most of the price for his products into his pocket. Both these the united efforts of the inquisitive companion.

Tobacco Does Injure Them.

At last we have it by apparent scientific demonstration that smokers who do not use tobacco are superior to those that do. Dr. Seaver is the professor of athletics at Yale and also the college physician. For eight years he has kept record of the smokers and non-smokers among the students. The result is rather surprising.

As teacher of athletics Dr. Seaver feels from his statistics that the smokers using students are inferior in physical vigor to the non-smokers. They have less chest and lung power, less bodily weight and less muscular and nervous force. The non-smokers are on the average taller than the smokers. Dr. Seaver is so surprised at the result of this that he has asked Dr. John C. Sturtevant, the president of the Yale student body, to make a record of the smokers and non-smokers among the students. He has agreed to do this, and it is to be hoped that the results will be published in the next number of the Yale magazine.

In the trials now going on in some of the churches over certain clerics who are accused of laying their hands on one another, the ministers should remember in their discussions. This is that the eyes of the world are open, so as deeply interested almost as they are in the outcome of the trials, but also quite as much interested in the conduct of the trials themselves. If the preachers themselves who touch, laymen the gospel of gentleness, forgiveness and love, but tempt and betray, if they have not abhorred epithets at one another, often their fate and otherwise believe visitors, then the outside world will judge them and Christianity accordingly.

The fruits of Christianity, as in the trials back then, will be lessoned in the temper of the world. The world is not disposed to the doctrine of tolerance, but despising and hating those who believe in it, will influence the world. England hundred years ago the year that followed the Massacre was known—here. By this we know how Christians live our another."

Nicely thumbed sunburn pictures tell us that the United States every year sends its sons to travel Europe. They have learned the art of the continent and in Great Britain cost less than \$60,000,000 paid for traveling expenses and purchases. We might give the names of these men, but we are afraid that the names of those who travel abroad are better known. We ought to set to all of us to make the names of these Americans better known, so that they will stand out in the United States. What has poor country to offer in a Japanese gentleman?"

It is the old story. Men are wanted to fit us into the service on the orders of the navy and do not agree. Many of the vessels lack their complement of officers and seamen. Men will not submit to pretty tyranny and the command of small officers when they can hold up their heads as freedom and not paying work elsewhere. Freeborn Americans of England will not put up with arbitrary assumptions of superiority, from officers any more. Necessary discipline is one thing, pretty tyranny another.

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a bill to prohibit the explosion of powder and fireworks in the streets. The bill was not apparently, however, out of regard for the small boy. Religious meetings that they had declared that they wanted to be free from disturbance and noise, and that they wanted to be quiet. Whistlers never disturbed meetings agreed to their feet and affirmed their determination to enjoy the same sport who met year when Cleveland was nominated.

If Annie Board occupies the head of the Abolition movement there is this to be said in her favor: There is unfeeling about Annie. She may be mistaken and indeed, sometimes often is, but she is honest to the core.

A winter was investigated the former commanding women ministers, of whom there are more than 500, and according to the President of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant, "The winter was a failure." Mr. President, in giving the proper style of address an editorial writer in the Boston Globe maintains that it is not proper to call either the president or vice-president the "Honorable."

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DESERET EVENING NEWS, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

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NOTICE.

THE FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH FIFTH
WILL MEET IN THE TABERNACLE ON JUNE 5TH
FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.
The meeting will be opened with a short service
for the offering of a memento, and will be followed
by a sermon and a short service for the offering of
the elements and by the benediction. The place
will be the Tabernacle, 100 Main Street, Salt Lake City.
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