

TO THE BOYS

On the Street Corners.

Boys, have you not mistaken the place? Are you not in the wrong shop? I have noticed that for some time past you have faithfully attended this corner from two to six nights, amounting to from four to twelve hours in the week, sixteen to forty-eight in the month, and from one hundred and twenty-eight to three hundred and eighty-four in a year, leaving out four winter months (seldom better employed). At first I thought: "These are worthless boys, having no ambition to become anything but street loafers. They seek only that which they are learning," and you who have made a habit of it only know what that is. If not, think over what you have picked up there during the last year—just reckon it up, will you? And so with a little pang of regret for you, I have often passed by, with only a wish that no boy of mine may ever choose one of you for a companion, lest you take him to the same place, to seek the same information (or at best the lack of all useful information). But of late a closer observance of your faces and manners when seen elsewhere, at work in the stores, in classes at schools, etc., has led me to moderate my views of your aims in life; I see in your countenances and actions at these places a desire to excel, a slight realization that there is such a thing as a future before you. The admiration you seem to feel for those who excel in the better capabilities of life, leads me to believe you sometimes wish yourselves to become like them, conspicuous for something in society beside know-nothingness, and I have thought I may have judged harshly when I have passed you loitering around the street corner—that you really wish to become useful to yourselves and others in life, but through following others and a lack of consideration (a natural thing in young people) you have formed the habit of going to the wrong place to spend your most precious moments (called spare moments). You say, "I wish I could rectify like Tom, or sing like Harry, or play upon an instrument like John, or read like James," write a beautiful hand like Robert, speak or preach like George, or do some of many excellent things that some young men are esteemed for their ability to do. Go and ask Tom, Harry, or any of the other boys conspicuous for any accomplishment whatever, if any one of them acquired his ability on a street corner, or was it rather by avoiding those places and all those who hung around them?"

"Of course," says one, "we know these things are not learned on the street corners, we go there for fun." Do you think these boys with their accomplishments are any less happy than you without them, or do you not believe that they get more "fun" and keener enjoyment from these accomplishments and their study than you do from your want of both? Then consider the vast difference between attaining something that one may enjoy through a whole life, time, making him respected and admired of his associates, and losing from one hundred to four hundred precious waking hours of one's life every year, resulting in being a nobody among his associates, if indeed he ever becomes an associate of people who are worth associating with? Is it so much fun to sit for hours talking about nothing in particular (unless it be that which is harmful) and that you would not dare or dare to speak of in the home, that it can outweigh even in your estimation your future happiness and benefits derived from the accomplishments you might acquire during this time?

Let me assure you that if you will for six months spend your evenings at something which you may have an aptitude and taste for, let it be reading, singing, playing, writing, drawing, or any other useful occupation, then go out and compel yourself just for one night to spend three hours at what you now term "fun on the corner," you will find those three hours the most dull, dreary, insipid hours you have ever imagined, and you will wonder where the "fun" comes in, so much more intense will have become the enjoyments at home. I know you cannot fully believe me now, but you would then.

"But would you deprive the boys of their recreation?" No! Rather would I deprive myself of every comfort I have than dim the brightness of their happy young faces by trying to make old men of them before their time. I say, do not deprive them of their recreation, fun, or enjoyment, but make these greater, more lasting, healthy and useful; the enjoyment of a boy full of vigor is activity, physical or mental. Had I the control of all boys from the age of fourteen to nineteen, I should want their work to cease at five in the evening, supper at six, one hour at a vigorous game of ball, a ride or gymnastic sports of some sort, and then the rest of the night at home enjoying whatever he liked most of the many recreations that result in some useful accomplishment, unless, of course, they went elsewhere to enjoy the same, such as singing classes, reading circles, association meetings or to study or practice with a companion at his home, provided, however the companion would return the compliment.

Once more, let me for a moment return to the "corner." I have said nothing of the evil that this apparently "harmless" habit leads to. Is it not the stepping stone to street rambling, and is not that to saloon

visiting, and that to utter ruin? Did ever a boy or young man go direct the first time from a home to a saloon, led by another under the same circumstances? How many have gone there direct from the careless street corner lounging? Think well of it, boys. You should not leave it all with your parents. True, your ruin might carry with it the ruin of their happiness; but it is even more ruinous to you than them; besides, how much nobler and more pleasant it is to do anything that is good from one's own resolve to do it, than when it is crowded upon us to do by our parents or others! Think seriously what is best for your own welfare and then set to work on the task of laying up happiness for yourself, and be assured you will warm every heart that loves you, happy to note the course you are taking, remembering well that home and interesting studies lead to all happiness and honorable positions in life, while idling away the hours on street corners leads one the opposite way—to incapacity, misery and ruin. Choose ye.

A FRIEND TO THE YOUTH.

MALAD NOTES.

This valley (the home of milk, butter and cheese) has this year not the fresh and verdant appearance it is wont to wear, owing to grasshopper ranges. Since early spring they have been constantly arriving from China (or somewhere below us) and, strange to say, the moment they have thrown off their "winding sheets," they whet their teeth and without further ceremony help themselves to anything green they may take a fancy to. I have succeeded in turning their line of march to the Northwest. I do not think it was due to my valor nor good generalship (to be candid); but I think on seeing my half-starved, sickly, cheek-bony appearance, as I rode on the mail wagon (behind a noble bay horse and a little black mule) through the country, they attributed my taintness to nothing to eat down south. As they have never taught music nor indulged in Main Street sweat baths and balmy city air when in delicate health, how could they surmise the real cause? So they took the awful warning and fled in another direction. The ground is pretty well covered with dead ones, who have attempted successfully to breed a little unfriendly (to them) worm. The good people here do not sit and cry over their vanished crops, but work on manfully, just as if nothing had happened.

They are erecting a fine tabernacle in Malad City, and I have even heard a hope expressed that the semi-annual conference this year would be held in it.

The wheel of persecution is being somewhat clogged here just now for want of oil from Uncle Sam's treasury.

In connection with Sunday-school work, I was particularly struck with the idea carried out here respecting the singing. Bro. Woolley, the leading music teacher, has a mission to direct the musical matters of the Sunday schools throughout the valley, the various choir leaders working under and with him. The result must be a general waking up in musical matters, and a uniformity in the singing of all the schools that can be utilized to fine advantage whenever they are brought together for a jubilee, etc. It seems to me this idea could be adopted with great advantage in more populous counties, and in Salt Lake grand results could be attained by adopting some plan that would bring more uniformity into the singing of our schools. Cool nights and showers of rain occasionally by day, makes it quite pleasant here at present.

WANDERING UTE.

A SALT LAKE IN KANSAS CITY.

He Gives a Racy Account of his Observations and Impressions.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, July 13th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

This is a city of about 175,000 inhabitants. It is considerable of a sight to walk or ride through a town, containing a condensed population as large as that of the entire territory of Utah. Here the observer sees at once the whole alphabet of western business life, and to write it up successfully he would have to touch every note in the gamut of social existence. Here is the much-admired millionaire, (in fact several of them,) living in palatial splendor, counts his coming dividends, and rejoices at the rise of stock. He is a miser on a large scale, and his eyes twinkle with satisfaction, as he contemplates his swelling shares in the vast enterprises of the country. No miser of meagre lodging, and scanty meal, glows over his hidden boards with greater glee, than does the owner of railroad stocks in contemplating a report that increases his bank account, with all its possibilities for future greatness. Human nature seems to be pretty much the same in all social spheres. You hardly ever find the man of wealth reaching that condition of satiety where he says, "now I have all I want for myself and my family, and a little to spare, so I will henceforth devote my talent to the benefaction of my friends and fellowmen. I will now help some struggling climber up the rugged steep of fortune. I will go down and draw the deserving poor from their haunts of privation, and

give them not only sound advice but financial assistance, so that they too may in time be on the road to affluence and happiness." On the contrary, the demon of greed is often developed to as great a degree, in the man who has provided for his every want for "a hundred years hence," as in the pauper who looks with envious eye upon the splendid surroundings of his successful superior in the social scale.

And on the other hand it is pitiful to behold the weaknesses that are to be expected only among the rich, manifesting themselves in all their depravity, also in the ranks of the poor.

Among these is pride. Bishop Hunter—that revered patriarch—in one of his quaint, sententious speeches, says: "Pride and poverty, pride and poverty—two bad things to go together." This is exemplified in the family whose circumstances will not admit of a summer at the cool sea-side, but whose pride causes them to close the front of the house and live in the rear during the heated season; notwithstanding the said front is on the north side with a good cool porch, and the said rear part is a southern extension exposed to the summer sun, at 40 degrees hotter than Sheol.

The same spirit induces the poor clerk to put on the airs of his rich employer, and runs him into debt for wife-dressing so as to outshine that employer's extravagant family. The clerk who earns \$75 a month, thinks he ought to drive as good horses, and attend theatres, balls and excursions, in the same style and sphere as the merchant whose income reaches from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per annum. He wears if anything better clothes and smokes superior cigars. I am not saying that Kansas City is alone in this regard. It is done in every town except perhaps Salt Lake and so there may be no jealousy, I will add—Ogden.

The pauper who cannot tell where next week's living is to come from, also has his little ideas of appearances, and turns up his skinny nose at the other pauper, whose only safe provision is the one deposited in his stomach, and the chronological happening, whose next meal is as uncertain as a Tribune truth.

Then, there is the fashionable young lady who spends all she expects to get next year in the latest things that the Parisian "Dudies" present. Dudie is the name of the female, among the "tonies" of the gutter. A few of the males have reached Salt Lake, but they don't "take" there. The dude is regarded by some as the connecting link under the Darwinian doctrine of monkey decent. But I think it is an insult to the patriarchal monkey, to place him even on a par with the Dude as he appears in the streets, halls, gardens and parks of the larger cities. The monkey as he walks, jumps and capers, exhibiting his wonderful prehensile powers and other natural qualifications of his kind, looks like he was the better man of the two, both mentally and physically. However, joking aside, this penniless representative of degenerated humanity—called the Dude, seems to "live and move and have a being,"—such as it is, in almost every city in the civilized world, and so I find him here.

Kansas City is a thriving and healthy looking business center. Some of the finest residences of the West, grace the line of car travel in every direction. One of the "pleasures" is to get into a cable car, and travel at seven miles an hour for five or six miles through the city. These cars are a wonder to the tourist. He ascends from the station like a fly on a wall, up the hill to the main thoroughfare, and coming down it is like dropping off the roof of the Tabernacle. But they ride very easy, and are so thoroughly under control that although traveling at a greater speed than in Chicago, only two men have been killed by them in two years, while the St. Louis cars used to kill a man every morning. So the conductor told me. They go every two minutes and travel day and night. The "drivers" or brakemen and conductors are relieved every sixteen hours, and get about \$75 a month. They carry a bell-punch, and a sharp ring attests their honesty as they pocket the proverbial "nickel," which is collected while you sit in the car. One feature of this line is particularly admirable, when the car seats are full, they never take on more people unless the passenger consents to stand. "Will you stand?" rings out on the night air, then a shrill "yes" from a female voice, and the car stops and takes on a lady passenger. No one moves. The contract covers all bashfulness on her part, and all boorishness among the "gentlemen"—who keep their seats. Ladies are surprised and need pressing some places in the East when you ask them to take your seat. They are not used to it. The gentlemen look at you as a being from another and not very superior world, and plunge their noses deeper into their newspapers for the balance of the journey.

At Kansas City we see the battle of Missionary Ridge and also that of Gettysburg. The former is by far the best. It is really wonderful how the scene can be made so realistic. It cost \$200,000. Real cannon and real trees in the foreground and magnificent life size paintings of the officers and armies of the blue and the gray, transport you to the battlefield at once on reaching the summit of the stairs in the centre of the scene. Three great German painters assisted by about ten local artists have produced one of the finest imitations of real life in the world. The day we visited the Gettysburg

show, the lecturer was hot over the rebel flag business, and I had to comb him the right way to get him cooled down so he could feel like telling his little story of warfare. He seemed to smell blood as he advanced, and would interpolate and ejaculate about "Cleveland" and the "Rebs," saying some very uncomfortable things for a democrat to swallow, and still feel that the coming campaign was safe for his side.

Well, as the preacher says, "one word and I have done." There is more fight in the "United" States to-day than before the war, if I may judge by the cruel and vindictive expressions of fighting Republicans, "old soldiers" and G. A. R.'s generally, wherever I have heard them talking of politics, and that is all the time when talking at all. Utah can look out for opposition to Statehood from that side, unless a Republican State is contemplated. They can't get over their last defeat.

C. W. S.

UPS AND DOWNS

Of Missionary Life in Tennessee.

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., July 15th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

How eagerly we, in the field, look for your paper and especially for the items penned by our co-laborers. As my experience has been somewhat different from those I read of, I will describe some of it.

There is in Wilson County a man who has for years been a friend and provided a home for the elders. More than 60 have partaken of his hospitality. He had furnished a room known as the "Mormon" Elder's room, with comforts and conveniences. Five of us stayed there more than a week in May, and we might have stayed five times that period if we had wanted to. He is a rough man and some rough characters are around him, but not one of them would be unkind to one of Uncle Perk's guests.

There is also a widow lady who gave the ground and timber for the Saints to build a house to worship in. Her sons helped to fell and get the timber to the saw-mill, and to build the house. When the Elders assemble there (as they frequently do) she cheerfully provides for them, waits on them at table and does not partake until the Elders are done.

So much for Wilson. At Cannon there is a man and his wife who have furnished a home for the Elders for two years. They have plenty to eat, and though they have no windows in the house it is a cheerful place, made so by the hearty welcome we receive. Elder Daybell and myself are laboring in this vicinity, and they look for our return after an absence of eight or ten days as anxiously as one of their own family. I have just been nursed through a severe sickness by them. When we had an appointment where threats had been made, the dear old Mike followed without our knowledge to protect us if necessary. And these people say "Well, Elder—has gone home and we never hear from him at all." For fear I should likewise forget, I have written to my wife and children to write them, and to the sisters of the Relief Society to send copies of the *Exponent* and some tokens. I believe if the Elders would invite the Societies of their Wards they could and would do much to assist in the work.

Now for our labors. We start for a new field. We call on two young men (twins), they welcome us, say they will get a schoolhouse, and give out our appointment. We meet a pleasant crowd, have a free flow of the spirit, and give an appointment for the next evening. As we have three miles to walk we do not wait for supper lest we should be late. The house is full, I have said my say and Brother D. is just warming to the work, when, Whoop! in the distance announces that we are to be disturbed. Excitement at once in the assembly and no more interest can be taken in the remarks. There ride up some fellows, and one Crane by name (a bird of ill-repute) rides around the house cursing while we are speaking, whistling while we are singing and groaning while we are praying. The meeting is broken up. The people huddle in groups, and the fellow rides off firing several pistol shots, as he goes. We are forgotten and pass the night in the schoolhouse, where Brother D. is undecided as to whether my groanings are for the sins of the world or caused by the hard benches we lie on. Next morning, for fear of being asked where we stayed the night before, we do not call for breakfast, but eat blackberries. We wander aimlessly, descend a very steep hill, stop at a house to inquire where we are, and are invited to dinner, and to preach at the Jim George schoolhouse. A peddler takes the news six miles down the creek, and in the evening we tell our story to those who have never heard of us. Again we are invited to preach, and the next evening we continue the subjects taught before. Invitations to preach are extended in three directions. We next ramble to Possum Hollow, where we hold three meetings, two of them on Sunday. Then to the Atwell house, three miles off, where we fill one and have another appointment. But I am stricken with the fever and we cannot fill it. It is a pleasure to proclaim the Gospel when in health, but if sickness does not make a person think of home I do not know what it would take to do so.

Tennessee is a beautiful everglade, with pure water and plenteous, and abundant vegetation. The hillsides are cultivated where it is so steep that it appears as if the land was turned on edge and cultivated on both sides.

I will give you some of the salutations of the South: A man rides up to the gate. "Hello!" (The lady goes to the door).

"Come and hold my horse."

"Your horse will hold himself, I reckon. Light and come in."

(At parting.) You 'uns all come down."

"You 'uns come up. Stay all night."

"Kaint, I reckon."

"How much corn did you raise?"

"Right smart I reckon. We sold a right smart, loaned a right smart, fed a right smart to the hogs, and have got a right smart left, I reckon."

Very respectfully, convalescing and scribbling,

WILLARD

Scientific Scraps.

A Chinaman is said to have discovered that cast-off horseshoes make a good cutler's steel. The wrought iron on the shoes having been constantly hammered acquires the hardness of steel. It is also supposed that the animal heat of the hoof has something to do with it. The metal is said to be good for the manufacture of knives and sword blades.

M. Fremy has read a paper at the French Academy of Science describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneuil's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumina dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies—defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than natural stones. They can be made of large size.

An English gardener states that the roots of trees may be prevented from entering between the joints of drain-pipes by using coal tar. In using it mix it with sawdust to the consistency of ordinary building mortar. A layer of this should be spread on the bottom of the drain; on this set the drain-pipes and then cover all over with tar mortar. If the work be carefully performed and the mortar applied in sufficient quantity—say an inch and a half thick all around—success may be guaranteed.

Dr. Chapman says in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* that nine-tenths of the wild animals in confinement are subject to heart disease. The elephants are heir to many diseases, but the most common and fatal is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally die from bronchial affections and heart disease; felines, such as lions, tigers, leopards, etc., from dysentery and heart disease; deer, antelopes, etc., suffer most from dysentery and heart disease; while the canine tribe, such as wolves, dingoes and foxes, bear confinement very well.

Dr. Davenport, the analyst of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, makes some returns that will be of interest to all. Out of twenty advertised cures for the opium habit, all but one contained opium. A marvelous cure—"double chloride of gold!" A large number of "temperance drinks" were also examined. All contained alcohol, and one as high as 44.3 per cent. The majority contained over 20 per cent. A preparation analyzing 41.6 per cent was claimed by a manufacturer "to be a purely vegetable extract."

M. Leon Esquille has perfected a marvelous invention in electricity and photography. By speaking into a photophone transmitter, which consists of a highly polished diaphragm, reflecting a ray of light, this ray of light is set into vibration, and a photograph is made of it on a traveling band of sensitized paper. Now comes the wonderful part. If the image of this photographic tracing be projected by means of an electric arc or oxyhydrogen light upon a selenium receiver, the original speech is then heard. It is evident that there is no limit to the development of this peculiar combination of methods.

A few days ago a couple of cowboys were riding along the hills near Green River, above the line of the Union Pacific, when they discovered the remains of three Mongolians partly buried by sand which had drifted over them. It is supposed they were fugitives from the massacre at Rock Springs. Two of them were dressed in coarse suits of common blue denim, while the third had on a dress of heavy blue cloth, satin lined and appeared to be a person of some importance. The bodies were not in the least decomposed, but had dried up just like peas, as bodies of cattle or men always do in the peculiar atmosphere of the plains. There was no evidence of a wound on any of them, nor had they even been touched by the coyotes. A few silver trinkets were found on them, one a solid silver opium box, engraved thickly with hieroglyphics and the ends composed of American half dollars, polished on one side. A few Chinese coins and less than five dollars in money completed the list of valuables. The cowboys left the bodies where they found them.

Houston Kennedy was arrested at Paine City, I. T., a few days ago, on suspicion of having been the man who murdered and robbed Peter Pope and W. E. Dawson, miners, at Salmon River Falls a couple of years ago. Kennedy has been held without bail.