

continue, and that they exercise such an influence among the people, should be proof positive that there in something divine is this great work in which we are engaged.

This same man seems to take delight in speaking of the sufferings of the people, and justifies a disregard of law if it only reaches the Latter-day Saints. Is this Americanism? Is this the spirit of a patriot? You may judge. I have been pleased to believe that the constitution of our country, as it was framed by good and noble men under the inspiration of God, was sufficient as a foundation upon which to build a superstructure, as conditions might require, to protect the citizens of the Republic and to guard against invasion or disruption by anyone; and yet men who boast of their patriotism, who boast of their love for the country and its laws, and boast of their having sustained by their words and acts this nation, will, even from the pulpit, approve of acts that are in violation of law, merely to reach a people whose views are different to their own, and whose practices were in complete harmony, until special legislation was invoked, with the laws and certainly with the Constitution of our great nation. For such patriotism I have no respect. If the law is not sufficient as it now stands to protect the people, then I have been mistaken in my estimate of this government. But I know that I have not been mistaken. I know that God is with this nation in doing what is right, and I know that He will sustain and uphold it, even when wicked men masquerading under the garb of patriots will seek its destruction, and this people will stand forth as the saviors of the Constitution. That, I know, will be the case, improbable as it now seems; and I want to see this people in a position to take this responsibility upon their shoulders.

I am not averse to the criticisms of men. I think they do us more good than their praise. I am not averse to their prejudices being exhibited under conditions that will result in our betterment. I cannot help, however, but feel sorry for intelligent men and women who will wilfully malign and abuse a people such as we are, as so many have done. But the responsibility rests between them and God. I have no condemnation for them. But I want to say to this people, that wherein their strictures are just, wherein their criticisms are proper, we should take them to heart and better ourselves thereby. We ought to be free from prejudice against the world. We want to enlarge our souls, so that love may exist in our hearts for all mankind. We want to improve that the world will come to the brightness of Zion's rising. And in speaking of old and new Utah, we want to make a new Utah. We want to establish a new condition of things in this State. We welcome everything that tends to our enlightenment, to our enlargement, in things that pertain to this life, or to eternity. We welcome new Utah, with all its light. We do not expect to return to past conditions. This people are progressive, and they must not remain on the threshold of knowledge; but when they have gained one point, acquired some intelligence, then they must forge ahead to something more exalting, and better and more advanced. That is their duty.

Schools are established here, and the

non-Mormons take credit for it; but you know that it has been the advice and almost invariably the practice that the first building erected in any of the settlements has been a school house, that our children might be taught. True, we do not believe in involving the community in debt. We might have built at far less expense these public schools of which they now boast; we might have expended the money more judiciously, had we felt it wisdom to bond future generations for these institutions. But we tried to be governed by a conservative, a careful, a defensible policy, and the results have proved that we were not behind the times even in this policy; for before these school houses were erected, Utah stood in the front rank educationally. It led every state in the Union, when the time of its occupation was compared. It has not set its seal of disapproval upon education. Your institution here in Provo is the best evidence of the truth of this statement. Nor will we. We do not want to have the intelligence of man suppressed; we do not want to see his talents hidden. We do not want you people to be blind followers of men. No, we want you to be intelligent. We want you to study the questions of the day. We want you to look at the world and its progress, and the Church and its progress. We want you to consider everything that is presented to you as intelligent men and women. I would think you were slaves if you did otherwise than this. But I need not appeal to you. The fact that you came out from the world; that you left your homes, your families, your friends, your property, your everything for this Gospel is an evidence that you are free men and women. There is no man or set of men who could bind your minds in chains of superstition, or who could tie your limbs, fetter your minds and control you as the world claim you are controlled. They could only do it upon the principles of righteousness and truth, which should appeal to every soul that lives upon this footstool of God. The moment any man, be he the President of this State, or the Bishop of a ward, tries to coerce you, tries to foist upon you something that is untrue, something that Satan has inspired, that moment this people will revolt and turn against him and cast him out, as will God also.

But you are not worshipers of men; you are not lovers of men, unless those men prove themselves worthy of your love and your confidence. This is seen in the loss of influence of men who have once stood high in the Church. Sidney Rigdon, Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, and a host of names might be mentioned here of men who stood high in the Church, who were looked upon in their day almost as gods, certainly as pillars of the Church; but they lost the faith, they turned against the Gospel, and where was their influence and their strength? Why, it vanished as the dew before the morning sun. Some of them had a few followers who went away with them; but the honest among those followers returned again sorrowing to the fold. And so it will always be in this Church. However popular a man may be, however strong he may be, the moment he turns against the Church of God that moment he is as Samson shorn of his locks, and will have no power with this people. And I thank God for it. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

## NAPOLÉON OF CHICAGO CAPITALISTS

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CHICAGO, May 6th, 1896.



HE WORLD IS his field, and the United States is his workshop. His employes number thousands. His army of workmen is

greater than was that of Xenophen, and it is an army never in retreat. He pays out in wages alone half a million dollars every month. His business directly gives support to more than fifty thousand people, and it amounts to one hundred million dollars every year. Four thousand railway cars are now speeding over their iron tracks loaded down with his merchandise. He has his establishments in every city of the United States, and his agents are at work for him in every part of the globe. The cable and telegraph wires which come into his office are daily loaded with private news for him as to the wants and supplies of the nations of the world, and by telegraph he sends forth the orders which are to make or lose millions. From the wheat fields of Russia, from the grain-bearing plains of North India and from the markets of Australia and Europe come the reports of his men, and every morning he has, as it were, a map of the actual condition of the world before him, and can tell from whence his products will be in demand, and where and why prices will rise or fall.

I refer to Philip D. Armour, the Napoleon of the Chicago capitalists, the baron of the butchers, and the king of the pork-packing and grain-shipping products of the United States. I have heard much of him during my stay here in Chicago, and I had an interesting chat with him in his cage-like room, where he manages his immense business.

But first let me tell you something of the man. He is, you know, self-made. Born in New York state about sixty years ago, he started west to make his fortune. He was, I think, still in his teens when the gold fever caught him, and he worked his way across the plains and over the mountains to California. His journey was full of hardships, and he tells many interesting stories concerning it. At one time his shoes had worn out. The sage brush and the cacti cut into his feet, and wild to obtain some kind of conveyance to carry him onward. At last, upon nearing a town in the Rockies, he met a man riding a very fine mule. He stopped him and asked him if he would sell the animal. The man replied that he did not care to sell, but if Armour really wanted it he could have it for \$200. This, however, was more than young Armour could spare, and a trade was finally made, by which Mr. Armour got the mule for \$160, which was just about all the money he had. In telling the story Phil Armour describes the delights of riding the mule, and how light his heart was as he trotted onward. He rode gaily into the town and was passing through the main street when he was met by a man who in fierce tones asked him where he had