

The truthfulness of these statements will not be questioned by those who have ever gone over or through the country spoken of and given it diligent attention. Enough land, as fertile as any in the world, to make homes and eventually wealth for hundreds of thousands of people is now left to the base purpose of incubating lizards and rattlesnakes with no nobler vegetation than the all-pervading sagebrush and omnipresent greasewood. Most of it is as level as any floor, with here and there physical depressions suggestive of the natural aid which has been provided for irrigation when the family of man sees fit to make the land first habitable, then attractive. More than this, a grand stream of water enough, with economical and practical use, for a dozen colonies of large proportions, flows through the heart of the lands, while railroad facilities penetrated the wastes centrally many years ago.

It seems almost a reproach to intelligence to hear of men who are able to work lying around towns and cities waiting for some job or other to turn up, out of which but little can be realized when it does come, while elsewhere with a lavish hand nature is waiting an opportunity to bestow rich and enduring rewards, honorable maintenance and such grand independence as comes of being one's own paymaster and taskmaster. It is necessarily slow work and hard for a while, requiring constant care and unflinching attention; but it is not half so difficult now as when the first settlers went at it, for the new settlers would have the benefit by contiguity of what the others have accomplished, while ready and rapid communication prevails where before was practical isolation in the midst of desolation.

We can never have too much agriculture. The more we have the richer we become—richer not merely in dollars and cents, but in improved social conditions, in mental and bodily health, and in being removed further and further from the dangers of the overcrowded metropolis, where the unemployed become, idlers, then loafers, and all the time go to swell and perpetuate that undesirable element which abroad constitute hotbeds of disturbance and crime and everywhere assume all forms of dangerous and desperate iniquity.

FIENDISHLY FALSE.

Four Mormon Elders, who have been breaking up families by their preaching in northern Georgia, have suddenly disappeared. As they were last seen with a band of regulators in full cry at their heels, the Atlanta correspondent infers that "they have been done away with." Any one familiar with Southern methods of getting rid of obnoxious characters will agree with him. No tears will be shed for the victims, as they knew well the fate that they risked in preaching their doctrines. Not even the halo of martyrdom is theirs, for they died in a cause which every self-respecting American regards as evil.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, from which the foregoing lines are taken, would not be itself if it discussed anything relating to Mormonism or Mormons differently. The "father o' lies" has every reason to see

proud of such offspring, because under no conceivable circumstances could he do the work accomplished more strictly in accordance with the accepted plan. But that paper is usually consistent even in the midst of the greatest mendacity, and in the above extract it has made a distinct departure. When a political campaign is on—one, at least, in which all the states north and south are concerned—the "Southern method" finds no more blatant, bullying, dogged denouncer than that same *Chronicle*. The shotgun in the hands of an unrepentant rebel closely pursuing a colored man who seeks to vote, is one of the embodied nightmares which the champion prevaricator of the coast parades before its constituency early, late and often. There is then, and usually with it, but little if anything that is good or desirable in the South. It is only when it turns its optics this way that the outrages of the "chivalry" are overlooked, and if the same happen to be practiced upon any one representing our people, then that which was all along so vile, so rascally, so lawless, so infernal, becomes at once a marvelous proper thing, and those of whom the Southerners would get rid are changed in the twinkling of an eye to "obnoxious characters."

No Elders were engaged in breaking up families nor was there any preaching to that end; tears would have been shed for them had they been "made away with," and shed by people who grieve as sorely at the untruthful, cowardly and contemptible manner in which prejudice is engendered against our representatives by unprincipled men as at anything else; nor did the Elders know well the fate they risked in preaching their doctrine, for their errand was and is peace and salvation unto man without other reward or the hope thereof for themselves than such as comes from doing good for its own sake.

The concluding words of the extract contain the only truth there is in it—"Not even the halo of martyrdom is theirs." No; thanks to the Father above without whose consent not even a sparrow shall fall although decreed by all the evil forces of earth and their paternity beneath! They did not die, contrary to what the *Chronicle* says and of course joyfully; but when it comes the time to die, the grim messenger can bring no such terror for them as must be felt by the wretch who would wantonly and foully lie in order that others might commit murder for him to rejoice at!

ADVICE FOR THE STAGE-STRUCK.

Is it unquestionably approbative-ness, a perennial desire to be something else than what one is naturally, or a morbid appetite which nothing else on earth can gratify, or all of them together, that causes so many people to gravitate to the stage as a constant or a occasional occupation? It cannot be the love of money altogether, a quality which obtains more largely among the managerial than the acting department of the business; we are constantly victims of the histrionic mania following the business without thought of saltering or letting go, whose receipts are not large enough to

keep them in a reasonably respectable way and whose prospects for the future contain nothing more in either an artistic or financial way than what the past has given them. And what a very small proportion are those who do essay the drama occasionally or continually of the vast throng who would do so if the conditions and opportunities were favorable! The number is really beyond computation.

There is not an actor who has gained eminence and very few that have acquired even local renown that are not now and then bothered by some one wanting to go on the stage and seeking aid by advice or otherwise as to the readiest means of doing it. The late Edwin Booth was once importuned in the manner spoken of by a young and successful medical practitioner, the two being intimate friends. The reply of the great tragedian was wholly discouraging while altogether courteous. He announced himself as startled and even pained by the application and could give his friend no encouragement. He advised him that natural inclination, love of the art and so on implied no acuity for it, and pointed to the hundreds of disappointed lives wasted on the stage where they felt that a brilliant future awaited them, declaring it a life of wearisome drudgery requiring years of toil and bitter disappointment to acquire a position worth having.

"You can form no idea," said Booth, "of the many who solicit my influence every season—professionals and amateurs, friends and strangers, of all qualities, male and female—and it is very seldom that I can serve them, for managers prefer to judge for themselves; and as my support, no matter how capable it may be, has been abused by the press for many years past, and will always be until the end of my career, my recommendation is not regarded by managers, whose judgment is quickly influenced by what the critics say. I have known many who, like you, gave up home, friends and respectable positions for the glitter of the actor's calling, who are now fixed for life in subordinate positions unworthy their breeding, education and natural refinement." In which an insight is gained as to some of the other drawbacks of the business and which but very few know aught of.

It is the concluding words of the great actor's reply that carry most weight and convey the most forcible and yet delicate dissuasion, to curtail or omit any portion would be to mar them:

I beg you as your sincere friend and well wisher, to abandon the mistaken resolve, and enjoy the drama as a spectator, which pleasure as an actor you would never know, and retain the family, friends and happy home that now are yours. Had nature fitted me for any other calling I should never have chosen the stage. Were I able to enjoy my thoughts and labor in any other field I would gladly turn my back upon the theater forever. An art, whose profession and followers should be of the very highest culture, is the more makeshift of every speculator and boor that can hire a theater or get hold of some sensational rubbish to gull the public. I am not very much in love with my calling as it now is and, I fear, will never be. There-