PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.

A St. Louis Reporter Among the Churches.

The following racy article appeared in the St. Louis Chronicle:

Is salvation free in St. Louis?

This question presented itself to a pedestrian as he was passing one of the city's prominent churches on prayer meeting night. Everybody was lustily singing the good old hymn:

> I'm glad salvation's free,
> I'm glad salvation's free,
> Spreading our sins on Jesus laid on,
> I'm glad salvation's free.

If the reader will carefully follow each step of the inquiry as to the actual freedom of this staple article, salvation, he may form an answer to the question that forms the capstone to this column.

A Chronicle reporter whose knowledge of salvation needed improvement, and who wondered if everybody could be admitted to the matter free of charge, made a visit to the churches where the most prominent teachers of salvation are said to preach, to hear what advice they had to give as to the getting of it.

Knowing that Christ had advised his followers to particularly heed the poor and the lame, he changed his attire somewhat, hoping that by appearing to be a poor man, the disciples would be more likely to grasp him by the hand, and explain to him the mysteries of heavenly things.

His coat was torn a little, it is true, and exhibited signs that someone had showed any special favor to him. But it was entirely clean and no one could say that it had the odor of bitters or whisky. It may be that his trousers were a little too big for him and that they were as torn as the coat. Possibly they bagged at the knee.

He was not fortunate enough to have on a vest, but he could show a white shirt bosom, although the few weeks it had been worn had divested it of a little of its whiteness. His whole appearance seemed to impress the crowds that walked on Grand avenue on Sunday morning that he was poor but honest.

Such was the garb of the Chronicle reporter as he went up the steps of the Grand Avenue Presbyterian church to test the alleged freedom of salvation.

He walked into the door nearest the tufted floors, and waited a few minutes, looking with blank astonishment at the beautiful interior which he could see at an angle, the exquisite carpet and the gaily dressed people who walked past him to be shown to pews.

Several of those who were entering the beautiful temple of God took a look at the poor young man who stood at the portal and one said to her companion with surprise bordering on indignation, "Oh look there at that tramp."

The dark complexioned usher saw him, too. One, who had business without, passed the young man.

"Can I have a seat, please?" was asked timidly.

"I don't know," was snarled. "Wait till this other usher there comes out."

With this order the stranger dared not go straight in, but he stayed the injunction to "wait." Finally he caught the eye of the "other usher," but the faithful minister of the outer courts came not.

Others stood at that door and were bowed and beckoned up by that usher. But the poor boy with torn coat and crushed hat received nothing but frowns.

Fifty ten minutes were spent in "waiting" when, all hopes of getting a seat being gone, the reporter left. As he walked down the stone steps he heard the choir singing "Praise, praise, praise," with a vigour. The audience joined, too, unanimous at the youth who yearned for a chance to praise, but to whom had been refused admission.

On the opposite side of the street and a little farther north is a costly edifice, on which is a notice reading "Third Baptist Church, Rev. J. P. Greene, Pastor."

On each side of the vestibule, immediately within the doors, are small rooms which lead into the audience room proper. At the entrance of one of these side-rooms the reporter stopped and looked trembingly around. The preacher was praying and several sat in the side-rooms waiting for prayer to be over. He could see a few of the worshipers, for the door leading to the audience room was open.

He stood there for about forty seconds, when a hand was softly laid on his shoulder.

"Are you looking for a seat, dear brother?" asked a tall looking man of about 50 with a light moustache and a slightly bald head.

"Yes," gasped the restless stranger. "Are the seats free?"

"Certainly. Just sit here till prayer is finished and I'll seat you."

"Will you give me a seat way in the among those high-toned people?" asked the reporter in a tone that betrayed a weak mind.

"God bless you, yes, my dear brother; right in there, Christ died for you as well as for them. I'm so glad you've come to the church."

The poor brother's heart became as soft as the other's seemed to be. "Ay, that seems a little more like Christ's teachings," he thought; "there is hope in Israel yet."

The Chronicle young man sat down till the prayer ended, when the usher said: "Now, come right with me, dear brother."

"Jes' as much obliged," said the illiterate stranger, "but I guess I'll leave."

"Very well. Come again, any time," and the Christian usher bowed as low as if he had been addressing a Prince.

Just then the congregation began to sing:

> Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious love
> Shall never, no, never, from my heart,
> Till all the ransomed church above
> Are seated to sing my song.

"If all the church members would be as big-souled as that usher," thought the pauper, "it wouldn't take long to save us all."

A little farther north, and on Delmar avenue, near grand, is the First Congregational Church. By the time this church was reached the sermon had just been begun. No one appeared immediately as the reporter loitered a little in the reception room. The preacher was talking on God's goodness to his creatures; how he wouldn't let a hair of a man's head be pulled without having its number entered in the great book of life, and so on. The tramp-reporter was just drinking in the idea when he was interrupted. A fairly well yet not particularly vainly dressed man, dark complexioned and about middle aged, came up behind him. Where he came from the reporter did not know, but he soon found out he was there.

"What do you want?" asked the new-comer of the reporter in a harsh, half-whispered tone.

"Are the seats free here?" ventured the poor man by way of reply.

"Yes, and go out. The sermon is started, anyway. Go on out."

"Are you an usher?" trembled out the reporter, getting his lower jaw relax and hoping a few tears with his hand with a half-withdrawal.

"No matter what I am," said the saint, who apparently had authority; "I say go."

The seeker for free salvation went, but his thoughts were not running in the salvation line. When he reached the street he cast one lingering look behind. The man with the black frock coat who had invited him to go was not there.

Who was that man who dare deny the opportunity for free salvation to a young man who seemingly had trodden the wrong paths, but had a desire to return like the prodigal?

The authorities of the First Congregational Church may be able to answer the question. He was undoubtedly attending to his work.

A week ago last Sabbath, the congregation of St. George's church, who have their temporary home in the Jewish Temple, were visited. A similar treatment to that given by the ushers at Grand Avenue Presbyterian church was received. The reporter stood at the door at the head of the stairs at the north corner of the church for some time. The ushers could not help seeing him. Other people stood at that door and were ushered over its portals, but the poor mind in rags stood for fifteen minutes in vain. There was no salvation for him.

This is the church which is being born to its mother by a fight which is to decide whether it is better to build on the old site or to move out in a neighborhood where the church will have better social surroundings.

At Christ's Cathedral, the Episcopal Church at Thirteen and Locust street, the very opposite reception was received.

"Have a seat?" asked a light-bearded, middle-aged man who acted as usher for the centerable.

"Please."

"Come right up," and the weed reporter was led fully three-fourths the way up the aisle and was seated beside a smiling old gentleman with heavy locks and a beautiful young lady, possibly his daughter.

"Take this prayer-book," whispered the sweet girl; "here's the place," and she pointed her shapely finger to the paragraph.

The venerable clergyman made a pathetic prayer for the poor, which went to the poor boy's heart as straight as an arrow.

The usher at the Second Presbyterian Church, at Seventeenth street and Lucas place, asked, "Well, sir, what do you want?" and said the answer was "seat," that there were few seats up in the gallery. He pointed to the steps twenty feet away, but never thought of taking the timid pauper up. Why?

The usher at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, on Grand avenue, offered the reporter a comfortable seat on the back row, when he took for a few minutes. The church was crowded or he might have got a seat farther up. He was treated very courteously at St. Peter's.

On Sunday evening, the Union M. E. Church received a visit. Prayer was just over and the people were singing. There was a small audience and the front seats were nearly entirely empty.

The usher, a clean-shaven young man with spectacles, soon spied the reporter and eyed him suspiciously for several seconds. He then advanced toward the door.

"Have you got a seat for me, way up? My hearin's very bad."

"You go up to the front? You don't want to go up to the front," and the usher looked through his glasses severely. He spoke in an air of undoubted superiority and continued, "take that seat there."

He pointed to the back seat and the reporter followed. Just then a young man and lady came up; the usher left the aquatic gentleman with a bow he quickly ordered to "sit there," and then took the couple way up, while the man in the back seat held his hand to his ear to catch the sounds from the pulpit. In about five minutes the young man in the ragged clothes walked out past the young man at the door. The latter started as the hard-hearing pauper left. As he was going down the stairs the usher followed and asked:

"Hey, there, what's wrong with you?"

"Suffin."

"Where are you going?"

"I guess I'll go to the hospital," was muttered back.

"That's the best place for you."

This last sentence was said in a sneering manner that demoted sympathy.

By what right did that usher refuse a man with bad sensations a good seat, when the good God, who is said to abide within those walls, deprived him of good hearing? The statement regarding hard hearing was not disputed. The young man had no marks of crime on his face except that he needed a shave.

The Central Presbyterian Church was called on. The usher had just signified his willingness to take the stranger up in the front seats when another couple interrupted. They were taken care of first, and by the time the usher came back the hard-looking man was gone. This usher was courteous and would have fulfilled his promise. Dr. Mathews' church took the stranger in with open arms. The Pilgrim Congregational Church did likewise.

It was late when Centenary Church was reached. Dr. Carradine was preaching on the snares of the world and the ushers were listening. The reporter took a back seat and nobody seemed to notice him.

The Catholic Church, known as the Rock Church, on Grand avenue, has polite ushers who took the youth to a good seat and did likewise to a negro woman a moment later.

It might be of interest to cite an incident that followed the reporter's visit to the First Congregational Church. Near that house of worship he saw a motherly looking old lady sitting on the veranda of one of the best residences in the locality. He climbed the steps and asked:

"Please, madam, I'm hungry and thirsty. Will you give me a bite or two?"

"Certainly, my poor boy, come right in." The servant was ordered to spread a lunch, and the reporter ate nearly as good a meal as he could get at Faust's.

"Have you been to church?" asked the good woman. "I thought I saw you coming on."

"Well, I had to come out. They ordered me out."

"Well, well. Ah, when I was a girl we went to church in big school houses where all were alike. I never could stand those high-toned churches in the city. I'm as able to go as any, but I hate the show that's made and don't go."

The above account is not related in the most and most substantial language experienced inevitably. In some churches, salvation is undoubtedly free as the air, but in others it seems that good clothes are the condition of admission.

Is salvation free?

Students' Society.

The largest crowd ever within the gates of the Latter-day Saints' College was assembled there last evening to hear the lecture of Dr. Talmage on "Pompeii." The doors were opened promptly at 7:30 and in a few minutes not a foot of even standing room remained unoccupied and many were unable to gain admittance, much to their disappointment.

Dr. Talmage commenced his lecture by stating the location and briefly recounting the history of the dead city. He then proceeded by means of stereopticon views to compare ruins of the city as exhumed at present with their appearance before they were buried. The lecturer displayed a thorough knowledge of the subject. The lecture ought to be repeated in a larger building.

Music So-Fa.

In the Provo B. Y. Academy music is taught in all grades, Professor H. E. Giles being the instructor, and it is becoming one of the most pleasant and instructive studies in our public schools. The influence of good music is elevating to the moral and religious sense of a community, and the necessity of it being taught in our public schools is being felt more and more every day. It also aids life and intellect in the acquisition.

The music so-fa method which is used all through England, Germany, Wales and is fast gaining ground in America, is the method at present taught in our schools.

It is without question the most thoroughly graded system now in use. The children are taught the tones of each step by ships taking the harmonies of each chord for the foundation. The methods employed are varied, first by means of a modulator then by hand signs, and written exercises on the black board. The pupils are then required to write the tone on the slate or note book from the teacher's singing or playing it on the violin or organ.

By this means the pupil must thoroughly understand the relative pitch of each tone; it guards against ear sidetones and awakens the reflective organs. Studies in voice culture are also employed for equality and purity of tone, flexibility of the voice, etc. Special attention is also given to the articulation, so that all the pupils have an opportunity of learning music thoroughly. Our present prospects are that in the near future Provo will have a thousand or more good music readers.

The superintendent and teachers all approve of the method as it is systematically arranged on an educational basis, and is in harmony with the other studies. The pupils take great interest in the variety of exercises employed, and are very enthusiastic over their work.

Superintendent Wilson, under whose charge the schools are so ably conducted, informs us the instructions in this department are much more thorough and satisfactory this year than in past years.—*Utah Enquirer.*

The Intelligence of Elephants.

Sir Emerson Tennent relates an incident which was told him by Major Skinner, of the British army, a careful observer. The latter, anxious to observe the habits of the elephants, alone and at night concealed himself in a large tree, which stood near a drinking place that was resorted to by a herd of elephants nearly every night. He had waited several hours before the big game appeared, then he saw an enormous bulky moving out of the forest so quietly that the breaking of a twig nearly told the secret. Stealthily and soft and come on, stopping every few seconds to listen. Finally it reached the water, stepped in and listened again, then wheeled about and returned as silently as it came.

In a few moments it reappeared with five others, which it posted around the edge of the pool as sentinels, then retreated to the forest again, to return this time with the entire herd of over 100. These it left with the patrols and again advanced to the water, standing for a few moments with ears bent forward to catch the slightest sound. It was now apparently satisfied that all was safe, as it returned to the waiting herd and undoubtedly conveyed the information to them that the road was clear, as without any further hesitation the herd dashed boisterously into the water without showing any of the caution which they had displayed a short time before.

The large elephant was the leader that had gone ahead to reconnoiter, then posted the sentinels, and finally when fully satisfied that all was right had given the word.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Cupcaking Industry.

Cupmakers are a fairly well paid class of workmen. The trade is minutely subdivided. One man cuts the material, another sews the pack, another blocks the crown, another sews the sides, and still another grooms the seams, while the final finishing touches, such as cord and tassel, are given by girls. Work is done by the piece, and cupmakers earn from fifty cents to two dollars per dozen caps. The most skillful men in busy seasons earn as high as thirty dollars a week, and occasionally men have been known to earn fifty dollars per week.

Wages however may run down to ten dollars a week or less. The season for making winter caps begins in April and ends in October. Then comes a lull, and in November begins the season for making summer caps. Most three quarters of the work is done between April and October.

Materials are as varied as forms. Silks, satins and cashmeres are some. Among the most expensive caps are those made for yachtsmen and for naval officers. The fashion sometimes adds considerably to the cost of such caps. Much of this is imported, but some of it is made by girls, who work together in small shops or at home, earning from six to fourteen dollars per week. It is one of the profitted of the many dainty trades that flourish in the French quarter.—New York World.

Meanings of Some Old Words.

Many words once written with dignified motive now cause us to read passages of standard literature with a guffaw. The word "imp" was once a term of high honor. But how now sounds the line from Spenser, "Ye sacred imps that on Parnassus dwell?" Over many a grave of the old French nobles may be read the line, "Here lies that noble imp." A sacred poem, written by Immanuel Bloomfield, begins a stately address to the posterity of Abraham with the words, "O Abraham's brats," brat being then a word of stately meaning.

Opening an old dictionary at random one day my eye happened to fall on the word "tragedy." A note emphasized that its essence from a Greek word which means "a goat song," because the only tragedies were exhibited when a goat was sacrificed or given as a prize to the best actor. The word "idiot" means literally "not speaking." "Have you a pug dog? Did you ever think his face looks like that of a speaking?" The monkey to most resembles in the pug monkey, which gets its name from Pug or Puck, as Shakespeare writes, the spirits of mischief.—Omaha World-Herald.

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YESTERDAY (TUESDAY) MORNING, BETWEEN Tribune and Herald offices, a large polished Cameo Pin. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at the Herald office. 40

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TWO WOMEN NURSES ARE WANTED AT the Deseret Hospital at once. Students in attendance preferred. 40c

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FOR A TERM OF YEARS, EIGHTY THREE feet frontage on Main Street, near corner First South, and Eighty feet frontage on First South Street, near Mr. Gibbs's residence. Applications will be received in writing only, at the Office of the Company, 110 Broadway, on or before Saturday, October 24th, 1891.
BRIGHAM YOUNG TRUST CO.
Heber Young, President.
L. G. Hardy, Executive Committee.
Jeppich Clawson, Secretary.

NOTICE.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of Utah Sugar Company, for the purpose of hearing the report of the Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held on the day of October, A. D. 1891, at 11 o'clock a.m., at the Wasatch Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah.
GEORGE A. GIBBS,
Secretary.
Salt Lake City, October 21, 1891. 24

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NOTICE.
E. C. M. L., SALT LAKE CITY, October 20th, 1891.
THE TRANSFER BOOKS OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL BE CLOSED ON OCTOBER 30th, and reopened on November 10th, 1891.
T. G. WEBBER, Secretary.

FORTIETH DIVIDEND.
E. C. M. L., SALT LAKE CITY, October 19th, 1891.
A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF three per cent. has this day been declared upon the Deposit Stock of this Institution, payable November 10th, 1891, to stockholders personally, upon presentation of their stock certificates, or upon their written order.
T. G. WEBBER, Secretary.

SOUTH JORDAN CANAL COM'Y.
Office Room 210 Commercial Building, 260 Lake City, Utah.
NOTICE.—THERE ARE DELINQUENT on the following described stock, on the assessment made on the 5th day of September, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

Abbott, John D.			
Bonneville, Jesse G.			
Butler, Charles			
"			
"			
"			
Bottsford, Geo. H.			
Cooper, Charles			
"			
"			
Talbot, John A.			
Talbot, Jos. F.			
Talbot, Joel F.			
Green, Samuel			
"			
"			
"			
Holmes, Simon			
Holmes, Joseph			
"			
"			
Hollenbeck, William, estate			
Hoxie, John			
"			
Hay, John			
Herron, Benjamin			
Jones, Evan			
Jones, N. V.			
"			
"			
Johnson, John A.			
"			
Jones, Henry T.			
Kimball, Alexander			
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Morris, Evan			
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Mariaka, Charles F.			
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McIntyre, Samuel			
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Orton, William			
Orton, Alfred J.			
Cupit, Edward			
Parkin, William			
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Powell, David			
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Rich, Charles			
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Richardson, Silas			
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Smith, Geo. C.			
Salt Lake Brewing Company			
Sauer, Edward F. & Bro.			
Tarbet, William			
Taylor, Thomas			
"			
"			
Taylor, H. W., M. S. F. W.			
Talbot, Hyrum W.			
Salt Lake Chemical Works			
Wilson, James H.			
"			
"			
Wilson, Charles			
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Wilson, Willie H.			

Any person desiring to pay the above amounts of such parcel of such stock as may be necessary and so said at the office of the Company, Room 210 Commercial Building, Salt Lake City, on the 3rd day of November, 1891, at 11 o'clock, noon, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.
JAMES A. GIBBS,
Secretary South Jordan Canal Company.
Salt Lake City, October 24th, 1891. 40c

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