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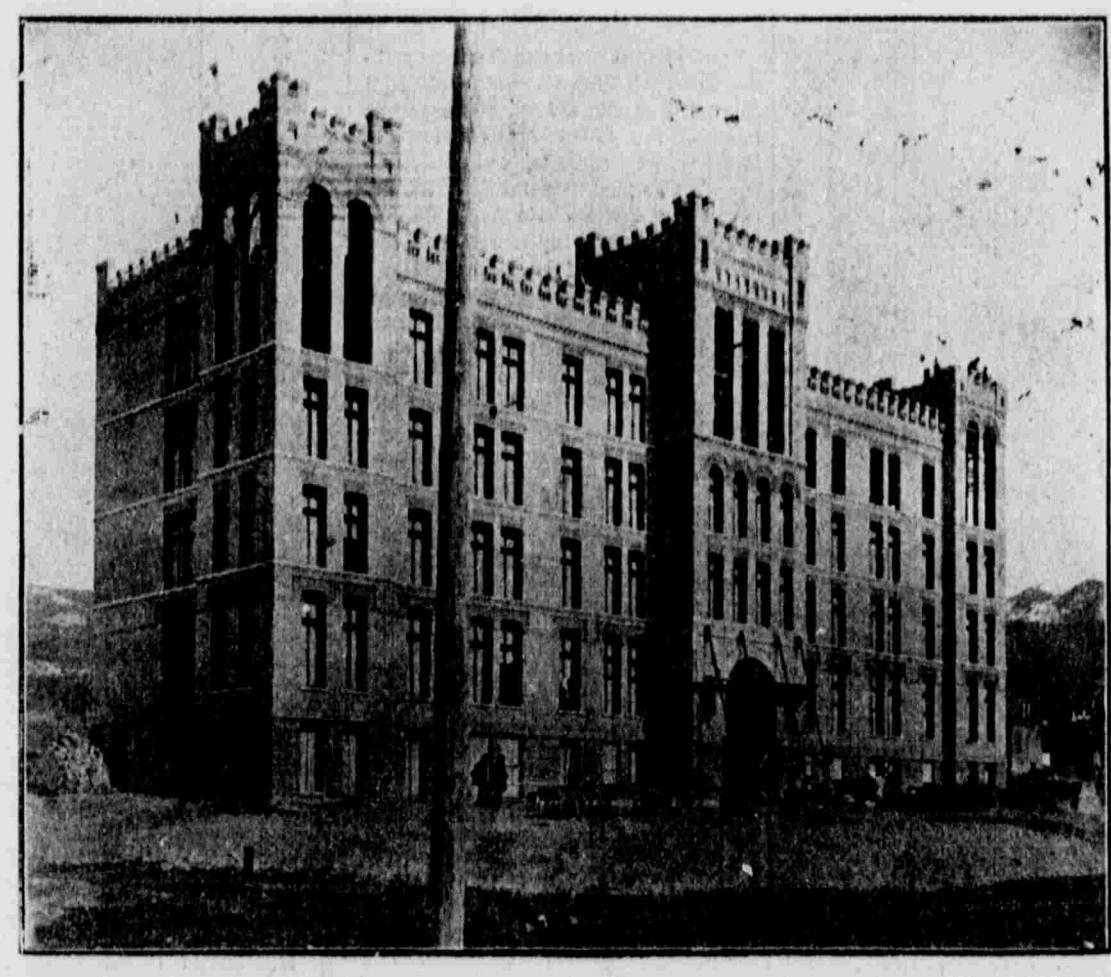
PART TWO. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

Groves L. D. S. Hospital, The Finest In The West.

UNLESS the unforeseen occurs, the Latter-day Saints will have the most modern hospital in the west in operation by the first of next August. It will be located in Salt Lake, on the most perfect site imaginable—almost in the heart of the hills overlooking this valley, far removed from the hot, close atmosphere of the city; subject only to nature's health-giving breezes as they are exhaled by the neighboring canyons. It will be absolutely fire-proof and the only one in America that answers that description. The institution will be known as the Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saints Hospital, for it was Dr. Groves who made possible the fulfillment of the long-felt want. It will be fully equipped with the best appliances known to modern science, and its staff, under the direction of Dr. Joseph S. Richards, will be one of which any medical and surgical institution might justly feel proud. There will be a training school for nurses in the hospital; in fact, it will have all the auxiliaries and accessories of a modern institution. It will cost about \$117,000 before a stick of furniture or the smallest instrument is placed within. And never having had a hospital that they might call their own, the members of the Church are congratulating themselves, and pointing proudly, on the magnificent prospect that appears in

the handsome edifice now going up on Eighth and B streets.
DR. GROVES FALLS ILL.
Dr. W. H. Groves was a man of peculiarities and a confirmed bachelor. He was not exactly a recluse, but he spent more time in study than in society, and his practice and investments netted him more than one man's share of this world's goods. One day about 10 years ago he was taken seriously ill and his friend, Dr. Richards, was summoned to attend him. At the end of a week, Dr. Richards remarked that he should go to a hospital where he could receive more regular attention. The patient agreed, a carriage was summoned and the two doctors started for the Holy Cross. On the road they met a certain physician, noted for his fantastic creations in livery, and for his fine lot of horses.
HOSPITAL OR LIBRARY.
"Doctor," remarked Dr. Richards, "if you were not a fool you would spend your money and get some enjoyment out of life, just as this man does."
"Well, I don't know," replied Dr. Groves, "I am going to do more good with my money. I am saving it to endow a public library."
"Library?" continued Dr. Richards. "Why don't you leave it for a hospital? We will just assume, now, that you are a poor fellow, ailing as you are, and unable to pay your way in a hospital. What would you do? Where would you go to in this city? Where is there a free hospital?"
"I'll think about it," was the short rejoinder.
Weeks went on and Dr. Groves did not improve. Indeed, he grew worse in

How the Institution Was Given to the City and How it Came Near Being a Library— Idea Originated With Dr. Joseph S. Richards, Who Suggested it to His Friend Dr. Groves During the Illness Preceding His Death—Whole Fortune Expended For Benefit of the Institution—Generous Bequest of the Fifteenth Ward—More Money Necessary.



THE L. D. S. GROVES HOSPITAL NEARING COMPLETION.

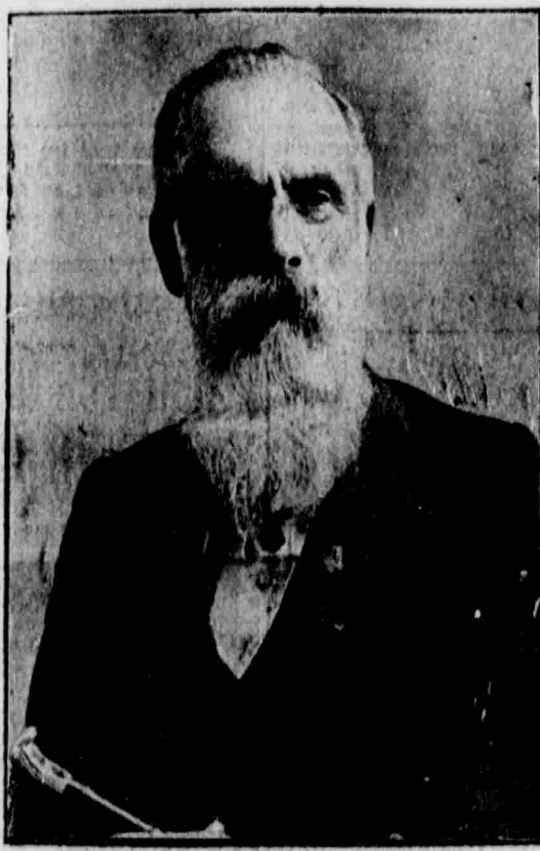
health until one day his physician told him he would never leave the hospital alive.
"All right," replied the patient, "I want you to come out tonight and bring Franklin S. (F. S. Richards, his lawyer), and a stenographer, for I've something to say to you."
MAKES HIS WILL.
The attorney, the doctor and the stenographer were on hand at the appointed time. Dr. Groves started to dictate his will, and that will, as he himself dictated it a few days before his death, passed the courts with scarcely a change in its phraseology.
In the instrument, executed April 26, 1893, Dr. Groves bequeathed to his executors, F. S. Richards and James T. Little, trustees, all his real property, to be sold by them whenever in their judgment it could be done to advantage, and the proceeds devoted to the pur-

chase of a site for "a hospital at Salt Lake City, and to the erection and maintenance of the same, which shall always be known as the 'Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saints Hospital.'" It was provided further that the title to this hospital should be vested in a board of trustees, or corporation, which shall always be under the direction of the presiding Bishop of the Church. It was stipulated that F. S. Richards should be a director, or trustee, as well as Dr. Joseph S. Richards, and that the latter should be medical director of the institution as long as he lives.
CORPORATION FORMED.
Here was the nucleus of the great project so swiftly working to a realization. As soon as the will had been probated, Executor F. S. Richards ordered the forming of a corporation, not for pecuniary profit, to carry out the wishes of the deceased, and the following trust-

tees were designated: William B. Preston, president; Robert T. Burton, vice president; Orrin P. Miller, Joseph S. Richards and Franklin S. Richards, with John Wells as secretary and treasurer.
PROPERTY WORTH \$95,000.
At the time of his death, Dr. Groves' real property was worth perhaps \$95,000, but it has depreciated to some extent since then. All told, however, there has been about \$80,000 put into the project, and, as stated, something like \$117,000 will have been expended before the installation of the furnishings and equipment begins.
BUILDING PLANS.
The first action taken in the matter was the sale of the several pieces of property left by Dr. Groves and the purchase of the site on the bench. After securing this site there was a residue

of \$20,000 from the Groves estate. The articles of incorporation were filed on June 27, 1903. Two days later the contract for the excavation was let and Architect Ulmer was asked to prepare plans for the building. The plans and materials were discussed informally and it had about been decided to have the hospital cover as much again space as it does at present. But President Joseph F. Smith, who was in attendance at one of the meetings, agreed that if it could be made a fire-proof building, even though this would mean a smaller building, it would be of far greater advantage. This suggestion was acted upon favorably, and all future plans were made accordingly. Within a short while contracts for steel and iron work, masonry and fire-proofing were let. The trustees were in session weekly for several months and probed to the bottom of every proposition, selecting in each case only that which is modern, serviceable and durable.
CONTRACTS LET.
Contracts that amounted to over \$50,000 were let, but the payments were not without much difficulty. The Church made various large appropriations as they were needed, and the Fifteenth ward alone sent in a contribution of \$10,000, last November. Others have been made or are in sight. Each contributor to the worthy enterprise will be named on a beautiful tablet which is to occupy a conspicuous place in the hospital.

A visit to the building on the hill—and everybody is invited to visit it, especially conference visitors—will show the perfection of its construction, even in its unfinished condition. The structure is complete, outwardly, and most of the partitions are in. The exposed portions show a system of ventilation that is superb. The mason work, in brick, concrete, white stone, etc., is all of the highest order. There are, or will be, fire-proof doors and casings that figure up a cost of nearly \$4,500. A telephone system will be installed. Fire escapes will appear as an additional safe-guard. Electric elevators and dumb-waiters are provided for, the Utah Light and Railway company providing the current free, and the system of lighting is perfect. The iron stairway will be covered with rubber tiling. An excellent laundry is being built in close proximity and the house will be equipped with two 60 horse-power boilers with automatic stokers.
BEAUTIFUL ROOF GARDEN.
But the newest and most interesting feature of all, perhaps, is the roof. In the summertime, it will be a veritable roof-garden, where the patients, hoisted in the elevator, may be fanned on warm nights by the mountain air. In the winter time this same roof will be covered with glass—not unlike a conservatory—so that the patients may get the benefit of the sun, even on the sharpest days. The elevator shafts right through the top of the building.



DR. W. H. GROVES.
Founder of the Latter-day Saints' Hospital.



DR. JOSEPH S. RICHARDS,
Medical Head of the Groves Latter-day Saints' Hospital.

"THE INDIAN BISHOP OF SKULL VALLEY"

The Romantic and Thrilling Life of "Dave Kimball"— How He Was Bought Out of Slavery by a Mormon Pioneer— Became "Civilized," But Went Back to the Ways of His People and is Now a Chief Among Them.

OVER in that wild, remote section of Utah known by the gruesome name of Skull Valley, reigning with a firm, but charitable hand over a domesticated band of his once savage race, lives "Bishop" Dave Kimball, Indian chief.

A name could scarcely be less applicable to this remarkable character. He is not a bishop, but loves to be known as such. He is not a Kimball, but for good reasons he reverences the surname he has appropriated. And "Dave" has bestowed upon him "just for sport" or to avoid the tongue-twisting cognomen with which he was endowed by his parents.



From an Oil Painting by Ramsey.
"BISHOP DAVE KIMBALL"

the story was a familiar one, and not unusual.
HIS ROMANTIC LIFE.
In those stirring times before the white man built his home on the western prairies, the star-wart braves of the Utes and Shoshones were continually warring, he against each other. There was far different from our modern warfare, far more cruel than the blackest page of Siberian history. For to the victor belonged the lives of the fallen foe. Massacre was their watchword. Not a captive survived in battle to save the children, and their fate, except in rare instances, was even worse than any that might be inflicted with the tomahawk. The papooses became a commodity. They were dragged through the blood of war and carried to the victor's burial ground, and there wailed in with corpses, and left to starve.
SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS.
This torture was the horrible creation of religious belief. The Indians in their dense superstition undertook to make slaves for their fallen warriors in the spirit world. When a brave was buried, human beings—always of the same sex—were thrown into the pit and left to die, the belief being that when their spirits finally took flight, the papooses and maidens would become slaves of their dead tribesmen. Besides the humans, horses and blankets and war implements were likewise placed in the pit, the superstitions red-man believing that all articles so sacrificed traveled the same road as their dead.

CAPTIVE PAPOOSES.
And what made it more horrible was the inability of settlers to rescue the captive papooses from their awful fate. In Sanpete county the residents not infrequently would come across these charnel pits and hear the wails of infants, but out of fear of a general massacre, they approached the ground with trepidation. And this condition lasted until, beaten in the Indian wars, the murderous tortures were compelled to completely abandoned the practice.

HOW "DAVE" WAS FOUND.
Before this happy condition was brought about, however, the people hit upon a plan of minimizing the cruelties. They paid the captors for all the children brought to their doors, giving in many cases as high as \$100 for a papoose and raising it to civilization. And "Bishop Dave Kimball" was a creature of this charitable condition.

BOUGHT FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.
His parents were Utes, warring against the Shoshones. In a night attack upon the Ute camp, in the midst of a terrific slaughter, his father was killed, his mother escaped by a daring venture—a feet-footed journey through the thickest of the fight to a point of safety in the mountains. Once beyond immediate danger, she prayed to her peculiar God that her child's life might be spared through the medium of being sold into slavery. This prayer was answered. For after being held a captive for nearly three years—by which time the papoose had become 10 or 12 years of age—the Shoshones brought him into Salt Lake with a number of others, for sale, and Wm. Kimball, who had pre-

viously purchased four red children, paid \$50 for the youngster who afterwards adopted his name.

WENT TO SCHOOL.
Once at work on the Kimball farm, "Dave" showed himself a fit subject for civilization. He soon learned to speak the English language and when old enough became a student in the old Doremas school, which stood near the present site of the old university. He learned to write and eventually to read fairly well, but like all others of his race, he found his greatest difficulty in subsisting on the foodstuffs of the white man. The other four Indians living with Mr. Kimball died at early ages, because they did not secure their nourishment from pine-nuts and berries, and the other foods that nature gave their fathers. It is contended to this day by the early settlers that "bread will kill an Indian." It was only Dave's determination to become like his "white father" that kept up his health and he did not waste away as the others did.

HIS WANDERING MOTHER.
And while he lived on in comparative comfort, he knew not the anguish that his wandering mother was enduring. She had begun immediately the search for her captive son. She journeyed up and down the state, through the mountains, over unending prairies, with the hope and fidelity of an Evangelist—praying that some day she would find her papoose and he would be restored to her. Her search lasted six years. One day during 1833 she entered Salt Lake and that same day she found her boy.

PATHEPIC MEETING.
Their meeting, as she recognized him at Kimball's, is described as one of the most touching incidents of pioneer history. She fell on her knees to Mr. Kimball and covered his very boots with kisses as an expression of gratitude. And then she pleaded for possession of her son. In reply, his owner offered to give her a home as well. This, even her faithful nature was too wild to accept, and Mr. Kimball then turned the Indian lad over to her keeping. It is not definitely known, but it is assumed that they immediately rejoined the tribe from which they had been separated so long. The mother married again and Dave grew up to be a real brave—and a conspicuous brave.

SAVED WHITE CAPTIVES.
Not long afterwards, the fighting between the whites and reds began. Dave took a hand with his people, although not to his liking. In the Indian wars, his savior, David Kimball, was a leading figure. In a certain battle in southern Utah he was taken captive and condemned to die. And to this day the well known pioneer owes his life to Dave. The latter used his every influence for the nation of the white captives and after various delays, secured their release.

WHEN PEACE CAME.
Eventually the wars came to an end, and Dave and his mother went to live in Skull Valley, where, as an old woman, the mother died a natural death. Dave had become long before this the leading figure of the Indian colony, and he became their chief, though to this day he insists upon the title of "Bishop."

with Dave Kimball appended. He has a wife and four or five children, for whom he provides as might a white husband and father. He is now around 60 years of age.

WANTED TO BE A POLICEMAN.
Dave was something of a politician at one time; out for municipal office. It was during Governor West's regime. He approached the governor with words to the effect that had Indians were coming to town to get drunk and raise Ned with the whites.
"Your white people can't stop them," he said. "What you need is a good Indian to handle these bad fellows. Make ME a policeman."

The governor admired Dave's desire for office and salary—but failed to act upon the suggestion.
CALLS ON THE KIMBALLS.
Despite his age, "Bishop Dave Kimball" comes to Salt Lake occasionally, with his family, and pitches camp in the west end of town. He has never forgotten the kindness of the Kimballs and with never-failing regularity, calls on every member of the family before returning to Skull valley. He always visits the city jail to take a meal or two with Jailer Sol Kimball. His last

visit was within the past 19 days, and it resulted in disaster. While crossing the Oregon Short Line yards the old man was run into by a car and severely shaken up, but fortunately did not fall under the wheels. He declared that he would not visit Salt Lake again if he was getting so old that he could not keep out of the way of the cars. He prefers to spend the remainder of his days in peace as the "Indian Bishop of Skull valley."

The accompanying cuts are from paintings by artists Hafen and Ramsey.

NEVER HEARD OF SINCE.
"Just as an illustration of how little merit and genius are appreciated I will tell you a story about Robert G. Ingersoll and his brother Eben," said Elbert Hubbard, head of the Hoyeresters' settlement in East Aurora, N. Y., while in Chicago recently. "Some time ago I was down in Shawneetown, in this state. It was in this place that the Ingersoll boys first began the practice of the law. The building in which they opened their office is still standing, but the town is not half as lively as when the Ingersolls were there. I was securing information for my lecture on Ingersoll, and I

talked with many of the natives of the place. I was referred particularly to one man, who had lived in Shawneetown from the day the townsite was adopted, and who knew everybody who had ever lived in the corporate limits of the city.
"Did I know the Ingersoll boys?" Well, I should reckon I did," he replied to my inquiry. "Why, I knowed their father, old Parson Ingersoll, well. The boys studied law and used to try cases here once in a while. But Bob got new-fangled notions about religion into his head and finally he and Eben went up to Peoria, I think, and opened a law office. Nobody has ever heard of them since. I don't think either of them ever amounted to much or we would have heard of them down here, 'cause we always hear of the boys that go away and make names for themselves."
"I thought that was about the limit,"—Chicago Chronicle.

HIS UNCERTAINTY
"I wonder," dubiously cogitated Mr. Walker Parr, the eminent U-S-A-38-consultant tragedian, "whether—"
He paused as the clamor of the audience rose higher and higher.
"—they are applauding my efforts, or daring me to come out!"—Smart Set.



From an Oil Painting by Hafen.

"BISHOP" KIMBALL'S PRESENT HOME NEAR THE SHORT LINE DEPOT.