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WHAT "HARD TIMES" MEANS.

The remarks of President George Q. Cannon in the Tabernacle yesterday with reference to the early trials through which the people of God had passed prior to and immediately following their settlement in these valleys, and the peace and joy which filled their hearts notwithstanding their destitution of worldly comforts, recalls a conversation which happened a few days ago on a car of one of the suburban electric lines of this city. Among the passengers were two men who had come in during the boom about three years ago, and the subject of their talk was the terribly hard times that had since broken over the country; the condition in this Territory being described in an extravagant way as something simply appalling, and fraught with the greatest menace to all classes of the community. The horror of the situation as thus described did not appear to oppress the other passengers on the car, most of whom were forced to smile at the grievous distress which the two newcomers (and evidently short-stayers) were depicting. Finally a grizzled veteran, who had been listening intently, but had kept quiet, ventured a remark. The car was just passing a field in which there was growing a luxuriant crop of thistles: "You folks talk about hard times," said he; "you don't know what the words mean. There is plenty to eat, isn't there? Food is cheap and abundant, isn't it? I haven't heard of any failure of crops, either of fruit, vegetables, or grain; have you? The grasshoppers haven't been let loose upon our fields, orchards or gardens anywhere that you have heard of, have they? Well then, don't groan and grumble about hard times merely because money is scarce. Money doesn't make plenty in a land; it's the absence of food that makes what I call hard times. Why, look at that field there," pointing to the thistles above alluded to; "does that look like hard times? I have seen the day, and you may see it too if hard times really come, when that piece of land would have been harvested as clean as a whistle, and of that beautiful crop there, there would have been left neither root nor branch."

"What would you do with thistles?" asked one of the strangers.

"Do with them? Why, we cooked them and ate them, that's what we did with them. They were good eating, too; not as tasty and nutritious perhaps as some of the food we put into our stomachs nowadays; but what they lacked in nutriment they made up in bulk and filling power." They sustained life, at all events; and whenever I see them going to waste as that crop is, I

know that hard times in all their severity have not yet come upon us."

Then the old settler went on to tell of snow-bird stews which his mother had prepared, he himself having played the fowler's part and at times having caught as many as a bushel and a half of the little feathered fellows in a single forenoon; and he concluded by telling of his hiring out for the summer at a daily wage of six pounds of white flour, at which time he deemed his fortune made, and he and his family were looked upon as rich in having obtained such princely remuneration.

The News thinks the recital of more of these experiences would prove highly entertaining and instructive these days. We are sure the remarks in the Tabernacle yesterday were a source of comfort, encouragement and cheer to the Saints and of great interest to all strangers who heard them. What the future hath in store it is not given to us to know; but no preparation for its occurrences could be more fitting and opportune than a recollection of the events of the past and a study of the lessons which it ought to have taught.

TWO MEN'S LIVES.

The *Review of Reviews* contains excellent biographical sketches of public men and as these are invariably free from personal bias or partisan taint they are more valuable than many that are placed before the world. Among the more noteworthy of its recent presentations in the line indicated is an account of the career of Jay Gould and that of Leland Stanford. True to custom, no invidious remarks are made, no comparison is drawn; but the reader not only has no difficulty in drawing one but has it come to him without effort.

The two types of character and method were as widely apart as were the men's residences—one of the old, crowded and stereotyped East, the other of the roomier, breezier and more youthful West. Gould was a self-created Midas and he converted into gold for gold's sake, not because there was any distinct charm in the mere act of transformation, but because the product itself was a source of endless gratification and the growth of appetite was the result of being fed; Stanford too became a wonder-worker among the acquisitive men of the earth, but there was never at any time a suggestion of the wizard in what he did, and his life was not bound up in the one idea of how to expand his accumulations until at last he should be all-powerful at home and abroad. Gould had but one family—one that he respected, cared for, looked after and never at any time neglected or slighted, to his credit be it said—and they were his social circle, the limit of his watch-care so far as creating, increasing or protecting happiness in others was concerned; Stanford was Stanford from first to last, a man of many friends, of boundless generosity, of ceaseless hospitality, of broad views and cosmopolitan tendencies, and one whose increasing strides in the Plutonian pathway took him not one jot further from old acquaintance or the associations hallowed by mutual contests with fortune and strengthened

by the bands of a friendship which knew nothing of reward or the hope of reward as the cause of its being.

In the game of speculation the former of these men "knew no motive but interest and acknowledged no criterion but success;" it mattered not who stood in his way, the ear of Croesus must not stop; he was implacable as destiny, relentless as fate and immovable as the pyramid of Cheops; and if the fatal maelstrom whose narrowing circles swallowed up victims only to leave their possessions behind for him to gather, should bring in the widow, the orphan or the hoary-headed and feeble-limbed with their all, it mattered not—it was a game in which to discriminate was to lose and he would not be a loser. The other man never took an unfair dollar from any one and from the poor and needy he never took at all, while his purse was ever open at the call of charity or distress. There are Gould railroads, Gould steamers, Gould mansions and a Gould mausoleum, but there are no Gould universities, no Gould saylums and no Gould monuments erected out of the means or the gratitude and remembrance of the people who knew him. There are also Stanford railroads and other enterprises, but there are hospitals, infirmaries and charitable societies where his name is mentioned in fond recollection, and there is a Stanford university second to none, where education—the greatest boon that man can bestow—will be conferred upon the rich and the poor alike.

It will be seen that while the men were both money-makers, the difference between them after that is so wide and marked that if one of them had been a pauper it would hardly have been greater.

THE SOCIALISTS.

Mentioning the two nearly simultaneous events of the German elections and the pardon of the anarchists by Governor Altgeld, the *New York Sun* says they have greatly encouraged and decidedly stirred up the socialists in that city and thereabouts. The socialist party is social, as well as political; women take an active part in its affairs, and its political organization is the accompaniment of its labor divisions. For some time past, the interests of the socialistic labor party have been on the decline, but for the two reasons named they have taken an upward start again, and it would be no cause for great surprise if they were able to poll 10,000 votes in New York city in the election this year, against 5900 for their presidential candidate last year and 5200 for their candidate for governor in 1891.

Socialism is a natural if not necessary outgrowth of prevailing conditions throughout the world. Extremes of wealth produce extremes of poverty just as the banking up of the ocean's waters through the moon's attraction in one region produces diminution in the places from which such water is taken. A strong-handed government backed by militarism well-nigh run mad and for which the people are taxed to excess results in the growth of a feeling opposed to such system gener-