

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RIGHT WORD AT LAST

In other years it was my pleasure to address many an audience in Salt Lake City and other towns in Utah. At the time of the breaking up of the old political conditions in the Territory I hoped, believed and said the Mormon people would show the country a model of quiet and orderly political action. This belief was based upon the conviction that the Mormons were a sincerely religious people and that they would carry their morals into political conduct. But when the division came I was disappointed. Over and over I had advised them never to say "I belong to the Democratic party," or "I belong to the Republican party," but to insist always that the parties belong to the people and should be upheld only so long as they secured the highest good and the greatest happiness of the people possible under existing conditions.

The new alignment came. I attended political conventions; heard them opened with prayer; heard the Holy Spirit importuned to give all who were to participate wisdom, and before the appeal passed the roof I have seen men, calling themselves Saints, become howling maniacs apparently in their party zeal and bondage. My hope was broken, my belief shattered, as I saw among the Mormons a worse political frenzy than I had ever seen in the older East. From that time I have taken no interest in Utah politics.

When this non-partisan movement was started I thought possibly a sincere work was to begin whose result would be the elevation of the people out of the gutter of political rant and fustian into sober, earnest, thoughtful work for the good of the whole people. But up to the present time no word was emphatically spoken that convinced me that it was not merely another party working for selfish ends.

My position will be better understood when I affirm that no man is a moral or, if you please, a religious man who keeps his religion and morality only for church services; who uses them only on fast days and in prayer meetings. A man's religion and morality are a sham if he does not carry them into all the affairs of life, and in none of those affairs do we need a strong moral force more than in the conduct of that general political business that constitutes the government of our cities and towns and state. If religion and morality are good for anything anywhere, surely they should be never forgotten where a few have at their mercy the well-being of the masses.

I do not like to step in the dark, not knowing where my foot shall fall. I do not like to espouse a cause until I know what it is. I have waited for this non-partisan move to show its hand in an intent to infuse a higher tone into politics. I cannot tie to a man who uses language that is like watered silk, never constant in shade and meaning. I want to hear words that can mean only one thing in any effort at reform.

Wilford Woodruff is the man who has at last risen to the majesty of the occasion and delivered himself on the subject in no uncertain sound. He has put to shame the wild, unholy conduct of the people as politicians and most forcibly reminded them that to obtain the blessings of their invisible head, they must carry their religion and morality with them at all times—into their business, into their politics,

into their municipal and state and national government.

There is no need to apologize for the utterances of this venerable man. There is no weakness of old age in them. They are the bravest and best words that have been uttered here in a long time and it would be well if every moral and spiritual guide were to take as bold a stand before his people. It is carping and cant to insist that the President's words are a command to the people as to how they shall vote. If it is a crime or a misdemeanor to utter such speech to a church then is morality banished from business and government; and city, state and nation must go on and down in a wild devil's dance to destruction. I am glad President Woodruff has spoken. He has made the way clear for me, and believing that his language will do good I am again hopeful for Utah politics. I thank Wilford Woodruff for his brave words and I pledge myself in such work as I can do to help the present effort in political reform to win a grand success.

CHARLES ELLIS.

ROYAL MESSAGE TO UTAH

Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 22, 1897.

"Please tell my countrymen, the Swedes and Norwegians, in your State, in Utah, that I sincerely thank them for the handsome present they have given me. I wish them success in their far away home."

Put these words on a prominent page of your esteemed publication.

They were uttered by His Majesty, the King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II, to your correspondent during an audience at the royal palace today. And the way in which they were uttered! There was majesty in every syllable, but there were also fatherly affection and love. Never shall I forget the few minutes during which his Majesty graciously held my hand in his, for he grasped it and held it during the entire interview, and it seemed as if his whole soul went out towards the people in the far West of whom I for the time being was a humble representative.

Most of your readers are aware that some time ago the idea was conceived by the Scandinavians in Utah to send their majesties a token of esteem at the occasion of their jubilee. As soon as the subject was broached it found endorsement all over the State and means began to come in. It was thought best to send something characteristic of the State, presents of gold and silver being rather too common, and after much discussion it was decided to have a box of Utah onyx made and to deposit in it a handsomely bound Book of Mormon. The design of the box as well as the workmanship on it was entrusted to the care of Brother Olof Nilson of Salt Lake City, and the binding was ordered at the "Deseret News" office. You have already had a description of the artistic work and many of your readers saw the box and the book before they were sent out on their long journey.

The precious articles arrived safely in Stockholm. In the care of your correspondent, on Sept. 8th. The same day I went to the palace where I met the king's first court marshal, Count von Rosen, to whom I stated my errand. The count is a distinguished looking gentleman with a martial bearing. His language is elegant and minutely precise—not a syllable too much or too little in his sentences. I happened to mention that I had letters

of recommendation to the American minister, His Excellency Ferguson, and I fancied there was the very least bit of a shrug of the shoulder in reply. I may be mistaken though.

As soon as practical I paid my respects at the American legation, where I was very courteously received by his excellency. Mr. Ferguson read my letters from Governor Wells and Congressman King carefully and then promised to inquire without delay whether his majesty would be pleased to receive the presents from the Scandinavians in Utah. I called several times at the legation, always to hear that no reply had been received and that nothing more could be done.

At last I decided to see the king's chancellor, or riksmarskalken, Count von Essen. It was a busy time at the palace and difficult to obtain an interview with the amiable count, but when at last I succeeded I was more than repaid for my patient waiting. Count von Essen is a gentleman in the best sense of the word, extremely kind to those who surround him and yet naturally commanding respect. He is not exactly young in looks, but his movements are those of a boy. He almost gives you the impression of a man omnipresent. He actually seemed to give his orders to his officers, to respectfully listen to a visitor who came on some business, and to answer a trivial telephone message, all at the same time. Well, I saw him and stated my business, and he grasped both my hands and bade me welcome. Not an hour after I had left him I was summoned to his office again and told to be there the next day at 11:30 a. m., dressed up to meet the king.

At the appointed time I was at the office of the riksmarskalk. The count was there, too. I could not make out though, whether he saw me or not, until all at once he seized his hat and coat and bade me follow him. I did so, and together we went past saluting guards, up a flight of stairs, through elegantly furnished rooms alive with uniformed humanity. I had no time to look at anything, for Count von Essen was in a great hurry. He simply ran up the stairs, two and three steps at a time, and had no sooner entered a room before he had left it through some other door. Of course, the count was anxious not to lose one minute in needless absence from the presence of a beloved king, but it was different with me. To me the surroundings were all new, and curiosity absolutely prevented me from running a race through the royal apartments. Anywhere else I would not have minded a contest on foot.

I do not know exactly how it happened, but all at once I found myself alone in the spacious billiard room of the king. The count was gone. I had a few minutes for reflection. Generals and colonels and princes and pages passed through the room in great numbers. They all looked at me, and I at them. Count von Rosen came through the room. He stopped, shook hands with me and told me that he had sent me an invitation to the grand ball and banquet to be held that evening at the palace. The invitation, he said, had been sent to the foreign office.

At last Count von Essen, my guardian angel, appeared. He told me that the king would receive me. I followed him.

Outside the palace the students from Upsala were gathering to serenade the king, and everybody seemed to be on the qui vive. I caught a glimpse of his majesty as he beckoned to his attendants to come to the window and enjoy the sight of the multitudes in the streets.

Now a page announced that the king was waiting for me.

"No long speech, you know," sounded a friendly whisper in my ear.