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TO OUR HEROES.

The living flag!
A tattered rag!
What glory lies between!
The aged sire
Once stood the fire
In blood, a running stream.

What glory wrought
By those who fought
For freedom's mighty host!
The feeble tread,
The silvered head
Tell all too plain the cost.

Oh, Glorious day
When ends the fray,
And human love o'er all,
Forgives the deed
Which sowed the seed
Of bitterness and gall.

O, dearest ties!
So near you lies
Our hearts' best love,
We fain would keep
From that long sleep,
The call from heaven above.

In tears we greet
Those passing feet,
That step so near the end;
With love's caress
We ask: God bless
You. May He be your friend.

Smooth down the way,
Oh, Lord, we pray,
For this, thy cherished band,
Blessed heroes all,
At Thy roll call,
Extend to each Thy hand.
—Mrs. Louise Coulson.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

VETERANS. FAREWELL!

The past has been a great week in Utah's capital. For a year preparations have been made for the entertainment of the honored guests, and now that the reunion is ended and the Veterans have gone we can look back upon the efforts made by the citizens with satisfaction. From the many kind expressions by visitors we know that they felt at home in the City of the Saints. They appreciated the hospitality tendered them. They were delighted with the conditions here, and they will carry with them to their homes and friends the best of impressions. They know now that the people of Utah are as patriotic, as loyal, and as warm-hearted toward the soldiers of the Civil war as any citizens anywhere. They know that Utah, notwithstanding slander, is an American state in every sense of that word.

We repeat what we have said before, that the people here love and respect the soldiers because they offered themselves in their youth and early manhood upon the altar of patriotism, in order to save the Union. We love them for this, and still more because, after the fearful conflict, they have given their influence as citizens for the preservation of popular government. God bless the Veterans in their declining years, and may their presence prove a new incentive to patriotism! May it strengthen in the present generation, and generations to come, the determination to keep inviolate the institutions for which they offered their lives!

The Latter-day Saints have always been a loyal, patriotic people. Loyalty is part of their religion. In defense of the Constitutional rights of American citizens they gave up their homes, their property, and, many of them, their lives. In order to realize their ideal under the American flag they came to Utah, like a band of Pilgrim fathers, and laid the foundations for an American state. They know what it is to struggle for country, for home, for the Flag. And they know moreover, that the final struggle for the God-inspired instrument of freedom against the forces of bigotry and darkness, is yet to come. They know this by the light of the prophetic word which never fails. They are preparing for it. And whenever the conflict comes, no matter what form it may assume, they will be ready to stand by the Constitution and the government.

We love the soldiers. They went to the war with brave hearts, at a time when nothing but war could settle the questions at issue. War then was inevitable. At the same time we look forward to a blessed era of universal peace upon the earth, when civilization shall have lifted mankind above the war level; when deeds of manhood and heroism will be measured by new standards. That time will come. And that will mean the solution of every question that now causes strife, not only between nations but between classes and individuals. But this does not make us think less of the soldiers who fought bravely in a righteous cause!

God bless the Veterans!

IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

The Irrigation congresses are among the most important gatherings of a general nature, held in this country. The first was held in New Orleans in 1892. The seventeenth is being held at Spokane, Washington, and this is said to be the greatest in the history of the West. There are present representative men from all parts of the Nation, delegates of boards of trade, chambers of commerce, agricultural associations, successful farmers, appointees of mayors and governors and hundreds of others. Subjects of vast import are being discussed. Governors of states, presidents of railways, expert engineers, cabinet officers, United States senators, heads of irrigation systems and chiefs of departments at Washington tell of the great work accomplished and suggest new opportunities.

Irrigation is the "Open Sesame" of the entire western region. Without it there would be only a vast desert where now millions of homes exist. With irrigation the West is being transformed into the most productive part of the country. Irrigation makes a future possible. It prepares the way for generations to come. Utah was the pioneer in irrigation. It has taken a leading part in the irrigation congresses. But in these gatherings the entire country is vitally interested.

WASTE OF EFFORT.

Several months ago the "News" announced that the Tribune outfit intended to publish a volume of defamation of the Church at the time of the Grand Army encampment. The work has now appeared in the form of a book of over 500 pages, written by one J. F. Gibbs and copyrighted by the Tribune Publishing company. The author does not say whether ex-Senator Kearns paid him for his literary effort, but as one entire chapter is devoted to an over-sweetened panegyric of the ex-senator, the reader will form his own conclusions as to that.

We have as yet not had time to peruse the product of Mr. Gibbs' literary skill and "careful study," but we notice that in his preface the author alleges that "the underlying motive [of the writing] was to prove that the continuous asseverations of the Mormon press and speakers to the effect that the prophets were not in politics are absolutely false."

One would naturally suppose that when a man goes to work to write 500 pages with the "underlying," or overlying, motive of disproving an "asseveration," such affirmation must actually have been made by somebody. One would not suppose that the assertion is merely a product of the phantastic brain spiel of a pen pusher. And yet such is the case in this instance, whether the motive is underlying or overlying or nothing-but-lying. Neither the "Mormon" press nor the speakers, nor anybody else has, to our knowledge, ever asserted that "the prophets were not in politics," to quote the exact words of the author. So the 500 pages are utterly wasted if they were written to refute any such statement.

No one has ever asserted, for instance, that Senator Reed Smoot is not in politics. All the world knows that he is, and all the world also knows that he has been sustained at every conference for many years as an Apostle of the Church. So it is evident that Mr. Gibbs alleges that he starts out to combat an asseveration that was never made. What a waste of effort! Schoolboys demolishing their own snow-men at least get good exercise and fun out of their play, but what does Mr. Gibbs get out of his? He is attacking a phantom of his own imagination.

No one denies that some Church men as American citizens, have interested themselves in the political affairs of the State, or the communities in which they live. We even assert that under the laws of the land they have a perfect right to do so; and further, that it is their duty, as good citizens, to do so. We assert that Senator Smoot, Hon. Heber J. Grant, President Roberts, President Morris, President McLachlan and others, have just as much right to engage in politics and to use their influence for good government, according to their views, as have Messrs. Kearns, Lippman, Martin and Black, and some others that could be mentioned. This proposition is unassailable.

What we deny is that the Church is being used for the furtherance of politics. We claim that neither Republicanism nor Democracy nor any other political faith, is being enunciated from the ecclesiastical pulpits. We claim that the Church organization is never being used for the furtherance of political aspirations. We claim that one man is as free as any other to vote and to use his political influence as his conscience dictates. We claim that the Church believes in the separation of church and state into two perfectly independent spheres, and that this distinction is observed in Utah to the fullest extent, as far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned.

This was fully established during the investigation of the right of Hon. Reed Smoot to his seat in the United States Senate. It was proved that "the Mormon voters of the State adhere more closely to party lines than the non-Mormons do." It was proved that since 1900, at least, "the Mormon Church has not controlled, or attempted to control, elections in Utah." (Proceedings Before the Committee, Vol. iv Page 524.)

During the last county election here some prominent Church men took a more than usually lively interest in politics and even occasionally brought the discussion of the questions at issue into meetings of a purely religious character. But the conditions here were exceptional at that time. The Church was assailed from the political platforms, by so-called "American" leaders and orators. One of them threatened to use the county offices for purposes of persecution. He announced the program of the party to be to send twenty-six men to jail, or into exile, though the only offense charged against many of them was that they hold office in the Church, and this dastardly pronunciamento was endorsed by the Salt Lake Tribune, as the organ of the party. Under the circumstances some Church men, naturally, took up arms against the party that desecrated the American flag by displaying over it their own hideous emblem of persecution. Any other church leaders, under similar circumstances, would have done the same. But even then, the First Presidency and many of the members of the Council of Twelve took almost no part in the conflict. Presidents Joseph F. Smith, John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund have been particularly careful not to give offense to anyone in this matter, and this is generally known notwithstanding anything their malicious critics may allege to the contrary.

Mr. Gibbs' effort is therefore about as rational as the attack of Don Quixote upon the windmills. We suspect that his underlying motive is not correctly stated by him. Assailants of the "Mormons," ever since the days of Missouri, have generally been prompted by the hope of gain, and we have a suspicion that the latest champion of a lost cause is no exception to the rule.

The volume before us is another proof that the real contention of the anti-"Mormon" agitators is that high Church men have no political rights but that their ecclesiastical position disfranchises them. And the peculiarity of that doctrine is that they confine its application to the officials of the Church that predominates in Utah. They do not object to Catholic prelates using their influence in elections. They do not protest against political sermons in Protestant pulpits at election time. They have no word of condemnation for Ministerial associations adopting a policy favorable to their party. It is a one-sided doctrine applicable only to one church, and that one which has no hierarchy and no prelacy but is formed entirely on democratic principles with equal rights and duties for all.

It is, moreover, an entirely un-American doctrine. Its general acceptance would mean the overthrow of that part of the Constitution which recognizes the equality of all before the law. What would be the consequences? It is a dangerous doctrine. It was held by those who murdered the Prophets and drove the people from their homes in Missouri and Illinois. It is preached by the anti-"Mormon" agitators in Utah today. But it must be condemned as dangerous heresy by every loyal American citizen.

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

The Secretary of the Utah State Peace society, at the suggestion of Professor Torild Arnioldson has forwarded to the international congress at Stockholm, the following:

"Believing that disputes between two parties, whether individuals or nations, cannot with impartiality be settled by the arbitrament of either, without an infraction of justice;

"Believing, with His Majesty, the late king Oscar II, that the Hague Tribunal is the proper authority to which international disputes not solvable by diplomatic means should henceforth be submitted;

"Believing that this international tribunal should be upheld in an effective and substantial manner;

"And believing that the pledge here proposed would be conducive to a gradual reduction of armaments;

"The Utah State Peace Society respectfully moves that the Eighteenth International Peace Congress at Stockholm pass a resolution which shall embody the following suggestion to the next Hague conference:

"That the various governments pledge themselves to place at the disposal of the Hague Tribunal, if necessary, their entire armies and navies for the eventual enforcement of its decision against any refractory nation, excepting the army and navy of the latter; and

"That the conference appoint a committee of three of different nationalities, which, at the bidding of the Tribunal, shall exercise the highest command over the said armies and navies, with authority to appoint among themselves, one as commander-in-chief, provided that the latter must not belong to the refractory nation."

These suggestions may not be adopted by the present congress, but some time the Hague tribunal, or some similar court, will have to depend on a strong police force for the execution of its decrees. A court without a strong arm is but a cripple. And because that time will surely come, the suggestion is timely. It is the dream of today that becomes the reality of tomorrow.

APPRECIATION.

Those who heard the singing and the organ solos on Friday evening in the Tabernacle will no doubt agree with the writer that the Salt Lake public is to be congratulated upon the unusual ability of those in our midst who cultivate the arts of song and melody. It may not be amiss to observe, in relation to this species of "divine harmony" that we seem to have a larger number of excellent song and instrumental artists than most other communities are favored with, while our choral units undoubtedly stand forth with an impressive fulness and richness of beauty in rendition that wholly captivate the special lovers of music as well as the larger and thoroughly appreciative public.

When, for example, the choir renders "Twilight," the subdued "whispering" beauty of the exquisite piece produces on the mind of the listener the effect of a peace, a tranquility, a serenity and a quiet rapture that can be understood by all who experience it, but can scarcely be explained to those who are less susceptible to the undefinable charm of such chastened melody. When, on the other hand, the mingled grace, glory, and sublimity of the "Hallelujah Chorus" burst upon the sense with all the mighty appeal to the emotions which that masterpiece carries when rendered by the select hundreds of the Tabernacle choir under the magic sway of Stephens; when, the grand organ speaking out under the master-hand of McClellan, we hear the voices and the instrument in one vast testimony of blending rapture and triumph to the words of the Prophet, then we know, we feel, we experience, in a new and unanswerable way, the truth—the geatest truth, perhaps, ever spoken—that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." If we merely read the sacred words, we hope or believe; at the utmost, we are convinced that they are true and that 'He shall reign forever and ever." But when with the sound of many voices like the rushing of great waters, we hear the choir testify to the great truth, we are lifted from the cool regions of intellectual belief to the warm certainty of emotional conviction; we feel the truth and understand it when thus worthily declared in song; it seems as if "the heavens are telling" it, not so much to our ears as to our hearts and souls; and, for the time being, we are lifted into and live in the same higher world of thought and feeling into which the poets and prophets arose when they uttered these remarkable words. Now, for the first time, perhaps, we feel as they felt; we see, as it were, the visions vouchsafed to them. Each in his own way, of course, as must always be the case, but none the less truly on that account, those who are endowed with the capacity to thrill at the majestic tones of the chorus, become, for the moment, other than themselves. The really interested hearer becomes poet, prophet, musician, for he reads their mind and experiences their sensations.

Let no one imagine, therefore, that the service which our singers and other musicians render to the community is that of furnishing a pleasant evening's entertainment. It is, of course, that, but it is much more; it is spiritual elevation and insight mingled with moods and impulses that refine, elevate, and purify the soul. For the real musician, in order to interpret the works of the masters, must enter into the spirit of the composer and must live, so to speak, with him. The tones of grace and glory, with the depth of meaning which they bore to the soul of the master, were heard by him (were they not?) from out of the secrets of the universe itself, whenever his quickened mind could arise to the height requisite to catch and understand some of these universal melodies. He caught these anthems or love songs or dirges of eternity, and ere they vanished, anchored them in his own soul; then he wrote in black marks of musical notation a record of the things he had perceived. But before these things can become ours, we must become like him. We, too, must be carried into the region of melodies unheard by ordinary mortals ere we can truly appreciate; and this service the singer or musician renders for us when he successfully translates to our understanding that which he has learned from the masters.

And while the refinement and the sense of spiritual insight that come to those who undergo this long and severe training, will always be a sufficient compensation for the years of toil which excellence in music demands, it may interest them to know that the general musical public, whose only qualification to speak and judge is admiration for and real delight in this form of beauty, is more or less aware of the deeper significance of the service rendered to the community by the devotees of the divine, "sphere-descended maid" called music.

A WARNING EXAMPLE.

Everybody has heard something about the Jukes family. But the Indiana State Board of Charities again brings the facts relating to that family to public view, showing the cost to the state, morally and otherwise, of a worthless life.

Max, the progenitor, was born in New York in 1720. He was a drunkard who spent most of his time in idleness. Little else is known about him. Of his descendants, 1,200 were identified as having been occupants of penal and charitable institutions previous to 1824. Not one was ever elected to a public office, and not one ever served in the army or navy, or contributed anything to the public welfare. On the contrary, they cost society over $1,000 each, or a total of $1,250,000. Three hundred and ten were in poorhouses, 2,300 years in all; 300, over one in four, died in childhood; 440 were viciously diseased; 400 were physically wrecked early by their own viciousness; 50 were notorious prostitutes; 7 were murderers; 60 were habitual thieves; 130 were convicted more or less often of crime.

And yet there are people who question the duty of the state to try to limit drunkenness by suitable legislation. There are individuals who contend that shops where drunkenness is fostered are "legitimate" and entitled to the protection of the state. They know not what they are doing. The argue for the warming of a viper in the bosom of the state. They defend one of the main sources of crime, poverty, insanity, and disease.

Crazy Snake is aestivating undisturbed.

What's a summer home without a mother?

No amount of talk is a substitute for hard work.

In this world things go a good deal as you think they go.

An honest steelyard is a near approach to the golden rule.

Gone but will never be forgotten—the Grand Army of the Republic.

The new tariff bill has some countervailing duties and some unavailing ones.

To dance bedecked with paste diamonds is a false step.

The new commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. is Van Sant in sane corpore.

A national deficit makes more for peace than a fleet of Dreadnoughts.

Next year the Grand Army of the Republic will march from Atlantic City to the sea.

Were the hot debates in the Irrigation congress due in any measure to fire-water?

No doubt President Taft got his love of golf in the days when he played old sow and shinny.

Two and two do not always make four. The Herald-Republican consolidation for instance.

Forcing China to accept American loans is of a piece with the kindness that once killed a cat.

"The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of power," well describes our new morning contemporary. Welcome!

They who lie about their age can never grow old gracefully, for truthfulness is the first grace of age.

There was plenty of Lincoln sense in war time and now in time of peace there are plenty of Lincoln cents.

There is little danger that the "Ballinger-Pinchot feud" will assume the proportions of Breathitt county affair.

There are said to be twenty million widows in India. There wouldn't be if the domineering British had not suppressed suttee.

The National Irrigation congress seemed far more earnest about preserving the forest policy than about preserving the peace.

Had he been set free it was Thaw's purpose to have devoted himself to literature. He will still be one of the best six cell-ers.

Even yet Homer sometimes nods. "To paraphrase old Dr. Parr, doubtless Taft could have made a better tariff but doubtless Taft never did," says the Boston Transcript. It was Dr. Botler who made the famous remark about strawberries.

THE OPTIMIST'S CORNER

By George F. Butler, A.M., M.D.

"Low spirits" is one excuse for much selfishness. It is doubtful whether anyone has a right to be melancholy in a world so full of joy, where there is so much to live for; besides, it is a miserable piece of egotism to thrust one's low spirits upon others. The selfish idler is condemned by everyone, but the one who wastes his time groaning and complaining until he becomes a chronic hypochondriac, is a hard worker from the trouble he takes to find trouble.

The best prescription for depression of spirits generally is work—work which is all absorbing, not work hunting for trouble. One way of paralyzing our faculties is to allow them to waste with disuse. Employment keeps away the rust. It keeps the mind and heart alive to the interest of the day. Many old men break down and become childlike because they abandon business, and thus lose much of their every-day interest in the world around them. It is not uncommon for old people to take up courses of study and successfully pass through them. All such occupations serve to keep the interest alive in something besides mere selfishness, and do more toward warding off "the blues" than all the medicines in the drug stores.

From The Battleground of Thought.

Monte Carlo A Hell. Environed by some of the loveliest scenery in all Europe, favoured by nature, and its beauty and attractions aided by the horticulturists' art, few localities can surpase in beauty the modern town of Monte Carlo. Protected from thechilling blasts of the minstral by a range of jagged and pinnacled mountains, its shores laved by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and protected from the south-westerly storms by a jutting promontory, its position is ideally beautiful. Its gardens are visions of beauty, the mild and equal climate permitting the culture of sub-tropical trees and shrubs which grow luxuriantly in its sheltered glens and dells, while its parterres are in early spring ablaze in a glowing many-hued display of exotic floriage. Tall handsome mimosas towering upwards to the azure skies are loaded with their masses of golden bloom, and lofty palms of many varieties add to its tropical aspect. But all this beauty is spoilt and disfigured by a great structure, built in execrable taste, which dominates the place. And what a pitiable spectacle does the interior of that great white gaming hell present! There are gathered moneyed roues, fashionably dressed swindlers, dissipated profligates, the moral scum of Europe, jostling together with wealthy and even high born ladies, young and old—who, if they do happen to win anything substantial ,possibly find their winnings coolly raked in and appropriated—with all sorts and conditions of men and women, all thrilled with the lust of greed, all watching with feverish excitement the revolutions of a little ball. Ah! and what a study the facial expression of these gamblers. Here a female, apparently lady, glowing with extreme satisfaction as she rakes in a win before it is swept off by well dressed sharpers; here a foolish young fellow who has lost all his travelling money, and sinks out with a woe-begone, lugubrious expression on his face; or here perhaps a fatuous weakling who has lost the earnings of a lifetime, and, knowing that his wife and family will be plunged in penury, with grim resolves goes out into the night, and, unless restrained, adds to the number of hushed up tragedies constantly happening in that resort of ruin. Surely those who remember that this present life is but the brief probationary stage in that after-life which has no ending, should abstain from participating in that demoralizing saturnalia. For surely it must be displeasing to the pure and holy Son of God, who, to save us from the punishment, and also from the power of sin, Himself on the cross paid the penalty due by all who come m for eternal lif.. But there will e a time when those who willfull nore Him will remorsefully and terly rue it!—A Banker.

Persia's Present Condition. Persia's fate today hangs on a thread, and the odds are long against her. But history has repeated itself often in Persia and may again. The first Persian Shah who sought refuge with Russia, and the only one till now, was Tahmasp, last of the Sefi, and that was four hundred years ago. To his aid came Nadir, a burly robber and a man. He put the Sefi back on the throne again, and then plucked him from it and took the seat himself. Nadir recovered Afghanistan and carried the Persian colors to the Indus, whence he brought back to Ispahan the throne of the Delhi emperors as a curio. Then he hammered Russians and Turks into good behavior, and ceased from conquest only when the knife of an assassin stopped his breath. Persia now is hoping for a reincarnation of Nadir, or preferably of Abbas, but it seems a wild hope. It is a disheartening spectacle. The land over which puny little Ahmed has just been set up as ruler by the rebellious people themselves, has shrunk during the last few hundred years until half of it has passed into other hands. Its forests are gone. Its soil, so continually drenched with blood since long before Christ, has all but ceaed to produce, and for days the traveler toils along over roads unspeakably bad, across a dreary monotony of yellow-gray waste, where a verdant spot beside actual water is a thing to be remembered. There are ruins everywhere. In deserts, where no water is, stand towering bridges that in former times spanned important rivers. Fragments of stupendous engineering works are scattered broadcast, and under the endless reaches of sand that time has piled up lie cities that were great when French and German and English, not to say Russian, wore skins for raiment and fought with stone hatchets. Fort thirty centuries at least the nation has been perpetually at war—war that was wholesale carnare, and that has swept north, east, south and west without much respite, until the marvel is that there was left in Persia virility enough to survive as long as it has. Given a hundred years of peace and good government, and there is hope for Iran, as there is for Turkey, in spite of all it has undergone. But just now it is a sorry outlook for the little boy in the long black coat.—John K. Mumford in Collier's.

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