# DESERET EVENING NEWS

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## PIONEER DAY.

"This, the 24th day of July, 1847, was an important day in the history of my life, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After traveling from our encampment six miles through the deep ravine valley ending with the canyon, we came in full view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, or the Great Basin—the Land of Promise, held in reserve by the hand of God as a resting place for the Saints.

"We gazed with wonder and admiration upon the vast fertile valley spread out before us for about twenty-five miles in length and sixteen miles in width, clothed with a heavy garment of vegetation, and in the midst of which glistened the waters of the Great Salt Lake, with mountains all around towering to the skies, and streams, rivulets and creeks of pure water running through the beautiful valley.

"After a hard journey from Winter Quarters of more than one thousand miles, through flats of the Platte river and plateaus of the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains and over the burning sands, and eternal sage regions, willow swails and rocky regions, to gaze upon a valley of such vast extent surrounded with a perfect chain of everlasting mountains covered with eternal snow, with their innumerable peaks like pyramids towering towards heaven, presented at one view to us the grandest scenery and prospect that we could have obtained on earth. Thoughts of pleasant meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds at the anticipation that not many years hence the House of God would be established in the mountains and exalted above the hills, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, fields, etc., planted with cities, and the standard of Zion be unfurled, unto which the nations would gather."

In these words the late President Wilford Woodruff recorded the impressions of the Pioneers when, on the 24th of July, 1847, they emerged from the canyon and saw before them the beautiful panorama of the Salt Lake valley, with the glistening waters of the Lake in the distance. They were tired after the long and perilous journey. Some of them were weak and sick. But on that day they knew that they had reached the end of the goal. The Land of Promise was before them. And to them it was beautiful to behold. For they viewed it through the magnificent coloring lent to it by faith. They saw cities and villages, fields and orchards, a Temple of God and religious freedom, and the nations gathering under the ensign of Zion. They felt that they had escaped the hand of the oppressor and the tyrant, and that from henceforth they were free to worship God in truth and righteousness without the interference of blood-thirsty mobs, and so Pioneer day was a day of joy and thanksgiving, a day of ecstasy.

But it should not be forgotten that between the actual condition of the Land of Promise on that day, as the Pioneers saw it, and the future development as seen through faith, was an interval that had to be filled out with hard labor, patient suffering, and earnest prayers. One of the misstatements given to visitors by those whose envy and hatred do not permit them to give even to the Pioneers a modicum of praise, is this, that Salt Lake valley was a most inviting place. The writer one day heard a fellow volunteering the information to tourists who viewed the valley from an office in the Newhouse building, that it was just as rich in vegetation then, as it is now, and that "it was no wonder Brigham Young stopped here with his followers and took possession.' Every reliable testimony is to the contrary. But there are people so small that they can see greatness in no one.

The fact is, the whole basin was so barren as to produce little besides a species of bunch grass, and the ground was covered with large, black crickets, which served the Indians for food. It was, says President George A. Smith in "The Rise, Progress, and Travels of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," "in this desert place, that the site of Salt Lake City was surveyed." and Bishop Whitney, in his history, says: "It was no garden of the Hesperides upon which the Pioneers gazed that memorable July morning. Aside from its scenic splendor, which was indeed glorious, magnificent, there was little to invite and much to repel in the prospect presented to their view. A broad and barren plain hemmed in by mountains, blistering in the burning rays of the midsummer sun. No waving fields, no swaying forests, no verdant meadows to rest and refresh the weary eye, but on all sides a seemingly interminable waste of sagebrush bespangled with sun flowers—the paradize of the lizard, the cricket, and the rattlesnake." Such was the actual view before the Pioneers.

Why, then, did they not march on? There is no answer to that question. They came here, guided by the light of revelation, just as ancient Israel found their way to Canaan as the cloud and the pillar of fire, by day and by night, led on. It was the place designated by God. It was the place President Young had seen in the visions of the future. It was the place pointed out by prophecy, ancient and modern. For that reason the Pioneers remained here instead of looking for an apparently more favorable location.

As early as 1830, it was given to the Prophet Joseph to know, by revelation that "Zion shall rejoice upon the hills and flourish." In 1831 was repeated: "Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together upon the place which I have appointed." Time and time again revelation pointed to the mountains as the home of the Saints, for a season at least. And when the persecution raged and it became evident to the Prophet that the Church was not to enjoy the privileges accorded to all American citizens under the law, on account of the intolerance of a lawless mob, he turned his eyes westward, according to the revelations received. But it was no easy task to lead another Israel out of Egpyt.

In the spring of 1844 the Prophet selected a company to explore the Rocky mountains, with a view to finding a place where the Saints could locate, far away from the cruelties of the mobs of Missouri and Illinois. About that time it had become clear to him that the Saints would move west, and he predicted that it would come to pass in less than five years. The Prophet and his brother, the Patriarch, were both slain by assassins before the plan was matured. But when the persecution took the form of expulsion from Nauvoo, the Lord raised up Brigham Young to lead Israel to the mountains. And the spirit of inspiration and revelation rested upon him, as upon Moses of old, to accomplish the most wonderful work in the history of the Church, which would have been utterly impossible under the circumstances but for the constant and, we dare say, miraculous interference in behalf of the people, by the Almighty.

The presence here, then, of the Latter-day Saints today, as a strong ecclesiastical organization, enjoying the protection of the United States under the law, as every other lawful organization; the existence of flourishing cities and villages and numerous comfortable homes; our schools and meetinghouses and temples, our hospitals, our factories and every modern comfort and convenience—all testify to the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph, and his successors in the leadership of the Church. An old German king once asked for a sure proof of the truth of the Scriptures, and the reply was: "The Jews, your majesty!" In the same way, if a sure proof is asked for, for the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph, we would answer: "Utah!" The entire state stands here today as a proof of the truth of prophecies uttered a generation ago. And that is a proof that cannot be successfully disputed.

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It may be of some interest at this time to compare pioneer life in Utah to that in some other localities. Some years ago there appeared in the Century an article on "Life in California in '49." The writer says:

"Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men gathered. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento, or San Francisco, to squander them in a night at the gambling tables. Scarcely a woman was anywhere seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited in the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic!"

Contrast this description with the wonderful story of Pioneer life in Utah. Here the Pioneers met in worship. The day after the entrance into the Valley was Sunday. The Pioneers held divine services. Orson Pratt delivered his famous discourse on Isaiah 52: 7, 8, in which he showed how the prophecy had been fulfilled. President Young, though feeble, spoke to the people about the necessity of keeping the laws of God, especially with regard to the Sabbath. The Pioneers surveyed, explored, planted, but first of all they selected a place for worship. They renewed their covenants to live moral lives, and the result was the springing up of God-fearing communities, in which enterprise, industry, intelligence, and loyalty were in evidence on every hand.

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Without doubt, the Lord had a wise purpose in leading His Church to the mountain fastnesses. One was to provide a shelter, if only temporary, against persecution. Brigham Young, probably referred to this when he said: "Now if they will let us alone for 10 years, I'll ask no odds of them." He knew that persecution, though it has its advantages, also has its serious disadvantages, and he believed that if the Church could be sheltered against the storms and left alone to grow and develop for ten years, it would be strong enough to endure the raging winds after that. Persecution prevents the intellectual development that is supplied by regular meetings of worship, educational institutions and social gatherings. During times of persecution the leaders are often scattered, and intellectual pursuits neglected. But it was the purpose of the Lord to give His Church a chance to grow unmolested for some time, in order that she might be the better prepared, both spiritually and intellectually, to fulfill her great mission in the world. For that reason she was led to the Rocky Mountains.

Here, too, the Church could demonstrate to the world, as it has done, notwithstanding the slanders of the wicked, its character and practical results. Here the Church has actually and effectively demonstrated that its fruits are good, and, therefore, that the tree itself is good. This has been accomplished, and is being accomplished every day.

Pioneer day was one of the greatest days in the history of the Church, as well as the intermountain region. It is a day that will ever be remembered in American history.

## PEARY'S PROOFS.

In the August number of Hampton's Magazine the reader will find the exceedingly interesting account of the arrival of Peary at the North Pole. The question, how did he know that he was there? is answered. Peary says he took "thirteen single, or six and a half double altitudes of the sun at two different stations in three different directions at four different times," the stations being ten miles apart, and the farther station being beyond the pole—his northward march, without change of direction, becoming a southward march in these ten miles. He gives a facsimile of the calculation he made from one of these observations. Cook, it will be remembered, utterly failed to satisfy the scientists on the question of observations and calculations, and so the scientific verdict was against him. Now that Peary's observations have been made public, in part at least, it should be easier for Cook to supply some notes on that subject.

## RUBBER RAISING IN MEXICO.

From inquiries brought to our attention it would seem that some misunderstanding has arisen from our publication, a few days ago, of Consul Kennedy's report on the rubber outlook in the state of Vera Cruz, where he is stationed.

It is well for those who are interested in Mexico to bear in mind that it is a country of no small proportions; that it has a diversity of climate even greater than we have in the United States, and that its agricultural and horticultural possibilities vary accordingly. Mexico is some twenty-five hundred miles long and contains 750,000 square miles. It comprises twenty-seven states, and the resources of one state do not determine the wealth or possibilities of another.

It appears that the consul's statement of local conditions in the state of Vera Cruz has been taken by some of our readers as applying to rubber culture in other localities. It would be just as fair to say that oranges are a poor crop in California because we don't raise them in Utah.

From the price of crude rubber at present and the interest in rubber plantations shown in foreign stock markets, it isn't necessary for a rubber tree to live up to press agent's promises to show good returns on a moderate investment.

That many rubber companies have failed, just as other companies in other lines have failed, there can be no question. But we suspect they lacked the requisite soil and climate, or failed, through dishonest management, to put the trees in the ground and give them a chance.

But there is really no cause for alarm in one locality because of short crops in another; nor any reason on the part of honest operators to take offense if attention is called to dishonest promoters and peddlers of worthless stocks.

## ELDERS IN GERMANY.

There is no need of any unnecessary alarm over the missionary situation in Germany. From the letter to President Joseph F. Smith, written by President Thos. E. McKay of the Swiss and German mission, on the last of May, as quoted in the "News" or Friday, we gather that the President of the Mission had called a conference of Elders to meet in Berlin, after consultation with the police authorities. The letter does not state what the final answer of the chief of police was, but from the fact that a conference was actually called it would seem safe to infer that President McKay had reason to believe that it would not be interfered with. According to the Berlin dispatch the missionaries had assembled from various parts of Germany and were holding services when a police agent appeared and dissolved the meeting, whereupon other police agents took the foreigners into custody and later arranged for their expulsion from Germany. While this action of the police prevents the missionaries that were expelled from traveling in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, it does not prevent the German Saints from meeting, as they have done hitherto, and listening to their own Elders, or from worshipping in their own assemblies. And our belief is that the intolerance which was shown on this occasion, probably at the instigation of some Demetrius whose trade seemed to be in danger, will result in benefit to the mission, by calling to the attention of the German people again the Church that, like the Church of the first centuries, is everywhere the object of attacks of the adversary. Many Germans, we believe, who have not cared for the Gospel, will be led to investigate by that action of the police, and when the honest in heart investigate they will see the truth and believe.

Sometimes it does not take very much to be expelled from Germany. As we remember it, many years ago an eminent Danish writer was expelled from Germany because he had made an uncomplimentary remark about the venerable old Emperor, William der Grosse, whose portrait he happened to see in a shop window. Somebody had heard him and reported him and he was forthwith invited to leave.

In the case of the Latter-day Saint Elders we have an impression that the erroneous notion prevails in German government circles, that they come to Germany to preach emigration and thereby deprive the army of valuable recruits, and the Fatherland of trained defenders. But that is an error. Our Elders do not urge anybody to emigrate. In the early days of Utah, when the question was of settling the region, emigration was preached and desirable immigrants were aided to come, but this is no longer the case. The Saints abroad are told not to give up good positions but to stay and strengthen the branches to which they belong. They are not dissuaded from emigrating if they make up their minds to do so, but emigration is no part of the preaching of the Elders. This is a fact that the authorities may ascertain, if they are willing to do so.

Nor is it true, as sometimes stated abroad, on the authority of anti-"Mormon" defamers at home, that the Church is proselyting preferably among women, for immoral purposes. This infamy can easily be exploded from the immigrant statistics which show that a smaller number of women than men generally come to Utah in the companies consisting of Latter-day Saints.

Germany is a great empire. It is one of the standard bearers of civilization in the world. But it has not yet obtained the measure of religious liberty it needs. Germany is the home of a particularly pernicious school of Bible criticism that, in its ultimate consequences, threatens to reduce the reformation of Luther to the farce of the ages. For if that school prevails, what becomes of the foundations of the Reformation? What becomes of the appeal of the Reformers to the written word? If that word is but a collection of myths interpolated by pious frauds and "edited" by more or less ignorant scribes, what is there left of the Reformation? Germany needs some living witnesses to the great fact that God has again spoken to the world. She needs the "new witness for God," lest her people shall be driven back to Rome, or to infidelity. Religious liberty is Germany's greatest present need. She needs that more than a big navy.

## SOME ROSTRUM OUTBURSTS.

And now comes forth Dr. G. Stanley Hall, a most learned man, a man who stands at the head of one of the foremost universities of the nation, its president, the monitor of its faculty, the preceptor of the young men it sends out into the world and calls educated, now comes this man and says he believes in fist fights among children to develop their courage and spirit! He says, too, that he believes in the confessional as a most effective cure of sin and a mental nerve tonic. He declares that religion is a big thing in the human race, but that it is dangerous, that a big idea in a little mind is dangerous.

And a few days since a learned man addressed a gathering of people assembled, as they thought, to hear a great teacher. He told them that girls of sixteen have no souls. It was this same Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

The question naturally arises, What is Dr. G. Stanley Hall. A search through all the nouns of the lexicon gives no answer, none of them exactly fits the occasion. From one viewpoint it would seem that the Doctor had been imported by the Colorado educators, to whom he speaks mostly at their gatherings, for the purpose of affording a mild form of smiling sickness—sort of vaudeville number interpolated in a program that for the hot weather must be a trifle irritating. These educators are gathered together to discuss from its many angles the subject of pedagogy and entering into the discussions are psychology, metaphysics, ethics, logic, and all the phases of the arts and sciences. We suffer for these educators brought together in such warm weather after a season of hard work in classroom and laboratory. We cannot help but commend them for their desires to meet together and discuss these lofty subjects. And in the midst of our extension of sympathy and commendation we cannot but feel that they are entitled to a diversion. They should have something to make them smile and forget for a time that they are in the midst of such sober considerations.

That certainly must explain the advent of Dr. G. Stanley Hall in the Colorado towns. But there is just one disadvantage, it would seem, in his appearance. Some of the teachers gathered to hear him may not be informed of the purpose of his appearance. They may take the gentleman seriously and when they return to their classrooms in September they may make themselves unpopular by telling their sixteen-year-old students, the sixteen-year-old girls, that they have no souls. They may advocate fist fighting at recess, or at the lunch hour or after school. If they do, they must reckon that they will have delegations of stern-faced parents to interview later, for the fond progenitor of the American boy knows that there is no need of urging from the teacher's desk in this direction and it will not be welcome.

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The forest fires give Uncle Sam heart burnings.

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These days when one seeks a divorce he generally finds.

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Advance rates are making advance slowly these days.

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Is there such a thing as a safe and sane summer vacation?

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The strenuous life is nothing but golf play to the President.

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Uncle Sam is not after the bathtub trust to give it an immunity bath.

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Prosperity is so great that it has become almost a drug on the market.

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There is nothing so patronizing as the patrons of a "swell" social function.

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Barking dogs sometimes bite so threatening clouds may sometimes give rain.

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If, at a boarding house table you don't see what you want, don't ask for it.

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No jury of sweet girl graduates would ever find ice cream cones deleterious to the health.

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No "insurgent" was ever born to blush unseen and waste his sweetness on the desert air.

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There have been no airship accidents lately, probably owing to the fact that there have been no airship flights lately.

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Mr. Hearst insists that war with Japan is imminent. Will his imminence please give the public a rest from his dire predictions?

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Colonel Roosevelt praises the manly art of boxing and condemns the brutality of the prize-fight. Could anything be more deftly said than that?

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An effort is to be made to raise the Indian to the plane of independence by reducing the amount of supplies from the government. The Indian is very apt to raise a plaint.

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The chief speaker at a recent "American" gathering said: "Some of our Mormon friends have come to realize that the American party has brought blessings in disguise." Thus far the disguise has not been removed, so that people are unable to see any blessing. In fact there are those who are firmly convinced that the disguise is so solid that there is no possible room in it for even the smallest blessing.

# GATHERED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF THOUGHT

**Near Veto For One Measure.** Some of us may still think that the best thing President Taft could have done with the River and Harbor bill was to veto it, but we are bound to concede that if he didn't do the best thing he did do the next best. Current slang proffers a characterization of his course which we will not decline. He resorted to a "near-veto." At one time, he frankly declares, he had made up his mind to apply the real veto; but there were appropriations in the bill which he finally considered so correct and needful that he thought it unwise to kill them in order to kill others that were thoroughly bad. His message, however, makes it wholesomely plain that he means Congress to understand that it must not do this sort of thing again. It shows, too, such a thorough understanding of the way the thing was put together, and such a vigorous disgust with the "piecemeal" plan of appropriating the people's money—the plan, namely, of spending a little here and a little there, to satisfy a majority of the senators and representatives, instead of providing fully for improvements it is really intended to complete—that there can be no doubt as to where the president stands or as to his competence to deal with this kind of log-rolling. His power to serve and protect the public interest in the matter would, however, be greatly increased if a reform that has often been proposed could be carried through. The President ought to have the right to veto specific items in an appropriation bill, instead of being forced either to accept the objectionable with the unobjectionable or else reject both—with a good prospect that his veto will be overridden. It is interesting to recall that the framers of the Confederate constitution, most of them men who had served in the government at Washington and studied it closely, gave the Confederate President that privilege. Several of the states also have in this matter shown a wisdom which the nation has failed to exercise.—Harper's Weekly.

**Warning From the Stage.** To the army of young people who, without real acting ability, are lured to the stage and dramatic school with futile illusions and to-be-blasted hopes, Miss Henrietta Crosman, in an article in the August number of Hampton's Magazine, utters a sincere and startling warning.

Besides exposing the methods of swindling dramatic schools, which accept the fees of hundreds and turn them adrift, the celebrated actress cites many pathetic cases of deception and defeat. Here is a letter—a unique human document—which Miss Cosman received from a girl friend:

"I did night work on a newspaper six years ago. Six years! If only all girls who are crazy to go on the stage could know what those six years have done to my life, they would keep away from everything that has to do with the footlights—and they would keep their homely, simple, little ideals, and be happy. I used to go to a great many plays with the dramatic critic of that newspaper and—well—I suppose I became 'stage-struck'; yet that is such a silly little word to express the tragedy I have been through.

"If I had even the slightest bit of talent as an actress it wouldn't have been so bad. I know now that I never had any talent at all. But I didn't know it then. You see, I went to the proprietor of a dramatic school, and he told me I had 'wonderful possibilities.' I took his course for six months, still keeping up my night work on the newspaper. Then I tried to get a part. You probably know thousands like me. I really was no good. I had no right—except that the instructor had lied to me—to think that I could ever act. So I got only extra parts. To do this, I had to give up my newspaper work. In three weeks, I was discharged from the small part I had. The newspaper had filled my place; they didn't need me any more.

"I had learned a few little dancing steps at the school—pitiful things at best. But I was starving. I had to have something; so I went into the chorus of a burlesque show. I hope you won't laugh at me; seriously, I hoped to improve my dancing, get into musical comedy, get a bit to act there, and so finally get into the legitimate. Sometimes I laugh and sometimes I cry bitterly when I think of that hope of mine. I suppose thousands of other foolish girls make their first schemes like that. Then, once they are in burlesque—you know the rest. The men, the loneliness——.

"My health is gone now. Worse, my spirit is gone. I don't care for anything any more. Everything that was happy and girlish in me is dead. I know now I can't act; never could act. And it is too late. Can't something be done to stop the other girls? There were twenty of them in that one class I was in. And none of them ever amounted to anything on the stage. Can't something be done to the men who run those schools, who get hold of you when you are a silly little fool and tell you all about your 'wonderful possibilities?' I hold that one man partly responsible for ruining my life. If he had only told me—what he must have seen at a glance—that I ought never try to go on the stage! But he didn't. He wanted my money. The money now means nothing to me—probably nothing to him. What I am thinking of is the pitiful mess my life has become."

Miss Crosman, however, does not try to dissuade those with real ability from striving for success.

**Wonders Of The Atlantic.** The Sargasso Sea owes its existence to the great ocean rivers that encircle it. On the charts this huge system of ocean rivers forms an irregular circle. In the center of it is a great ellipse more than a thousand miles east and west, and two thousand north and south. It is like a vast lake in the center of the Atlantic, but one whose shores are ever-moving waters instead of stable land. It is like the calm center of an immense whirlpool. The far-off deep-sea currents that sweep around its circumference do not disturb the stagnant waters within its boundaries. These weed-covered waters are forever placid, except at rare intervals when some vagrant storm swoops down from the heavens and ruffles their surface. The atmosphere above is usually as calm as the seas below. The great rivers of the air, the tradewinds, pass this region by. All sorts of small aquatic and insect life flourish around the borders of the Sargasso Sea. There are numberless varieties of fish, molluscs, shrimps, crabs, and waterfleas. Almost invariably this life takes on the protective color of the masses of yellow weeds in which it lives. Some of these inhabitants of the Sargasso Sea are found nowhere else. There is a transparent shrimp that has wondrous eyes on the end of long pedicels. These eyes are many-faceted, and each facet sheds a brilliant greenish light and sparkles like a splendid gem. The waterfleas are extraordinary also. Some are totally blind, while others go to the opposite extreme and are nearly all eye. Even the fishes are unique. There are some that build nests in which to hatch their young. They form the weed into huge balls about the size of a Dutch cheese. The fish binds these together with glutinous threads which it exudes from its body. These threads are so strong that a man cannot pull them apart with his hands. One explorer who brought up in a net one of these fish nests found six small fish inside.—Thaddeus S. Dayton, in Harper's Weekly.

**Windows Open in Schools.** In an article in the August McClure's on "Oxygenizing a City," Burton J. Hendrick tells of the new "fresh-air" schools in Chicago: "Principal Watt has gone even further. In the lower grades of his school he began the experiment, last winter, of abolishing heat altogether. In these rooms he has adopted a new educational motto: 'Less instruction and more oxygen.' In keeping with this, these little children no longer sit together at desks with folded hands. The desks have been removed, kindergarten chairs have been brought in, and the pupils given the utmost freedom of movement. In cold winter weather they wear their wraps and hats—and these are their only source of heat. In zero weather, they sit at their tables in front of open, 'drafty' windows. Their fingers do not get so numb that they cannot write on the blackboards, and physical discomfort is unknown. One day last winter when the thermometer registered 10 below zero, a woman school visitor came into one of these cold rooms. She was horrified at what she described as 'cruelty.' But the children simply grinned. They enjoy the change immensely, and have nicknamed the old hot-air place the 'hospital rooms,' because there are so many sick children in them."

**A Story Of Great New York.** "No man being of normal imagination ever walked down Broadway in New York City without realizing that hidden wonders abound on every side. These great stores, with their enormous rents to pay and expenses to meet, are not only the centers of a great volume of ordinary business; they must inevitably be the scenes of unusual occurrences. The other day I asked the general manager of a large automobile establishment on Broadway to give me an illustration of the point. I specifically asked him not to tell me the most remarkable story that he had ever heard or read, but to tell me something real out of his own recent experience. 'A couple of weeks ago,' said the manager, 'a nice-looking man of about 40, quietly dressed and well-mannered, came in here and walked slowly around two or three cars. He had never been in our salesroom before. After about five minutes' inspection he called one of our salesmen, and, pointing with his cane to a certain car, said with quiet enthusiasm that he liked its general appearance. He asked two or three questions about its speed, endurance, and so on, and then added that he was sure that his wife would like it. After the barest pause for reflection he said swiftly and finally that he would take the car. After asking for a bank draft on a certain bank, he asked the price of the car and we told him—$3,750. Without further inquiry he filled out the draft, gave us directions for delivering the car, and departed. The entire transaction occupied about 15 minutes, and the name of the man is one that we never heard before. When he left, one of our young men peeked out and watched him, but with no special satisfaction. All that he saw was a man quietly walking down the street. The car was delivered and the draft was good. New York is a very large place.'"—American Magazine.


Z.C.M.I.

# Summer Dress Goods All Half Price

Commencing Tuesday Morning our entire line of Summer Dress Goods—dainty fabrics especially desirable for wearing apparel, during the hot weather—at Half Price.

ALL COLORED LAWNS that sell at 15c a yard, sale price ..... 7 1-2c
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ALL COLORED LAWNS that sell at 25c a yard, sale price ..... 12 1-2c
ALL COTTON FOULARDS that sell at 15c a yard, sale price ..... 7 1-2c
ALL COTTON FOULARDS that sell at 20c a yard, sale price ..... 10c
ALL SILK MULLS that sell at 35c a yard, sale price ..... 17 1-2c
ALL SILK MULLS that sell at 40c a yard, sale price ..... 20c
ALL TUSSAH SILKS that sell at 50c a yard, sale price ..... 25c
ALL ARABIAN SILKS that sell at 65c a yard, sale price ..... 32 1-2c
ALL RUFF SILKS that sell at 65c a yard, sale price ..... 32 1-2c
ALL RUFF SILKS that sell at 50c a yard, sale price ..... 25c
ALL SHANTUNG SILKS that sell at 65c a yard, sale price ..... 32 1-2c
ALL PEKIN STRIPED SILKS that sell at 40c a yard, sale price ..... 20c
ALL MYSOTIS SILKS that sell at 65c a yard, sale price ..... 32 1-2c
ALL BANZAI SILKS that sell at 65c a yard, sale price ..... 32 1-2c
ALL VOGUE SILKS that sell at 45c a yard, sale price ..... 22 1-2c
ALL PLAID ZEPHYRS that sell at 35c a yard, sale price ..... 17 1-2c
RECEPTION LINEN, regular 30c a yard, sale price ..... 15c
A Great Many Summer Goods, too numerous to mention, at similar price reductions.

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ALL COLORED LINENS, tan, blue, pink, at ..... 25 Per Cent Off
ZEPHYR GINGHAMS and SEERSUCKERS, regular 12 1-2c a yard, sale price .... 11c
PERCALES that sell regularly at 15c a yard, sale price ..... 12 1-2c
MADRAS SHIRTING that sells regularly at 25c a yard, sale price ..... 20c
COTTON CHALLIES that sells regularly at 12 1-2c a yard, sale price ..... 10c
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