At Home and Abroad

By YVONNE LOSH

AMONG THE MORMONS OF UTAH

The eastern approach of Salt Lake City, the city of Mormons and of the great Mormon temple, is magnificent. After passing through hundreds of little valleys lying between chains of pine clad hills the road winds and twists and turns for miles through canyons, along steep cliffs, over abysses until suddenly it takes a sudden steep upward trend, leaves the great pines and takes one ever upward to the cliffs of red, yellow, orange and purple. Suddenly and unexpectedly one reaches an enormous cliff platform that extends out over the red lands many feet below. Here every one stops to gaze for a time at the distant cliffs, at the country below with its many reservoirs of fresh mountain water which look like so many emeralds set in bronze and burnished gold. A little further to the right where a haze of blue seems to hover over sands of gold, there lies Salt Lake City, like a city of dreams. The great dome and the gleaming pillars of the Mormon Temple give the entire city an ancient aspect. The Capitol too towers aloft with gleaming whiteness and beauty. As one comes closer and to the city the regular, broad, clean streets become visible but it is not until one is in the city itself that one can fully appreciate the spotless, clean streets, the shade trees that border them, the beautiful lawns and flower beds about practically all of the houses, and the general aspect of refinement and loveliness everywhere about.

I went directly to the Mormon Information Bureau to find out what I could about the Mormons. The folks at the bureau were exceedingly pleasant, they gave me a special guide who took me all through the Morman Museum which contained many relics pertaining to Utah's early history. The first log cabin ever built in Utah was placed in the center of the museum grounds. Entrance to this cabin was forbidden the general public but the guide very kindly let me go in and sit on the old chair, turn the spinning wheel and handle all the old andirons and things. While he was showing me these things he told me what most every Mormon will tell every outsider —that the Mormons no longer had more than one wife and that taking everything into consideration, the Mormon church was really the church to belong to also that the Mormon church forbids the drinking of alcoholic beverages and the smoking of tobacco. I was shown the beautiful temple and the flowered grounds and finally, at eleven o'clock we went to hear the famous noon hour organ recital in the temple. This organ is the largest in the world and is supposed to be the most wonderful in existence. During the recital no one moved—indeed, it was hard to believe that one was really alive—so wonderful was the music, at times it sounded like the sweetest violin and then again it was like an orchestra of several hundred instruments. At times it set one's heart into greatest ectasy and then again it expressed utmost melancholy. When the organ had pealed forth its last chord the people all sat there spellbound, as if they were waiting for someone to awaken them.

I was becoming powerfully enthusiatic about Mormons for all whom I had met had been so lovely and there was such beauty about their city and such refinement everywhere. But the revelations about the Mormons made to me by the famous Anti-Mormon Lecturer, Mrs. Lulu Loveland Shepard, president of National Social Reform League, made me shudder at the thought of Mormonism. Mrs. Shepard has proven to thousands of people all over the world that the Mormons still continue having more than one wife, not all of them, but many of them. An old nurse told Mrs. Shepard of the astonishing secrets harbored by the Mormons. This old nurse was the first wife of a man who finally married sixteen other women, the first marriage being contracted according to our laws, but the others according to the secret laws of the Mormons in the Mormon temple, not the temple the tourists are allowed to visit, but the secret temple with the secret entrance and the underground tunnel, which none but a sworn Mormon may enter. It is the duty of the last wife to prepare the wedding meal for the next one to take her place. Sometimes a man will have a different household establishment for each of his wives. Mrs. Shepard relates in one of her lectures of a man who owned a series of houses along a whole street. Each one of his wives had a garden, chickens or something of the kind for sale, so Mrs. Shepard was able to purchase her entire fruit and vegetable supplies from this one great family. It is most amusing to hear Mrs. Shepard relate of the three different types of marriage that can be performed according to Mormon rites —firstly, there is the regular marriage "until death do us part," secondly, there is the marriage which is for this world and the next world both, and lastly, the "sealing" marriage, or marriage for the next world only. It is also amusing that according to Mormon rites no woman can enter heaven unless she is married, for they believe that on judgment day it will be the duty of man to call his wives. Hence, if a woman or girl is not married, presto! she stays there! If a child dies unmarried she is "sealed" to some man so that on judgment day she will have some one call her. Another amusing thing is the "sacred shirt" which all the orthodox Mormons are supposed to wear. If they do not have this garment on their bodies they believe that the evil spirit will have power over them, so when they change this garment they are very careful to slip on the new garment before they take the old one off altogether.

Sometime when you want to have something to amuse you, read up on the Mormon testament and the book of their rites. How a creed with so fallible a foundation can grow and continue to grow in adherents is strange, but there are millions of Mormons now and they are increasing all the time. At present they are preparing to build a great temple or tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., I believe. Besides they have many thousands of missionaries out all over the world bringing new members to the flock.

Just Like That

Jeweler—When did your watch stop?

Customer—When it hit the floor.

Purdy's Philos

Only a pin can get away with a double course—of being pointed one way and headed another.

Convicted

Professor—A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Student—Now I know why I failed in the examination.

Blond Bess Opines

"I should worry—even a mighty oak was once a nut."

Thrifty Tips FOR THE HOME by Jo

This newspaper will publish "Thrifty Hints" in this form at regular intervals. We suggest you clip this column and paste it in your recipe book.

Straw Matting—Sponge Straw matting with strong salt water. Cocoanut matting should be well beaten, scrubbed with warm water and salt, rinsed, and then hung in the open air to dry.

Windows—When windows are hard to open, rub the cords with soft soap, and the sashes will run smoothly.

Onions—When cooking onions a little vinegar placed on the stove in an earthen jar will prevent the smell getting through the house.

Adhesive Tape—To remove adhesive tape from the skin, saturate a sponge with benzine, wash the tape with it, and it can be pulled off without any trouble.

Meringue—If a teaspoonful of water is added after the sugar is beaten in, your meringue will be very light. A pinch of baking powder added while beating is also very good.

Starch—If a few shavings of candle are added to starch, the clothes will shine and be very easily ironed.

Mahogany—If washed with vinegar or cold tea, all spots will disappear and mahogany will look like new.

Sink—If a lump of kitchen salt is kept in the sink, it will keep the pipes and sink clean.

Enamel Utensils—When enamel kitchen utensils appear hopelessly ruined after food has been burned in them, place a mixture of strong soap powder in them and allow to stand three or four days without changing the water. Then pour the water off and rub with a soft cloth. All the blackness will disappear. Do not scrape before soaking as the enamel will crack.

Yarns—Yarns can be thoroughly shrunk when in the skeins, and then will not shrink when the article made from it is washed. Place the wool in a vegetable steamer on a plate. When dry, it will be soft and fluffy, and will be unshrinkable.

Women Outside the Home

Miss Ann R. Chincholl, who took a position with a publishing house in Topeka, Kan., eight years ago to pay her way through college, is now treasurer of the company.

Mrs. Sarah Friedman is New York's fourth woman official. She was recently appointed Deputy Secretary with a salary of $4,500 per year.

Mrs. Golda Wesella of Emeryville, Cal., just completed painting a smokestack 150 feet high. She is considered one of the nerviest steeplejacks in the country.

Miss Mary Bierman and Miss Lillian Hillman, of New York, despite the fact that they are totally blind, play a very clever game of mah jong and distinguish the titles on the tiles with their finger tips.

HILLSBORO

Miss Frances Covell of Philadelphia is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Mrs. L. M. Limpert of Baltimore is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Covell.

The Sunday Schools of Hillsboro and Queen Anne ran an excursion to Ocean City on Wednesday of last week. A good crowd joined the school and a delightful day was spent by the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sparks were guests of Mr. Sparks' aunt, Mrs. Annie Sherwood in Queenstown on Sunday.

Mrs. Vesty has returned to the home of her son-in-law, Mr. E. B. Davis, after a delightful visit with her son-in-law and daughter. Dr. and Mrs. Brown, South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Costen and little daughter, Roberta, Miami, Fla., are spending a few days with Mrs. Costen's sister, Mrs. H. D. Knotts.

Rev. W. T. McGuire and Mrs. McGuire are spending the month of August with Mrs. McGuire's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Earles, Bartley, N. J.

William Cooper is visiting his cousin, Douglas Cooper, Laurel, Del.

Mrs. James C. Sherwood and children, William, Mary Virginia and James, Jr., are guests of Mrs. Sherwood's sister, Mrs. Mary Wheatley, Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrettson Smith and daughter, Mary Neal, of Carney's Point, N. J., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Sparklin.

Roberta and Frances Rowe have returned home after spending a week with their grandfather, Mr. Robert Jarrell at Rehoboth.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Flemming and Miss Virginia W. Holt were in Federalsburg on Sunday.

Mrs. H. S. Sparks is on an automobile trip in New York as far as Catskill Mountains.

Back at Him

Phlipp—A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, you know.

Stedy—Man—your shoulders are sure supporting a ton o' gunpowder.

Forgers Baffled

Pomp—No living man can forge my name to a check and get it cashed.

Wyman—You must have an unusual signature.

Pomp—No—no money in the bank.

An ad. in our columns brings results.

FOLKS IN OUR TOWN

All The Same To Maggie

By Edward McCullough

AUTOCASTER

YOU NEED NOT FAIL

When Edmund Carter Whitney was born on Castle Street in Boston, where Brigham's creamery now stands, he was the thirteenth child. The family was exceedingly poor. Eddie, as he was called, was practically given away. A man named Symms in Lancaster, Mass., "took" Eddie and started to make a farmer out of him. Begging piteously for a chance at some sort of clerical life Symms took Eddie to the town's Savings Bank and got him a job as errand boy. In his spare time he helped the Chief of the Fire Department, the Postmaster and the Board of Selectmen. On summer mornings he drove a milk wagon after first milking Symm's cows. When Eddie was 18 years old he was holding down seven jobs and his total earnings were $11 a week. Out of this he sent $10 a week to his mother. He clothed himself on the remaining $1 a week, or $52 a year and bought books. He was educated at the knees of Mrs. Symms, but when he was twenty-four years old he had worked his way through college. Returning to Lancaster and reëntering the Bank, he proposed and devised new methods of banking, which increased the bank's deposits nearly a million dollars. Before he was thirty he was Treasurer of the Bank, Chief of the Fire Department, a deacon in the church, leader of Republican politics in Lancaster and engaged to be married to the belle of Nashua, N. H. He reorganized the bank, rebuilt it, was made Treasurer of the Marlborough Savings Bank and appointed State Bank Examiner. A few years later, when he was the sole support of the Symms family and his own family in Boston, he moved to Boston and organized the Lincoln National Bank, the largest in the city. He became its head and the Governor of Massachusetts appointed him a Brigadier-General. His homes in Marlborough, Boston and Lexington were show places, and when he retired at 61 he was reputed a wealthy, happy and successful man.

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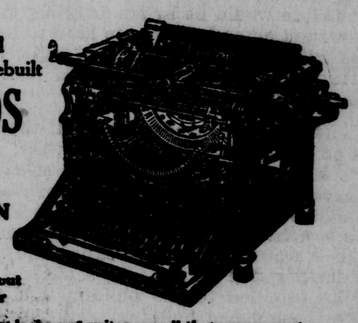

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DENTON, MARYLAND

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