

ON AMERICAN SOIL,

OR

Mormonism the Mohammedanism of the West.

BY

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"A Dozen B's for Boys," "God's
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On American Soil.

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CHAPTER I.

FOREWORD.

Mormons are the Mohammedans of America.

Both systems, the Mohammedan and the Mormon, are of low origin. Mohammed, though of good blood, had to earn a scant living as a shepherd. Joseph Smith was of a family notorious for petty misdemeanors.

Both systems teach that there are many divine beings; though Mohammedanism has the better of Mormonism in its reverence for the Supreme God, and its constant reiteration of His unity. Moslems represent Him as having attributes not very unlike those of the God of the Bible; while Mormons hold that Adam was the supreme being.

They believe that matter is eternal; and by some

action it brought this material Adam-god into existence.

Each system has a sacred book; these books are somewhat alike; though the Koran is superior to the Book of Mormon. Both finding their scriptures unequal to practical, worldly demands, pieced them out with oral traditions, revelations, and the like.

Both give our Lord Jesus Christ a place in the divine galaxy, though in each system the special prophet goes far beyond Him in authority.

Both systems are polygamous; and promise their votaries a sensual, material heaven.

Both proselyte by violence, as they have opportunity to use their power. Witness the manner in which Moslems, with fire and sword, swept over southwestern Asia, northern Africa and southwestern Europe, and the "blood atonement" of the Mormons, their Mountain Meadow massacre, and the rest.

Both systems aim at universal dominion. If Charles Martel had not broken the Mohammedan power at the battle of Tours, it would probably have overrun southern Europe, and there is no knowing where its conquest would have been.

checked. It has been the settled policy of the Mormons to control Utah and the adjacent Territories, and from there to conquer the United States, and, subsequently the whole world.

Mohammedanism is doomed. It is losing its African and European possessions. Christian pity must take Armenia out of its bloody hands. Hebrew gold will buy Jerusalem from the Turk. Its complete fall will be only a question of time and of faith. Mormonism has also had its death-stab, not only from internal dissensions that have given rise to that vigorous American party, but from the settling up of the great desert behind which it hid, and the aggressions of railroad, mining and irrigation companies, and the incoming of loyal American citizens.

Utah has violated every pledge by which she secured state-hood. By her sending polygamists to Congress to make laws to govern our homes, she has aroused the nation to see that she must be brought into line. Moslems have been similarly faithless; and the Powers have had to take the Turk by the throat.

The United States government, in self-respect, and for the safety of its citizens, will have to make

the Mormons feel the grip of a Constitutional Amendment, that shall take their peculiar crimes out of their own courts, where it is impossible to convict such criminals, and punish them as infractions of Federal law.

For this let all who love God and our country most devoutly pray, and earnestly work. Out of this necessary agitation, will come better and holier social conditions, so that we will not only be free from polygamy, but there shall be obedience to the seventh Commandment everywhere on American soil.

CHAPTER II.

NOT AN HOUR TO SPARE.

A great physician was very ill. After several hours of unconsciousness, he came to himself sufficiently to take his own pulse, which he did, from force of habit, and without knowing that he himself was the patient.

"Too late," he muttered, gloomily, as his finger slipped from the other wrist. "Too late. I could have saved the man, if I had been called a few hours sooner; but there's no use now. He's too far gone."

Our Utah patient is desperately ill; but we do not believe it is too late to bring him up to sound health. We are sure, however, that there is not an hour to spare in a case so serious. This cancer on the body politic may require heroic treatment; but we believe the remedy is not far to seek, nor hard to find. We must face the facts fearlessly,

not blinking any of them, no matter how painful or disgusting they may be.

When things go wrong we sometimes let them run awhile, hoping that they may cure themselves; but, usually, there comes a time when we must take matters in hand, or they will take us in hand. If we will not correct abuses from a sense of right, we may have to do so in self defense.

The Chicago city authorities paid little attention to the anarchists, though they paraded through the city with banners inscribed, "Down with the government." "Down with the church." "All rule is tyranny." At one of their picnics a woman gave somebody her baby to hold, while she made a speech that was like what Lammartine said of the Marseillaise, it rustled like a flag dipped in blood, reeking from the battlefield.

All that was allowed to pass unnoticed till they threw a bomb in Market Square, killing and wounding many citizens. Then the law sprang upon the mob, and hurried the murderers off to prison, and to death.

Before that, people had lain awake at night, knowing that in the halls around them were men drilling in Most's bomb tactics, by which, it was

believed, one man who knew how to handle dynamite, could stand against a regiment of United States soldiers. After that they slept soundly, because they knew that the law was alert, and equal to the danger.

When a Mormon Apostle takes his seat in the Senate Chamber, in Washington, ready to lay his foul hand on the laws that protect the purity of our homes, we know that our country must be aroused to a sense of its danger, and the necessity for prompt, energetic, and, if need be, drastic measures.

When Wendell Phillips was going out into the streets to face a mob, in the old danger days, he kissed his wife good-bye, not knowing but he would be brought back to her on a stretcher.

"If you must go, Wendell," she said, "go; but don't shilly shally."

We must lay aside our shilly shally policy, and grapple this difficulty, "for love of Christ, and in His name," determined at all costs to free our land of this abomination.

Not long ago there was a fire in the house next but one to ours. We went out and watched the engines playing on the flames. We saw the

firemen throw our neighbor's blazing furniture out of the windows. It would have been quite another thing, if the wind had sprung up, making the flames unmanageable, so that the hose would have had to be turned on our house, and our couches and chairs had to be flung blazing into the street.

We have been reasonably sorry for Mormons in their loss of what we prize most highly, the home, but we have been quite willing to let them alone, if they would not meddle with our affairs. We did not like to besmirch our hands with the vile business. Since it has laid its grimy grip on our lawmaking machine, we can no longer ignore its presence.

It has spread itself over our Territories, smuggling them into the Union as States; each with its two Senators. It hopes to hold the balance of power in our highest legislative body. Surely we have no time to waste. We must act at once.

When I was in Utah, a few years ago, I met the Governor of the Territory, a large-framed, great-hearted Kentuckian. By way of starting the talk, I said, "I hope, Governor, you will put down this abominable polygamy."

His eyes flashed, and he seemed an unnecessary inch taller.

"We put it down!" he exclaimed. "What do you think we can do?—we few Americans, away out here, so far from our base of supplies? Whose fight is it, any way? It is your liberty that is in danger. It will not be long till the people of the States will find that out."

We began to find it out when, under the most solemn pledges to put away polygamy, Utah was admitted as a State, and the Mormon church never regarded those pledges for a single hour. Then it sent polygamists to Congress, and one of its Apostles to the Senate. It is late in the day; but all good men and women must understand the danger, and do their utmost to free the land from this curse.

CHAPTER III.

OUR BUSINESS.

A temperance woman asked of a railroad magnate some money for her work among his employees.

"I'm too busy, madam," he said, "to give attention to any such matters. If our men make fools of themselves, we can't help it. We can discharge them. It's none of my business what becomes of them."

A little later a message slid over the wires to him. His beautiful daughter, his only one, was crushed in a train wreck. He telephoned, he wired, he himself ran to the offices demanding a locomotive and car to rush him to the wreck. No influence or money could get either locomotive or car. Everything had been sent with doctors and nurses to the scene of the disaster.

It had suddenly become his "business" that a drunken switchman had wrecked a train.

Our families may yet be safe. Our homes may yet be untouched by the hideous, slimy monster, polygamy, but we, by God's good grace, must make it our business to help those who are in that region, that valley and shadow of death.

In Utah a missionary went to see an abandoned "true wife," as she called herself. The woman told her story in a heavy monotone, and with leaden despair in her washed-out eyes.

"Tha' wa'n't many happier couples than James an' me, till we came to this God-forsaken land. When we found out what was up here we promised each other before the Lord, that we'd stick to one another. But them elders a' bishops, they crowded us, an' threatened to kill us, till poor James he give way. When he took another woman he give me this house, but it don't amount to nothin' without him. The children is awful good to me. They see that I have everything I want; but you know tha' aint nothin' like havin' your own ole man, the one that God give you."

The missionary choked back her tears; her own "man" was under the daisies, away down in Ohio. "We've come to help you," she said, trying to comfort the woman.

"S'pose you have," in the same hopeless tone. "Pears like you've been an awful long time a-com-in'. If only you'd got here 'fore James give in!"

She was right. We have been a long time coming to our senses on this matter; and now that we are partly awake to it, we must trust God to make us remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them; and do our utmost for their liberation. The Lord has been making it our business.

In going about it, it may not help much to study the history of Mormonism. The Cyclopedias give that in condensed form. We may gather and group facts in such a way as to get at the character of this strange people, so that we may find ways and means to bring them back to the purity of the Christian home.

Every one knows the story of their low origin in Central New York, their attempt at building up a community in Kirtland, Ohio, their removal to Caldwell Co., Missouri, occasioned by their uncomfortable relations with their neighbors, their being driven back for the same reason across the Mississippi River to Nauvoo, Illinois, the shooting of their "prophet," Joseph Smith, while he was in the Carthage jail, awaiting trial for his misde-

meanors, and their crossing the Great American desert, settling at last in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

All that was like a family quarrel, extremely disagreeable, but hardly claiming the attention of the general government. Now that the system has become strong enough to send missionaries swarming over the country like the frogs of Egypt, and the church is openly polygamous, in spite of the pledges by which it secured Statehood, sending polygamists to Congress, it is time for its reformation to become our business.

Mormonism is an organized, systemized attack on the permanence and purity of the Christian home. It is licentiousness by rule, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The vices that in Christian lands hide from the day, and from the eyes of decent people, are preached and practiced among Mormons, openly, boastfully, and as a part of their religion. Aside from polygamy their domestic relations have been sadly complicated. In other years a man might take his own daughter or sister, and call it a marriage on which he would invoke the divine blessing. In Christian communities houses of death

are leprous, and are shunned by the pure, as pestilens would be. In Utah, if a man "lives his religion," as they call their polygamous practices, his dwelling becomes, not a home, but one of those places of which the Bible says, "The dead are there."

My first knowledge of Mormonism was when I was a little child. An elder came to our village; a smooth-faced, oily-tongued man, with dark, magnetic eyes, and insinuating address. He baptized thirty of our few people in a pond near our house. We called it the "Deep Hole;" and a deep hole he led his converts into; for they were soon bundled into covered wagons for the long journey across the desert to the "land of promise." One of them was the teacher of our district school, whom I loved with all the ardor of a sensitive child.

Later, some of our neighbors went to California to dig gold. On their way home they staid over a day or so in Salt Lake City, and one of them hunted up my teacher. He found her in a little hut, working hard to get a scanty living for herself and her child. She had been sealed to an old Mormon, with a lot of other women, and he had

left her to shift for herself. She was the image of heartbreak and despair.

"Why don't you go back home with us?" asked the neighbor. "You'll die, if you stay here."

"It isn't possible for me to get away from here," she said. "I cannot escape. No, I never can be free or happy again. The die is cast! The die is cast!"

Years afterward when I went to Utah to inspect the schools of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the wail of my dear old teacher sobbed in every breeze. I saw her wreck and loss in the hopeless face of every degraded woman whom I met.

We cannot save Mormons from themselves. Our constitution guarantees to every one the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience; but if it becomes plain that they are law-breakers, with their polygamy, and polyandry, and that they are in rebellion against the government, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty to so restrict their privilege as to protect the weak against their wiles.

The safety of the land depends on the enforcement of law; and no laws are more important than

those that guard the permanence of the home. That is the unity of the State; and its purity is necessary to the well-being of little children, the incompetent, and all.

Mohammedans might come here, and honor their prophet; and we would protect them in their worship. But let them put their wives out of the way by foul means, and we would have them under arrest for murder. Hindoos might live among us and serve any of their 20,000,000 of gods; but if one of them were to bury a girl baby alive, as they have been known to do in India, he would have to pay the penalty of infanticide.

"America," said Emerson, "is another name for Opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." When our President is chosen as the arbiter of in the greatest war of the later centuries, we must guard carefully the sanctity of our homes, and walk before the world with unsullied garments, a private, as well as public, example of right living. Every American man and woman must make it his and her business to see that this blot is removed from our national escutcheon.

CHAPTER IV.

MORMON WORK AMONG THE POOR.

Mormon shrewdness saw the wisdom of caring for the poor. Poverty makes people accessible. The impoverished live more in the open than they do who have means to nurse their dignity and exclusiveness. They suffer so for the comforts, and even the necessities of life, that they must have the consolations of faith; and yet there are few to minister to their need, for they have nothing to give in return. They are so neglected, they care more for the little attention they do receive, than they do who are surrounded by the selfishly obsequious.

The well-to-do are worn out with indulgences. The moderately poor are strong in muscle and nerve, from their fresh air exposure and exercise. Most of our great people come from among the poor. The struggle for foothold develops energy that stands them in good stead,

when they get where the pressure is severe, and the majority must go to the wall. When our nation was in the peril of its great civil strife it put two "poor whites" at the head of the government—Lincoln, who had had only six months in school, and Johnson, whose wife taught him to read and write.

The great Anglican revival of the eighteenth century grew out of the zeal of the Wesleys, who, though University men, and with noble blood in their veins, were taught of God to care for Christ's poor. When they preached to Kingswood colliers they could tell by the white streaks on the miners' faces that the tears of penitence were washing off the dust of the coal pit.

William and Catherine Booth began their work among the poorest of the poor. I saw General Booth dance across the Exeter Hall platform, with the Mother of slum-work for a partner, so overjoyed was he that the lowest of the low-downs were being reached by the gospel. Now he is attempting to readjust the population and industries of the British Empire by his colonization scheme;—a task Edward VII would not dare

touch. He spends money by the millions, to help Christ's poor.

Some Roman Catholics bent to catch the dying words of one of their brightest priests. He whispered, "Take care of the immigrant girls."

Immigrant girls are most neglected, imperilled, and yet most powerful. They ought to be our special care. Mormons work by that rule. Those girls come to us by the hundred thousand; but they do not come fast enough for them. They send their priests to bring them across the sea by the drove.

A few years ago I was coming over on the City of Rome, when I heard a German hymn on the aft deck; "Nearer, my God, to thee." I went down to a little company of immigrant girls, and joined in their song, and talked with them. At first they spoke freely of the beautiful paradise of the Holy Spirit to which they were going in America. I soon saw that their master, a first saloon passenger, a man of smooth, snaky ways, was watching me. He seemed to be making no attempt at proselyting in the first cabin; but he rose up and shut the steerage door, and the poor immigrant girls became afraid of me immediately. My heart

ached for them, for I knew the plunge into the awful sea of sensuality that awaited them. They would be taken to Utah, and at each station, the men would flock about the train, picking out the girls that suited their fancy, paying the missionary for them, each loading his purchases into a wagon, and driving off to the farm where the poor thing would be set to raising pigs, poultry, and babies, for her master's enrichment and aggrandisement.

Each would be given a shelter. One used to see those strung-out houses in Utah, where every room has a front door, to prevent domestic collisions; and the wives of the owner can be counted by the number of front doors. Each wife was given her floor; but for the rest of the living, each human hen must scratch for herself and her brood. When a man has enough of these chattels he can take his ease in his inn. He is rich; but they—poor things—there is the distance between Heaven and Hell from the "Nearer my God to thee," of the ocean liner, to the beastliness of the Utah farm. Mormon missionaries swarm over our land with their back-door messages. Their attack is on the basement which we have left unguarded. We neg-

lect the poor who are in our very houses. What pains do men take to win their coachmen to Christ? Do they give them any more spiritual attention than they do the spotted dogs that trot along under their carriages?

How many ladies work to win their maids to the Savior? The houses of death are recruited from among working girls; and yet how few Christians reach out a hand to give them hope, or courage, or opportunity.

Mormons conscript for their harems, not only the poor, but the mothers of those whose votes will rule the next generation. They are making majorities in the States and Territories that are drawing off the best young blood of the East. All this is according to the wisdom that is from beneath, and that James says is "earthly, sensual, devilish."

CHAPTER V.

MORMON SINCERITY.

That many Mormons are sincere may not be questioned; but that does not make their polygamous and rebellious system right or safe. The anarchist who shot President McKinley may have been sincere; but he had to be protected from public indignation till his crime could be legally punished. A monomaniac may be a good citizen but for a habit of hacking his children to pieces. He may sincerely believe it his privilege to save their souls in that way; but the law will deal with him as the murderer of his family.

The law must guard the Christian home as the main pillar of the State. If a man puts dynamite under one of the main piers of Brooklyn Bridge, intending to send the electric spark into his explosives when the crowds are surging over it from their work in the borough of Manhattan, the nation would stand aghast from such wholesale

slaughter. The lightning let loose in his brain in the Alban chair would seem almost too good for him; and his sincerity in helping wage-earners by thinning them out, would go for nothing in the way of extenuation. When men scheme constantly to destroy the purity and permanence of the home, the safety of the nation demands that a stop be put to their misdeeds, no matter how sincere they may seem to be.

Some "feign belief till they, themselves, believe." Others, like the heathen, trudge along in the alleys in which they find themselves, making it an essential point of faith "to stick to the religion they were born in." They have less sense than Balaam's beast. The angel of truth has rebuked the madness of the prophets of these Latter Day Saints; and it is well for them that the government has been lenient with the Danites and "Avenging Angels," "blood atonement and Mountain Meadow massacres, or the census returns of Utah would be considerably lessened.

Sincerity does not condone ignorance of Scriptural truth in this day and age of the world. It takes very little Bible study to show that polygamy was never in the divine intention. As

our Lord said of divorce, it was permitted on account of the hardness of their hearts.

God instituted marriage in Eden, and He, Himself, joined the first pair. He made one man and one woman to be the head of the home. The Bible is not a romance. It gives instantaneous photographs of people, as they were, and not as they ought to have been. It tells in plain English of Noah's drunkenness, Moses' arrogance, David's adultery, Solomon's idolatry, and Peter's denial. God's best men and women seem to have been great, clumsy babies, forever trampling on basal principles of right, even as we, older children, see them, their ignorance "winked at," when it did not hurt other souls. Then, as in David's great sin, they had to pay a heavy penalty. They never went into polygamy by the divine order, but as in the case of Abraham and Sarah through weakness of faith. God put up with their derelictions as parents do with the naughtiness of children, letting them learn by pain that they must not play with fire. Domestic unhappiness must have shown them that polygamy was wrong. David, with his harem, aped the kings of other nations; but his sufferings from the wrongdoings of his polyga-

mous family were unendurable. His sincerity and devotion did not hinder the due course of law.

A principle as bad as royal polygamy was striking root away back in those dim, old centuries; the king can do no harm. We have our brain, and money, and political kings, and we grant them strange prerogatives. No further back than Charles II. of England four families, of his, born out of wedlock, were at his deathbed. It is said that to keep the present succession of the English throne in royal lines, a lawful marriage was set aside, the discarded wife dying of heartbreak.

We Americans know better now than to persecute for religious opinion; but our forebears did not when Quakers were hung, witches burnt, and Baptists driven out into the wilderness. God had to put up with it all, for it was the best that could be done with them.

The Bible shows polygamy to be self-punitive. Solomon carried the royal prerogative to an extreme with his great seraglio. He has plenty to say about contentious and brawling women; and no doubt he had bitter experiences. His superb kingdom was a failure. Divided at his death, it sunk into commonplace wranglings. We hear an

echo of all this in a sermon preached by Brigham Young in Provo. He acknowledged that he could not silence the murmuring of his own domicile, till he threatened to divorce all his wives; telling them that if they despised the order of Heaven, he would pray that the curse of the Almighty should be close at their heels, and follow them all day long.

Many Mormons came to Utah to escape the hard conditions of European peasant life. Their industry, economy, and exact tithing have built up a rich church and State. From their hereditary habit of being ruled they have accepted the dominance of church authority and political "bosses;" and the question we have now to face is not of their sincerity, but of their power to resist American law, and the making of American citizens.

Many of them, born in polygamy, know no better way of living. Like the human wreckage that fills our slums, they have never known a sweet, clean, genial home; and grace has to lift them a long way before they can know what it is to give children the joint care of a true mother and an honest father. The Esquimaux, coarse, hot-blooded children of the North, care nothing for

our comforts and luxuries. They pine for icebergs and jagged rocks, seal oil and whale's blubber; so the wretched products of polygamous homes know only the jangling jealousies and trickery of baptized vice. We must hold them by force of law to loyalty to the government, and help them find in the Lord Jesus Christ a cure for the wretchedness and sin to which they have become inured.



CHAPTER VI.

TEMPERANCE AMONG MORMONS.

Utah is far from being a prohibition State. The Mormon hierarchy has been deeply implicated in that money-making business, the manufacture and sale of strong drink, the church owning and "running" the first distilleries and saloons; yet, in the nature of things, Mormons must try to be moderate drinkers.

Mormonism is a great financial and political scheme. Intemperance is the deadly foe of financial and political success. Men must keep their heads cool to manage either finance or politics. Mormonism has succeeded commercially. Its tithing brings into its coffers one tenth of everything that is produced. It is exact in collecting its tithes. Its people have to keep careful accounts. It also makes them industrious, for while it crowds every family to the largest possible census returns, they have to live on nine tenths of what they raise.

It is too economical to submit easily to the

waste of drunkenness. Every man killed in war costs his weight in lead. Every man killed by strong drink costs his weight in gold. Crime is the costliest thing in the land; and nine tenths of it are through strong drink. Between their making money out of their liquor sales, and their wanting to keep men sober for economy's sake, the Mormons, in the slang of the market, are "up against a hard proposition."

The worldly-wise Mormons are too shrewd to tolerate the extravagance of intemperance, unless it can be more than balanced by the church's monopoly of the business. "Money talks" too loudly in Washington and elsewhere, to be carelessly parted with; and yet there is a great deal of drunkenness among them. They have shrewdness enough to know that drunkard-making is not profitable. The drunkard has nothing to tithe. He does not take care of one wife, much less a half dozen with the usual juvenile outfit.

They may deal with drunkards more skillfully than we do. In army slang, when a man falls out of the ranks and lies drunk by the roadside the soldiers say he is "discouraged." And that is a true put-

ting of the case. Drunkards have no hope for this world or the next. Mormons believe that every man becomes a god as soon as he joins their church. If they could make their drunkards believe that tenet—as soon as they have plunged them under the water, and make them govern themselves accordingly, behaving like gods, they might save some of them to a better life.

Drinking and licentiousness are usually inseparable. Where one of these twin vices abounds, as it does in Mormondom, we must expect to find the other. The sanction of the church is the main obstacle in the way of the rescue of men from these kindred demonisms in that priest-ridden land.

CHAPTER VII.

MORMON ASSURANCE.

The other side of the Atlantic you can tell an American as far as you can see him, by the lift of his head, the freedom of his step, and the jaunty air of his travelling cap. The breezy ring of his voice may disturb the delicate nerves of exclusives who are nursing their pedigree, but his dash and daring are captivating to the common people.

Why should he not hold up his head? The best of the wide-awake blood of the Old World has been poured over his broad, rich, new continent. Multitudes who found it convenient to leave the old hive, because their progressive ideas made the home swarm uncomfortable; and that swarm, in turn, made it uncomfortable for them to stay, have come over here, where their great, free projects have been spread over so much territory, that they have lost their power to disturb. They are like a mountain torrent, drawn from its bed, and turned

into scores of little channels, over a wide field; it ceases to tear up, it simply fertilizes the soil.

Now take the consciousness of sovereignty as a base, and top it out with a belief that a certain set are all gods, and what may you not look for in the way of assurance? Mormons are in just that case; and so, they are full of eternal dominance. As Holmes said, you could not pry that notion out of their heads, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a handspike.

The Jews knew that they were God's chosen people. That took them from Egyptian brick-yards, and made them a nation who were to be the world's teachers of morality for all time. It carried them through the conquest of Canaan, and made them a power of the first rank. It held them during seventy years of deportation. Mordecai and Esther were good specimens, captive foreigners, and yet crowding up to the first places in the dominant empire of the world. The Jews have gone straight to the front in every country to which they have been exiled during the eighteen centuries of their present captivity.

Mormons are taught from babyhood, not only that they are the Lord's only people, but that all

their men are gods, and all their women, through plural wifehood may become queens. Of course they must hold themselves above everybody. They own everything they can get their hands on. It is simply "spoiling the Egyptians," to take all the Gentile property that comes in their way. These Mormon gods were not afraid to lay the foundations of a great State with the desert between them and civilization.

They were ready to declare war on the United States government. What could a Gentile nation, simply human, do against a State, the men of which were all gods?

The assurance makes them hard to conquer. Only Jehovah can master them. They are like Jerome who said, "I can subdue the lion of the desert, but only the Lord Almighty can subdue the lion, Jerome." In their mountain fastnesses, "the last man must stand, God-conquered," or they will never be conquered at all.

In going into this war, we must plant our feet upon the rock of eternal right and truth, or we will patch up some wretched compromise, and let them go on, wrecking themselves, and all, both sides of the sea, whom they can draw into their net.

We believe that God has taken them in hand. They shut themselves up in a new country, to build up a State, with an almost impassable desert between them and civilization; keeping out all intruders, and slaughtering all who attempted to escape, by their blood atonement, pouring out the life of apostates, to save their souls.

How does God seem to frustrate their schemes? The great alkali desert is nearly wiped off the map. By some atmospheric change it grew fertile enough to let grass creep over its miles of surface. Then the herds of buffalo and droves of wild horses disappeared, and the roving tribes of Indians were shut up on reservations. Then mammon seekers discovered the fertility of the soil, and their irrigating companies turned the water of headstrong, mountain streams over plain and hill, and presto! it produced three crops a year. Towns and villages were built up by honest, industrious, everyday Americans. Railroad lines were laid. Mines of the richest and most useful metals were opened and enterprising Gentiles flocked from all parts of the country. Mormon defenses were departed; and this land of the gods was brought within reach of the government and of good people. Americans could

go straight up before them, as the Israelites did when the walls of Jericho fell down flat.

Free Christian thought is irrigating the mental and moral soil of young Mormondom. Dark as the Mormon problem is, the day has dawned for its solution: for "God is in His heaven."

A woman, heartbroken and desolate, who came to Utah in her youth never dreaming what a cesspool of polygamy it was, supposing herself coming to the land of the Holy Spirit, told the pitiful story to a missionary who visited her in her forlorn little hut. "I have prayed, and prayed, and prayed," she said, "that the awful degredation of this curse might be taken away. It has seemed as though God would never answer. It's too late for me now, but my grandchildren may be saved."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small.
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Let us believe that the hour has struck when all our beautiful Western States and Territories shall come to know the sweet, pure salvation of Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORMON DOMESTIC LIFE.

The home is the one remnant of Eden left in this world. Its cornerstone is the permanence of true marriage. In a true marriage God works the miracle of making two people become one. While life lasts, they must be loyal to each other; and their children must be under the control and care of both, loved alike by each, and returning their parents' love and care as need requires.. All this is impossible under polygamy.

Talking with a bright Mormon girl one day, I asked her if it was not painful to know that, when she had won the love of a man to whom she dared commit her life, in a little while he would be wooing another woman as he had wooed her, winning that other by promises of lifelong devotion, as he had won her, leaving her in loneliness, giving another woman the attention and caresses that are so dear to a wife's heart.

"Why, to be sure," she acknowledged, "we Mormon girls don't enjoy the prospect; and there's no use in pretending that we do, or in making a fuss about it. We can't help ourselves. We would like a whole heart's love just as well as anybody; but it is a part of our religion; and we believe it is the only true one. This is our cross. We've got to take it, and bear it as lightly as we can. We understand from our cradles that we can have only a fraction of a man's time and love; and the more we fret about it, the less likely we will be to hold even that fraction. So we take up our cross, and go on, thinking and saying as little as we can about it."

She was the daughter of one of Utah's influential men. She was travelling with her father through the States, with wide open eyes, taking things in, as we do when we go to Europe. She answered honestly the question of a happily married Gentile woman, whose husband's love and confidence were her greatest treasure after her faith in Christ. Do you see? It was loyalty to her religion that held the Mormon girl silent under the cross. Not a word was said about a personal God, a real Savior, His requirements, a desire to please

Him, help bring the world to Him, and enjoy His favor hereafter.

Frances Willard, in her beautiful "White Life For Two," calls attention to the fact that nothing shows more clearly God's tender care of His children, than the establishment of the home, through an instinct which he gives by which one man and one woman choose each other out of the millions of human beings and, leaving all beside, they hold to each other till death does them part. No man can "put asunder" whom "God joins together." She says: "The beatitudes of love, of fatherhood and motherhood are God-ordained: and the faithfulness of two, each to the other, alone makes possible the true home, the pure church, the righteous nation, the great, kind, brotherhood of man."

There is no stronger bond, none that gives more unalloyed happiness, than that which binds two people whom the Lord has united in marriage. It is absolutely impossible in polygamy. They who live together in polygamous herds, know nothing of the tie that God has used as a type of His union with the church; so strong, so holy, so unselfish, wrought by Himself.

In towns where tourists see Mormonism, it is

in gala dress, masquerading, as a pair of plural wives were said to do in Salt Lake City. They were often seen walking with their arms around each other, and heard addressing each other most lovingly; but the neighbors said that at home they would throw the shovel and tongs at each other, and exhaust the dictionary in the bitterness of their speech.

To see European home life one must leave tourists' routes. To know Mormonism one must study it in the country. The Mormon husband lives a while with one wife, and then with another, as a Hindoo, or Mohammedan is supposed to do. When there are enough of them, they do all the farm work, and he can act the overseer, or gentleman of leisure. They are his slaves in every sense.

Brigham Young said once in his great Tabernacle congregation, "Make your wives work. They're a lazy set. What if they do kick? lash 'em down to it. They won't hurt themselves. If one does die, now and then, there's no great harm done. It's cheaper to get a wife than a cow." That talk of the great leader was decent and elegant beside much that he has been known to say to men, wo-

men and children, young and old. No self-respecting woman would listen to such vulgarity. No man of any chivalry or courage, would submit to have his wife or daughter addressed in that manner. No wonder that the women of Utah have such a hang-dog look. When I went about the streets of Salt Lake City with a missionary, she would say of one woman whom we met, "That's a Mormon;" and of another, "That's a Gentile." "How do you know them apart?" I asked. "Why, can't you see? Just look at their faces." I soon learned to notice the difference between the free, open countenance of the monogamous wife, and the wretched, degraded face of the woman of polygamy.

When we went to a service in the Tabernacle, I turned in my seat, and looked back at the women, to see if they were not brighter, in their Sunday dress, resting from work, and making an attempt at worship. I pray God I may never look into such faces again, unless He sends me to them with a message of mercy and hope. It is said that a country goes up or down, as its women are degraded or elevated. By that rule, the days of Mormonism are numbered. Mormons used to hold the power of life and death over their wives.

Brigham Young said in one of his speeches that his will was law in everything, from the setting up of a stocking to the ribbons on a woman's bonnet. He and his subordinates were ultimate authority. In one of their outposts, the bishop told a man who came with a complaint of his wife's disobedience, to rope her to a tree, and put her little baby on the ground, just out of her reach, and leave her to her meditations. All day the woman struggled with the rope, under the agony of her baby's crying. She was ready to yield when her master came back.

The law would not inquire into so unimportant a thing as a man killing his wife. In Utah I was told of an old Mormon who lived up in the back country with a mob of wives and children. For a change he went off on a proselyting tour. The last addition to his harem was a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter. The other women were jealous because he gave her so much time, and so many presents. When he came back they gave him the details of a little handkerchief flirtation she had carried on with a Gentile boy during his absence. The story was well embellished, and aroused his jealousy and wrath. Calling his wives and child-

ren together, he took that silly young thing on his knee, and told her that he had heard of her wrong doing, and it was his duty to save her soul at all costs. The poor child knew what he meant, as certainly as the prisoner at the bar knows what the judge means when he pronounces upon him sentence of death. She looked her last on hill and wood, field and sky. There was no appeal—hardly time for a wild cry to God to have mercy on her poor, careless soul, when he took out his hunting knife, and “blood atoned” her, cutting her throat from ear to ear. He took her body out into the orchard, dug a hole, threw it in, put back the dirt, stamped it down, and that was the last of that young life. That was here in America, under a government that guarantees to all certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Polygamy unhinges the entire social and domestic machinery. Mormons have not only a plurality of wives, but also of husbands. If a man covets his neighbor’s wife, or wives, he gets the other sent off on a mission, and he takes his place in the household during his absence. If a woman is shrewd enough—and there are plenty of them

who are—she can get rid of one man and be sealed to another. A woman may leave a layman for an elder, or an elder for a bishop, if he wants her to do so. She must look out for her eternal interests; and her grade in the next world depends on her husband's rank here.

Talk about easy divorce. Here are people who hardly stop for the formality of a divorce, when it suits their fancy to change their marital relations.

In Utah, a man has been known to marry a girl, her mother and grandmother; and another man was sealed to three sisters in one day.

By a refinement of cruelty that would do credit to the heathen, when a man takes a new wife, his first, or real wife has to go through the endowment house with them and put the woman's hand in that of her husband. I was told of one woman who with her husband came to Utah as Latter Day Saints but knowing nothing of polygamy. She did her best to keep him true to himself, but she failed. He set up another home, and spent most of his time with Number 2. The love of the real wife turned to the gall of hate. She became very ill, and the two came over to take care of her. One night she lay with her eyes closed, and they thought her

asleep; but she heard their talk: "Well, now, Brother John, I can't blame Sister Sarah for taking it hard when you got tired of her, and gave your heart to me. I believe it would almost kill me, if you should marry again."

That gave the sick woman her cue. She said in her bitter thought, "Wait till I get well, and we'll see how the shoe'll fit the other foot."

The man made all manner of promises of fidelity. "Bah!" responded the sick woman, mentally.

"I know you'll stick to me," said Number 2. "I'm more to you than Sister Sarah ever could be. She ain't just your style."

"We'll see about that," groaned Sister Sarah, inaudably.

As soon as she was able to be about the house, she began to work out her plan. She found a good-looking young woman who was not averse to being sealed to brother John as Number 3. Number 2 was not a very good cook; and the real wife knew the divided husband's weakness for certain dishes. So she began to get up nice dinners for him, and when he came, he always met the young woman who was in the plot. In a few weeks he was again ready for the endowment house. After

the "sealing" Sister Sarah invited the bride and groom to her house to dinner, and asked also Number 2 to come over with her two babies. When Number 2 was introduced to Brother John's third wife her agony was terrible. Then the real wife glutted her revenge by repeating what she had heard them say about her. "I don't blame you for feeling bad; but Brother John must live his religion; and then you're not just his style," etc.

Her taunts were like driving a knife into the flesh, and then turning it around to cause more pain. O, what a demoniac spirit was in all that. Certainly the whole thing was concocted in the pit of woe. To think of the children being born into such abodes of revenge and all evil passions!

One pair of people who were very fond of each other, found out about polygamy after they came to Utah, and they pledged each other, that, no matter what happened, they would be true to their marriage vows. The man kept his pledge for awhile, but when he found out that a plot was on foot to kill his wife, if she stood in the way of his living his religion, by taking another woman, he told her, and they finally agreed to yield to the hierarchy. They had invested all their money in Utah, and

they could not get away. She went with them to the endowment house, with a face as white as death. When the last "Amen" was said, and the deed of darkness was done, she measured her length on the floor. She fell without moan or cry, in hard, cold agony. They brought her back to consciousness, but as soon as she recalled what had happened, she fell again into a dead faint, till it seemed quite hopeless to try to bring her up to life. She lived, however, as many another has done, carrying about "a lumpish, leaden, aching thing in place of a heart."

"O, yes," said one of those deserted wives, "he gave me this house, and enough to live on; but what is that in exchange for him? I'd rather have the old days back, with my own husband, all my own, than the wealth of the whole world without him. If he had died I could have borne it, hard as it would have been: but this living death—it eats the heart out of me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF MORMON WOMEN.

At first glance it seems strange that Mormons should enfranchise their women. Their entire policy is the exact opposite of "Woman's Rights." They do not believe that women have souls, except as they get them by being sealed to a man. A woman will lie in the grave forever, unless some Mormon to whom she has been sealed, sees fit to come along and raise her endowment veil, and thus call her back to life. He brings her up that she may serve him forever, and bear children that will raise his grade of godship, for that depends not on his morality, but on the number of his progeny.

When I was in Salt Lake City I lectured on "Christ and Woman." The missionary told me that there were several Mormon women in the congregation. He added, "If one of them is spe-

cially pleased with you, she will go to the endowment house, on your behalf, and be sealed to some old Mormon, as your proxy. He will be pledged to waken you to immortality; and you will live forever as his wife."

"Please excuse me," I replied. "I would rather lie in the grave unconscious forever, than share the agonies of a polygamous household."

That is the only way those poor things have of doing missionary work. I heard a maiden lady of high standing say that in Salt Lake City she was calling on a Mormon woman of more than ordinary culture, who said to her, "I'm so sorry for you, that you're not going to live after death. Why don't you go through the endowment house, and be sealed to some man who will waken you to immortality?"

To escape controversy, my friend answered lightly, "I never yet saw any man good enough for me to want to live with him forever."

"My husband is," replied the Mormon woman. "He's good enough for anybody. You may have him, if you'll take him."

The Gentile lady knew their creed, and saw that the woman was making an effort, not only to

save her soul, but to add to her own queenship hereafter; for the first wife is supposed to reign over all the "plural" women and their children; and the more of them she can get for her husband, the broader will be her domain forever. She had hard work to hide her surprise, and control her anger with the proposition; and she left the house in a high state of indignation.

She mentioned the matter to the next Mormon lady on whom she called, expecting to have sympathy in her wrath; but this one took the affair in the coolest, and most matter-of-fact way. "Nonsense!" she said. "I wouldn't have her husband. You'd far better take mine. He's lots nicer."

After all, this second-hand immortality may prove a most uncertain quantity. If the man to whom the woman is sealed, apostatizes, she will have no one to call her out of the grave, and she must lie there forever.

A Utah missionary told me of a woman in his parish who became anxious about her immortality, because her husband left the Mormon church before his death. She was sixty years old, and so she could not easily get another. She proposed to a lad

of nineteen, and was sealed to him. He was devout, and there was good hope that he would hold out till death. She asked to be only his "spiritual" wife, but after a while, as it usually happens, their friendship, from her dependence on him for immortality, developed into actual matrimony. After they had lived together a few years, he married a girl near his own age. The old wife consented, because it would add to her importance in the future life for him to become the father of a family. The more wives and children, the better for her. The missionary came to the place, and preached a clean gospel. The young man was converted; and then it became a serious question which of his wives he should put away. He could not be admitted to the Christian church while he was breaking the law of the land by living in bigamy. He had to set aside the younger one, the mother of his children, and wait patiently till the poor, disappointed one, who by his apostasy had lost her second chance for immortality, should die, and leave him free to take again the wife of his choice. It is not hard to see what a wretched domestic cross he had to bear.

As we have seen, Mormon men hold the power

of life and death over their wives. Women are not immortal; therefore, as in heathen lands, they are hardly human beings.

Men have the power to give or withhold immortality and consequent salvation; so if they see fit to save the souls of their wives in blood atonement, it is in perfect order.

But is it not extremely inconsistent to enfranchise women after so degrading them? Not at all. It is in keeping with the aims and character of the Mormon church. In a country ruled by votes, everything depends on numbers. It does not take much arithmetic to see that the man who can march to the polls with the votes of ten wives, and twenty daughters in his vest pocket, is a powerful man. He has multiplied himself by thirty-one.

It is the old heathen trick of Satan to degrade and enslave the woman, and then give her the highest power. In India woman's debasement is complete; and yet, there is nothing that an India man dreads more in heaven, earth, or hell, than his mother's curse. In China a woman has hope of immortality only by absolutely obeying her husband; yet the mothers of Chinamen are all-powerful.

But those Mormon women are not all ignorant, European peasants; some of them are Americans, with too much spirit and craft to be forced to vote as their husbands say.

It must be remembered that the husband is a god, and the arbiter of his wife's immortality. She can escape his power only by apostasy, a dangerous business, even yet, in Utah.

What is more, those women have given up everything that is dear to them in becoming plural wives. If they let that go, where are they? They must work, vote and fight for their wifeness, or they are simply outcast women. The mothers of children born out of wedlock, have little to hope for in this world. They must crush down their sense of wrong, their ideas of decency, their sensibilities, their instinct of immortality, their consciousness of ability to deal directly with God, and hold their plural wifeness with a death grip, or they are simply outside the pale of decency, they are only "fallen" women.

The ballot, while it might be a weapon of defense in the hands of the wives of drunkards and gamblers, in those of Mormon "plural" women it is a tremendous piece of political machinery.

CHAPTER X.

MORMON CHILDREN.

Children have a right to be well born. They should be welcomed into homes presided over by mothers, gentle, tender, sweet and devout. They should have the care and attention of fathers, clean, true, unselfish and good. They have a claim to the culture and influence of both parents; to keep them from being crippled all their days by a one-sided, imperfect development. All this is impossible among the polygamous. How can a man attend to the business of a large establishment, and give four or five dozen children the thought, study, and personal love they require?

In Provo the missionary pointed me to a house with the information that the man who lived there was the father of fifty children. A man with heavy business cares, and a family of eight or ten, almost needs an introduction to his children when he meets them socially. If he had fifty, how could

he enter into the life of each, win and hold confidence, give advice from his long experience, and help his boys and girls to right views of life?

The fifty children would have a half dozen mothers. It is impossible that women brought together under such difficult circumstances, with such different notions of things, each claiming the largest fraction of the man's attention and support, and scheming to get it,—it is impossible for them to live in harmony. Six angels thrown together in that way would fall from grace within a week. Even the masculine mind revolts against this state of affairs; and the Mormon hierarchy has been obliged to bring its heaviest artillery to bear on the men to force them to "live their religion" by taking plural wives. Many a happy pair, when they discovered that this "paradise of holy people" to which they had come was polygamous, have promised each other to stand out against the pressure; but at last they have been driven to yield.

From the petty bickerings and backbitings, the small schemings and diplomacies, found sometimes even in Christian organizations, it is easy to see what would necessarily follow the tying of a half dozen women together in a relation so close and

aggressively jealous as a polygamous household.

A step-mother has usually a hard time to conquer a peace, and keep it, in her little domain. If we multiply her perplexities by six, we can get a faint idea of the arduous task of each of the six mothers of that Provo man's fifty children. A mixture of nationalities, culture and lack of it, purity and its opposite, money and poverty, industry and indolence, all in a ferment of jealousy, what sort of a place is that for children to be born into, and brought up in litters, like pigs and puppies?

The Mormon child, like that of the heathen, or gypsy, or professional thief, must come into life damaged, mortgaged to sin and suffering from birth. We are in the world to form character that will make us useful here, pleasing to God, and presentable in heaven; all of which would require miracles of divine power in a polygamous home.

Mormon mothers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. An instance was given me in Utah of a young couple who became Mormons in Ireland, and who came to the Territory never dreaming of the polygamous pit into which they had fallen. When they saw the hideous,

heinous thing, they promised each other most solemnly that they would never become polygamous. They kept their pledge for a few years; but at last they yielded to escape the death that was threatened, if they refused to live their religion.

The lady selected a young girl whom she thought she could endure to share her husband with, and went through the endowment house with them, though her heart was under an ice mountain.

When her next babe was born, it was soon noticed that it never cried aloud. It lived a year or so, before grief wore its life out. It would sit for hours without even a moan, but with tears running down its poor, little, pinched face, killed by inherited heart-break. But O, the pitiful many who do not die, but grow up, hardened, ruined by the life into which they were born.

The best character is formed only in the quietness of a pure, true home. In the New York Museum of Natural History are some exquisite specimens of malachite, azurite, and other mineral deposits, in velvety greens, blues and purples. I have read that the finest of them can be formed only in still water. I am sure that the making of

the best character is impossible in polygamous living-places.

The cannibal child must be born with an appetite for human flesh. The child of polygamists must be born with anarchistic tendencies. He draws his first breath in an atmosphere of disloyalty to the government. His parents have broken away from the rules that have governed the domestic life of their ancestors ever since their conversion from heathenism. The form of religion under which he finds himself, was planned by men who were driven from point to point by their own lawlessness; till, at last, that they might be a law unto themselves, they put the desert between them and the laws of the land.

Into his first thinking is persistently sifted the story of the wrongs his people suffered at the hands of the government. As soon as he is old enough, he takes an oath to avenge the blood of his martyr prophet. He is made a party to building up Mormonism with the faith that some day, not far distant, the whole land will become the inheritance of the Latter Day Saints.

The fact that his father has thrown the rein on the neck of his passions, a fact with which he

becomes disgustingly familiar at a very early age, and that he, himself, is free, as soon as he is old enough, to marry as many women as he can get to live under his polygamous roof, must give the boy a bias toward unbridled sensuality.

The Mormon creed is entirely materialistic, from its teachings about Deity, to those concerning the lowest item of life. Its main purpose seems to be to amass and increase wealth; so it has little care for the spiritual training of its children. Indeed, one cannot teach what one has not learned. Each counts one, and as many more as he can get together for a "family," at the polls, and on the battlefield that may soon come, so there is little time for mental and moral training.

All this makes the Mormon child a dangerous element in the body politic.

When children are familiar from the cradle with the sensual details of polygamous life, too loathsome for us to preach or write about, how can they be pure in thought?

India bears the ripened fruit of that sort of villainess. Its reason for not allowing its women to read, was that its literature was so saturated with impurity that it was not decent for a woman to see.

How its men could safely study the abominable stuff, is more than Christians can tell. Its sacred books made its men so vile that they could not look upon the face of a woman; and women were shut up in zenanas, for protection, and under pain of death, they could not let any man, but the husband, or his younger brothers, or father, see their unveiled faces. If a little girl became a widow, as her mother-in-law's slave, she belonged, in a sort of wifhood, to all the brothers of her deceased husband. Toward such a revolting abyss of uncleanness is Mormonism drifting. Only the power of the Lord Almighty can turn the rivers of his cleansing grace upon these Augean stables, and save our land from this foul leprosy.

CHAPTER XI.

MORMON MISSIONARIES.

All the officers of the Salvation Army are supposed to be missionaries. Years ago, when the Mission first became an army, Mrs. General Booth told me that if they were to telegraph one of their officers to sail within twenty-four hours, by such a steamer for America, Australia, or any other point open for attack, they would expect to hear that that officer was on board that ship. They had all to be minute men. As it used to be said of the early itinerants, they had to be ready to pray, preach, or die, at a moment's notice.

The Mormons have a similar missionary system. Their hierarchy is an absolute monarchy. A man is ordered to go at once to an adjacent Territory or State, for proselyting work. He does not think of questioning the authority of the order. He holds himself ready to go on short notice. His wives usually support themselves and their chil-

dren. A neighbor will take his place among them in his absence. He knows how to forage; so away he goes. He may see the world, and have a chance to exercise his latent gifts; and he may find some new and profitable wives for himself, a woman here and there, who can be won to Mormonism only by being joined to him in marriage. From all the hints that Solomon gives of the infelicities of polygamous households, it might be a relief to get away awhile in the role of evangelist and preacher.

The order may be for him to remove to a Territory where an uncertain vote needs bracing. Like the New York voter, the "bosses" send him where they are not sure of their majorities. Living, as many of these people do, with few of the sweet amenities of home it is easy to transplant them. There may be a great advantage in taking their wives away from the friends who have stood by each in the fight with the others. Beginning over in a new place, is like turning a patient in bed, it gives relief by taxing a new set of muscles. In going to another region, one may be able to invest what he has accumulated in the last camp. Then going to a place by order of the hierarchy, and gathering

a company of proselytes, will increase one's importance more than trudging along in the old humdrum trails, where everybody knows one, and all the peculiarities of his "family."

The Mormon church abounds in titles of importance. A bishop from one of the States going to Utah to oversee the work of his church, begged the missionary not to address him by his official title as long as he staid in the Territory. There were so many bishops there, and they were such ordinary specimens of humanity, he was, for the first time, ashamed of his title. These colonists, using to advantage their new surroundings, and taking up their proselyting with fresh zeal, may find themselves elders, or bishops, or on the high road to the apostolate; so that they are amply compensated for the trouble of the removal.

Luther launched anew the doctrine of justification by faith, that had been land-locked till it had nearly died out. He started it upon the open sea once more, with the Bible for a chart, and urging all good people to come on board. If he had been as fearless with the doctrine of sanctification by faith, Ignatius Loyola would have found the soil

preempted in which he planted his marvelously vital Jesuitism. Mormons, with their tithing, their missionary zeal, their unquestioning obedience to the church, rival the Jesuits. Their sacrifices usually mean, as in the Society of Jesus, the using of the most unscrupulous measures to advance the temporal interests of their ecclesiastical body. Many of the early Jesuit missionaries were models of patient endurance. They may have been sincere; it is certain they had great power over the nations they were trying to win, not to the Lord Jesus Christ, but to the Romish church, and to their Order. Jesuitism was sanctification—the setting apart of the whole being—to the building up of the church. Mormonism is the same, but on a lower plain. It deals mainly with the common, worldly passions; but it requires the same completeness of surrender to the same object. In meeting both these forms of error, the only hope is in a complete reliance upon the Spirit of God. His power alone can deal with either.

Reason and dogma go for nothing with people who claim to have living prophets, conversing so freely with the Almighty who will give them a revelation today that may reverse what He told them

to do a year or so ago, and often announced in language that would stain the lips of the vilest.

A Utah missionary said that they were so disgusted with hearing it said on all occasions, "The Holy Spirit told me to do this," and "The Holy Spirit said we must do that," that he and his colleagues dropped the usual forms of speech and prayer, hardly mentioning the work of the Holy Spirit at all; but their own souls grew as arid as the desert. At length they saw their mistake; and they said to each other, "No matter what these Mormons say, we must honor the third Person in the Trinity, and teach our poor people to depend on Him alone." Immediately there came such manifestations of His power as had not been given at all before. He "poured water upon him that was thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." The solution of the Mormon problem is altogether beyond our power. We must trust alone in the Holy Spirit to do the work.

CHAPTER XII.

MORMON FINESSE.

As a rule, the Mormons are a farming people. They have few cities; so, of necessity, they must live in the country. The railroads and mines have brought so many Gentiles to their cities, that, in them, Mormons conform largely to general American customs. Unmitigated Mormonism is found only outside of the towns.

Tourists see polite men and charming women in pleasant homes. Family brawls and unruly children are easily kept out of sight. Everything has an air of general prosperity and amiability.

They have a few cultured people who are delightful in conversation. They can lead one along the beautiful highways of literature, art and philosophy. They are most deferential and hospitable to the opinions of others. Sweetly patient under criticism, their studied, refined tolerance makes one feel awkward, clumsy and almost criminal in

finding fault with a system that can turn out such finished specimens of grace and gentleness.

Their talk leads on through flowery vales of fancy and fact, poesy and devotion, ensnaring one in the golden meshes of life that reads like a fairy tale. It is a Machiavellian hiding of the deformities of polygamy, like the casket of the dead banked with flowers, or the horrors of war drowned by the blare of bugles, and the glory and honors of victory. By the glamour of exquisite sensibility and apparent sanctity, they hide the loathsomeness of their social system, as do accomplished libertines.

A woman must be armed like Achilles to withstand their Mephistopheles arts. Their success in high-grade proselytism depends on this finesse. They literally become all things to all whom they would ensnare. To the pious they represent Utah as the land of the Holy Spirit, a veritable temple where God dwells almost visibly with His people. For the avaricious, it has the most brilliant money-making schemes. It is the centre of the great mining Territories. To those who are weary with jars and broils, it promises rest and peace; to the ill-fed and overworked, luxury

and ease; to the homeless and friendless, it sets forth a great old homestead, full of brothers and sisters, and so on, to the end of the chapter.

In its proselyting it never puts the Book of Mormon before the Bible; polygamy is seldom hinted at. Mormonism is a chameleon accommodating itself to the color of its twig, till it has snared its victim.

Utah is sown kneedeep with disappointments. The awakening to reality of its converts must have been terrible, especially in the days when escape was impossible.

The spell over the newcomer was not broken till he had invested all, and so was fastened in the country. He could get nothing to go away with, to begin life anew in another place. He had to stay where he was. Then Mormonism would unmask its hideousness. The poor, honest peasant woman who had been sold by a proselyting priest into polygamy, in this land of promise, this Canaan of perfect love, was like a girl who had been decoyed into a house of death from which escape was impossible. After the first agonized struggle, she could only settle down into the stolid, indifferent,

hard-featured woman one sees "leering under the gas."

Their cant in all this is simply shocking. The house-maid in the home where I was entertained in Salt Lake City said of the ball that she attended the night before, "O, it was all right. Elder Smith led in prayer before he began to call off the cotillions."

It is sometimes asked, if polygamy is so bad, why the women stand up for it. When a woman of any sense finds herself on board a sinking ship, there is nothing for her but to take her turn at the pumps. These women are ensnared, enslaved, and the only chance they have left is to uphold the system that gives them a claim to a clean reputation, in the name of its strange religion, though it has robbed them of all.

Mormon women are not a whit behind Mormon men in their deep finesse. Everywhere women are obliged to go forward by indirections, instead of on straight lines. They have always had to tack against a hard wind, so they have become skilled in domestic diplomacy. In polygamous Utah they must do all in their power to uphold their religion. Everything else that is dear to a woman is gone.

They are on the last plank. If it goes down, they must go down with it, into the deepest degradation and dishonor.

What a Godsend to such women must be the gentle, genial, holy presence of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go in peace, and sin no more."



CHAPTER XIII.

PROSELYTING BY HYPNOTISM.

A few years ago, when it was a wonder how Mormonism could make so many converts this side of the sea, I read a book that frightened me prodigiously. It was the story of a woman who was "magnetized" in a stage coach, by a keen, subtle, low-lived villain, who sat opposite her for a few miles, and who got her so under his power, that she followed him, and became a Mormon, his plural wife, and awoke to find herself in Utah, that purlieu of perdition.

Whether or not the story was all true, I cannot say; though afterward I met people who knew the woman in Western New York, and were familiar with her mysterious disappearance, which was found out to have been through her being decoyed and taken away by a Mormon elder.

In those days hypnotism had a great run, under the name of "animal magnetism." Every little vil-

lage had its "exhibitions" of the skill and power of some wandering "Professor," who made men and women do all manner of silly things by hypnotic suggestion. Every bright country boy and girl was trying by magnetic passes, to "put to sleep" some one who could be made to do ridiculous things for the amusement of the rest.

The woman's inability to escape and get back to her friends, was found to be no myth. When railroad, mining and irrigation enterprises had broken down the Chinese wall of desert that the Mormons had put between themselves and the outside world, they put a stop to the work of the Danites and Avenging Angels, who, disguised as Indians, cut off Gentile parties who were coming in, and apostates who were going out—saving their souls, by taking their lives—their terrible "blood atonement."

The whole thing was so horribly disgusting to me, that when my Missionary Board wanted me to go to Utah to inspect its schools and Homes, I consented to go only at the point of the bayonet of conviction. I would gladly have bought myself off at any reasonable price. When I reached Salt Lake City, in the omnibus that took me up to the

mission house, a gentleman who sat opposite looked as though he might be slightly interested in me. I was on the lookout for hypnotists and demons of every grade and color. I seemed to feel all the agony of the destruction of homes and of family ties, the loss to our nation, and the fearful ordeal which our party-bewildered government must pass before the heinous curse was removed.

It was well for our work that the young women whom we had sent out there were tougher of nerve than I who helped send them. They trusted God for safety in their little two-roomed Lucy Webb Hayes school houses, one room a school and preaching place, the other, their home, in a Mormon community.

When that gentleman looked at me that day in the 'bus, I verily believe if I had had a dagger at my belt, I should have clutched its handle, ready to perpetrate justifiable homicide in self-defense. He leaned toward me. "How do you do, Mrs. Willing?" He was one of my Chicago neighbors, as clean and true a Gentile as ever lived—out there on mining business.

I think those days in Utah were among the most wretched of my life, though I kept myself busy ev-

ery waking minute getting facts about the white slaves who sat with me on trains, and shuffled by me on sidewalks. It seemed to me that the wrong and outrage, the impurity and passion in the very atmosphere were thick enough to cut with a knife.

We lunched in a Logan restaurant one day, where a man had a lot of dirty babies sprawling round on the floor, flies devouring them as well as the unappetizing food, that the insects almost went into our mouths to get from us; but worst of all were his women, with stupid, hungry, stolid faces, staring at us in a dazed way while they waited on us, as if to see what made us so bright and hopeful in a world where there was nothing left to be really glad over. In Salt Lake City I could go to sleep only when I looked off up the hill at the lidless eye of Camp Douglass fires watching over us. As much as I hated war, and no Friend ever hated it more, I liked to think that United States guns were trained on that horrid pit of vice and treason.

The white-haired chaplain from the camp called on me; and I never can forget his honest fury over the abominations of the land. It was a relief

for him to speak his mind to a sympathetic listener, and he did it with a vengeance.

I could not stay there one hour after my work was done. I started homeward, as Lot left Sodom, my soul vexed, and hot with indignation; I do not know that I could have been induced to even look back, if my best friend had been turned into a pillar of salt for a longing glance toward those abodes of darkness.

Whether or not hypnotism has played a part in Mormon proselyting one can hardly tell at this date. No doubt use has been made of every power available in earth or hell, to push its interests.

There are plenty of young fellows who fall in love with every new face, and who do not marry, and set about the honest business of building a new home, because they fail to find one woman who embodies all the charms to which the feminine flesh is heir. Occasionally they hint in jest, that perhaps they had better go to Utah. They want one girl for her voice, another for her manners, a third for her money, a fourth for her brains, and so on. The Mormon proselyter may suggest to them that in Utah they may actually have a baker's dozen of wives, with the full gamut of charms;

and the best of it is, death does not end it all, but they may go on with their amours forever. The life to come is only a continuation of this.

When men are inclined to freelove, suggestions of a lawlessness of passion in the land of promise would be a great attraction to them. Rakish men can live as they like in Utah; and their conscience will be relieved by the flattering unction that they are "living their religion." Conduct that right-minded Gentiles condemn, will only increase their importance here, and raise the rank of their godship hereafter.

They may suggest to men of quiet, monotonous, money-getting proclivities, the paradise of a great farm with a lot of wives to cultivate it, while the lord of the manor goes from one to another, keeping peace among them, and getting rich by their labor.

To a woman who has missed the mark, and failed of sweet home life, in Gentiledom, they may say that if she is sealed to a prosperous young Mormon, she can help him collect and busy himself with a menagerie of inferior women, whom she can queen it over here and hereafter, making herself and her husband persons of great impor-

tance in both worlds. Whether or not Mormon proselyters have used hypnotism to the extent of controlling the will, we cannot say. We would think, however, that a man who had to keep forty or fifty women and children in subjection, working like slaves for his benefit, instead of tearing each others' eyes out, and his in the bargain, would need to use every hypnotic or satanic suggestion within reach.

There is no question that the insanity of wealth and passion has concocted the witch's broth that is brewing in the Mormon cauldron.

As degenerate, polygamous Turks force into their harems, pure, monogamous Armenian girls to mother for them a strong-limbed race, so Mormons draw on the peasant blood of Europe, for the muscle and industry, to give them vigor and wealth.

America is the Old World's land of promise. Satan has kindled this tremendous fire of fanaticism and sensual insanity within her borders, to hinder her work for the world's good.

No doubt many ignorant but sincere souls have joined the Mormons hoping to find the spiritual help they failed to receive from their churches. Having surrendered to the leadership of the un-

scrupulous, they were like the hypnotized in the hands of the hypnotist, subject to all manner of delusions.

As dipsomania takes one from one stage of drunkenness to another, till he is in the wild ravings of delirium tremens, so some of those poor creatures seem to have reached the insanity of sensualism. Only the firm hand of law and the highest and most earnest type of godliness will avail to the casting out of these demons.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORMON BELIEFS.

The doctrines of the Latter Day Saints have been subject to the capricious revelations of their strange prophets, that now they contradict what they have always insisted on, as being the will of God; so their creed is not easy to formulate.

I They believe in the immortality of the souls of men; women are immortal only through the caprice of men to whom they have been sealed in marriage. **II** They claim to believe the Bible; but they pay very little attention to the New Testament, and they hold the Book of Mormon as of higher authority. The revelations of their prophets rank all scriptures. Those that are up-to-date can be disobeyed only under pain of the severest punishment. **III** The penalty for disobedience, or apostasy, used to be blood atonement; but the presence of Gentiles, and especially of United States troops, makes it difficult to administer; ex-

cept on the frontier, where Mormons manage their affairs about as they please.

IV They have gods many, and lords many. Adam was the Supreme being owing his supremacy to the number of his children. Every man becomes a god when he joins the Mormon church.

V Jesus Christ was a polygamist. They have some notion of his having made an atonement for sinners; but there is so little said about it, and the account of it is so garbled, it is difficult to say just what they do believe.

VI They baptize by immersion those whom they admit to the church. When one has lapsed, he may be rebaptized. They may also be baptized as proxy for their dead friends, thus securing their admission to heaven.

VII They are intolerant to the last degree, believing that salvation is always and only for Mormons. No others have the slightest chance, except through the favor of the Latter Day Saints. To Mormons the privilege is given of gaining salvation even for the worthies of past ages by being baptized for them. No man need perish forever, if some Mormon will go into the water in his behalf. No woman will be shut out of the kingdom of heav-

en if some Mormon woman will be sealed to some Saint as her proxy. The woman who has gained immortality will reign as a queen in the future life over the wives she has helped her husband to marry, and the children of those marriages. The more of them there are, the higher his godhood, and her queenship. After death the increase of the family goes right on forever; so that during the ages the woman will reap her reward for the sacrifice of her home-life, and the sharing of her husband's love in this world.

Polygamy is the taproot of Mormonism. Let an amended Constitution take hold of that, removing it from the State courts, and prosecuting criminals under Federal jurisdiction, and our great disgrace will soon be wiped out. Mormons will still be materialistic in their beliefs; but they will be susceptible of spiritual efforts to win them to the Lord Jesus Christ. Now they are bound hand and foot, in a great rebellion, and as in the old Roman punishment, they are tied to a decaying corpse.

We owe it to the future of those great western Territories to restore the home to its place of healthful power. Our schools must teach true morality and godliness. For this let us work to the utmost of our ability, and pray while God gives us breath.

CHAPTER XV.

MORMON POLITICS.

In our family of States the general government has to keep order. Its legislative body makes general laws; its judiciary has the last word on their legality; and its executive must see that they are enforced.

One member of its family has been in rebellion from the hour when it first planted itself on Mexican soil, just outside of United States territory, intending to build up a great, independent country, that some day would subjugate its neighbors to right and left, and reign supreme. The next year Utah was ceded to the U. S., and became one of its Territories; but never for one moment has it yielded the point of obedience to the government. Its prophet is not only its absolute ecclesiastical ruler, claiming to rule by direct revelation from the Almighty, but, also, he is its political monarch. Every true Mormon is obliged by his oath, and the

very spirit of his religion, to be loyal to his prophet king. That loyalty is his only hope for this world or the next.

There are other forces at work, as there are in our large cities where what is known as "bossism," prevails, and the ballot is not the expression of the people's will.

There is this difference, however, between the "machine" voting of our worst wards and that of the Mormons: the wards are controlled through lack of conscience, and supposed self-interest; while the Mormons are enslaved by conscience, and absolute self-interest; and there can hardly be a stronger force to wield political power. It is a practical union of church and State. It strikes down two of the main props of the Republic, freedom to worship God, and freedom to express opinion at the polls.

If a child has his heart full of rebellion against parental authority, he may take a stand against one thing, and then against another. At present, polygamy is the chief feature of the Utah rebellion. It is the point on which issue has been taken, though neither party ignores the other features of the case.

It ought not to be necessary for the general gov-

ernment to legislate and enforce law against polygamy, because, in all the States, even bigamy is a crime, with its penalty. While Utah was a Territory it was remote and hard to manage, and it was hoped that the revolting practice would cure itself. The government did try to suppress the vice, sending two thousand polygamists to jail; but the crime went right on.

Utah obtained Statehood, by pledging to suppress polygamy, and also to abstain from dictating how Mormons should vote; pledges that it did not keep for one hour. It was polygamous and rebellious at the beginning, and it is polygamous and rebellious still.

The suppression of polygamy would break the power of its rebellion. The rest would work itself out under a good public school system, and the free worship, and free voting which the Federal government guarantees to every rod of American soil.

The effort that the government has made to rid Utah of polygamy and the agitation on the subject have told tremendously on the question. When there were only 65,000 Mormons, there were 3,500 polygamous families, averaging ten wives to a family. Now there are 300,000 Mormons, and on-

ly 800 polygamous families, averaging three, or four wives each. A great gain, but it is the duty of the government to free those 800 families from that incubus of death, and in so doing, to disestablish the Mormon church, dethrone Utah's king, and bring that richly endowed region into harmony with the rest of the nation.

The hour has struck for the putting down of this polygamous rebellion. Distance that the Mormons put between themselves and the government has been annihilated. Railroads have brought Utah within easy reach. Mining and irrigation have opened the country to Eastern capital, industry and ideas. Telegraphy can give its orders without wires to cut. If the transmitter and receiver are in harmony, the government can speak to Utah at sunrise, and be heard there long before day. We have a large and efficient army, costing us a mint of money; why not utilize it as a police force, to keep our immense territory in order? Our navy and the Monroe doctrine will adjust all disputes with our neighbors.

The time is opportune. Utah's great, foreign immigrant population is coming to its senses. It has found by wretched experience that polygamy

wrecks the health, and its children are weak and crippled.

Those oppressed peasants from the other side of the sea, coming with a fanatical belief that America is the land of promise, where God Himself reigns directly, and with little hindrance, with His throne in Salt Lake City, are finding out their awful blunder. Living in polygamous serfdom has been an eye-opener, filling the church of the Latter Day Saints with dissensions. Witness the late elections, when the voters showed their preference for a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," instead of an absolute monarchy. Breathing American air has made these European peasants lose the habit of wearing the yoke of despotism. They have become restive, as were the thirteen colonies a hundred and thirty odd years ago. They are about ready to become true, honest, law abiding citizens.

Utah men gave their enslaved women the ballot, to increase their numerical force; and they may find it like the guillotine that a man invented to shear the heads off French shoulders; it sheared off his own. The enfranchisement of those who suffer

most from polygamy, may give the death-blow to the vile system.

An Amendment of the Federal Constitution, concurred in by a majority of the States, will give the government power to bring its enginery to bear on the Utah rebellion.

The country is in better condition to do this now than it has ever been in before. General prosperity, a united North and South, and a military police force at command, will make short and easy work of the matter.

For its own safety the nation must take immediate action. Polygamy and rebellion must go. No State or Territory can go outside its own domain to oust them. It devolves upon the general government to drive them out, and it must be done at once.

Utah is a strategic point. It is in the centre of the great basin west of the Rockies, containing one-third of the entire territory of our country. It has a soil like that of Syria. Touch it with water, and, as the saying goes, tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs in harvests. It has the richest mineral beds on the continent, and, perhaps, in the world. It may develop a rich diamond field. It is really the

strong-box of the nation. We cannot, we dare not, give it over to polygamy and rebellion.

Years ago Joseph Cook said, "Place before Utah the broad shield of state rights, and, very possibly, her defence will be vulnerable only to the bayonet." As much as we hate militarism, of two evils we must choose the less. In this case, it would be as Holmes called it, "the surgery of crime;" and now is the time for the tremendous surgical operation, while we have at the head of the Executive a man who believes in the sacredness of the family, and who is not afraid of the smell of powder.

The year after the Mormons settled in Utah, when it became a part of the United States, the hierarchy set about coming into the Union as a polygamous State. It meant to so colonize adjacent Territories, as to bring them in, also polygamous. If it could smuggle in Utah, it could the others. Then the war would be carried to Washington, and into the Senate. Intrenched there between the contending parties, it would have political affairs well in hand. It could command a dangerous following of demagogues, and make a desperate fight. In case of war, as a last resort, though the desert has failed them as a fortress, in

their mountain fastnesses they would be almost impregnable.

Now is the day, and this the hour, for the whole nation to take this matter up, and save seas of blood, and mountains of treasure. The Mormon church has a system of espionage by which it spies out, and informs against, any tendency to apostasy. One in every five of its men is official. No matter how law-abiding the common people are in purpose, they cannot combine against these aggressions. Their land must be sown knee-deep with literature to awaken them to the necessity of abandoning their false trusts, and becoming loyal to the general government. They must be made to know that the government gave them their lands under its homestead laws, and not the hierarchy, as they have been made to believe. They will see by common fairness that their very soil is American.

They must be given a school system to teach, as other children of the nation are taught, good, loyal, intelligent citizenship.

We must let their women know that, though they have been deceived into becoming partners in a great crime, yet there is honorable redemption for them. They love their children; and they want to

hold their respect. Polygamy seems their only chance for a decent name. They cling to their shred of wifedom, though it gives them only the most dubious claim to one-tenth of a husband. Let us meet all this with Christly reassurance. The Golden Rule must shape our policy toward our Mormon sisters.

Mormons must be made to know that they are, as certainly as Baptists, Catholics, Episcopalians, and the rest, a part of our great nation, enjoying its privileges, and governed by its laws.

They are working under premises that lead them to a false conclusion. 1. The earth is the Lord's to be held by His saints. 2. We are His saints. Conclusion; We must get possession of it, by fair means or foul. We must amend their conclusion.

In September, 1904, Joseph F. Smith, the Mormon president and prophet, made a speech at St. George. That is the Utah town in which they celebrated, the 24th of July, 1905, the date of the Mormon entrance into Utah, instead of the national "Fourth." They did not run up the stars and stripes on the town flagpole, till 4 p. m., and then only at half mast. Note the dates. That is up-to-date Mormonism. In his speech in that town the

President said a great deal about the authority of the Mormon church taking the place of that of the government; and, among other things, he declared that the United States government; having accomplished the purpose for which it was raised up, must cease to be, being superseded by that which was more glorious. If that is not treason, demanding suppression, what is it?

The sooner this work is taken up in good earnest, the better. Every hour that rebellious force has to work its consummate organization, its espionage, its boycotting in trade, its enforced voting, the difficulty and danger are increased.

The Mormon laity must be enlightened to know and use their strength. They are four-fifths of the people. They live in cabins and cottages, while the official one-fifth, with the unaccounted-for tithes builds palaces for itself. They who would be free themselves must strike the blow. It cost Mazzini, the prophet of Italian liberty, a life of exile, working at arm's length, and in poverty, to arouse young Italy to a sense of its need of freedom; but witness his success. Young Utah is taking a stand against the absolutism of the hierarchy.

The Mormon church must be dealt with in finan-

cial fairness. Its tithes give it two millions and upward, a year. President Smith has declared that their commercial plan would control the finance of the world. Well, let them do it; but make them do it lawfully, as American citizens on free American soil; and insist that they pay the costs of the court in the great suit between themselves and the United States, now pending, police bills and all. Let them know that they must be loyal and honorable, no matter what their creed may be.

If they claim the right to practice plural wifehood, they must be taught that that, with its kindred crimes, murder, highway robbery, and the like, are not to be allowed, even in the name of religion; the government itself being pledged to enforce laws against all such dangerous wickedness.

We must cover Utah and the adjacent States and Territories with a pure gospel. When they claim that the book of Mormon is to be the Bible of the western continent, let us help our Bible Society to put the Scriptures into every Mormon family, that they may judge for themselves.

We must meet their lawlessness with the Law of God, and the law of the land. We must meet their fleshly Adam-god with the knowledge of Him who

seeketh such to worship Him as worship in spirit and in truth. We must meet their materialism with a deep spirituality that knows nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. We must meet their mammonism with an experience that counts all but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. We must meet their dependence upon the forms of religion with a deep, sweet Christliness that stands ready to sacrifice all for the setting up of the Kingdom of our Lord.

Then may we hope to fill our beautiful, rich Pacific slope with homes of purity, love and joy; and the desert shall be glad for them, and bud and blossom as the rose.

