

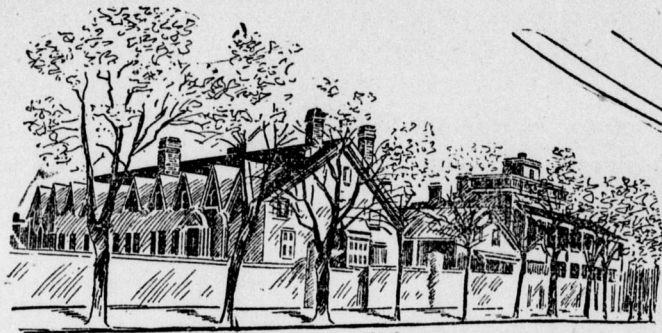
REVIVAL OF POLYGAMY.

The Election of Brigham H. Roberts to Congress From Utah is a Test Case by Defiant Mormonism.

Christian churches of different denominations, all over the land, have now taken up the anti-polygamy crusade, and, at the present time, it is the absorbing topic.

For the second time in our history, the hydra of polygamy has lifted its head in defiance of the American people. Utah, repudiating the sacred pledges it gave as an essential condition of admission to Statehood, has not only failed to suppress the crime of plural marriage, but has promoted and encouraged it. Emboldened by apparent public indifference, it lately elected to Congress a notorious polygamist with three wives. This man—a convicted offender—is knocking at the doors of our national legislature, and claiming the right to a voice and vote in making laws for the American people. Public indignation, slow to awake, has been fully aroused in protest against so shameless a proceeding, and the demand is universal and insistent that Congress should exercise its prerogative and purge itself of the contamination. From every State—Utah alone excepted—there

admission in Congress. Repeatedly the church was urged to withdraw him from the race, but it refused. In the very crisis of the campaign, the Governor of Utah, who is not a Mormon, wishing to avert the shame that would come upon the State from such a choice, pleaded with the people not to elect the avowed polygamist; but the Mormon power was supreme, and Roberts was triumphantly elected.



LION AND BEEHIVE HOUSES OF THE MORMONS AT SALT LAKE. (The Lion House is the building on the right. It contains the President's Council Chamber, in which are held the meetings between the President and his chief advisers. On the left is the beehive house, dwellings which Brigham Young built for his wives.)

Brigham H. Roberts, according to the published accounts, has contracted three marriages. His wives are Louisa Smith Roberts, Celia Dibble Roberts and Margaret C. Shipp Roberts. The two first named live in Centerville, near Salt Lake City, and the third is a practicing physician in that city. In February, 1887, he was indicted by the Grand Jury of the United States before the Third District Court of Utah, for continuous and unlawful cohabitation "with more than one woman as his wives." The indictment was filed February 14, a warrant was issued the same day, he was arrested on the fifteenth of the same month, but was not arraigned until April 29, 1889, when he entered a plea of guilty. On May 1, 1889, he was sentenced to four months' confinement in the Utah penitentiary and a fine of \$200.

The entire Protestant clergy of the State of Utah have united in an effort to defeat the Mormon plans, and have issued a statement exposing, in no

marriages. Mormonism is both anti-Christian and anti-American."

The Kinsman (a Gentile weekly paper, published in Salt Lake City), in an article entitled, "The Edge of the Situation," puts the Roberts case in a nutshell, in these words:

"If the Mormon theory of marriage is right, then we ought all to follow the Mormon priesthood and rely on Prophet, Seer and Revelator Snow for guidance in every spiritual and temporal concern. If the people of the United States are right on the question of marriage, then the Mormon god is a polygamous adulterer whose chief glory is the commission of crime. If the people of the United States are right, this god exists only in theory and for the purpose of masking the lust of the Mormon, Melchizedek priesthood.

A WOMAN "SPEAKER."

Mrs. Frances S. Lee Presides Over the Colorado Legislature.

The Colorado Legislature has bent the knee to the yoke of a woman. The burden was not oppressive, for the happy natured mistress of the gavel made her sway felt lightly, and the members kindly avoided raising difficult points of order. The lady in question is Frances S. Lee, Representative from Arapahoe County, on the populist ticket. Mrs. Lee is not a speaker of tried strength, but she possesses a fund of wit and resource that prevented the members from catching her napping, if they intended to trip her up on her rulings in the chair of the Speaker, when the Assembly was sitting as committee of the whole.

William G. Smith, the Speaker, had something to say about the division of party spoils, from which he had plucked the chief plum, and called the quiet little lady from the floor to take his place at the Speaker's desk.

Mrs. Lee tried to decline the honor and blushed furiously when her name was mentioned. She was uncertain of her ability to handle the reins of government when fifty odd Representatives were clamoring for pie. But she took the chair and gavel with a certain dignity. Then the embarrassment fell upon the members when they came to address the Chair, for, be it known, there is no set rule for the recognition of women in the Legislature, and it is left to the ingenuity of each member how he shall address a lady who occupies the chair.

Some called her "Madam President" and others "Madam Speaker," but these were the men from the city, who possibly had wives in a woman's club and were better schooled than their colleagues in the femininity of parliamentary law. Representatives from the mining and rural districts came to the front with quite a variety of addresses, including "Mrs. Speaker," "Mrs. President," and one, in the ful-



"MADAM SPEAKER" FRANCES S. LEE.

ness of his misery, blurted out a protest to "Mr. President."

It was amusing to see this little woman manfully assume the new role, and imperatively enforce her orders with a smile that was apt to mislead the controversialists into presuming on the Speaker's good nature. At the end of a tedious session of three hours the gavel fell for adjournment, and Mrs. Lee proceeded to the cloak room blissfully content, just as though it were part of her daily routine to preside over the deliberations of a legislative body.

Mrs. Lee is a member of the Committees on Education, Election and Appointments, Temperance, Medical Affairs, Public Health, Labor and the City of Denver, and is a conscientious legislator. Her husband is a police sergeant in Denver. There are two other women in the Colorado Legislature—Dr. Mary Barry, of Pueblo, and Mrs. Harriet Wright, of Denver.

BIRTHDAYS AND GEMS.

It is rare to meet a person who does not confess to the fascination of precious stones. The charm of an opal, for instance, seems more than the rainbow suspended in its hidden waters. It seems to mean hope, and life or death, and the promise of life after death, with its ever changing, ever new, reflections. Here is an interesting classification of the appropriate gems for each person to wear: "Those born in January should wear garnet, signifying friendship and fidelity; February, amethyst, sincerity and peace; March, bloodstone, wisdom, courage and firmness; April, diamond, innocence; May, emerald, beloved and happy; June, agate, health, wealth and long life; July, ruby, content; August, sardonyx, conjugal felicity; September, sapphire, sanity, peace and ease of mind; October, opal, hope; November, topaz, friendship and true love; December, turquoise, success.

Cloth From Peat.

Peat has been applied to many useful purposes, but certainly human ingenuity has surpassed itself making the product of the bogs available for the wearing of textile fabrics. Yet this has not merely been done in Germany but by the very irony of fate a trade in the finished article has been established in the capital city of Ireland—the land of bogs. Those who have examined the Irish and German peat declare that the former is much more suitable for making into cloth than the latter, possessing more fibre and being altogether of better quality. Yet the enterprise of the German has succeeded with the inferior article, while the use of the Irish product has not even reached the stage of experiment—New Ireland.

Six pairs of twins and two sets of triplets have been contributed recently to the population of Bath, England, by wives of colliers in the Earl of Warwick's colliery, near the city.

THE POK-WAH TREE.

Its Nauseating Fruit Is Considered a Delicacy by Chinamen.

There was an expression of supreme contentment on the face of the Chinaman as he sat under a tree in Bushnell park the other afternoon picking up fruit that had fallen from it, relates the Hartford (Conn.) Times. His loose blouse and wide pantaloons flapped in the wind, and his pigtail described circles, triangles, all manner of lines and various other geometrical forms as it yielded to the fitful gusts of wind. It was chilly enough, and Officer Strickland, as he looked at the industrious Chinaman, did not feel his heavy blue overcoat a bit uncomfortable. But the Chinaman did not seem to mind the wind in the least. His teeth might chatter, his nose might take on a bluish tint, and his fingers might suffer from numbness, but he continued his work with unremitting industry and kept his happy look unclouded by anything that was even suggestive of unhappiness. It was evident he was engaged in a task that he liked. The fruit had a very offensive odor, and the Chinaman handled it in a nauseating manner. He had a fair-sized basket into which he threw the stones of the fruit, leaving the soft substance which covered it on the turf. His hands were besmeared with the substance.

In reply to the questions of Officer Strickland, the Chinaman said the tree which yielded the fruit was called the pok-wah tree in China. The fruit is considered a delicacy in the celestial kingdom, and even Li Hung Chang—the statesman that can look wise and ask embarrassing questions of a personal nature—considers himself in luck when his chef serves him with a dish of the fruit. The outer substance, which is nauseating to the stomach of anyone but a Chinaman, is made into Chinese catsup that always occupies a position of honor at the mandarin's table when birds' nests, sharks' fins and other appetizing dishes are served. The meat of the stones has a medicinal property of high value. The Chinaman whom Officer Strickland called "Charley," a name that seems a favorite one in the nomenclature of Chinamen, stated that in China the stones of the fruits are cooked just as we cook chestnuts and that after they are boiled they are opened and the meat taken out.

A lady passed through the park later in the afternoon. Seeing the Chinaman picking up the fruit, she was curious to see what it seemed like. She took one of the plums—if the sweet, luscious fruit of the American orchard is not degraded by applying its name to the disgusting thing of Chinese lineage that resembles it—and broke it open. The stench from it was so strong that she dropped it immediately. She wore gloves which she was obliged to discard in order to free herself from the offensive odor.

There are three of these trees in Bushnell park, but only one yields fruit. Officer Strickland calls them Chinese plum trees.

Japanese Gents.

One year ago there came to the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, a young Japanese, the scion of a noble family in the Mikado's empire. It seems that the Japanese aristocracy are suffering from the usual noble ailment—financial stringency—but in this particular case—contrary to custom—the young man did not set nets for an American heiress, but, rather, set his brain to work. He needed money to complete his college course and goaded on by his ambition his Japanese mind evolved a "muff stove."

It is a compact bit of hardware and a most useful one and it is reported that the sales of it have been sufficient to warrant the inventor in taking a suite of front rooms, when a few days ago, as it were, he lived, breathed and had his being in a hall bedroom three back.

The "muff stove" is a metal box, small enough to be stowed away in a lady's muff and covered with thin felt. Inside the box smolders a chunk of punk, the stuff that just burns itself out without ever bursting into a flame. The box can be loaded for any length of time up to five hours. If you are simply going to run over to the corner to fill the pail a little piece of punk in each of the two stoves for either overcoat pocket adjusted to burn ten minutes, will keep the hands warm and nice. If the trip be a longer one, why a bigger piece of punk is all that is required.

The inventor of the convenience claims for his stove that it is bound to revolutionize winter.—Detroit Free Press.

An Operation Stopped the Sneezing.

A remarkable physical phenomenon was reported to the Medical Society of the District of Columbia at a recent meeting by Dr. Walter A. Wells. A girl 17 years of age began to sneeze while in the schoolroom one day last October, and was uncontrollable. The teacher sent her to a drug store, and the apothecary gave her a powder which she was instructed to inhale like snuff. This did no good and she was sent home. Her mother having tried all of the ordinary remedies called a physician. He prescribed sedatives such as opium and bromides, first small and then larger doses, but the sneezing still went on. A consultation was ordered, and it was decided to give the patient chloroform. While she was unconscious the sneezing stopped, but as soon as the stupor wore off she began again, and continued regularly night and day without cessation, until a surgical operation was determined upon. An abnormal growth was found in the nose, which the doctors believe caused the irritation. Dr. Wells undertook its removal by the use of electric needles and the sneezing stopped.

OUR STANDING ARMY.

We have no standing army? Say, look around and see! The man who plows the furrow, The man who tills the tree, The statesman and the scholar, At the first word of fear, Turn to their country, breathing, "My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people Is this our army made: Where schoolhouse and where steeples Have cast their friendly shade Our army grows in knowledge, As it to manhood grows, And, trained in school and college, Stands ready for its foe.

The brawny arms of gunners Serve minds alert and keen; The sailor's thought has traveled To lands he has not seen. Not for the joy of killing, Not for the lust of strife, Have these come forth with gladness, To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army— Not, as in other lands, An army standing idle, With empty minds and hands, But each one in his station: And peaceful victory Is training for the nation Heroes of land and sea. —Youth's Companion

HUMOROUS.

Bill—She said her face was her fortune. Jill—Poor thing!

"Did you lead your class?" "No, but the whole faculty were after me."

"And you will not elope with me, Mamie?" "Certainly not. Just look at pa and ma! They eloped."

Proud Mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk! Cruel Father—Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night then.

Would-be Writer—What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature? Old Hand—A small appetite.

The bear that walks like a man, no doubt, Is a frightful foe to be hunted out; But a worse foe yet—of his clutch beware!— Is the awful man who acts like a bear.

Wee Miss—Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball? Mamma—You are too little. Wee Miss—Well, I'm a condensed milkmaid.

Excited Wife—Oh, professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bone. Professor—Discharge her at once. You told her what to expect if she broke any more.

"Papa," said Sammy Snaggs, "the paper says that a phantom party was given last night. What sort of a party is that?" "Oh, it's some sort of a ghost of a show," replied Mr. Snaggs.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl today and had to be spanked. Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher, I'd 'a' told you not to marry her.

He sang a song to her nut brown hair, Her rosy cheeks, her brow so fair; He praised her eyes, and said that there Was sunlight in them hidden; The maiden fixed him with a stare, And said: "Aw, quit your kiddin'."

Family Doctor—You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day. "Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother, "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

"Father," confessed the callow youth, "I have married her. We are two souls with but a single thought." "Well, you've gained something. A single thought isn't so many, but it is one more than I ever knew you to have before."

In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."

FORTY SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT. It Would Take a Man Thirty Years to Plow and Plant It.

What is said to be the largest wheat field in California is now being planted to the grain that makes the staff of life. It covers over 25,000 acres, or forty square miles. This enormous field of grain is located on the banks of the San Joaquin river, in Madera county. The field is part in Fresno county and part in Madera county.

Clovis Cole is the man who is putting in this vast acreage, and he has undertaken one of the largest jobs that any man has yet done in California.

While it is true that larger acreages of wheat have been planted by certain ranchers in this state, there seems to be no record of an exact parallel to the present case. On the Miller & Lux ranch in Kern county, 50,000 acres were planted one year, but the fields were scattered about in different places. There were really a series of fields, located wherever there was a fertile spot. Few of the fields were 2000 acres, and in many instances there would be half a mile of bareland between them. The acreage planted could not be called a wheat field of 50,000 acres, any more than all the wheat fields in the state could be classed under one head.

The Clovis field, however, is an ideal wheat field. It is almost as flat as a floor, with a gentle slope toward the river. The outer lines of the field make it almost a perfect square. Each side is a little over six miles, and if the day is clear every part of the field can be seen from any other part. It will be a beautiful sight worth seeing when all the grain is up and waves gently in the breezes of springtime. There are no roads through the Clovis wheat field. It is to be one solid stretch of grain, and every square foot of land is to be utilized. The grain will all mature at about the same time. Then will come the Herculean task of harvesting.

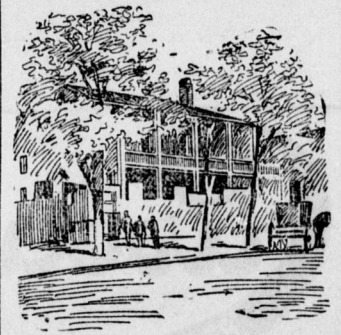


POLYGAMIST ROBERTS DISGUISED AS A TRAMP.

comes a mighty note of warning to Congress against the sending of an avowed polygamist as a member of the House of Representatives. As yet, the storm is only rising; presently it will thunder like a Niagara, and our legislators at Washington will do well to give it heed.

Resplendent in the gold seal of the State of Utah, handsomely engrossed on parchment and signed by the Secretary of State, the credentials of Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, have finally put in an appearance in the House of Representatives at Washington. They were received by Clerk McDowell, and after being indorsed as to the time of receipt were deposited in the big safe wherein all the credentials of members of Congress are preserved.

The document is a very simple one, except in the elegance of its execution, and in this respect Utah has called in the best resources of the steel engraver and engrosser. The credentials were executed at Salt Lake City on December 10, but not until now have they reached the authorities of the House for filing. They are about the last to come, as most of the credentials were filed soon after the November elections. The matter now goes over to the Fifty-six Con-



MORMON TITHING HOUSE—ONE SOURCE OF MORMON STRENGTH.

[In this house the Mormon Church gathers its shewns of war. Every Mormon, high or low, rich or poor, must contribute his share to the maintenance of the Church. This is the place where the faithful deliver their financial offerings, which amount every year to a gigantic sum. Through the tithing system the Church has secured funds to carry on the war it is waging for Roberts.]

measured language, the general condition of the Mormon element in Utah to-day. That statement among other matters, says:

"Of such cases ('celestial' or 'plural

First Cantilever Bridge. What is said to have been the first cantilever bridge in existence is the Kintai bridge, near the station of Iwakuni, on the Sanjo Railway in



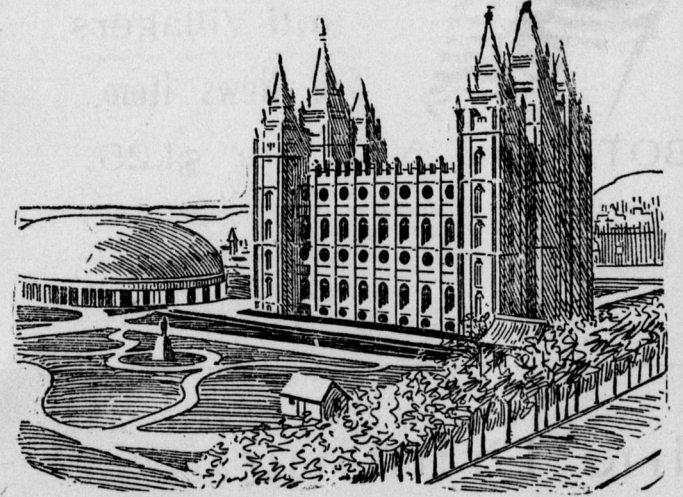
BUILT IN JAPAN 240 YEARS AGO AND STILL IN SERVICE.

Japan. This bridge was built some 240 years ago by Daimio, the governor of the province of Swo. The bridge is called the "Kintaikyo," and extends across the Nishikigawa river and is famed throughout western Japan. The bridge consists of five semi-circular wooden arches of 150 feet clear span each. The piers of the bridge are 33x18 feet in plan, the stones being cemented by poured lead. Each span is formed of five wooden girders imbedded in the masonry of the piers and extended length by length toward the center and held together by iron bolts. The spans at center are eighty feet above the water.

In the repairing of this bridge it has been the custom to renew one of the arches thoroughly every five years, so that once in twenty-five years the whole structure has been renewed. The structure is attractive from an engineering standpoint and many travelers go each year to view this ancient but durable piece of bridge building.

Accommodating.

She (her first season)—"I have been shut up in boarding school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands." He—"I'll hold them for you."—New York Weekly.



THE GREAT MORMON TEMPLE AND TABERNAACLE.

[No Gentile eyes have ever gazed upon the interior of the Great Temple at Salt Lake. Not even all Mormons are admitted. Only those high in the Church have ever passed within its portals. It is declared that secret tunnels connect it with the mountains back of the city. The Mormons worship in the Tabernacle. In the Temple are kept the records of the plural marriages, safe from Gentile eyes.]

gress, which alone has power to deal with Roberts.

Roberts's nomination for Congress, is said, was brought about through the influence of the Mormon Apostle, Heber J. Grant, and the "Church of the Latter Day Saints." His record was well known, and it was decided to make an aggressive campaign and exert all the influence of the Mormon hierarchy to secure his election and

marriages), more than 2000 have come to our notice, and this living has resulted in the birth of more than 1000 children since Statehood was granted January 4, 1896. Religious adultery goes unpunished and the "kingdom" grows apace. From the heads of the church down polygamy flourishes. It teaches that men may become gods by practicing adultery under the euphonious title of 'plural' or 'celestial'