

THIRD DAY.

Sunday, Oct. 6th, 10 a. m.

Conference was called to order by President Joseph F. Smith, and he announced that, as the Tabernacle could not accommodate all who desired to be admitted, an overflow meeting would be held this morning in the Assembly Hall, under direction of Elder George F. Richards.

The choir and congregation sang the hymn:

Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation;
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam,
Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation,
And shortly the hour of redemption will come.

Prayer was offered by Elder Nephi Pratt.

The choir sang the chorus, "Rouse oh ye mortals, the dawn is near."

ELDER REED SMOOT.

Medical fakirs, and other traveling quacks.—Serious danger in use of patent medicines.—Denunciation of speculation and debt.—Prevailing indifference concerning religion.—Appreciation of parents, wives and husbands.

I had hoped that someone else would be called upon this morning to speak at the opening of this meeting. On account of my having been absent the two days previous, I felt that I would like to hear at least one of the brethren speak, so that I could get the spirit

of the conference. I shall claim an interest in the prayer that was offered by Elder Pratt, that the same spirit may influence the speakers to-day that directed them in the meetings held before.

In these general conferences we gather from all parts to sustain the authorities of the Church, to receive instruction, counsel, and admonition, to speak of God's goodness and mercy unto us, and testify of the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. While traveling through the stakes of Zion we sometimes see errors and wrongs that exist among the people, and we try to call attention to them in the spirit of counsel, and by way of advice—not in a spirit of fault-finding, but for the purpose of bettering the condition of the people as a whole. I have not had time to read the papers giving a synopsis of remarks made by the brethren, but I do feel, this morning, like calling attention to some things needing correction that I have noticed, concerning which it would, perhaps, be proper to counsel you who are present, and through you other members of the Church, to see that in the future there is a change made respecting the points I may mention.

I want to speak, for a short time, upon fakes and fakirs. I am led to speak on this line because of the fact that, not long ago, in one of the counties adjoining this, in a town inhabited almost entirely by Latter-day Saints, there came in

the midst of the people—heralded by newspapers—a man claiming that he was the greatest doctor in the world. He was a phenomenon. He had such great wisdom that he could cure all the ills that mankind is heir to. He was well dressed and looked like a gentleman. One of the first things he did on arriving in the town was to hire the brass band, for the purpose of drawing a crowd and preceding his carriage to all meetings. He went to one of the business corners of the city, where a little stand was erected, and in order to hold the crowd until he could convince some of them that they had worms, or something worse, he had three or four niggers sing songs—by the way, I have been told that the niggers furnished the best part of the entertainment. He got the people worked up to such a pitch, by his vivid description of various horrid diseases and their symptoms, that it was not a question among his credulous hearers as to whether they were sick then, but that perhaps they would be at some future time. He gathered in money by the thousands, from the sale of his medicine. When interest lagged, as after a few days it did, he advertised in the papers that he was going to throw money broadcast upon the streets of the city, to be picked up by the people that followed his carriage to the lecture platform. I say to you, my brethren and sisters, that I was humiliated to see crowds following the man. He held before him a little valise containing a great many pennies, a few quarters, and perhaps one or two half dollars; and every three or four rods, as he went down the street, he would take a handful of copper pennies and throw in the midst of the people.

After the crowd had scrambled for these copper pennies, I saw women coming from the midst with their dresses torn, and children almost maimed. I was astonished, and wondered what the people were thinking of, and I resolved to speak of it in public the first chance I got. I was told, by one of the officers of the city, that one evening this man sold bottles of his medicine as fast as four men could hand them out, individuals almost climbing over one another to get it, and the fakir sold over \$600.00 worth; the people were almost as eager to purchase it as they were to pick up the copper pennies from the dust of the road. My brethren and sisters, I strongly denounce this as wrong; and I hope that such a sight will never again be seen in Utah. No fakir in the world ever gave people something for nothing. My counsel to the people is that, if any are sick, and have not faith enough to be cured by administration of the Elders of the Church, send for a doctor that you know and get his advice, one who lives in the community where you live and has a reputation to maintain.

We also have eye doctors, so-called, traveling among us. I remember, years ago, meeting one in a little town in the southern part of Utah. I knew the man well; he was a resident of Idaho, and a blacksmith by trade. I was surprised to see him there, and asked him what he was doing away down in the southern part of Utah. He told me that trade had been rather dull and he thought that, perhaps, he could make more money, and make it easier, by selling spectacles to the people than by following his trade. "Well," I said, "Heber you are not a doctor; you know nothing

about the eye; aren't you afraid that you are going to injure somebody's eyes by selling spectacles that you know nothing about, especially when you can not fit them properly?" "Oh," he said, "Brother Smoot, they will never hurt anybody; they are only common window glass; they cost only thirty-six dollars a gross." He told me how he proceeded in selling these spectacles. He would go into a town, and the first place at which he would call was the residence of the Bishop of the ward; and if he succeeded in selling the Bishop's son or daughter a pair of spectacles, his spectacles would immediately become popular in the neighborhood. He found hundreds who imagined that their eyes needed doctoring, and that spectacles were absolutely necessary. I could say more along this line, but this will suffice.

There is another objectionable thing to which I desire to call your attention—that is patent medicines. I wish to say, however, that since the pure food law passed people are somewhat protected, and conditions are considerably better. I have a list of positively dangerous patent medicines, published by a man who has taken great interest in the subject. This man warns the people against the use of patent medicines; and he names the ingredients of many that are well known and popular, showing that they contain drugs seriously injurious to the people using them. You are familiar with "Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup," a decoction that soothes the baby to the grave, so slowly, but oh, so surely. "Peruna," "the booze medicine," as it is called, is another well known. I haven't the time now to enumerate the long list that he warns the people of this coun-

try against buying or using. I wish to say here today that I hope the Latter-day Saints will let such stuff alone.

There is another evil that I want to call your attention to, because I see it so plainly, not only in this part of the land, but all over the country, and that is over-speculation. I am not going to say that you must not deal in stocks, or that it is not your prerogative and right to buy anything on earth you wish to; but I do assert that there is too much speculation in stocks, most of the transactions being on margins, and there is a reckoning day coming as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow morning. If you have the money, buy what you feel it is proper for you to do, but don't jeopardize your good name nor your credit; don't jeopardize the good name or the credit of a friend for the purpose of speculating in any kind of stocks. Now, I might continue on this line, and preach a sermon about the evil of debt; such advice is always good, always timely, and it does seem to me that, at this particular time, it is proper to counsel the people to keep out of debt, and, if in debt, to get out as soon as possible.

On the train the other day, coming from New York, I met a gentleman, and, in conversation with him, the question of religion came up. He, I believe, is a type of millions of men. He was indifferent to all kinds of religion, and had little use for creeds; his attitude convinced me that the sin of indifference is one of the worst things we have to contend with today. Every missionary who goes into the field, everyone who travels upon the railroads in any part of this country, encounters this prevailing sin of in-

difference. We see it even in our communities and, I might say, on all hands. This man told me he believed that, as long as he had strength of body and vigor of mind it was his duty to provide for his wife—she was all on earth that is dependent upon him, he having no children—and surround themselves with all the luxury and comforts possible to attain. Said he, "After my strength is gone, when I am old, then is time enough to take up the question of religion." I never could believe in this doctrine, the next thing to death-bed repentance, nor do I see how any sane man can believe it. This man believed it was improper for him to use any influence whatever to induce people to study religion; and I quietly suggested to him that I had doubt as to whether he had the right to claim to be a Christian. He shied at that, but reminded me of the boy who summed up his father's religious standing in these words: "Yes, Dad's a Christian, but he does mighty little at it." That is the way with the world today; many millions claim to be Christians, but they do "mighty little at it." They will wake up some time and find it is too late, that procrastination has cost them dearly in this life, and I have no doubt will seriously affect them in the life to come. There is nothing that steals man's time, his talents, his vigor, his energy, even his prospects of salvation, in greater degree than the crime of procrastination. Procrastination means making an appointment with opportunity and then asking her to come around some future time. My brethren and sisters, I hope that whatever good we undertake to do we will do it with all our hearts. Let us give the best part of our

lives to the service of God. I take the view directly opposite to that expressed by this man. I think that the time to give God the service He desires of us is when we have the full strength of our bodies and all the vigor of our minds.

I desire to advise my young brethren and sisters to be faithful to their fathers and mothers, not only to honor them as such, but let me ask you to make life just as easy for them as you can, and to do it now. Don't wait for some future opportunity; I know from personal experience what that means. I used to build air-castles, and the trouble with them was that they were always built in the wrong direction—I tried to construct them from the top to the bottom, instead of from the foundation to the top. While a boy, I was always anticipating the time when I could take my mother back to old Norway, the place of her birth, back to the old homestead, and show the people there what the Church of Jesus Christ, "Mormonism," had done for her. I dreamed of the day when that pleasure would come to me and to her; but I left it until too late—my mother passed to the great beyond, and my desire was not accomplished. Perhaps every boy and girl builds a similar style of air-castle; they think of what they will do for their parents, when they are able to, at some future time. My advice, my young brethren and sisters, is, Don't wait, but do whatever you can to make life happy for them as soon as you can. If you don't take your parents on a journey, you can do a thousand and one other things that will help to make the path of father and mother easier, and thus bring joy and peace to those who gave you birth.

I rejoice in the growth of the work of God. I rejoice in seeing the baptisms increase as they are doing in all parts of the missionary field. It is true that many people are opposing the Church, but the Church is like the mustard tree, the more you kick it the more the seeds spread. If people wish to oppose the Gospel of Jesus Christ, let them oppose it, it is their loss; but as sure as God lives it is true, and He will see that this work goes on to final victory.

I wish to say to you husbands and wives, be considerate of each other in your homes, be appreciative, and speak all the good you can of each other. Husbands, tell your wives how much you esteem their labors in the home; wives tell your husbands how interested you are in their struggles. A little praise in this life is a very good thing. I would rather have a single flower given to me in life by a friend than I would have my coffin banked with roses. Fathers, stop and observe the constant labors of the mother, day in and day out, year in and year out, consider how she has helped you to make the home, and sustained the trials of motherhood, and then don't be afraid to tell her you appreciate all, don't leave it until she is on her death bed. And so I might say to the wife: be interested in what your husband is doing; encourage him along the line that he is laboring. If you mutually do this, you will love one another better, there will be a stronger bond between parents and children than if you neglect these courtesies and leave things to be taken for granted.

I ask the blessings of our heavenly Father upon the people as a whole, and upon His Church. May the Church grow and increase, even

as fast as the Father would have it. This with all other blessings that the Father sees the people need, I pray for, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Elder John W. Summerhays and Noel S. Pratt sang, as a duet, the hymn beginning:

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled.
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

ELDER DAVID O. M'KAY.

Futility of efforts to prevent the growth of the Church.—True growth the result of healthy conditions within.—Spiritual disease acquired by evil doing.—The true Latter-day Saint home.—Each individual a vital part of the Church.

My brethren and sisters: To face this vast assemblage this morning makes me tremble. I believe I can sympathize, now, with a four-year old boy who was asked by a magician to come up on the platform, and who became quite overwhelmed as the magician apparently took from the little boy handkerchiefs, watches, eggs and other miscellaneous articles. When he got back to his parents and friends he was asked how he felt. "O my!" he said, "I just shivered." Well, I "shiver" when I am called upon to face an audience of Latter-day Saints, not from fear of my brethren and sisters, because I look upon them as dear friends and sympathizers, but I tremble because of the responsibility that I feel in this position, realizing my inability to sustain that responsibility without their aid, and without the inspiration of the Almighty. So I tremble, this morning, and pray for your as-