



On the left Zina Huntington one of the wives of Brigham Young. On the right Zina Young Card, wife of the founder of Cardston, Alta. In the centre Zina Card, now Mrs. Brown of Cardston.

## MORMONISM A NATIONAL MENACE?

*A Series of Articles by a Special Correspondent*

By NAN MOULTON

CALGARY phoned jubilantly that it was raining dollars. In Lethbridge men stamped what mud they might from clogged boots and praised Allah in the name of the crops. And on the little shabby train that swayed down into Southern Alberta, shaggy bearded men and husky brown youths felicitated each the other on the excess of weather and the probability of a heavy snow. Behind me a long, lean, slow-spoken old Yankee and a patriarchal friend exchanged gasps of wonder at the growth of Lethbridge and the other towns of that wide, wet plain. Then the new note was struck. "Yer two sons," drawled the long man, "I hear, air goin' on missions soon."

"Yes," the patriarch admitted, "one is on his way to Australia, and the other is getting ready for the Samoan Islands."

"Wall!" drawled again the Yankee. "Wall! it will be costin' considerable to keep them there."

"Yes," again admitted the bearded one, "as much as twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, a room to live in, and printing, you see."

"Waal—he spaced his words so—"Waal, I don't know nothin' better fer a young man to do then teach and lift up his fellow-men."

And they both looked out awhile over the May-green world in silence, while the unattached window-blinds beat violently against the frames and smothered later a second note of what I was seeking, when Apostle Cowley and Frank Cannon were the subject of discussion, but I gathered that Cowley in the last Deseret evening *News* had refuted certain statements of Cannon's in *Everybody's* for May. "He kep' a diary, and his diary shows he was somewhar else them dates Cannon says they talked. A smart man, Cowley! And I was in Mormon Canada. Across the flat a frantic wind blew up, no tree nor brush nor shrub broke its fury, just last year's tumble-weeds hopped along impishly before its compellingness, or clung a little darkly (it is hard to make them very dark) to the fence-posts, the irrigation ditches ribboning the settling green were lashed into real foam above their muddy mahogany and snow stung the unlucky passengers who, from the little line-stations, were driving out to ranch or hamlet, but "Let 'er come!" was all they said. 'Twas the promise of a good year.

When I asked the good-looking boy in charge of the hotel at Cardston where to find a stationer, he came to show me, and rather took my breath away by stating casually that he had just come back from a mission in New Zealand and the Hawaain Islands. I was to learn more of missions later. In the meantime the hotels were run by Mormon proprietors and the town was "dry," as were all the Mormon towns and the whole Mormon district, this being the only part of Alberta to take advantage of the local option clause in the Liquor License Act. But Cardston had not, alas, been legislated into perfection. "Blind pigs" flourish exceedingly, greatly to the grief of the Mormon elders and ecclesiastics, for to the orthodox Mormon obsteniousness is a shining cardinal virtue. But

the young "Jack-Mormons" kick over the traces sometimes. A "Jack-Mormon" is one not in good standing, either by reason of not paying his tithes or not conforming to the observances of Zion. While I was in Cardston an interesting case was in progress in the Lethbridge courts. Constable Low, of Cardston, a Mormon, had 'rested' certain of these "blind pigs." The guilty insisted that the constable had been bribed to let them alone. He was now suing for libel.

A long board meeting-house, sprawled with queer additions up the hill. And farther up the bench a long brick tabernacle is in course of erection. It has been in course of erection for a few years, but the years have not been so prosperous that work could be hastened. There are rainy-day Mormons as well as rainy-day Christians. Up at the afternoon meeting—the real service of the day—was gathered a small congregation, the women bare-headed. On the platform sat the Bishop and his elders, and behind them the choir. In front, on the floor's level, two men sat stiffly behind a table covered by a white cloth, while to the left stood a row of shocky boys in waiting. The opening hymn and prayer over, and the cloth lifted, one of the men behind the table raised a horny hand and voiced a bit of prayer over the bread which the

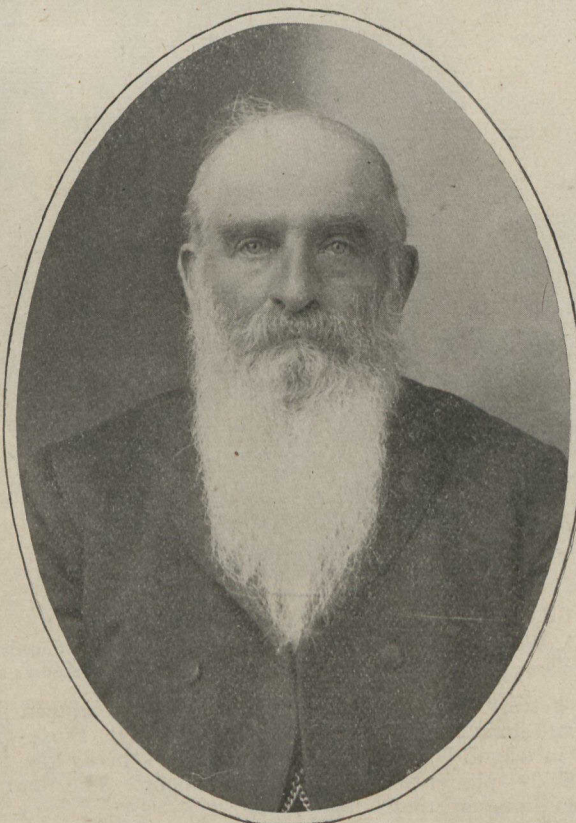
waiting boys carried around to elders, choir and congregation, all sitting. The second man, a recent convert from the Presbyterian faith, said a like prayer over the water, which again the boys took around, and which was received also, all sitting. Wine is never used in the Mormon communion. The Presbyterian convert was not taken as seriously as he might have been by the Gentile world, they averring that he had belonged to six sects in five years. The Bishop calls on anyone to speak on a subject he (the Bishop) suggests. This was Mothers' Day, and here in Cardston the carnation was being worn. The subject was one made to their hands. Each in turn expressed his surprise at being called on, his sense of unfitness, his hope that words would be given him, and then went on to speak very well indeed. A rather smug frankness characterized one speaker, an oratorical boldness another. Speaking of mothers, Mary was "a superior woman, a very superior woman," and brought our Lord up properly. "Our chiefest saint" they called Him. A visitor noticed the same faces before him as at his last visit, and hoped the truth of the church was not being doubted. And lastly, a sweet-faced sister was called to the platform and spoke simply and sincerely of the privilege of motherhood. The mode of address is always Sister A. or Brother B. Even I was "Sister" in Magrath. And one day, in a Mormon home, I heard a young shrimp of seven, new down from the school above, say to a white-bearded saint of seventy, "Brother H., may I have a drink?" And his wife addressed him, too, as "Brother H—."

In the evening, Mayor Hanmer, formerly Bishop



BISHOP AND MRS. HANMER

Not Bishop now but Mayor, also one of the Pioneers



CHARLES ORA CARD

"Head of the Column" and Founder of Cardston, Alta.

until he resigned owing to prolonged absence, was good enough to come in for a talk. It was the story of the early days I wanted. Why did they come? They had sons growing up, he said, for whom they wanted land. It was back in the late eighties when feeling in the United States ran high against Mormons and they were being persecuted. Also throwing out more and more colonies had always been the policy of their church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—they prefer the full title in Cardston, rather resenting the name "Mormon." In Magrath and Raymond they just called themselves "Mormon" without any fuss. Charles Ora Card was the founder of the settlement. He had had all his plans made to go to Mexico, but, at the command of the Church, he turned northward. In '86 he and two companions rode through Helena, by Kamloops and Calgary, and down over the Alberta plains spying out the land. On his report, in '87, a small party set out from the sage brush valleys in the heart of the Rocky Mountains for a sunny plain and freedom as they counted freedom, a party of ten men, six women and twenty-five children, Cards and Hanmers and Woolfs among them, who are in Cardston even unto this day. They had twelve wagons and about forty horses, including saddle horses, they herded sixty milk cows, had crops of poultry on the backs of the covered wagons, and carried a stove for the stormy days when no camp fire could be made. Through Idaho they trekked, crossed the mountains at Helena, came down the old trail to Sun River, through Choteau, across the South Piegan Reserve, across the international boundary line and soon to Lee's Creek, where Cardston now stands, named after the head of the column, Charles Ora Card. There were storms and mud-holes and bad roads, swollen streams to cross, Indians to en-