

make them believe they cannot sew a seam, press a collar, wristband, sleeve or body of a coat, and if women do it ever so nice the tailors will say it is good for nothing, and so the great, big six-footer sits there crosslegged sewing. This is not the order of prudence and economy; neither is it according to the nature of the calling and the ability that God has given us as men and women, to see a man measuring tape, and such light work, it is far more suitable for women. "Well but," say some, "a woman cannot do press work." I recollect what was said to me in my youth by a journeyman printer. We were working off Ball's Arithmetic together and we boarded together. I did not eat meat at that time, and he was very fond of it. We went into the office one day from dinner and he said to the workmen, "Young never eats any meat;" and said he, "I can just throw any man that don't eat meat." I said to him, "Mr. Pratt, if you will step here into the middle of the floor I will show you how to dirty coats." But he dared not try it. They say ladies do not eat enough to make them strong—why I have seen scores and scores of them that could pull a hand press, and we do not use them now; they would have nothing in the world to do only to take the paper and lay it down. "But don't you let a woman know she can do this, don't say to a woman that she is capable of setting type, or of setting a stick of type on a galley, and making up a form and locking it up with a little mallet that weighs eight or ten ounces. Do not tell a woman she can do this—no, no, it would spoil our trade."

Suffice it to say we want to enlist the real understanding and good sense of these women, and to tell them what their duty is. We want

to make our own schoolbooks. We are paying now from thirty thousand to sixty thousand dollars a year for schoolbooks that can be made here just as well as to send and buy them abroad. This is carrying out the plan and principles of building up Zion, whether you know it or not. We may preach until Doomsday, and tell how Zion will look, how wide her streets will be, what kind of dwellings her people will have, what kind of carriages and what fine horses they will have, and what a beautiful looking set of people they will be, but it is all nonsense to talk about that we will never reach if we do not stop our folly and wickedness. We have the privilege of building up and enjoying Zion, and I am telling you how to do it. We want the women, from this time forth, to go to work and save the paper rags, and we will make the paper for them. And they can learn to make type. I can pick hundreds and hundreds of women out of this congregation that could go into a shop and make type just as well as men, it is a trifling thing. And they can learn to set type, and they can learn how to write for our schoolbooks. We have plenty of men and women that know how to write books, and how to teach too. We have just as good schoolteachers here as any in the world.

While on this subject I will say that I am ashamed of our Bishops, who cannot have anybody but a stranger for a schoolteacher. Let a "Mormon" come along, who can read all around and over and under him, and who, as far as learning is concerned, is his superior in every way, but because he, the "Mormon," does not come in the guise of a stranger, the Bishop will not hear him. Bishops, I wish you would just resign your offices if you cannot learn any