

ANGUS P BENNION

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Improvement Era



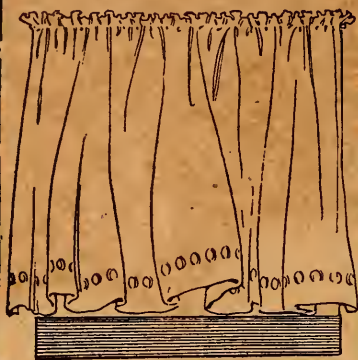
Vol. XXI

JUNE, 1918

No. 8



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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Always Welcome

"You little rascal—played along the way, didn't you? Kept grandma waiting! Oh well, it's all right. Because

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

is always right. It's worth waiting for. Always welcome. Never shirks its work. Never fails. Never wastes minutes or materials and I know it's pure and wholesome, as Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities."

You Save When You Buy It — You Save When You Use It



LINES

With the Gift of a White and a Red Rose



Immaculate in Beauty as this Rose,

As its Unsullied Whiteness inward Pure;

Like to this Fragrant Life thy Virtue shows,

In Chaste desires a Sinless Heart secure.

And in this Rose, less Wondrous than thy Face—

O, like the dawn of Love its Crimson gleams—

Behold a Symbol of thy Youth and Grace,

The Soul's enchantment in the Land of Dreams.

Fair Lady, still the Perfect in Thee meets,

Life's Richest gifts doth make thy Being Whole—

The Passion in thy Heart this Red Rose greets;

This Rose of White is like Thy White Soul.

Alfred Lambourne.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

(His last approved portrait)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Meeting a Great Man

By Alfred Lambourne

When the Play-house was in its prime, there was a sort of rude grandeur about its scene-painter's gallery. In almost all theaters the scene-painter does his work from what is termed "the bridge," but the gallery in that grand old theater, was fifteen feet wide, forty-six feet long, and twenty feet in height, and it was reached at either end up a flight of angled stairs. That scene-painter's gallery is associated in the writer's mind with a number of men noted or famous in their day in the religious world, among whom might be mentioned Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston Monday lectures; De Witt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle; the evangelists, Moody and Sankey; Henry Ward Beecher; Robert G. Ingersoll, and Charles Kingsley, the English divine, speaker of the Westminster sermons and controversialist with Cardinal Newman. Now he wishes to tell of his first meeting with the "Mormon" leader, Brigham Young.

It was on a late afternoon in autumn; the rehearsal for that night's play was over, the scene-painter's brush was moving rapidly upon the broad spread of canvas before him, and he thought himself alone. Anon was heard the sound of firm, yet almost inaudible footsteps upon the stairs. Then the maker appeared, and it was the great man. Unheralded, the "Mormon" leader had come to the Play-house upon a tour of inspection. Brigham Young was famed for completeness; he possessed a genius for details. Carefully the President examined each water-tank, each barrel of salt. He appeared to think that day of the Play-house's danger from fire. He broke, with the end of his gold-headed cane, the thick crusts which had formed over the tops in the barrels. I watched him shake his

head, and compress his lips; there came a frown upon his face. His orders for safety, one could see, had been neglected; he did a labor which should have been performed by others. No doubt some one would be reprimanded. It is my belief that during the handshake, which came a few minutes later, between the writer and "Moses of the West," and in which the writer felt the power of that personal magnetism, I might say a little tingling of emotion from head to toe, that the great man "sized me up," as Americans are wont to say, spiritually, mentally and physically, with those steady, keen and searching eyes.

This was the great man who had caused the Play-house to be. He caused the theater to be built, and with it and with the dance, he counter-balanced the effect of isolation, of the stern nature around them, upon the "Peculiar People" of whom he was the leader. A local historian once styled the then President of the Church and Governor of the Territory, as "the last of the Puritans." In a certain way the name was well given, in another it was amiss. The "Mormon" leader was an upholder of the drama, a believer in the beneficial effect, mental as well as physical, of the dance. Brigham Young was, indeed, singularly like, and yet unlike, those who came across the seas in the *Mayflower*; he was singularly like, yet unlike that one to whom he has sometimes been compared, the lord protector of England, Oliver Cromwell. There was a similarity between the social experiment of "Equality" at Brook Farm in Massachusetts, and the religious experiment, the "Order of Enoch," in Utah. There was this difference however; the experiment in the east was based on intellectuality—among its members being such great men and thinkers as Ralph Waldo Emerson Nathaniel Hawthorne, the humanitarian George Ripley, and the famous Margaret Fuller—but the movement in the West, on religious faith, antedating both.

He was "of the lion type," so pronounced the artist who came from the East to paint the life-size, full-height portrait of the "Mormon" leader when Governor of the Territory of Utah. "No," said another artist, who painted him some ten years later, "of the fox." Both artists were in the right. Brigham Young was both lion and fox. Cromwell and he might have read much alike their Bibles; yet the Puritan of England took the sword, and the more modern and western Puritan was more the statesman. More than once the writer of this heard the roar of the "lion of the Lord." He had looked, too, into the eyes of the king of beasts, and into those of Brigham Young. But the "Mormon" leader could act the part of a Richelieu.

In him there was the blend—but this is a record of things seen, I leave analysis to others.

Many famous men once came to the famous Play-house. Was it not a peculiar institution of the "Peculiar People"? Thither came once Henry Ward Beecher. I tell of this in order to draw a comparison. Henry Ward Beecher was an accomplished actor. We know with what startling effect he once impersonated a slave-dealer in Plymouth Church. Brigham Young was a wonderful mimic. In the Tabernacle one could both look upon and listen to his skill as an actor. None could better use the whip of satire; none could better bring ridicule or antipathy to the one of his dislike. None possessed greater personal magnetism. Often his congregation laughed and almost shed tears in a breath. No wonder he loved the drama! How often I had heard men and women, who had been laughing the one moment, exclaim in the next, and as with one voice, "Amen!" But now those two great men who could be so impassioned were passive. I mean at the time when I beheld them meet, behind the curtain on the Play-house stage. Henry Ward Beecher, the scholar, the famous divine and popular man of thought of the East; Brigham Young, that famous leader of an unpopular sect; the man of action of the West—for a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then the "Mormon" President passed on to the entrance of his private box, and Beecher's lecture began. In build the two men appeared almost as twin brothers; Beecher's face, however, was the more pleasant of the two. There was upon it something more of benevolence; something more kindly and paternal, the more emotional. Brigham Young's face was the more reserved in expression, the more stern, the more masterful; it showed greater power. But the men, otherwise, were much alike.

Certainly I consider it one of the most interesting sights which I had ever beheld. But one might just as well have attempted to solve the riddle of the sphynx, as to decipher at that moment, from the faces of those two great men, what were their thoughts, what was their impression of each other.

Meeting a Great Man; yes, I met him in more places than one. But this is about the Play-house. It is surely quite a difficult thing to imagine—something never before seen, one might safely state, in any other theater—the ten daughters of the famous pioneer leader of a religious community, the governor of the Territory in which the Play-house stood, the builder of the Play-house itself, in a ballet upon the stage! Yet such was the truth. And the ballet appeared in the spectacular production of "Cinderella, or The Glass Slipper." The steps of the Play-house, too, was a place of vantage from which one could see the return of the Church leader and governor from his ex-

cursions to visit "his people" in the "Dixie" settlements, as the villages to the south were called. From those steps could be seen the flash of the morning and evening gun from Fort Douglas on the hill; and above those steps once hung a banner inscribed with the legend: "The East and West United with Iron Bands." This told of the coming of the railroad when the dream of Daniel Webster had become a reality: "There lies the East, there lies India." And past the Play-house, too, in those days, used to pass the big, massive-wheeled carts, drawn by slow-paced oxen, and with huge squares of granite fastened by ponderous chains, swinging beneath the axle-beams. Those squares of granite came from where the monstrous boulders, rounded by the elements, toned by the suns of centuries, and lying where roared a Wasatch mountain stream, were being split by the quarrymen and sent to be carved and built into the "Mormon" temple walls. But we are away from our story. On the night of that day on which we saw the President return from the south, he came near to being assassinated. A short distance from the Play-house stood a jail. In that jail was confined, within an iron cage, a most dangerous madman. "Mad Sherman," the man was called; he would spare the President, he said, if he would furnish him a rifle and a wife, that he might live among the flowers and trees of the mountains as Adam did in the Garden of old. But that day of the President's return, the madman, by some neglect of his keeper, escaped from the cage and lived an hour of liberty. Near the Church office he watched, by the little door in the wall in front of the "Bee-hive" and the "Lion House;" in his hand he held a sharpened nail. But during that hour of watching the President did not come forth—the madman was cheated of his prey.

Meeting a Great Man—and wherever one met that man he was impressed with his power. It was the same whether it were upon the Temple Square, upon the street, in a wild of nature, or within the Play-house walls. It always pleased the scene-painter to tell verbally the little anecdote that follows; firstly, because he is inclined to believe with the historical analyst, Carlyle, that one such action recorded reveals to us more, a man who once lived, than a thousand glittering generalities; secondly, because he has trudged over that same piece of mountain road and seen "the President" in that same vehicle into which he took up the logger, and, thirdly, because it shows the sympathy which always exists between a first-class man and the humble; a slight anecdote, indeed, and yet one which reveals one source of the power in the man of whom we write.

In the palmy days of the Play-house, there used to be held,

by the shores of a deep mountain lake at the head of a Wasatch canyon, what was known as the Big Church Picnic. The pine is yet standing, trimmed of its upper branches, of course, that served as a flag pole on those occasions. The players attended that picnic. But this is not about actors. On one of those days, as the string of vehicles that brought back the picnic party at the end of the week—the picnic lasted from the Monday morning until the Saturday night—was winding its way down the canyon road, it so happened that there was also, trudging his way homeward, a poor mountain wood-cutter, a logger, a man loaded down with his blankets, his pots and kettles, and making his way but wearily, through the hot dust of the road. Nothing remarkable about that—but wait! Mr. Second-class Man went by, Mr. Third-class Man went by. Did either of them stop to take up the poor logger? No. Neither one nor the other offered to carry along his road the poor, tired wayfarer. Only there was more dust upon the man than there was before. Mr. President's carriage went by. No! that is wrong. Mr. President's carriage did *not* go by. The man who had been ignored by the many, was taken up by the one. The President of the Church, the Governor, the Trustee-in-trust and what not, gave a place in his carriage to the logger. That humble builder in the commonwealth was carried homeward, deposited at his very door.

And the funeral of Brigham Young? It is impossible for the scene-painter to disassociate that event from his memories of the Play-house. How hushed and still was the place that day! The presence of its founder seemed everywhere. He seemed to be in the Green-room, upon the stage, in the auditorium, for he had been so often there. On the scene-painter's gallery were the idle brushes, there lay dry the brilliant colors on the big palette. The chrome, the vermillion, the cobalt; how they shone! The white, the black, how symbolic they were! One could hear from the scene-painter's gallery, the footsteps of the gathering crowds upon the streets.

In the Tabernacle, the scene-painter listened to the rolling of the organ, the singing of the choir, and the sermons, too. He stood not twenty feet away when the massive casket was lowered into the open tomb. Then, again, after the crowds that followed on foot, behind the hearse, the interment in the little private cemetery, the roped streets, the passing of country vehicles that had come from afar; how more, then, than still the Playhouse seemed! In the Tabernacle was the vacant seat, there was the vacant seat in the theater. It seemed a strange thing to have known that man of so many-sided mentality in his life

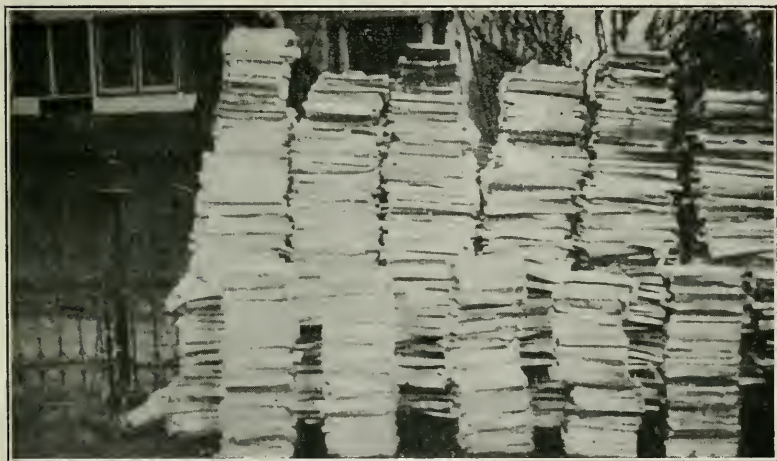
and to have looked upon him when dead. There is something awesome in looking upon the ended life, the remains of men of action, the makers of history; and there certainly was that emotion when I looked upon the dead face of Brigham Young. President of the "Mormon" Church, pioneer, Governor of a Territory, founder of banks and mercantile institutions, builder of the Play-house, patron of the drama—there it was.

On the evening of the funeral, the writer met an artist friend. He had taken the death-mask, casts of the hands. He spoke of how delicate and small were the hands, and the dead man's feet; but that I knew already. The best portrait of Brigham Young was one taken late in life. I believe it was the last. The President was not in a very amiable humor that day; there were clouds upon the horizon that day, and the humor shows upon the face, yet it was in the writer's opinion the most excellent of all his portraits.

It was a somewhat memorable day in the "City of the Saints," in which the writer looked his last time upon the living Brigham Young. On that day occurred a tremendous explosion of giant powder upon Arsenal Hill, near where now stands the Capitol. A huge boulder, torn from the hill-side, was hurled over the Play-house to plunge through a building on the opposite side of the street. The theater shook as never before, showers of glass fell from the wrecked sky-light of the scene-painter's gallery, and the dust filled the auditorium and stage like a fog. The scene-painter let fall his brushes, went up the hill, later, to pick up the fragments of a human body. Tragedy and comedy were mingled around the Play-house that day. Many people believed that the end of the world had come, and prayed in the open streets; up at the military post, upon the eastern slope, the military were mustered out, and their rifle barrels and swords flashed back the sunlight, but for what purpose they were called into rank, they themselves did not know. When I last saw President Young was some three hours later. He stood upon the carriage step, which bore the legend, "B. Y. 1855," before the Church office, midway between the "Lion" and the "Bee-hive" houses. He was motionless; he wore his broad, green-lined cloak, and one corner of this was thrown back over his right shoulder, and in his hand he carried the gold-headed cane. It is in this pose, for he appeared like a statue, that I best remember the famous man. Yet, I cannot recall if "the President" was among the highly nervous audience that gathered in the Play-house that night.

A word or two more about the leader of the "Mormon" people and the Play-house, and I have done. "Uncle Brigham"

or "The Great Chief," as he was often called around the Play-house, occupied the lower proscenium box on the east side of the stage; that is, he did so during such performances as those in which he wished to see the actors at close range. On the presentation of scenic pieces he sat in a rocking-chair, with wide, flat-topped arms, placed about the center of the east side of the parquette. One bench was shorter there than the others—the seats in the parquette were then benches lined with crimson plush—so as to allow a space for the placing of this chair. Sometimes "the President" would shift places during the same performance, from box to parquette, or *vice versa*. When the Play-house was remodeled this chair was removed from its position and taken to an upper room of the theater. The writer remembers that, for that chair then played an important part in his life.



READING MATTER FOR THE SOLDIERS

The Boy Scouts, through the *Improvement Era*, have been sending to the soldiers every week, a large shipment of the late magazines. The cut shows a pile of magazines gathered by troop 29, of the Twentieth ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, for this purpose. Copies of the *Era* are also forwarded monthly for distribution in Camps Kearny and Lewis and other cantonments.

Brigham Young and the United Order

By Susa Young Gates

Saints of mature age are fairly familiar with the inspired efforts put forth by President Brigham Young in the late "60's" and early "70's" to establish cooperative enterprises, looking to the final achievement of the "United Order," or the "Order of Enoch." No doubt he hoped to rally the people around the standard of unselfish devotion to a cause, so that the common problems of daily life might be met in a common council and solved practically, as a whole, rather than by each individual member alone and unguided. Up and down the territory he went preaching the "United Order," urging the people to form close-knit community enterprises, and in some places, such as Orderville, near Kanab, and Brigham City, great success attended this movement. But little was known, however, of the details in management, and there was considerable confusion as a result because of that lack of experience. We read now-a-days of the efforts being put forth to establish what are called "community kitchens and centers;" not alone those teaching "centers" now starting up all over this country, but the recent definite food control in England, now placed under the auspices of the government itself are also reminders of the many truths revealed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, which have been only partially accepted by this people; these same truths seem to have passed out into the world by a natural psychic process and are being adopted by the children of the world who are always "wiser in their generation than the children of light." Then after it all, these truths return to us and are accepted as remarkable, up-to-date and newly discovered facts and ideas.

Sir C. F. Spencer has been appointed by the British government to establish communal cooking on a gigantic scale. We are told that, "Public baths and park buildings will be turned into kitchens, and town halls into dining halls; street cars and omnibuses will carry the finished product to thousands of small distributing stations. Varied meals will be provided for everybody at the lowest possible price, and there will even be special meals at invalid kitchens for those who need them.

"We shall, for one thing, place within the reach of the working classes wholesome food instead of makeshift meals. We shall eliminate or minimize their difficulties in buying, and shall release many women from the arduousness of domestic life to

do work of national importance. We expect that the scheme will be a means of allaying, at least partially, some of the prevalent discomforts and discontent.

"Individual cooking at individual homes is waste of labor, health and material. When you take a thousand homes with a thousand fires and consider the waste of fuel, the multiplicity of operations, and the enormous waste, you must agree that if this could be concentrated in one huge kitchen, and a few stoves and some electric apparatus could do the whole, it would be a saving.

"The national kitchens will be worked by the local authorities and an order giving a formal start to the scheme will be issued at once. The government will provide 25 per cent of the initial outlay free, and 25 per cent more in the form of a loan; the remaining 50 per cent will be raised by the local authorities.

"The basic scheme which we are suggesting is that of a central station with distributing depots. Food will be passed out to consumers only on tickets, so that their portions may be properly checked up against their regular food cards. Supplies will thus be strictly rationed."

This talk is so strongly reminiscent of President Young that one would think the eminent Englishman had been studying his suggestions. We who knew President Young received these same thoughts and even words from his lips, times without number.

Our present beloved leader, President Joseph F. Smith, was appointed by President Young to organize the united order in Davis county in those early days. Coming down to the President's office for detailed instruction the young apostle spent a long afternoon in conversation with his pioneer leader.

President Young told him that it would be impossible, under the existing laws of the United States government and with the persistent selfishness of men, to establish the Order of Enoch fully at that time. Rather should his attention be turned to grouping into one central organization various small enterprises. Where a county had four grist mills, each struggling with small patronage and fighting others for a chance to exist, all should be united under a joint board, and thus combine resources and machinery into one profitable, wisely-conducted enterprise.

The same applies to machinery, so said President Young, which is used for farms; if farmers would unite in purchasing necessary machinery, and cooperate in the use thereof, there would be a great saving of time and means in that way. Domestic labors could be regulated in the same efficient manner, and thus relieve the people from debt, unnecessary labor, and the strain of keen rivalry and business opposition.

President Smith's own comments on this order are illuminating. He said recently: "The Order of Enoch is not a communistic order after the manner of men, but a united order in which each man will be his own free agent. God will hold each man accountable for the use he makes of his stewardship and he will be rewarded according to the account which he renders. The Lord's plan is a righteous plan, yet the wise steward who is willing and industrious should not be made to sacrifice his time and substance to support the idle and shiftless."

President Young, upon this last point, said in the St. George temple, in one of his discourses at the spring dedication of that temple, April, 1877, that the order did not contemplate turning all the means gathered by the prudent into a common fund for equal division. Said he: "If we were to divide our substance now equally amongst this people, we would have to do it all over again in a year from now, for the thrifty and careful would have a surplus, while the extravagant and shiftless would be without hope and in debt. For," he added half jocularly, "you know there are the Lord's poor, and the devil's poor, and the poor devils, and we have a few of all three in this Church."

President Brigham Young was a great and inspired leader. In no one particular did he manifest his leadership more admirably than in the foundation which he laid in his own family, in the State, and in the Church, for the establishment of unselfishness in the daily adjustment of man's relation with man, and, therefore, with his God.



AT LUNCHEON

Troop 11, M. I. A. Scouts, Richards ward, Granite stake, on an early spring hike over the Pioneer Trail, Howard B. Anderson, Scout Master.

Thoughts of a Farmer

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

XIV—At Kicking Distance

Every farmer knows something of the dangers and troubles which come from kicking horses. Such horses don't pay, and the sooner the owner is rid of them the better. They are, however, a part of the risks of this world. One morning I noticed a man leading a kicking horse out to a post where he tied him so as to curry the animal with greater safety. The man was afraid. He stood off at a distance and reached toward the animal's legs. He was just within the range of the animal's leg, at good kicking distance. "He can reach you," I called out, "get as close to his legs as you can!" The man turned and looked at me in surprise. Then I had to explain that when close to the animal he would merely be pushed by his leg in case he kicked. There are safe and unsafe distances.

There are conditions of life from which we should not remove ourselves under the delusion that distance will give us safety. That is manifestly true of our spiritual experiences. Men are beset by the sins of the world. They imagine that if they put away from them as far as possible the thoughts of their wrongdoings, they may be overcome by separation. It is the intimate consciousness of sinful conduct that helps men to repent. It is a fallacy to suppose that they may escape by running away from this conscience or by banishing from them as far as possible all thoughts of the wrongs they have committed. The remedy really lies in facing them frankly, battling with them, and repenting of them. They can not be put at a safe distance. They must be grappled with and be overcome. "Forget about it," we are told, when our souls are troubled by sin. "Banish the thought," and move on, is too frequently the philosophy of life. Delusions about escape lead men to believe that there is a safety zone in which they will find freedom from conscience. The burdens of sin should be unloaded as soon as their presence is detected. There are dangers which grow when men try to forget them and to remove themselves to a distance which they falsely suppose is safe. Men do not escape God. They need him and his mercy. The nearer they are to him, the more susceptible they are to consciousness of present evils in their lives which they may overcome by divine aid through repentance, but which they cannot escape.

The doctrine of escape in the modern world is a fallacy from which it is reaping evil consequences. Evils have been growing to enormous proportions. Men profess to believe that they may be put at a safe distance by education and by the so-called higher civilization of man. An ever present consciousness of dangers, mental, physical and spiritual, is a helpful means of overcoming them. It is better to resist at close range the evils which threaten us than to imagine that there is a safe distance at which they will not be less painful.

The theory of a safe distance is equally true in the physical world. Men trust to time and lose the benefits of the old adage that an "ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." Time is not always a remedy for threatened dangers. Dangers often take on violence as they travel through time and space. It is safer to resist them at the beginning, and place of origin. Many troubles can be better averted than resisted.

"I Stepped in Your Steps all the Way"

(Selected)

A father and his tiny son

Crossed a rough street, one stormy day.

"See, Papa," cried the little one,

"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

Ah, random, childish hands, that deal

Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!

It touched him with the touch of steel—

"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If this man shirks his manhood's due,

And heeds what lying voices say,

It is not one who falls, but two—

"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they who thrust off greed and fear,

Who love and watch, who toil and pray—

How their hearts carol when they hear:

"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

Roy Temple House.

The Makers of Science

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe, President of the University of Utah

VII—Antoine Laurent Lavoisier

About one hundred and fifty years ago, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, discoveries were made and conclusions reached that really marked the beginning of modern scientific activity. It so happened that the laying of safe foundations for the science of chemistry made possible the impetus that was given to the advancement of all natural and physical sciences. The birth of modern chemistry is therefore of peculiar interest to us, who live in the greatest scientific age.

Naturally, many men were concerned in the discoveries upon which science rests; but some more than others had the good fortune to appear at the moment when the time was ripe for the establishment of the great generalizations that make clear the path of future progress. Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, who appeared at a time when many recent discoveries had prepared the minds of students for new views, by the assiduous use of a remarkable intelligence became the great master, almost the founder, of modern chemistry.

Lavoisier was born at Paris, France, August 16, 1743, the son of a wealthy and illustrious family. He received the best education of the day, and, under great masters, studied mathematics, astronomy, botany and chemistry. He decided to devote himself to the advancement of science, and early in his life gave himself over to chemical studies. In his home, near Paris, he established a laboratory, fitted with costly apparatus, and there at great expense conducted long, time-consuming experiments having for their purpose the development of chemical science. His wealth and high station in life made it easy for him to communicate with the great men of his day. Few students of science have been blessed with such material advantages as surrounded Lavoisier. As he grew in fame and achievements he became the intellectual giant of France.

At the time Lavoisier worked there were many facts of chemistry, but no coherent philosophy to make it easy to understand and to use the facts of chemistry. Many absurd notions held sway, as for instance, that water when boiled is converted into a gas so "elastic" as to pass through the pores of glass or iron vessels. Lavoisier showed by a long series of elaborate ex-

periments that this conception was false, and that water is converted into steam which may easily be condensed without loss into water again.

It was Lavoisier, also, who showed that a diamond is composed of carbon. With a great glass lens he succeeded in burning many diamonds and demonstrating that the products of the combustion were the same as from the combustion of charcoal. In fact, it was his theory of combustion that laid the first solid basis for a science of chemistry.

For centuries, combustion, or the burning of things, had been the subject of study from scientific men. At the time of Lavoisier the so-called phlogiston theory held full sway. It was believed that in all combustible substances there is imprisoned a subtile gas called phlogiston. When a substance burned, it simply meant that the phlogiston was escaping; in fact, fire and flame were the phlogiston. This doctrine which was accepted by all scientists of that day, not only was false, as we know, but was of a character to make nature mysterious, when her very essence is to reveal herself to man.

Lavoisier undertook the study of the combustion or calcination of metals. By the use of careful, quantitative methods of study, he found that burned metals weighed more than before burning. He further found that in the process of burning something is taken from the air, which by appropriate means he could separate from the metal again. This was in every way in opposition to the phlogiston theory. These experiments revolutionized chemical theory, and showed the importance of the use of the balance and other sensitive instruments of measurements in the study of nature's laws. This work, done in 1771, marked the birth of modern chemistry and largely the beginning of modern science.

Combustion, as is well known today, is merely the combination of the gas oxygen found in the air with the burning substance. Whether the combinations between the burning substance and the oxygen go off as gases or remain as ashes depends wholly upon the nature of the substance. These truths, however, had to be drawn out of the darkness by the early scientific workers. In fact, when Lavoisier made these epoch-making discoveries, the gas oxygen was not known.

The overthrow of the phlogiston theory of combustion, overthrew also a lot of superstitious nonsense about nature. It became clearer than before that to man is given the power, though by slow degrees, to know the heart of nature, and to govern natural phenomena.

Much other valuable work was done by Lavoisier before he came to his untimely end.

From early manhood he had been connected with the tax system of France. When the French revolution broke out thousands of the wisest and the best of French men and women were made to suffer death under the fury of the human chaos of the land.

Lavoisier was not forgotten. In a thousand ways he had served his country and added to its wealth, in addition to serving nobly the cause of scientific truth. His fortune had been spent for his country's good. All that was laid aside. It was remembered only that he came of the wealthy class, and that he was part of the tax organization of the land. The judge declared that, "The republic has no need of science." Neither was God held necessary in those days.

Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, was guillotined at Paris, May 8, 1794, in the 51st year of his life.

These "Former Things" Shall Pass Away

Oh, hearken to the prophet's voice
Whose message, beautiful and choice,
Should thrill the spirit of our times
Like echoing of heavenly chimes:
True, loyal hearts, be strong today—
These "former things" shall pass away.

Evolving through a mist of tears,
Of lurid strife and gruesome fears,
One happy day these wars shall cease:
Redeeming power shall bring us peace,
Shall bring the fair Millennial Day,
When "former things" shall pass away.

The breath of pure democracy
Shall thrill all hearts on land and sea,
With union, liberty, unfurled
O'er all the world, o'er all the world:
Dear, loving Love alone shall stay,
These "former things" shall pass away.

Minnie Iverson Hodapp.

Marian's Profession*

By *Annie W. Hafen*

"Mother, mother," I called excitedly, "come to the window! Look! Isn't that Charlie Sainsbury steering a baby carriage? If that isn't the latest! who is the pretty little woman by his side? Ah, his wife, of course. Well, Charlie looks perfectly happy in spite of everything. Umm! Just think where I might have been if," I stopped short, as I turned to mother with a mock-serious look.

"If you hadn't been such a conceited madcap as to think you'd ever get a better offer than Charlie gave you," mother chided playfully. "Truly now, aren't you sorry that you gave him up?" She added as she wistfully watched the happy family out of sight.

"Sorry, mother? How could I be when I have things so pleasant here at home? If I had married I'd have been a jaded old woman before now. Babies, dishwashing, cooking,—all those wrinkle-makers. I'm thankful I'm free from such. Daddy and you are so good to me, our home is so cozy, and it's great to be a business woman with a salary of my own." I puffed out my cheeks in a manly manner and strided across the room. Mother began protesting.

"No, mother dear, I wouldn't trade places with anybody. Just think! I had spent four years preparing for my profession; then Charlie bobbed up and asked me to marry him before I had even practiced a day. If I hadn't been blessed with plenty of common sense, think where I'd be now,—married and sunk into oblivion. As it is, you know, everybody says I am a success—a success."

"Yes, Marian, you are a success in your line, and father and I are proud of you. But your life, girl, will never be so full as when you are mistress of a home of your own, with a strong, good man to lean upon, and sweet, healthy babes to care for. Surely you intend to marry, some day!"

"Perhaps, mother mine," I said consolingly as I slipped my arm around her, "perhaps, some day I shall. When Prince Charming comes along, then watch out. He will be sincere and strong-willed like father. He will be tender and thoughtful like

*This story received first place in the *Era* story contest for March, 1918

you, mother. He will be clean morally. He will not live entirely in a business world with his wife pigeon-holed in some little country cottage. No indeed, he'll respect woman's rights, I tell you. He will give to the woman that he marries the privilege of following her profession instead of caging her up as a cook and bottlewasher and floor sweeper and baby tender and—"

Mother held her hand up in protest. A curious smile crept round her mouth.

"Marian, girl, there are no men like that."

Well, in less than a year I found my Prince Charming; or rather, he found me. I was wandering around on the old hill back of our home making verses for the Literary Society. This hill was a source of inspiration to me. I loved it. Seated on its old lava rocks I had often tried to express myself in writing.

On this particular afternoon, when my office hours were over I called at home for the tiny lunch mother had prepared. Then I made for the hill to be gone until dark. As the sun was sinking and my brain was burning with emotional thoughts, I heard steps. Glancing up, I saw a trim looking stranger coming up the dugway, only a few feet from me.

I dropped my eyes and turned to my writing. I had hopes that I should not be noticed, but as the steps approached, I could feel the eyes of the stranger upon me. Then I heard a voice, half breathing, half exclaiming: "Marian Morrison!"

I turned and stared at the man standing before me. He was well built, broad-shouldered, not extremely tall. His features were clean cut. His eyes—well I struck his eyes, they held me.

In their deep gray depths there was a serious, almost sad expression. Where had I seen those eyes before? As I gazed puzzled, his face broke into a smile. In a flash I recognized my childhood schoolmate.

"Why, Jimmy Bowen," I cried, as I stretched forth my hand to be clasped in his manly palm. "I'd never have known you, if you hadn't smiled. You have changed so!"

And then, oh then, I did the worst a girl could do at such time. I blushed. Even my ears burned. I didn't know why. Perhaps it was because I had called him Jimmy—a rather undignified name for so learned a man. He didn't seem shocked, however. He merely grinned as if he were pleased about something. Then he looked down at me so intently that I'm sure he could even see my shoe tacks, I felt so confused. To cover my embarrassment I just jumbled thoughts together and talked and talked. I said it was good to be at home again, I supposed, after so long an absence; that I—we were all pleased to see him back; that his mother must be very proud of him because of his wonderful

success; that he seemed very much improved—his freckles were gone, and his hair was shinier and didn't stand up as it used to.

He laughed heartily and interrupted me long enough to say he felt about the same.

"Are you as bashful and afraid of girls as you used to be?" I questioned as I made room for him on the rock beside me.

"I confess, I'm still afraid of them, but in spite of my fears I have grown to enjoy their company immensely," he said as he seated himself.

There were so many things to talk about. Pasts, presents, and futures were all interesting.

Never before had I conversed with anyone who so sincerely sympathized with my views. It was such a pleasure to talk, and to be understood; and oh, he was so full of interesting things! He sanctioned woman's rights and advocated her higher education.

"Every woman should have a profession," he said, "a profession in which she can best express herself."

Time flies on wings of lightning, on a misty moonlight night; especially if you are away up on an old romantic hill that's fairly gilded with memories, and you are listening to the deep melodious voice of a sad-eyed young man. There is so much to say and so much you want to hear said!

Finally, we shook off the moonbeam's spell and rose and clambered down the hill towards home. As he bade me good night at my gate, a little thrill crept through my being.

"What a wonderful personality!" I breathed as I reluctantly entered the house. I tarried long as I prepared for night. Was I in a trance? I sat before the dressing table taking down my hair. One by one the hairpins slowly clattered into the tray. Some thing about this man stirred me to new life. His mere presence gave me keen enjoyment.

Was I to find my ideals realized in this old childhood playmate, this schoolboy? "Homegrown boys are safest," grandmother had said. He was homegrown and yet was novel and interesting as a stranger.

I smiled happily, contentedly, as I crept into bed. I was sure my Prince Charming had come at last for I felt the man even in my dreams.

At the breakfast table next morning I was raving about Jimmy Bowen; how wonderfully he had developed during his years of absence; what a fine specimen of manhood he was; how modern in thought; how broad in views; how—

Mother narrowed her eyes and smiled across the table at father. "For love is blind and lovers cannot see," she suggested.

"I must learn from him which profession I should follow to best express myself," I thought, as Jim and I climbed the hill on his last evening in Barton. Many pleasant strolls we had had together during his visit. He had been home a month.

It was moontime again. The same big yellow faced moon that had shone on us the night of our first meeting was beaming down as brightly as it had done on that memorable night. Neither felt much inclined to talk. All was still save the thud, thud, thud, of our feet and the occasional dry rattle of the loosened pebbles that bounced down the hill.

We came upon the giant old rock chair. There we sat and gazed upon the sleepy little village below. It's twinkling lights seemed far away. Ah! such a night as it was! The shining lava rocks that lay in confusion about us caught the wandering moonbeams and hurled them back with dazzling brightness.

Finally Jim spoke. By his voice I knew the spirit of the night was upon him.

"Oh, Marian," he cried. "woman means much to me now. At last I have come to feel and know just how she enriches man's life, and all—all—because I have discovered my pearl of great price." Here he stopped and seemed unable to continue. As he sat with his eyes half shut and his hands clasped over his bended knee, I wondered what weighty problem was before him. I sat waiting.

"There was a time," he mooned, "when I was indifferent to all women except my mother. That was when I was struggling to fulfil an ambitious boyhood dream. Early in life I knew what I wanted to be. I let nothing turn me from my purpose. Ah, I have worked, I have hoped. I have prayed, and at last my dream is about to be realized. A few more long, hard strokes and I shall be out of the turbulent waters; and then, when I get to sailing smoothly I want to have a home—a home that shall be a haven in which I can anchor at night, from which all business cares shall be barred. And in that home I want a certain woman to be my companion. If I dared to believe that this noble woman is not indifferent to my love, and is willing to wait—it may be years—till I can give her the home I want her to have, I should be very happy. If I but dared! Ah truly, I am selfish to expect this of any woman. But Marian," he cried suddenly, facing me, "are you satisfied with your profession? Do you live when you sit clicking that lifeless machine all day long? Do you feel a development as the days go by? Do you glory in your work and get joy from its results? Do you? Tell me!"

"No," I faltered half choked with disappointment. Oh why, after launching out so beautifully into a proposal, should he switch off onto the common place subject of professions? With

his sweet sincerity he had broken down my reserve, and I was all ready to throw my heart at his feet and tell him I should be willing to wait months, years if necessary; but he spoiled all by asking that untimely question about professions. However, womanlike, I smothered my disappointment and talked quite calmly of common things. I told him I didn't specially live in my profession, but that I made good money and that was the big aim of most people; that I had not thought much about the expressing of one's self in one's work; that I hardly knew what I could do better; that—

"Do better!" he cried, "Why I can tell you of a wonderful profession that you could excel in. In it you could better the race; you could serve your community; you would influence generations yet to come; and besides, you would develop in your work. Can't you guess what it could be?" he asked with a queer smile on his lips.

I mentioned school teaching, missionary work, nursing, but he shook his head.

"No," he said, pressing my hand and looking deep, deep into my eyes, "It is the profession of motherhood."

One month had passed since James Bowen had returned to his work. I sat by the window trying to answer his letter. My mind seemed a perfect blank.

"Oh," I cried, springing up, as I dropped the blotter on my tablet and pounded it vigorously. "I can't write. To the hill for some inspiration." Out I danced into the cool of the evening. I turned my face towards the west. The old black monarch seemed to call to me "Come," and up its rocky path I climbed.

"'Tis sweet to live," I breathed, "and 'tis sweet to love," I sighed, as I thrilled with that one sweet energy that makes this world worth living in. All my thoughts were of the man who had awakened me to new life.

At last I reached the old rock chair. I blushed as I remembered that on this very hill I had promised that man that some day, some future day, I should be his home-maker.

Would those days of waiting be long, long, weary ones, I wondered? Could I so use them that I should grow and not be worn and weary in the waiting? Ah yes, I could prepare a beautiful trousseau. I could earn and save more money that I might buy things for our new home. And then, then at last when he should come to claim me, I should not go empty handed.

As I sat thrilled with joyful anticipation, the disturbing question came upon me suddenly: "Should I be qualified to follow my new profession?" It had taken four years of special training to prepare to be a business woman and now I had the

audacity to think that I could step into the profession of Motherhood without any preparation at all. Surely I should be a failure. A swift resolve took possession of me.

Darkness was gathering. I bounced down the hill and rushed through the gate like a whirlwind. Mother was in the doorway. I swept her into the house and danced her about.

"Mother, mother. I'm going to school, to college." Her face fell. "I must, mother, it is my duty. Goodbye to the office and its grind. I'm going to prepare for a better profession."

"A better profession? Why Marian, what are you talking about? Have you and Jim decided not to marry after all? Or why do you want to learn a new profession? What profession, girl?"

"It isn't new, mother. It's as old as the hills. Women used to accept it as if it were just a common ordinary job. But now it's at a more efficient stage and is called a profession—Mother Eve's profession, the profession of Maternity."

Mother stared. "How queer!" She said, but smiled approvingly.

Four years passed. With my coveted sheep-skin tucked under my arm and a million new ideas tucked under my hat, I, Marian Morrison, B.S., humbly returned to my little home town. But I was not alone. Someone who seemed very proud of me, and of whom I was very proud, graced the triumphant homeward journey.

"Now, dearie, tell me all you know," Jim said, tapping his forehead teasingly. We settled comfortably in the cushions of the little buzzing auto that carried us from the station back to Barton. It seemed dreadfully hard to talk. I could not think clearly. I had spent four years in the study of Home Economics. I had learned to cook scientifically and to sew. I had taken all I could concerning the child, his development, his needs, and how to satisfy his needs. I had studied biology to understand cell life; physiology, to know the workings of the body; hygiene, to learn the rules of health; dietetics, to grasp the science of preserving life by proper feeding; psychology, to help me to comprehend the wonderful unfolding of little minds; nursing, houseplanning, and oh so many other helpful subjects; but still when I tried to reveal to Jim just what I had learned my mind seemed very vacant.

But Jim was kind and considerate. He did not press me to exploit my knowledge. He merely closed his eyes, sighed contentedly and slipped his arm around my waist to prevent losing me in the roomy seat. Our considerate chauffeur looked straight ahead and made no jarring remarks about the weather; so I too

closed my eyes, rejoiced in the wonderful love of this manly man, and silently thanked God that all was right with the world.

I was the happiest girl in the world when we two, as husband and wife, at last entered the little cottage that had been planned by ourselves. The house, though small, was all we wanted; It expressed our ideals of a home. In it, we put every labor saving device possible so that we should not require a maid. We were so fond of privacy.

Such pleasure I had in keeping that little house fresh and clean. There were just we two. The homey talks of our first wedded year will impress me forever. Heaven was becoming a habit with us.

"My little homemaker," Jim would often say, as I sat on his knee after supper when my work was put aside, "It seems as if nothing could make us happier than we are right now. Do you think so, girl?" I truly thought that we could never find greater happiness than we had then. Our lives were so harmonious, so blissful.

But the time when we truly lived was yet to come. It began when we heard our first babe's cry. It was in the early spring time. We had lived sanely, and had done all we could to give our coming babe a fair start in life, and when, after a night of extreme suffering and pain, I heard that little cry and saw that little form, I thought it was heaven indeed that I was slipping into, as I fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke, all was quiet save the faint coo, coo of a lonely mourning dove. I looked out the eastern window. The sky was aflame with the crimson light of the dawning day. A baby's coo came from the little being by my side and then, oh then, I felt the dawning joy of motherhood.

"Little mother! Noble little mother!" The voice sounded like music to me as I sensed that the dearest man in the world was kissing my weak, limp hand.

"Dear little mother," he breathed again. In his face I saw such a look of compassion. Ah, truly he did appreciate my gift. Together we had suffered and together we joyed.

"Dear Marian," he said as he kissed the bud of promise by my side, "This is Heaven's sweetest gift, and through you, brave little woman, we have gained it. If I—if I could only tell you—" but he stopped. There was a break in his voice.

"Oh, that's all right, dear," I smiled happily as I stroked his bowed head. "That's all right, dear, I must bear such things you know. It's my profession."

Bunkerville, Nevada

The Meaning of Education

By E. G. Peterson, A. M., Ph. D., President Utah Agricultural College

IX—The Learned Must Turn the Wheels

The strength of a democracy is in its education. The degree of stability of free government is directly attributable to the degree of enlightenment which prevails among the citizens. Free government is impossible without a strong elementary and higher school system. The tragedy of Mexico is the tragedy of ignorance. The safety of world democracy is assured because of the prevalence of thought. The free press and free untrammelled schools make the long survival of autocracy an impossibility.

Yet with this great hope and this great ideal, which reaches even beyond the bounds of nationality and encompasses humanity itself, we must recognize that in America there are salient defects in our educational system. A statement of these defects should not blind us to the great service which education has rendered in America and will continue to render whether or not these errors are corrected. And withal the faults are few compared with the virtues. But the faults are important, even critical, and may have a serious deteriorating effect upon the whole fabric of free institutions.

The outstanding fact of education in America today is that to too large an extent the teacher is unhonored. It may be appropriate to contrast the treatment of scholars in Germany and in America. Oscar Bolza, at one time Professor of Mathematics at the University of Chicago, failed to find in America the appreciation of learning which existed in his native land, Germany. He returned to his little university town in Germany at a great sacrifice in money but a great increase in esteem after many years of valuable service in America. His return was celebrated as is a great political or athletic event in America. And it was only private philanthropy as represented in the University of Chicago which enabled America to pay more than Germany. The people did not know and appreciate Bolza. A statement of some of the great items of strength of Germany does not at all lessen our detestation of the blasphemous and criminal spirit which now dominates that wonderful land. Germany does honor learning. America to such a degree does not.

We would not secure Germany's results by Germany's methods. Democracy is an education as well as a system of government. Respect for learning will arise from public conscious-

ness, it will not be imposed upon our people by an enlightened dogmatism. We will be slow on the road to achievement but we will be sure. A majority of our hundred million must have wisdom before the nation is wise. In an autocracy only the ruling caste need be efficient; the caste can then impose the methods of efficiency upon those below. A study of Germany is valuable therefore only in that it teaches us certain desirable attainments. God forbid that we should ever think that any degree of efficiency or orderly development is worth the price of liberty.

Learning itself in America is to too great a degree looked upon only as one among many means toward other ends. There is not in America today that love for learning and that ennoblement of teaching which will be necessary if our Government survives the gruelling test of the present and the possibly more exacting test which will follow the declaration of peace. For this war will not be ended when the articles of peace are signed, but the perfecting influences which have been aroused by this struggle will call in a more exacting way than ever before every individual and every institution to the test.

Leaders of our life are chosen from other professions and not from teaching, in a measure which may surprise us. The great engineers, McAdoo and Hoover; the great journalist, Lord Northcliffe; the great lawyer-statesman, Lloyd-George; even our ministers abroad are drawn from the field of journalism, from the legal and literary calling and elsewhere, rather than from teaching. Bamberger, railroad builder, and other leaders of our State, are chosen from the successful business men of the State rather than from the teaching profession. The great reforms in Utah are being led effectively, although aided of course by teachers, by others than our great school teachers in the State.

And it is my conviction that the absence of great teacher leaders is due, not to blindness on the part of those who are in charge of our affairs, because I sincerely believe they have chosen the best, but due to the fact that for too long a period of time the teaching profession has been in a measure deserted by some of our best teachers, and the strong, to too great an extent, have gone into other walks of life. There is an atmosphere of unreality in educational work today, and the people know it. They do not trust, as they should and as they will in the future, the men who handle our educational affairs. There is a reality in driving a right-of-way in the face of powerful competition for a new railway from Salt Lake to Ogden and the people know the reality of it and honor the man who achieves.

Woodrow Wilson was all but forced by the smothering superficiality of Princeton into the more practical avenues of ef-

fort. He himself is reported to have remarked that if Princeton was to become a finishing school for fashionable young men he would have none of it. Edison is a self made man. Lincoln was a self made man. Jack London's genius could not stand the atmosphere of the University. From the days of the scribes and the Pharisees there has been a certain intellectual intolerance or snobbery in education. We have got to brush this aside. We have got to make trail blazers, constructionists, of our graduates or give way continually. We have got to put overalls and working jackets on our young men and working aprons upon our young ladies. To be sure much of the very savor of America comes from the relatively few (compared with the many who should) who survive our educational atmosphere and get the great good out of it. The conventions play too large a part in our curriculum. It may be indeed inherent in any organized study. But it can and must be said to the credit of educational methods in America that through the school system pass the vast majority of those who assume prominent place in American life. Only one per cent of the youth of America get to college, yet from this one per cent come seventy-five per cent of the men who earn \$10,000 per year. So the mill run is fair. But I speak here particularly of those who make of learning a business.

Let me repeat that with all its weakness our greatest strength is still our education and the results which it achieves, and we will all never cease to bless those noble, underpaid teachers who taught us first about the great questions of patriotism, of integrity, of loyalty, of sacrifice. But we must all speak for a broader conception of the dignity of teaching, for more strong men in the profession. We must all speak for higher salaries for those who are strong and must banish the weak to less responsible employment. Jesus Christ, none other, is our ideal. Salaries, however, cannot produce teachers. There must be willingness to sacrifice. Great teachers will teach whether we pay them or not, but the majority will not teach in the classroom but from the press and factory, pulpit, office, and otherwise.

I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that Utah has as ardent a love for education, for learning, and for scholarly achievement as any region upon earth. We have the opportunity to have a school system in Utah which will equal or surpass not only anything in America but anything which the world has known. With the heritage of sacrifice, of devotion and industry, and of intellectual and spiritual courage which is the stern strength of this State, we may go higher than those great nations of old, and we may surpass even the great culture that

once resided in the centers of Europe. This ideal calls for a resurrection of the teaching profession to the point where it will command greater respect and greater confidence.

Learning must be put to work. To accomplish this the learned must be a good workman. Learning must deal, even more than now, with realities and not whimsicalities. Learning can well afford to lose much of its polish and politeness (although this is not necessary) if it can assume more rough commonplaceness and adaptability. And in such assumption it will lose none of its great dignity because the greatest dignity comes from achievement. The learned must not only have the potential power of mind and spirit, as now; they must turn the wheels. Honor will seek them out.

Logan, Utah

Two Boys and a Cigarette

(Selected)

Two bright little fellows, named Harry and Will,
Were just the same age and the same size, until
One day in their travels it chanced that they met
A queer little creature, surnamed Cigarette.
This queer little creature made friends with the boys,
And told them a story of masculine joys
He held for their sharing. "I tell you," quoth he,
"The way to be manly and big is through me."
Will listened and yielded; but Harry held out.
"I think your assertions are open to doubt,"
He said, "and besides, I'm afraid I'd be sick."
"Afraid!" echoed Will, "Oh, you cowardly stick!
Well, I'm not afraid, look a here!" As he spoke
He blew out a halo of cigarette smoke.

Five years from that meeting saw them again.
The time had arrived when they both should be men,
But strangely enough, although Harry boy stood
As tall and as strong as a tree in the wood,
Poor Will seemed a dwarf; sunken eye, hollow cheek,
Stoop shoulders, proclaimed him unmanly and weak.
With thumb and forefinger he listlessly rolled
A cigarette, smoothing each wrinkle and fold,
And the smoke that he puffed from his lips, I declare
Took the form of a demon, and grinned from the air.
And it said: "See that wreck of a man that I made
Of the boastful young fellow who wasn't afraid."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

In the Midst of Fangs

By *Claude T. Barnes*

"Sit down, my lad, on this stone, and I will relate an incident that illustrates what I mean by 'the unexpected in nature,'" said Harry Carroll, a man long accustomed to the wilds, to Walter Janes, his companion.

"Sometimes merely to recall the half hour that I am going to tell you about causes a shudder to creep over me," continued Harry after they were comfortably seated. "Its occurrence was, as you will see, wholly unexpected; and had it not been for a calmness resulting from more or less frequent encounters with dangerous wild animals, I probably never should have survived to tell the story."

"It was a sultry afternoon in July when, equipped with field glasses and a small rifle, I repaired to one of the Bonneville flats of the Wasatch mountains to observe such plant and animal life as would especially appeal to me. The air was vibrant with heatwaves; horned lizards scampered about the warm stones of the hillside; and occasionally a red-winged locust stridulated from me. Western meadowlarks, mourning doves, bank swallows, and sparrows appeared, but they were songless."

"I stopped for a moment beside a thistle, admiring its beautiful, pale lilac flowers, and noting with interest the manner in which ants attempted to crawl the woolly stock. The old couplet came to my mind:

'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall;
If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.'

"Yellow balsam roots grew in profusion about me; and once I chanced upon a milkweed adorned with lovely, purplish flowers. Yet for the most part dry June grass and stunted sage brush comprised the vegetation."

"As I thus meditated and strolled, I saw a bird wheeling slowly in the air nearly a half mile away. With the aid of the glasses I perceived that it was one of our larger hawks. I walked along the hillside towards it, knowing that such birds frequently soar for an hour or more over the same vicinity."

"As I approached nearer, I was delighted to find it to be that very useful species, a Swainson hawk. I had always desired to observe this bird at close hand while in its natural environs;

so when it flew to the futher side of a cliff of rocks and rested on a boulder, I saw that my opportunity had come. I quickly descended to the flat; and by keeping the bluff between myself and the bird, I rapidly approached. As I came to the rocky abutment which I noticed was of shale formation marked with several ledges and holes, I saw the splendid bird preening itself about a hundred yards away. I instantly dropped to my hands and knees and crawled towards it."

"As I reached the very bottom of the cliff, I was in the act of slowly raising myself to get the desired view, when suddenly from about two yards away there came the ever terrifying 'burr-r-r' of a Pacific rattlesnake. With no more thought of the hawk, I sprang to my feet; but the sudden movement on my part had a most fearful result. 'Burr-r-r,' 'burr-r-r,' 'burr-r-r' came the awful sounds from as many different directions, and I realized to my horror that I was actually in the midst of a nest of coiled rattlesnakes."

"I dared not move lest fangs be driven into my legs. I did, however, slowly turn my head only to shudder at the many horrid reptiles vigorously burring with that most sinister of all sounds. One was actually crawling across a place whereon my foot had trodden; so, retreat was out of the question."

"About four feet away stood a slanting boulder less than a yard high; and as I could see that no snakes were on its top, I slowly bent, and with a tremendous spring landed upon it. Never again do I want to face such a nest of angry rattlers as this leap aroused. It seemed that several of them previously unaware of my presence writhed into position and sprang up towards me from the gravel on the further side of the rock. I had heard of similiar dens of rattlesnakes and knew them to be usually on the ledges of sunny cliffs; but I had not thought it possible to become actually surrounded by the dreadful things without being aware of it. Still I knew that a snake hears imperfectly, probably by vibrations that affect its sensitive tongue, as it has no external ears. A rattlesnake can at best spring only the distance of the length of its coil; but some of the fangs came alarmingly near my feet. There now seemed dozens of the revolting serpents about me, each inflated body thrown into a gracefully symmetrical coil, with arched neck supporting a heart-shaped head from the tremulous lips of which a tongue slowly waved. Each tail pointed upward by the head and vibrated with an incessant, threatening rattle."

"As one of the buzzing reptiles sprang at me, its fangs struck the rock and emitted two tiny jets of venom across my boot. Fearing lest one would reach me I unfastened a wire cleaning rod, with which I began to strike at them. Their fury

seemed only to increase in intensity, though I was surprised at the ease with which I could stun them. Every rattlesnake I had come upon elsewhere had invariably tried to get away after its first strike; but whether from the audacity of numbers or the lack of a convenient retreat I cannot say, yet these kept about me with desperate persistence. I knew that in August they become blind; but the slightest movement on my part now provoked without fail new springs and more vigorous burrs."

"Then to my consternation one of them began to crawl slowly up the sloping side of the rock. I whacked at its head driving it back. Then gradually the most sickening, repulsive odor imaginable began to pervade the air. I can liken it only to the stench of a pig sty; but it was more pungent, nauseous and loathsome. I surmised that it was either their breaths or the emanation from the venom; at any rate, I could perceive that it was affecting me, and that unless help soon came I might faint among the burring coils below me."

"I grasped my .22 rifle and fired at head after head. The smell of the powder had a neutralizing effect and I shot with growing calmness and better aim. Ten or more of the heart-shaped heads I struck and many more bodies writhed away in pain. Strange to relate the fire of the gun had almost an equal effect whether the bullet struck or not, and soon to my great joy I found that the threatening assemblage was decreasing. Several times I reloaded the magazine and continued to shoot rapidly. I chose one side of the rock and shot away a swath; and the last bullet was gone. I hesitated but a second and took a tremendous jump forward. As my foot struck the ground the second time a rattler which I had not previously seen sprang at the side of my boot; and to my dismay remained fastened there dangling and writhing about my leg as I ran. I stopped aghast. Its fangs were caught in a buckle strap and in its efforts to extricate itself, it actually shook itself like a furious dog. I pushed it off with the gun, its fangs snapping as it fell helpless to the ground. I rushed on for a distance of fifty yards or more, and with gloved hand pulled out the broken fangs which to my great fortune had not penetrated the flesh. Safe at last I sank to the ground utterly exhausted."

"My! what an awful adventure!" Walter exclaimed.

"Yes," said Harry, "but it proves that one can never tell what any animal will do under peculiar circumstances. Now, if you will pick up your gun we will stroll on."



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AMIENS

This is a panoramic view of Amiens, the great British railroad center on the Western front, which the Germans are driving for. The famous Cathedral is shown in the background.

Fighting of the most desperate nature has been waged for weeks in the present locality about Amiens, but the faith in the Allied arms is great that the Germans will be held.

Why Boys Should Not Smoke

By H. M. O'Gorman

When I think of the many blessings I have received during my life through abstaining from the use of tobacco, I feel a certain responsibility resting upon me, to write a few words of advice and warning to the youth of Zion, in the hope that those who are addicted to the injurious tobacco habit may be led to give up the use of a poison which slowly but surely undermines the constitutions of many of our promising men and boys.

I offer no apology for quoting from such well-known authorities as Thomas Cartwright, B. A., London; "The Case Against the Little White Slaver," by Henry Ford; President Heber J. Grant and Elder David O. McKay, in their conference addresses, delivered in the Tabernacle, October, 1917. I would like to call attention briefly to the most vital organs of the body which are affected by the use of tobacco: the heart and the blood, the brain and the nerves, the stomach, the eyes, general growth of the body, etc.

It is well known that one of the functions of the heart is to pump blood through the arteries and veins of the body. The arteries carry blood from the heart to nourish the body; the veins carry worn-out blood to the heart for purification through the lungs. The heart acts as a never-resting organ, for the distribution of blood, or river of life, to all parts of the body.

The heart in a healthy person beats regularly. Tobacco is a stimulant to the heart, making it beat much faster than it should, and causing the heart to be greatly overworked, and it is likely to become diseased if the habit is persisted in. The interference by tobacco with the heart's action is, like all other ill-effects of tobacco, worse by far in the case of weak, unformed boys, than it is in the case of strong men who are much more robust and able to withstand the effects of tobacco.

The blood is poisoned by tobacco, and becomes thin and watery, and it is evident that this poisoned blood cannot properly nourish the body, so that in time every part of the body becomes unhealthy.

The stomach is the organ through which foods are digested by the action of gastric juice; tobacco irritates the coating of the stomach and greatly impairs digestion, causing the stomach to work much harder than is good for it. The supply of gastric

juice becomes small, and the food, being very imperfectly mixed up with the small amount of gastric juice that is so supplied, is digested by the stomach in smaller and smaller quantity. In other words, the smoker suffers from indigestion, a serious and painful complaint that wears the sufferer out. He loses his appetite, and becomes thin, weak, and worn out, so that even if indigestion does not kill him, it certainly so weakens him as to make it easy for other complaints to do this.

The liver is also impaired by tobacco, and cannot keep up the proper supply of bile, the fatty matters are not properly digested in the bowels, and the smoker's indigestion becomes worse than if it were due to the weak action of the stomach alone.

The eye is a contrivance as beautiful as it is wonderful. It is so greatly injured by even small matters that it is protected by the eyebrows, the eyelids, the eyelashes, etc., but even these protections are not able to shield it from the evil that tobacco does it.

Tobacco is above all a nerve poison, and the optic nerve is the part of the eye that suffers from the tobacco poison.

But perhaps the most frightful disease that tobacco may bring upon the smoker is cancer of the tongue or lips. For this deadly disease there is no cure. The end of it is death, and most doctors agree that by far the greater number of cases of cancer of the tongue or lips are directly due to smoking.

Every young man and boy naturally desires to grow up strong and healthy; it is impossible to do this if smoking is persisted in for any length of time.

I have already shown that tobacco injures the stomach and makes it impossible for the food to be turned properly into blood; that it injures the heart and the blood, and so prevents the body from being properly nourished.

A great doctor says:

Tobacco-smoking induces a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state of mind, produces indolence and incapacity for mental exertion, and sinks the victim into a state of careless or maudlin inactivity and selfish enjoyment of his vice.

In the *British Medical Journal*—a paper written by the wisest doctors in the land—the following statement appeared:

Noticing the large number of smokers not yet fifteen years of age, a doctor made an examination into the health of thirty-eight of these foolish boys, whose ages ranged from nine to fifteen. And what did he find? In twenty-two cases he found poor blood, and bad digestion, together with a craving for strong drink. Twelve of the boys suffered from bleeding of the nose; ten could not sleep soundly; twelve had sores in their mouths, which soon healed up, however, when the tobacco was given up.

Hudson Maxim, the world-renowned inventor, comes out squarely against the cigarette, in this fashion:

The wreath of cigarette smoke which curls about the head of the growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip which prevents it from growing, and his mind from developing just as surely as the iron shoe does the foot of the Chinese girl. In the terrible struggle for survival against the deadly cigarette smoke, development and growth are sacrificed by nature, which, in the fight for very life itself, must yield up every vital luxury, such as healthy body growth, and growth of brain and mind. If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale inebriety and exhale manhood, that they are tapping their arteries as surely and letting their life's blood out as truly as though their veins and arteries were severed, and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools—not men, it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain.

Luther Burbank, the wizard of the plant and vegetable kingdom, whose experiments have caused the civilized world to wonder, declares:

There is no question whatever that cigarettes alone were the cause of the death of several of my young friends who gave promise of making happy and useful citizens. No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him.

W. H. Coppins, Dixon, Ill., writes:

Twenty-three years of my life have been spent in business college work, and I say without hesitation that the cigarette has been the one thing which has caused more failures on the part of the boys using them than any other thing I can mention. I have labored with boys to give them up—successfully with some; with others I failed. And not one that I know today who has continued in the habit amounts to anything.

President Heber J. Grant, in an address in the Tabernacle, warned the Latter-day Saints against the use of tobacco, and said, in substance:

As Latter-day Saints we have received a revelation from Almighty God not to use tobacco, and it behooves us each one to use his or her influence to the uttermost to see that our boys keep this commandment of the Lord, and pay no attention to the sophistries and the ideas and reasoning of men in favor of the use of tobacco. The end of all controversy has been reached for every true Latter-day Saint. The Lord has said, "Tobacco is not good for man." I want to read to you what the Lord promises if you and I will refrain from hot drinks (which the prophet of God said were tea and coffee,) and from liquor and strong drinks of all kinds, and from tobacco:

"And all Saints who remember to keep and to do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navels and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures, and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Elder David O. McKay, in his address in the Tabernacle, highly commended the foregoing remarks of President Grant, and added his testimony as to the injurious effects of tobacco on the human body, and in a practical and carefully thought-out discourse, clearly proved that those who abstained from the use of tobacco were morally and physically superior to those who indulged in this vice, and this he proved by convincing statistics. To one passage of his address I desire to call attention:

The nation today has appointed medical men everywhere to test the physical strength of your sons and brothers, before they are entitled to enter the army.

Tobacco, the cigarette particularly, is a menace to manhood. It weakens the body. It unnerves men, where they need to have steady nerves.

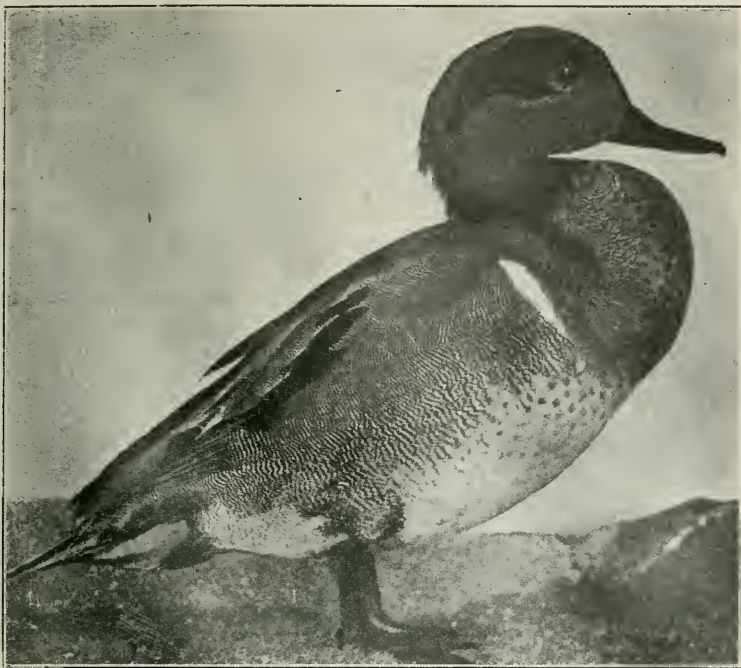
God forbid that our boys who have enlisted in one of the noblest causes that ever a nation sought to serve, may ever have it reported truthfully of them that any of them were unfit to serve their country because of their indulgence in these pernicious habits, or indulgence in passion.

In conclusion, I would again urge all men and boys addicted to the tobacco habit to give it up before it destroys their usefulness in the world, and probably blights a promising career, by undermining the health, and rendering the organs of the body unfit to perform in a satisfactory manner what nature demands. Bear in mind the wise words of Solomon: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."



FIREMAKING

M. I. A. Scouts, Richfield troop No. 1, Roy Chidester, Scout Master



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Wilmer Jeppson and D. W. Parratt

XXV—The Green-winged Teal

I'll tell you of my little queen, when on the nest she is not seen,
For she is dressed in quaker gray; she never, never wants to play,
For fear her enemy some day will take her pretty eggs away.

—Dorothy Markel, age 11 years.

1. Name the three general classes of wild ducks. To which does the green-winged teal belong?
2. Why is the green-winged teal so named?
3. Note size, color and markings of the teal. Contrast male and female in these respects and explain why the difference. When are these differences most pronounced? Why then? Most alike? Why then?
4. In what sort of habitat does the teal live? Name at least four things of the bird that would indicate this.
5. Where and of what is the nest made? Does the green-winged teal nest in our valley? If so, in what parts?
6. Tell of the size, color, and number of eggs.
7. The teal is a swift, tireless flyer. What is there about his body to indicate this?
8. Under what conditions does he fly high? Why? Fly low? Why?
9. Should this bird be better protected? Why? How may this be done?

*Handy Material**The Green-winged Teal*

Upon my head two bands are seen,
Two bands of bright and shining green,
My folded wings are tinted, too,
With that same brilliant emerald hue,
The river is my boarding place,
I swim upon its liquid face,
And get my dinner from the tide
Where water bugs in rushes hide.
My feet go up, down goes my head,
And that is how my crop is fed.

—*Stuart Schick*, Age 11.

Ducks are divided into three general classes, known as sea, deep water, and river ducks. The first live almost entirely on the open sea, the second, as a rule, on both the sea and land, and the third almost wholly inland along rivers, ponds, and lakes. Sea and deep water ducks are expert divers and secure much of their food at considerable depths in the water. This, however, is not true of the river ducks. The food obtained from the water by the river duck is secured by the bird tipping into a vertical position and reaching with its bill to the bottom of the shallow stream or pond.

The smaller kinds of river ducks habitually flock in close groups. Ordinarily each group consists of from about eight to twelve individuals. In size, flocking habits, and activity, these little ducks resemble the young of larger ducks and in consequence are called *teals*.

There are three varieties of teals in North America—the blue-winged, green-winged, and cinnamon. The head and neck of the green-winged adult male is a reddish-chestnut, with a broad band of metallic green on each side, running from the eye to the back of the neck where the two meet in a tuft. The under side of this green band is edged with a narrow line of buff. The breast is reddish cream color dotted with round or oval spots of jet black. The sides of his breast and most of his back are marked with wavy lines of black upon a white ground. The lower back is brownish gray, and a broad white bar is on the side of the breast just in front of the bend of the wing. A small patch of showy green is found about half way along the wing, and from this characteristic marking the little teal under consideration gets its familiar name of green-winged teal.

The female is brown with most of the feathers edged with buff. The sides of her head are white, speckled with brown. Her wings are like those of the male, but the speculum is smaller and duller. The under parts are white and the breast spotted.

In general, she is duller in color and has fewer and less conspicuous markings, thus affording needed protection to her during nesting time and the period she is rearing her young.

These contrasts between male and female are most pronounced during mating season, for then the proud drake has need of attractive gowns and showy trimmings to win desired attentions of the modest female. In line with prevailing bird custom, she chooses her mate and in consequence has no need of showy attire. But with the competing suitor it is quite different. Winning ways and pretty colors surely prove advantageous to him. The fellow making the best showing before the lady bird stands best chance of being chosen, while the one making the poorest is most likely the one to be "left in the cold."

However, as late spring and early summer advance the father bird sheds his "sparkling clothes" and dresses more in keeping with his natural surroundings. And from then until fall male and female appear so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart.

As already suggested, the green-winged teal is among the smallest of the duck family. He measures about fourteen inches in length and, as with most other birds, is somewhat larger than the female. His body, being boat-shaped, is well adapted to floating upon water and cutting through air. The large, well-developed breast muscles readily indicate his ability as a swift, tireless flyer, and suggest at once his wide area of flight.

He ranges throughout Canada, the United States and Mexico, and is very often found migrating and associating with the mallard. Both green-winged teals and mallards use the same feeding grounds and are equally fond of wooded streams, creeks, and bayous, and habitually select nesting places in the same territory. By some people, this teal is best known by the name of little mallard.

Our basin is a favorite home of the green-winged teals and most of those living here remain the entire year. The streams and swamps afford splendid nesting and feeding grounds, and the open springs, creeks, and rivers offer suitable water and food conditions throughout the colder months of winter.

The secluded nest is usually built in fields or under brush a short distance from water, and is made of grass and weeds, lined with fluffy feathers from the mother's breast. In it are snugly hid from six to twelve beautiful pale buff or ivory white eggs, sometimes tinged with delicate green. The little lady bird takes full management of hatching and rearing the young.

Coyotes, weasels, minks, snakes, hawks, and men are among the teal's worst enemies, the last named being by far the most destructive. As a rule the first ones mentioned kill through ne-

cessity to satisfy hunger, but with man it is usually quite different. Most of his killing is for "sport." The more he kills the more "sport" he has. It is "sport" for him to deceive these beautiful birds by mimicking their call and thus collect them into close groups in order to mow the entire flock with one discharge of a shot-gun.

These "sports" with modern guns have almost rid the middle West and East of their bounteous flocks of ducks, and are now looking for new fields to devastate. In our anxiety to boom the West we thoughtlessly herald to them the fine hunting grounds along our inland sea. Circulars and advertising matter sent broadcast throughout the land are intended to induce wealthy "sports" and "game hogs" to visit these fields and slaughter the game. Should not such advertisements be prohibited by our state? We are striving to train local citizens in the necessity of preserving game for future generations, and at the same time allow thoughtless men and greedy companions to send this sort of literature inviting anxious game killers to satisfy their degraded passion in our own state. Surely we already have enough men who lust for life without importing more.

The Wild Duck's Nest

The imperial consort of the fairy king
Owns not a sylvan bower or gorgeous cell,
With emerald floored, and with purpleal shell
Ceilinged and roofed that is so fair a thing
As this low structure.

Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough
And dimly-gleaming nest—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow;
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human kind, weak slave of cumbrous pride.

—Wordsworth.

Interest in Church Literature

Charles E. Billman, of Thames, New Zealand, writing to the Bureau of Information, says: "Great interest is now being taken by our leading townspeople in reading the *Deseret News* for which I subscribe and which I get regularly, also the *Era*, sent free, and the *Young Woman's Journal* and *The Juvenile Instructor*, there being quite a rush on the arrival of the American mail to see who is going to get the papers first. I am indeed pleased to note that where there was strong opposition to the principles of the gospel and the teachings of the Church, we now have firm friends. The *Era* easy takes first place among any of the important journals. The remark is often passed that it is a pity it is not published weekly instead of monthly."



TROOP 51, SALT LAKE CITY, ST. MARKS CHURCH, E. B. HEISLER,
SCOUT MASTER,

Was successful in winning the President's silk flag for the State of Utah, they having sold more bonds in proportion to the number of registered scouts than any other troop in Utah. This flag was given by the President of the United States at the suggestion of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. The Utah flag was presented by Mrs. W. Mont Ferry, representing the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of Utah. It is mounted on a staff surmounted by the American Eagle. An engraved brass ring on the pole gives the details of the award, and the name of the winning troop. The presentation took place at Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, on Friday evening, April 26, preceding the Boy Scout Campaign for the Third Liberty Loan. This rally was one of the most enthusiastic rallies ever held by the boys. A similar flag is to be given by the President of the United States for the winning troop in the Third Liberty Loan Campaign.

Problems of the Age

Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes of the Melchizedek Priesthood

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

XIX.—The Home

Abandonment.—Of all the old fashioned homes of the past generation it would be interesting to know what percentage is left, homes devoted to domestic industry and child life. Even the difference would not be so startling as the present movement to vacate home life. Word comes to us through public print, which is confirmed by individual observation, that in the great cities of the world the beautiful homes of the well-to-do along charming boulevards are empty because their inmates have abandoned them for hotel life. They were already devoid of child life, whose pleasures would have made them interesting as well as habitable. The Latter-day Saints, whose religious duty makes home life an obligation as well as a joy, little realize what the abandonment of the home means to the world at large. They hardly sense the change of this part of our social structure. World temptations will come to them with such striking force that many of them may find them quite overpowering. Against this and other insidious changes that the new age is bringing, they must brace themselves as if for a conflict in which they may lose. Too many will not believe the dangers till the jolt of a breakdown jars them by its destruction to their senses.

God Speaks.—A great struggle is on in the world, and our troubles will not end with the war. There are more terrible dangers ahead of us. Why do we not proclaim these dangers from the house tops? Why do we not tell the people at home what it all means? Do we not instinctively feel by the spirit that has instilled itself into our lives for nearly a century that the day of which God hath spoken is near. Why do we not speak aloud, and not move in silence in the presence of such catastrophes as are threatening the whole world? It is because we feel that God has the platform, that it becomes us to remain silent in the midst of his great judgments which the world has insisted on bringing upon itself. In the din of social uproar and confusion the world could not, would not, stop to listen, would not heed his voice when he had spoken. "Let the sin be upon us and our children" were the sentiments of those who defied God and crucified the Savior.

We need not feel surprised that in the raging conflict of social destruction one of the earliest of God ordained institutions for the perpetuation of life and happiness—the home—should be threatened with annihilation in the great upheavals of the age. Is it all pessimism and despair when we draw in such dark coloring a world threatened and going to ruin? History and life teach us that only an infinitesimal part of sin is revealed to the public eye. If what we see is full of evil, what must be the secret, hidden conditions of life. If what we see annoys us, how would we feel if God permitted us to see it all. We are wholly incompetent to judge, but we may

listen and speak of the things which God has declared. We have eyes to see and ears to hear the things that are flagrant. One of the great dangers to the home is the deterioration of the body. What is the evidence of competent witnesses in the courts of public opinion? Listen to the evidence of one of America's greatest physicians, Dr. Howard: "Women don't take care of themselves in regard to the changes of weather. They don't get proper food. They overeat, and nowadays more and more of them overdrink and over smoke."

Some one has said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but this is much more true of women. The box of candy is one of the most acceptable strategies of courtship.

Effects of Home Abandonment.—Take any of the big restaurants; who fill them? They are crowded with women at the lunch hour. Crowded with the same sex at 4 p. m. for tea and sweetmeats. At the dinner hour and again after the theatre the restaurants are crowded again. There are now men with the women. We compare what is eaten in these places of mixed patronage with what is eaten in places exclusively patronized by men, and we'll find proof of the contention that it is the women who overeat, and overeat heavy, indigestible food.

"This over indulgence, I believe, is one of the grave evils of the day, at any rate, here in America. It is bad for the present generation, and bad for the coming generation. We molly-coddle our women too much. We have let them live too long in a steam heated atmosphere.

"Some may object that I am putting undue emphasis upon the physical. But these objectors must remember that mental and moral man gets his strength and efficiency only from the physical man. Nature has no use for sickness. *And remember that the greatest struggle for existence that the world has ever seen is going to begin when Verdun has passed into history.* If women could acquire the physical strength and could be disciplined—(make note of that) *and could be disciplined*—they would dominate the earth. I believe it would be easier for them to acquire the necessary strength than for them to subject themselves to the necessary discipline."

From such an indictment it is easy to believe that women are in not much better position to maintain a salutary home life than men. From almost every angle at which we look at home life there are to be seen serious symptoms of its decay.

Nowadays so many children are born out of the home, and left entirely to the care of mothers, that the element of mental life is constantly decreasing. The unmarried mother is not a disturbing factor here, as it is in many European countries. However, there is a growing disinclination everywhere to hold girls to the same accountability as there was a few years back. Today the unmarried mother is becoming more and more a problem to society. From the *Chicago Sunday Herald* of August 26, 1917. I quote the following: "The unmarried mother can scarcely be said to have won the approval of the modern world, but at least she is not greeted with the fury accorded her predecessors."

Illegitimacy.—Dr. Werner of Columbia University recalls the fact that before the present war there were born in Germany 177,000 illegitimate children annually; in France, 80,000; in England, 38,000; in Sweden, 18,000; in little Norway, 5,000. In American cities the illegitimate birthrate is said to be about 3 percent of the total, but this is counterbalanced by the high divorce rate of one divorce to every twelve marriages.

"Illegitimacy is now not only widespread, but a general effort is being made to eliminate the disgrace which attaches to the unmarried mother and to her child."

"The Norwegian law of 1915, which aimed at giving every legitimate child two legal parents, inspired the recent Illinois attempt to deal with the situation. During 1913 France repealed the hard Napoleonic edict, which forbade all investigation into the paternity of children born out of wedlock.

"The same social feeling itself in the abolition of the Austrian law, through which illegitimate children were excluded from family and relationship rights. The Mutterschutz movement in Germany, and in Scandinavia, attempted in various legal ways to accomplish a similar end. The modern world is intent upon lessening the hardships which unmarried mothers so long endured."

The cruelties which aroused the protests of the men who saw the American revolution were, however, but a heritage of a more terrible time. Simple decapitation was considered a merciful punishment. Unmarried mothers were sometimes condemned to die on a bed of thorns. If the mother killed her child she was buried alive or drowned in a sack. If the child lived she had to undergo a humiliating church penance.

Finally the world was aroused, and gradually the most savage forms of punishment were relinquished. The old laws were repealed, and toward the beginning of the nineteenth century homes of refuge and maternity houses began to appear in Europe testifying to the gradual approach of what we hope is a humane civilization. In parts of Europe today the government provides by law for the limitation of children by what is called a homeless process. Austria was not mentioned in the table above given, but it is said by public journalists that fully forty percent of its children are illegitimate. New York has recently been wrestling with the question of child birth control. A prominent woman was sent to prison because of her propaganda on that subject. The doctors had the question before them for discussion and were divided on it.

In modern cities the movement from homes to apartment houses has increased very rapidly within the past decade. Restaurants have greatly multiplied because of the increasing number of women to whom housekeeping has become an unbearable drudgery. Domestic science taught in our schools is not able to stay the movement "away from the home." All these conditions are merely symptoms of a disease which is consuming home life. The situation is becoming so serious that thoughtful men are beginning to ask, "Is the home doomed?"

Dangers Outside the Home.—The sex instinct is a dominating force in all social life. It does not decrease and there is positive evidence that it is growing stronger. Will its legitimate exercise be confined as it properly should be to the home? If the home should go how shall this instinct be regulated? Will it be regulated at all? Will its exercise go on while men and women occupy separate homes? It begins to look as if illegitimate childbirth would not only be protected but encouraged as an effort to save the race. Would it be a less serious evil than race suicide? Approach the subject from any side and its perplexities increase. It seems idle to talk of any other form of marriage than monogamy. How could men be induced to marry more than one woman when they refuse the responsibility of one wife? It is a characteristic of the age to shirk responsibility. Men laugh at the thought of "a duty to marry." In the eastern cities marriage by men before they have reached the age of 40 or 50 is very unpopular. We are told that men often marry late as a last resort. Such marriages too often mean childless homes. Women resent the charge that they are responsible for race suicide. They stoutly affirm that motherhood is after all the dearest thing to a woman's heart. Against the dangers here described the Latter-

day Saints are employing every means. Something must be done to save mankind from its own destruction. The destruction of 12,000,000 men to Europe in the war, compared with the destruction of the race through avoidable disease and prevention of life, is not so startling. When the two processes are combined it is not difficult to forecast the doom of the home. The evils of present conditions are not so menacing to the present generation as they will be to the succeeding ones. However, the world will experience in the immediate future a crisis of world sorrows and losses that will bring home to it universal calamities. There is too much of a French king's consolation that things "will last our day." Today we are confronted with the most wicked indifference to future generations. We seem to care absolutely nothing about the future. The sense of duty is being lost to the human race. How can the world hope to escape punishment for the sins of its own age?

Home a Burden.—Complaint is often made through public print that there is a growing calousness on the part of parents toward their children. They appear too often willing to part with them rather than with social pleasures with which children interfere. I pick up, as I write, the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* of August 26, 1917: "The Miller family wants to get rid of their baby," says the paper. "Two weeks ago the parents applied to the court for leave to place their child for adoption, giving as a reason that they were unable to care for him, and also wanted to go to their home in Wausau, Wis. Mr. Miller said he is the son of a dentist in Wausau. He is employed in the wholesale establishment of Marshall Field & Co., at \$12.00 a week." They were severely reprimanded and decided to keep their child. Such conduct is a question of pleasure versus the home. What is the love for home life? The testimony is quite general that it is vanishing.

XX.—*Woman's World*

Alarming Changes.—There is in rapid progress the creation of a new world for women. It has not been brought entirely by the war. Her grievances date back many years, for she has long felt certain inequalities with men which she has been striving for decades to overcome. The war has helped her into a wider circle of employment, but she heretofore has been extending her activities in new fields, and the farther she has gone the greater demands she has made for improved opportunities. The position she plans for the future will not be won without strong resistance. In political life she sees a means to a higher aim than office. It is in the industrial world where she feels an unjust discrimination and a wrong. Politics might help her, but it will not remove the evil she seeks to cure. Political opportunities do not furnish a world at all large enough for her activities. They may help her, that is all. There are two chief obstructions to her industrial progress. One is public sentiment; the other her own sex. For centuries there has been thrown about her an exclusiveness which confined her services mostly to the home. In European countries, where she is employed more in outdoor life she is confined to the family circle. Gradually, in the nineteenth century she began factory life, then store life, separating herself more and more from domestic pursuits. In each industrial step she has been met by the objection that she was out of her sphere. In each step, too, she has met temptations that have undoubtedly told against her moral well-being. Public sentiment would balk today at women street car conductors, motormen, hotel porters and all forms of employment that bring her into indiscriminate contact with men. The law might not prohibit her, but she would lack the support of the public sentiment which would assist her in claiming the same remuneration as men. Then there are pa-

rental objections, and disfavor of friends and relatives. Public pressure has been too great for her, however willing she may be. A fundamental power in all our social institutions is public sentiment. Many things might be done, and some would perhaps be done, were it not for social disfavor. Such prejudice has been built up for centuries and it is not easily thrown down, even when all reason for its continuation ceases to exist. Such sentiment has of course its good and bad sides. It is more powerful than law, indeed, it is often the principal source of law. It may also be more severe than law, and sometimes it is cruel, but always more or less a tyrant.

It is against this sentiment that women are battling today. To their aid a great war has come, and one of the things it will do is to turn topsy-turvy a great mass of public opinion. "We shall change our minds about things" is one of the common expressions of conversation and of public journals. How and where will it let women work? Will it let her don male attire and doff her own? The women of ancient Israel were taught that it was an abomination for women to dress as men, and the world ever since has said to that doctrine, Amen! Great changes are taking place in Europe with respect to employment and dress. These changes will find their way across the ocean to our own country; but public opinion here will be more stubborn than it is there.

Another thing which will change sentiment in this country will be the franchise of women. Their battle is on now with such a determination that its long resistance seems unlikely. Their political influence will reach all industrial life in such a manner as to sweep away distinction hitherto existing in wages and in all kinds of employment for women. Competition of a violent character is sure to arise between men and women. Men with families will be at a disadvantage. They cannot work on a scale of wages that women will accept if they need to do so in order to win places occupied by men. Then we may expect a new thing in the world—sex hatred. Indeed, its appearance is already manifest in parts of Europe today. What a serious world we are coming to! Maybe the curious thing after all is that we ourselves cannot be attuned to the new life. At any rate the present transformation of things is interesting. But the changes may come along slow enough for us to adjust ourselves to them as time goes on. We are in a period of reconstruction when the new is taking the place of the old. It is all wonderful. We can hardly believe ourselves in the contemplation that the new order is forcing upon us.

Sex Competition.—A second obstacle to the demands of woman is the opposition that her own sex will force upon her. Women must stand by their husbands and oppose their sisters in a movement calculated to rob husbands of their employment. Equal pay for equal work has the ring of eternal justice. But what is justice? Child life is needed, it must be encouraged if the nation is to exist. Men and women must have some assistance if they are to be the greatest of all benefactors to their country. They cannot compete with the childless. Will the state take over the expenses of child life? Children must be reared in homes. A parental love demands that, and the theory of some socialists that state institutions should be established for the support of children is idle in the face of one of the strongest instincts of nature.

There is an ever widening chasm between the present and the past generation. The older looks askance at the liberty and forwardness of the younger. The younger is working a revolution in the propriety and fitness of things. The women of this generation are looking at life from a new angle. New ambitions have come to them, and they are talking "careers." They mean to break away from the old order of things and set new standards of life. Will these standards be for the better or for the worse? We all shake our heads at times. The old fashioned mother in the home, the mother whose ambition was in the home, is still our ideal. We scarcely

stop to think that the home may become a thing of the past, is indeed in an ever widening circle becoming so now. The unmarried and the childless have no homes as we have known them. Those of limited families are drifting from home life. They must think as men think, and live as men live. Will the new freedom to them mean a license to do what men do? Will the double standard pass away, and the moral plane of woman fall to that of man? Can the two sexes be alike in so many respects and not be in danger of being alike in all respects? In the past responsibility for immoral conduct has rested more heavily upon woman. She is learning to evade what was once the insignia of her shame. Remove from her fear of consequences, and will not the dangers for her be as great as they are for man?

Intellectual Ascendancy.—The intellectual differences between the present generation of women and the past can perhaps never be abridged. Will the moral and physical difference in time break down? Is the intellect in the ascendancy? If so, what will be its power over the other attributes of woman? Harriet Orne, in the *Independent* of September 1, 1917, writes:

"My emotions belong to the world of my mother, but my mind lives in a new world which she has never entered, perhaps would not enter if she could. It is the world which my experience has made for me, an intellectual world where those ideas rule which have had the most force in the world during my life time and have been a part of my education. Between my mother's intellectual world and my own a gulf is fixed, and we look across wistfully at one another and strive tactfully to protect each other from our own opinions.

"I believe that the gap between the thinking of the women of my mother's generation, and the thinking of the women of my own generation is a greater gap than has existed between any two other generations of women in the history that we know."

What will the competition of women mean to men? At present they are equipping themselves intellectually better than men. They are more steadfast as students and have fewer evil habits that sap the physical and mental life of man. What of the physical differences between them? The women of this generation in the activities of the home show more persistency and endurance than men. Here is a testimonial from Pierre Hamp on the work of French women in the munition factories:

"Between the sewing machine or the typewriter key and the mechanic's lathe there is no very great distance; there is more fatigue in making clothes on a sewing machine for troops than in turning a 75 mm. gun on a lathe one meter long. To pass the inside border of the hem exactly under the needle requires about the same attention as to follow with one's eye the working of the tool while calibrating the weapon.

"Woman could easily pass directly from her previous tasks to this treatment of steel in the workshops, for she had been spending herself before in more exhausting work. No great effort is required of her in metal turning. She has soon come to excel at it, and is as efficient as man and often more so. In a workshop for making shell cases one woman succeeded in a fortnight in attaining the average rate of production at piece work rates. She asked if she would be paid for all she made, irrespective of their number. This privilege was given, and in six weeks she reached a scale of production twice as great as that of men.

"It was formerly thought that woman's care could not be trusted when very exact measurements had to be made, but the eyes of an embroiderer are sharper than those of a man, and machines for making light artillery presented few difficulties for her."

Women and War.—What about woman as a fighter? Biologists say, "The female of the species is deadlier than the male." Now that women squads in Great Britain are undergoing intense military training, and many of the women of this country are so given to military excitement, one is compelled to ask what may not yet be done by women if the war continues much longer. In Prussia a woman's battalion has been formed and has seen active service. The famous New York physician, Dr. Hammond, in a recent interview in the *Times* has this to say about woman and war:

"At present there is no question that woman represents the undisciplined sex. That is particularly so in this country. Women have been allowed too much ease and luxury and pleasure without any of the sobering responsibility that goes with world making."

"Don't you, Doctor, consider the task of child bearing and rearing as great and sobering a responsibility as any borne by the average male?"

"I certainly do. Aside from the contribution to the State, it is the best thing a woman can do for her own well-being, both moral and physical. A woman is not fully a woman until she has borne a child. But child-bearing is going out of fashion, especially here in America. And it is with an acceptance of this condition that I speak."

"Where women have acquired economic strength, financial independence, there is undoubtedly a disposition to break away from the discipline of established decencies. It may be that women are innately anarchistic, and that they must be held in leash by economic dependence, and possess a physical strength less than that of the dominant male; but I would like to see the experiment made of subjecting them to the iron discipline of military life."

"Of course, there could be no segregation of regiments according to sex. Women, if they are to be any real use to their country as soldiers, and if they are to get any real benefit themselves from the training, would have to play their part shoulder to shoulder with the men. I have no doubt this would result in colossal license for a time; but there is no doubt that the problem would work out its own solution. I have no doubt of the enduring morality of the world. All change means disruption and chaos for a time; and then the true equilibrium is found. I, for one, would be perfectly willing to put the world's morality to the test,—crucial, I admit—of sending mixed regiments of men and women."

These are truly grave problems of life in woman's world. The steps sometimes from the suggestive to the possible, from the possible to the probable, and probable to the reality, are not only short but rapid. Who does not venture a prediction?

Remedy.—What will happen after the breakdown of marriage in our social life? A period of reconstruction will follow. Marriage must of course be reinstated. Without it there can be for us no heaven or no earth. An awful punishment is already at hand because the world has thrown off the responsibility to such an extent of this divine requirement.

Read Sec. 49:15, 16, 17, Doc. and Cov.

XXI—Dependent Mothers

A Serious Problem.—One of the big economic problems of the future will be the fostering care of widows with children to care for. In our own country thirty states have made provision by law for the support of children

whose mothers were not able to care for them. These enactments were passed without regard to the war. When it is over, it is easy to imagine the great burden which such unsupported children will cast upon the nations of the earth. I may include in those mentioned the great numbers who are and will be born out of wedlock. Children are a great asset to the world, but aside from economic considerations, there will be involved the question of humanity. When the war broke out there was a wave of immorality that resulted in many thousands of so-called war babies. The untold number of children dependent on the state for support may well approximate many million. It was a great step the world took when it was decided that children were entitled to an education by the state. The question of the value of an education to the state is subordinate to the question of life itself to the state. The burden will be enormous, and it is likely through divorce and illegitimacy, to grow beyond our wildest imagination. What we know of taxation will be incomparable with what we have yet to learn. It may reach the breaking point, and result in great social disorder. It is so serious already that thoughtful men are preparing our minds for what is certain to be a crucial ordeal. For years there will be no escape from the load we shall have to carry. It is of course easy to imagine that attempts will be made to avoid it by the practice of race suicide. But could the world deliberately destroy itself? The spirit of self-destruction is rife in war. Is there no remedy? We are in a state of intolerable darkness. It is easier to wonder than it is to know what the world will do. There has always been in the past some redeeming power against universal destruction. A world practically without religion is on trial.

A Fatherless Home.—A new world problem also arises. How can children be reared without father? Is the father a necessary factor in the home, independent of the material support he gives? Judge Niel of Chicago, who is now in London in the interest of his propaganda for the state support of fatherless children, and who for years past has been the leading advocate of this doctrine in the United States, has this to say, according to the New York Sunday *Sun* of September 9, 1917:

"Where the mother is trained in mothercraft, as in some states, and given sufficient support so that she can buy food, clothes and shelter, and keep her children in health, a far smaller number of youngsters get into the juvenile courts than in the case where a father of inferior grade is around. The presence of a father is not necessary to the successful rearing of a child. The disadvantages of fathers probably are the result principally of the low wage system, but as things are, fathers usually fuss and make general nuisances of themselves about the house.

"Careful study has shown that homes under the mothers' pension system, in which no father appears at all, are better than those in which low wage fathers are present daily.

"This tends toward the natural condition, because most women would rather be respectably married mothers rearing children than unmarried operatives in a factory or employes of an office. If normal women are given the opportunity of being wives and independent mothers, this will decrease also the prostitution problem, for, speaking generally, there never is a prostitution problem in the psychology of any woman till her mother instincts have been outraged. That is something worthy of much thought. The world is now confronted with the problem of raising great masses of children without the supervision of fathers. It is entirely new, but on the success of its solution will depend the race in Europe and perhaps in America twenty years from now. If the state sees that mothers have an

opportunity of properly rearing their own children, the killing off of the men which has occurred during this war will be comparatively of slight importance, for twenty years from now the nation will be made up of the children of today, not of the men who would have lived in peace, but instead died in war."

State pensions for all mothers under the changed conditions will certainly give encouragement for an unnumbered mass of illegitimate children.

Will men who must bear the major portion of this load consent to it? Will they set up a distinction between the unmarried mother and the mother who has been through a divorcement; between the mother whose husband has died and the mother who has deliberately sought motherhood in response to the maternal instinct with which she is endowed?

Will the fathers of the children of these unmarried mothers be dragged into the court and forced by law to support their children? It might be easier and cheaper for the state to support the children than to multiply the courts and other agencies to enforce their support. The whole thing is a whirligig, which ever way we look at it. Before legislatures consent to such a wholesale draft upon the public treasury, they may yield, for economic reasons, to a growing demand for education in the art of birth control. Birth control would claim the best of arguments. Our moral intuitions and religious standards are breaking down from the sheer weight of economic necessity. It's all a labyrinth. God no doubt has a way out for his children, but they are at sea.

Illegitimate Children.—Illegitimate children are multiplying, so are the children of divorces. Is there a great difference between those who see an easy way out and those who get in wrong? The great encouragement for the birth of all classes will be the need of an increased population.

Judge Niel further says:

"Germany is caring for all illegitimate children and looking after the mothers as well as during and after birth. An official statement says that three million such children now are being cared for by the state. Neither in the case of legitimate or in that of illegitimate are the mothers allowed to work for a considerable period before and after the birth of a child.

"In Australia every mother, married or unmarried, who gives birth to a living child gets £5, or about twenty-five dollars; whether she be married or unmarried, rich or poor. Manitoba has just passed a mothers' pension law.

"To me these millions of children who must be reared without financial aid from fathers obviously present the biggest problem that the world has ever seen. Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria, and perhaps America will find themselves unable to continue by the old methods and still survive as nations. If the widows and orphans of this war are permitted to struggle unaided through their lives and to be degenerated by inevitable poverty, decades of progress will be lost thereby."

The computation of the present load upon the state is not the end of the solution. Myriads of widows and unmarried mothers will go on having children. The mother instinct will grow by what it feeds upon. The dimensions are beyond calculation. It means chaos. Order will have to be evolved from it. Sane methods and correct principles will have to be seriously worked out.

The Religious Side.—Another danger arises in the midst of it all. Will men marry? Why assume a responsibility they can let the state carry?

What will become of the whole marriage system? The undertaking will have serious dangers for the state. The state argument breaks down. The whole question is not political; it is not economic fundamentally. It is *religious*. Is the world ready for religion? There are numerous examples in history of religious break-downs. The sorrowful thing of it all is that the restoration of religion is one of the last phases of regeneration. Think of what we have yet to pass through between the fall of the old and the birth of the new! The world must certainly travail in pain.

The World's Burden.—The situation is not improved by the light-minded manner in which the subject is treated by those who make a jest of it all. It is not a passing world mood. It will grow into the fulness of a world calamity. Its weight will repress every part of our physical, moral, and intellectual natures. No class will escape it. The rich will stare at bankruptcy and the poor will groan. Wounded men by the millions will also become a load upon the state. The world has never seen anything like it. There will be great masses of children who have neither father nor mother. War brings diseases, and the severe strain of mothers now in munition plants and in other works requiring the most strenuous life will break down from the excessive strain put upon them. Women's nerves will give way till hundreds of thousands of them will die. The nations will have a heavy load to carry in the support of children who have neither father nor mother. Then there will arise another problem, the question of employment. Before children are ready to assume the independent status of manhood, there will be a long period when their labors must be under some sort of guidance and control. Who will employ them? The state? Can private enterprise be depended upon to absorb such labor? Much of the labor nowadays is transient, a few weeks or months here, and a few months there. It would be dangerous to turn out so many thousands into what really represents tramp life.

Indifference.—"We should solve these things when we come to them," the indifferent may say. But there are many things we ought not to come to. Britain left the matter of war till she came to it. It resulted in wholesale slaughter of human life. Sometimes the "leaving of things" is the worst phase of the difficulty. It is all confusion madly confounded. Neither may men in such an age be indifferent to impending calamities. A message has been revealed, and great effort put forth to deliver it. It has been scantily received.

If this miscellaneous child life is thrown helpless and uncared for upon the world, what physical and moral dangers must come to it! If demoralization comes to it, it will impregnate all child life. The state will suffer, and society deteriorate. "Where is wisdom?" asked a noble ancient. Human wisdom is in the scales. Will it be found wanting? There was once a handwriting on the wall. There is again, and its interpretation has already been given.

Revelation.—"And the time cometh speedily that great things are to be shown forth unto the children of men;

"But without faith shall not anything be shown forth except desolation upon Babylon, the same which has made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.

"And there are none that doeth good, except those who are ready to receive the fulness of my gospel which I have sent forth unto this generation.

"Wherefore, I have called upon the weak things of the world, those who are unlearned and despised, to thresh the nations by the power of my Spirit" (Doc. and Cov. 35:11-13).

A Testimony

By Bishop George Romney

[The following letter, dated Box 523, Santa Monica, Calif., December 14, 1917, is a fitting introduction to the testimony of Elder Romney, which follows, and which was uttered in the Salt Lake Temple fast meeting, January 6, 1918. The wish of President Smith that thousands might rejoice in Elder Romney's testimony is fulfilled in its publication in the *Era*.—Editors.]

*Patriarch George Romney,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

My Dear Brother Romney:—I saw by the paper the other day, that your last remaining wife had passed away, leaving you wifeless in the world, possibly during the remainder of your life. I think I can realize to some extent your keen sense of loss after the long experience in your life with a large family and devoted wives and mothers. Of course, no one can say anything which in the least can compensate for such bereavement: Time only and the consciousness of the love of God can heal such wounds. But I know you are reasonable, and will accept kindly from me just a word of advice which, although it may be devoid of comfort, is sincerely meant for your good.

Do not allow the keen sense of your loneliness to prey upon your mind or health. The world needs just such men as you, and thousands would rejoice to hear your testimony of the truth of the restored gospel of Christ. Please keep on living in order to do all the good you can for a good while yet to come.

I am enclosing this with a letter to my son David, who mentioned by letter that you were in fairly good health, although sadly bemoaning the loss of your wife.

Praying God to bless you and preserve your life, I am,
Affectionately your brother and fellow servant,
Joseph F. Smith.

My brethren and sisters: I feel that I should not be satisfied if I should go away from this meeting without bearing my testimony to the work of God. Some of the brethren have mentioned the number of years that they have been members of this Church.

It is a little over seventy-eight years, now, since I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is a little over eighty years since my father and my mother were baptized in the Church. I want to state a little of my first experience, and I believe and hope it may do some good with parents. When my parents joined the Church in Preston, in 1837, when Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, John Snyder and another one were there, we lived in Penworthen, two miles from Preston. Soon after the organization Peter Mellen was set apart as a patriarch. They lived about two of these short blocks from where my parents lived. At this time

I was six years of age; one of my sisters was four, and the other, two. One Sunday morning my parents got up in the morning, and about eight o'clock they got us children ready, and they went to this prayer meeting. They went home again and got what they call a Lancashire bagging, and went to Preston, two miles from there, father and mother alternately carrying the two-year-old child. In the morning we attended a meeting, and at eleven o'clock, at two o'clock and at seven o'clock, and returned home again the same night. They kept this up for years; and I want to tell you, my brethren and sisters, that I shall never forget, neither in this world nor in the world to come, the expectation, the joy, and the pleasure that I had in looking forward, though a child, to the day when I would be baptized a member of this Church. I was baptized when I was eight years old. We remained there, after that, some two years. In the year 1841 we arrived in the city of Nauvoo, having crossed the ocean on the ship *Sheffield*, carrying the first ship-load of Saints that ever came from a foreign land. I remember well when the boat landed there. It took three weeks to go up from New Orleans to Nauvoo. We were met there by the Prophet Joseph and some others, to welcome us there, just a short time after they had been driven from Missouri. It was a sickly place. About one-third of our ship-load died inside of three weeks.

I want to say this, my brethren and sisters, that the experience I have had in this Church, from that day to this, has increased my faith in the work of God. I have seen so many manifestations of his power in the days of the poverty that the Saints passed through, and since that time, that my faith could not be otherwise. I knew the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch. I have heard them speak. I have heard the Prophet Joseph speak as I never have heard any other man on the face of the earth speak, under the power of Almighty God; and I want to testify to you today that I know, through every fiber of my body that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Most High God, inspired to bring forth the gospel and to restore it again to men upon the earth. I knew him when he passed through the trying scenes, when he had to leave his home and go into hiding; and the Saints feeling like children would feel, ten or twelve years of age, when the parents went away. The Saints then had not had the experience that we have now in the work of God. And then his return! I saw him and his brother Hyrum, lying side by side, in their gore! Men of God who were raised up to bring forth the principles of the gospel to fallen man, and going through all the privations and poverty we passed through in those days.

I had a sister seven years of age who was sick, asking for a

little sweet, and we could not get it. The parents could not get it. They could not even get a little light to see the child as she passed from this mortal life. Still, we were there; that was our condition; and many of the Saints were far worse off than we were. Then the temple of God was started, in poverty. I with others have lain, though a young boy, upon the seats in the Temple, with my gun close by, ready for the bell to ring at the signal, "The mob approaching!"

These were some of the experiences that came to me. The Prophet Joseph had but very little, and Brigham Young lived in a log house there, not over twenty feet square. Still they were men of God. I want to tell a little about these things, because there are not many left who can do it. When the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, were killed, John Taylor, who was severely wounded, and Willard Richards, came home. Then Strang and others arose, even Sidney Rigdon, and they each said: "I am the leader of this people;" and they would talk to us, and did talk for two or three months, until the Twelve returned from the East to Nauvoo. Then a meeting was called, and Sidney Rigdon got up and spoke. Of course, he was a man of eloquence, a man who had studied rhetoric and everything that pertains to being a speaker. He talked for one hour and a half. Then Brigham Young got up, and I want to testify to you, in all soberness, this morning, that the mantle of Joseph fell upon Brigham, and his voice was as the voice of Joseph Smith. This, my brethren and sisters, I testify to you in the name of the Lord God of Israel. I saw it and I heard his voice.

I have seen so many of the providences of the Almighty, from that time till the present. I have seen the Church grow until it occupies the proud position that it now occupies. I have passed through a good many experiences. I have had three wives, and I want to say here that they lived in peace, and we had joy and comfort and satisfaction. I have some thirty-five children. My wife, the first one, died a few days after I returned from Uncle Sam's board on the hill. Another wife died two years ago; and four weeks ago tonight, at ten minutes past four, my last wife drew her last breath. I had a wife for sixty-seven years, and now I am left alone; but, brethren and sisters, I want to state to you that I am not alone. I know that my wives are safe on the other side; and the prayer of my heart is, O God, that I may remain faithful till I draw my last breath; so that when I leave this state of existence I will meet them, and my father, and my mother, and the servants of God that I have known. I knew Brigham Young personally, because I was connected with the public works here when he was only about fifty-four years of age. I have known John Taylor; I

knew Wilford Woodruff; I have known all the presidents of the Church. I know Brother Joseph F. Smith who is here today, and I know if ever there was a man on earth who sought the welfare of the human family, he is the one.

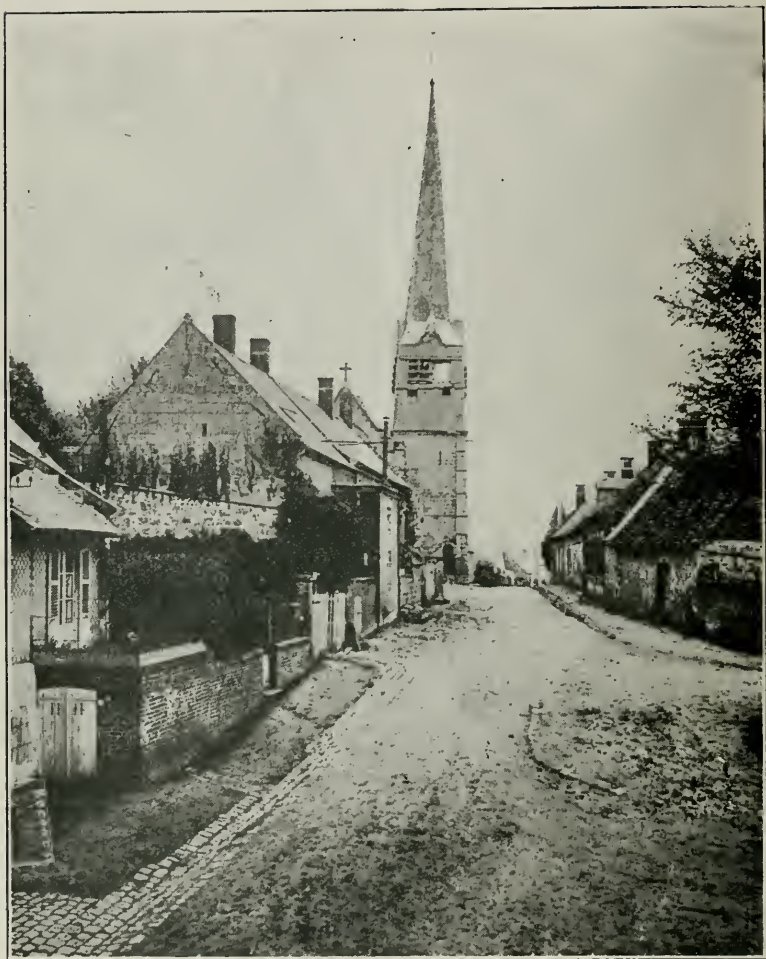
Now I am going to bear a little testimony with reference to myself, showing the power of God that was made manifest to me. I lost my wife Margaret, and a year after that I was taken with a deadly sickness. The doctors gave me up; they said I could not live unless some other power intervened. My family were standing around my bed, crying, thinking that I was going to pass away; and I knew, as well as I know I am here today, that unless the power of God intervened I was going to leave this state of existence. My wives, the two that were left, had talked together, time and time again, and their prayer was that, as I was getting along in years, they might be saved and preserved, so that they might put the old man away. One was nearly ten years younger than I was, and the other fourteen. I was taken sick soon after one of the two had gone, and I was lying in that condition, the family expecting every moment that I would go; but President Joseph F. Smith, his wives Julina and Edna, and Bishop Nibley came, and they laid their hands upon me, and the folks all knelt down.

In President Smith's prayer, he said: "Bishop, you shall live;" and I am here today, as a testimony, before you, that it was through the power of Almighty God.

When Bishop Nibley went out he said: "How dare you make a dying man such a promise?" President Smith replied, "It was not I who made that promise."

I have seen so many things that have made me think of the power vested in the Holy Pristhood, as I said to them. When the Saints were here, in 1849, with scarcely anything to eat or wear, many of them barefoot, and with very few tools with which to till the soil, Heber C. Kimball uttered a prediction that by a certain date in the near future goods from the East would be as cheap here as in New York. The people could not understand how this prophecy could be fulfilled; it seemed impossible. In fact Brother Kimball seemed very much concerned about it himself. I talked with him a number of times about conditions, and in conversing privately one day he told me, in his characteristic language: "I thought I had burst my boiler!" But it was the Lord who spoke through him, and the prophecy was fulfilled.

My brethren and sisters, I want to testify before you this morning that I know, as well as I know that the sun is shining in yonder heavens, that this work is of the Lord. I feel it through every fiber of my body, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; I know it not only by ocular demonstrations but, above all, by the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.



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BAILLEUL

One of the most important strategic points on the Western front fell to the Germans in one of the recent drives. The British, in their early attack used it as the strong point from which they hurled back the waves of the enemy on the Flanders front.

This view shows the principal street and the church in the city which the enemy now holds. When the photograph was made Bailleul was far behind the lines, and still unmarred by enemy bombardments.

Mexico After the War.*

By Hon. Anthony W. Ivins

War is a business divine in itself. God will see to it that war always recurs. Self-sacrifice is a renunciation of life, whether in the existence of the individual or the state. The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral.—From *Germany in the Next War* by Baron von Bernhardi.

The effect of war, a war which, by comparison with the great world struggle which now exists in Europe, was a mere scrap, and its civilizing influences, may be had by a comparison of present conditions in the "Mormon" colonies of Mexico, with what they were before the exodus of the colonists from their homes in 1912:

So long as peace prevailed in Mexico these colonies developed with remarkable rapidity. The people who established them were poor in purse, but rich in faith, industry, and a sincere desire to benefit the people and country where they chose to establish new homes. The principles of fraternity, charity and industry were their chief capital when they pitched their tents on the banks of the Janos, Casas Grandes and Piedras Verdes rivers.

The tents were soon replaced with good temporary homes, and these, before the exodus of 1912, had given way to houses of brick and stone which would do honor to the streets of any modern rural city.

Orchards of the choicest fruits, gardens where the most beautiful flowers bloomed in profusion, cattle, horses and poultry of the finest breeds were to be seen everywhere. Meeting and school houses were the pride of the colonists, while the stores, work shops and factories were far in advance of those in the neighboring towns and cities, where Mexican civilization had been slowly developing for three hundred years.

This was the happy, prosperous condition of the colonies prior to 1912. Then came war. Without warning, with scarcely time to reach the waiting trains which were to bear them to the United States border to friends and safety, with only the few belongings which they could hastily collect and carry in their hands, not even stopping to exchange everyday clothing for the better suits which hung in the closets, the people

*Illustrations by the author.



Upper cut: All that is left of the meeting and school house at Colonia Diaz. Tears were shed by these women as they looked, for the first time since the exodus, upon the ruins of their former homes.

Center: The former home of Bishop W. Derby Johnson, Jr.

Lower: Ruins of the home of Andrew Peterson.



Upper cut: The ruins of the splendid home of P. K. Lemmon, Jr.
Center: What is left of the Union Mercantile, Colonia Diaz.

Lower: Union Mercantile, Colonia Dublan. At the time of the exodus the stock of merchandise carried in this store was worth \$100,000. Not a dollar was saved to the stockholders, so far as the writer is aware.



Upper cut: The San Diego Ranch. Bishop A. B. Call, of Colonia Dublan, stood with his back to the tree in the foreground, and faced a firing squad. His life was spared on condition that he pay a ransom, which was done. Center: A typical colonist home which escaped the ravages of war. Lower: Pierson lumber mills, one of the largest plants in the world, passed through many experiences, but was not destroyed.

fled. Many of them, the great majority, have never returned. They are scattered from Canada to the Mexican border.

In November last, the writer, in company with Elder Oscar A. Kirkham, visited Colonia Diaz and other points for the first time since the war which followed the Madero revolution devastated the country and turned back the wheels of progress and civilization at least one generation. The desolation which war leaves in its wake, wherever it goes, was in evidence everywhere. The flocks and herds have disappeared from the ranges. The fields are uncultivated. The fruits and flowers gone. Where happy homes stood there remain only blackened walls. The photographs here reproduced tell the story in language more eloquent than words.

The few views showing property which has miraculously escaped the ravages of war represent the condition before the "great civilizing agent" stalked through the land.

Do we want this "divine business," with its devastating influences in our own country? If not, we must check it before it gains a foothold on our shores. If it effects a landing, there will be repeated here what has occurred in Mexico, with far greater horrors, for "barbarous Mexico" has proven herself to be childlike, humane and merciful, when compared with the enemy with which we are menaced from across the sea.

The Boy who Fights for his Mother

On the lips of each flower is a kiss and a prayer
From the mothers of men to their boys everywhere;
'Tis the love of all mothers to each valiant son
Who has sworn to turn back the red scourge of the Hun.
Though the blossom may wither, the love still endures—
In the land of the free every mother is yours.
Man honors the brave as he honors no other
And God loves the boy who will fight for his mother.

[Written by Fred Emerson Brooks, for the Y. M. C. A., in honor of Mother's Day at Camp Kearny, and dedicated to the men of the "Sunshine Division."]

A Latter-day Martyr

By Rey L. Pratt, President of the Mexican Mission

For three years civil war had raged in Mexico. Madero's revolution had triumphed over the dictator, Diaz, only, in turn, to be overthrown by the military defection headed by Felix Diaz, Bernardo Reyes and Manuel Mondragon. Victoriana Huerta had snatched from them the fruits of their victory over legal government in Mexico, had ruthlessly murdered President Madero and Vice President Pino Suarez, placed himself in the presidential chair and made himself dictator of Mexico.

The United States had failed to recognize the usurper, Huerta; John Lind, President Wilson's special representative in Mexico, had left the capital, and, through the American embassy and the American consular service, all Americans were advised to leave the country. Anti-American feeling ran high and there was every indication that there would be war between the two countries.

The little band of missionaries still left were all called into the Mission office in Mexico City and it was decided to leave the country until conditions should become more settled. Letters were written to the native branch presidents throughout the mission advising them of the resolution to abandon the field for a time, and giving them instructions in the management of affairs in their respective branches. Mission effects were packed and stored and everything was in readiness for the departure of President Pratt, his family, and all of the missionaries, on the evening train, for Vera Cruz.

About 3 p. m. a young man, a convert of but three months, stepped into the almost dismantled Mission office and said:

"President Pratt, words cannot convey to you my sorrow and that of my family at the thought of yourself and the elders having to leave us. We know you have brought us the truth and we thank God that we have accepted it, but we are as children in our knowledge of the gospel. What can we do when we are left to ourselves? The older branches of the mission have their branch presidents, men holding the priesthood and who can teach the people and keep them in the line of their duties, but we are new in the faith, and where we live there is no branch organization; what are we to do?"

"Take this seat," replied President Pratt, placing him a

chair, "and we will confer upon you the Melchizedek priesthood, and ordain you an elder, and set you apart as branch president over the few Saints who live where you do. You will then go back and preside over them, teach them the gospel, and if you are faithful and humble before the Lord, he will bless you with power and great wisdom in the performance of your duties."

In all humility, the young man received the ordination and calling as branch president.

A few hours later the missionaries all left Mexico City,



Rafael Monroy and his Mother, Sister Jesus Mera Vida de Monroy

and up to the present, owing to unsettled conditions in the country, have not been permitted to return and resume their missionary labors. Brother Rafael Monroy, for such was the young man's name, bade them farewell at the station, and the next day returned to his home in the little town of San Marcos.

Seven were all that had been baptized members of the Church in this place, and besides them, there were as many more earnest investigators. Trusting in the promise of the Lord to him, Brother Rafael gathered them together and told them of what had been done, and that he had been called to preside over them. After this, regular meetings and Sunday

Schools were held every Sunday, also once during the week. The blessings of the Lord rested upon the little branch and the noble young man called to preside over it. Through his humble and efficient labors, the number who attended the meetings regularly had increased, within a year, from about fifteen to more than seventy-five. Investigators became converts and during the two years following the organization of the branch more than fifty souls were added to it by baptism.

The little town of San Marcos was situated in a part of the country where, during the first few years of the struggle in Mexico, the horrors of war did not enter. But the revolution, like a devastating fire, afterward burned its way into and over even the most secret recesses of the land, leaving in its wake little but its blackened trail and the charred and ruined walls of what once were homes.

So it was that in May, 1915, this little town found itself on the firing line between the hords of Zapata, the Attila of the South, on the south, and the advancing army of Carranza, under the leadership of Obregon, on the north. For three



Rafael Monroy, holding his little daughter, Conchita Monroy; at his left his wife, Guadalupe Hernandez de Monroy; then Natalia Monroy de McVey, sister of Rafael; Jesus Mera Vida de Monroy, mother of Rafael; Jovita Monroy, sister of Rafael; Guadalupe Monroy, sister also of Rafael. The three sisters in the group were imprisoned when trying to obtain the release of their brother Rafael.

months the battle raged between the contending forces, with the town now in the hands of the Zapatistas, and now in the hands of the Carranzistas.

Our little band of Saints nobly struggled on in the midst of all this, without taking part on either side, and held their meetings and Sunday Schools many times, even while battles were being fought and bullets were flying over the house in which their services were held. Devotion to their faith had won them many friends, but, as is always the case where truth is established, Satan put hatred into the hearts of some of the people against them. Among these was a neighbor of Brother Rafael who had it in his heart not only to hate those who professed another faith to his, but also, if possible, to destroy both it and those who professed it.

On July 17, after a battle of several hours, the town, which for several weeks had been held by the Carranzistas, was taken by the Zapatistas. The neighbor spoken of saw now his opportunity to strike what he thought would be a fatal blow at the little branch, by denouncing its leader, to the conquering hordes of Zapata, as a colonel who had fought against them on the side of the Carranzistas; and further that he was a "Mormon," the leader of those who professed that strange religion in the little village, and was perverting the people and leading them off after other gods. Zapata and his followers are intensely fanatic and fight their battles in the name of the Virgin of Guadalupe, avowing the destruction of all who oppose her. So Brother Rafael, soon after their entrance into the town, found his home surrounded by an armed troop of men. He and Brother Vicente Morales, who was there with him, were placed under arrest. The Zapatistas demanded that they give up their arms, but Brother Rafael, confident in the fact that he was innocent, as far as having arms, and fighting with them, simply drew from his pocket his Bible and his Book of Mormon and said:

"Gentlemen, these are the only arms I ever carry; they are the arms of truth against error."

"His answer only infuriated the mob. He and his companion were now held securely while his house and belongings were searched for the arms that were supposed to be hidden there. But no arms were found, so the brethren were submitted to all kinds of torture in an endeavor to make them divulge the place where arms were hidden. At last ropes were placed round their necks and thrown over the limbs of a tree; but before the knots were tightened they were told that if they would forsake their strange religion and join with the Zapatistas, they would be placed at liberty. But Brother Rafael replied:

"My religion is dearer to me than my life and I cannot forsake it."

At this they were raised from the ground by the ropes around their necks and suspended in the air till unconscious. But their tormentors were not ready to see them die, so let them down and revived them. At this stage the three sisters of Brother Rafael, even at their own peril, went to the commander of the Zapatistas to intercede for their brother and Vicente. But their tears and prayers were vain, and they, too, were made prisoners and thrown into a room under heavy guard.

This was about 10 a. m., and some time later, after all attempts, made with cruel tortures, had failed to make Brothers Rafael and Vicente divulge the hiding place of arms they did not have, and make them forsake the gospel they held dearer than life, they, too, were taken to the same room where the sisters were held. As best he could, Brother Rafael comforted his sisters, and told them to trust in the Lord and all would be well. He asked for water and bathed his hands and face and the chafed neck where the hangman's cruel rope had nearly strangled his life out. He then drew from his pocket his Bible and Book of Mormon, and occupied the remainder of the afternoon in reading the scriptures and explaining the gospel to his guards and fellow prisoners.

All day long the poor distracted mother had gone from one office to another, protesting that her children were innocent of any crime and begging for their release, but it was without avail. It was not until about 7 p. m. that she was even permitted to take them any food, and was not even then permitted to take it into them nor see them, but had to send it in by a guard. The grief and fear of the sisters were greater than their desire for food, but under the consoling and encouraging words of Brother Rafael, they were persuaded to spread out their little repast and prepare to partake of it. When all was arranged, Brother Rafael asked for the attention from the rest of the prisoners, and permission from the guards, to ask a blessing on the food. In a voice that all could hear, he thanked God for it, and for all of his blessings. Then, in a quiet way to his sisters, he said: "Partake of the food, but I will not partake, for I am fasting today."

A few moments later an orderly came in and called for Rafael Monroy and Vicente Morales, and commanded them to follow him. By this time it was getting dark, and they were conducted under guard to the outskirts of the little town. There they were stood up by a large ash tree and in front of a firing squad. The officer in charge again offered to them their freedom if they would forsake their strange religion and join the

Zapatistas, but the brethren, as firmly as before, replied that their religion was dearer than life, and that they would not forsake it.

They were then told that they were to be shot, and asked if they had any request to make. Brother Rafael requested that he be permitted to pray before he was executed; and there, in the presence of his executioners, he kneeled and, in a voice that all could hear, prayed God to bless and protect his loved ones, and to care for the little struggling branch that would be left without a leader. As he finished his prayer he used the words of the Savior when he, himself, hung upon the cross, and prayed for his executioners, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Not once did he pray that his own life might be spared; but when his prayer was finished, he stood up and folded his arms and said, "Gentlemen, I am at your service." The report of six rifles rang out on the night air, and was echoed to the sisters waiting in the little prison room, and to the mother and wife waiting in despair in their little home, conveying to them the knowledge that Rafael and Vicente had given up their lives, martyrs to the cause that they loved more than their lives!

The circumstances attending the execution were told to the family afterwards by a soldier who witnessed them, and he said that in all his experience he never saw men die with greater courage, nor had he ever heard such a prayer as that offered by Brother Rafael.

As if in grief over the great tragedy, and an effort to wash the earth clean of the stains of innocent blood, a tropical storm broke over the little village, and the rain came down in torrents. But out into the darkness, and in the face of the storm, went the heart-broken old mother of Brother Rafael, to find, if possible, the body of her dear, dead son. For, though she had pleaded with the soldiers, they would not tell her where he lay; and it was not until four in the morning that she found him. In recounting it afterwards, she said, "Surely the Lord was with me and strengthened me that night, for I, who had many times fainted at the sight of blood, was able, alone, and without fear, to keep watch over my boy and his companion from the time I found them till daylight came."

The three sisters were held all night as prisoners, and the following morning the soldiers were making preparations to take them with them, but the mother went again before the general and implored him, now that her son was dead, to spare to her her daughters. This request he granted and about 8 a. m. the girls were liberated.

Orders were given to arrest and execute any man who

should attempt to move the bodies of the two murdered brethren; so, there was nothing left for the grief-stricken mother, wife and sisters to do but themselves to remove the bodies and bury them as best they could. They improvised a stretcher and carried them half a mile home, and with their own hands prepared them for burial, and buried them.

No doubt the perpetrators of this crime thought that with the death of the leader, the strange religion in their midst would come to an end. But just so thought those who put the prophets of old to death, and those who crucified the Savior of the world; and later those who murdered the Prophet Joseph Smith. But such was not the case, for the little branch has not only survived, but has grown since, and the faith of its members is stronger than ever.

Mother never loved a son with more devotion and tenderness than did the widowed mother of Brother Rafael. He was her only son, her mainstay and only support; and his love for her was only equaled by that of hers for him. Their devotion to each other in life was an inspiration to all who saw it. And only the Lord and those who have had similar experience to hers, know the depth of her grief at the death of her son!

But it has been one of the greatest inspirations that has ever come to the author of this article, to have witnessed the resignation, devotion to the Lord, and faithfulness with which she has borne her sorrow. There seems to be no bitterness in her soul, not even for those who committed the awful crime, and she says she is willing to leave their case with the Lord and let him deal with them as seemeth him good.

Her spirit is better manifest than by any description of mine, in her own words with which she closed a letter to me in describing the whole sad affair. She said: "Brother Pratt, great, great, indeed, have been our afflictions, but greater still is our faith, and we will not falter!"

Manassa, Colo.

Time and Eternity.

What is Time? But a moment, the present, the now;
It is ours when we have it, when past 'tis no more;
It belongs to Eternities gone, while we wait
For the next one which comes from Eternity's shore.

Eternity! What? No beginning, no end!
The universe swings in its infinite sweep,
'Tis the day of the Gods, all unbroken, intact,
No finite can grasp it, nor climb up its steep.

—Henry W. Naisbitt.

Philosophy of the Atonement

Its Two-Fold Effect

By Dr. James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve

Belief in the efficacy of the death of Jesus Christ as a means of atonement, whereby redemption and salvation are made possible, is an essential feature of distinctively Christian religion. That belief if sustained by works constitutes faith in or acceptance of the Christ as the Only Begotten Son of God, and is supported by the Holy Scriptures of all ages. Nevertheless, to most of us, the fact of the Atonement is a great mystery.

Be it remembered that the effect of the Atonement is two-fold: (1) Redemption of the human race from physical death, which entered the world as a result of Adam's transgression; and (2) Salvation, whereby means of relief from the results of individual sin are provided.

Victory over death and the tomb became manifest in the resurrection of the crucified Christ. Of all who have lived in the flesh He was the first to come from the grave with spirit and body reunited, a resurrected, immortalized Soul. Justly, therefore, is He called "*the firstfruits of them that slept*" (1 Cor. 15:20); "*the firstborn from the dead*" (Col. 1:18); and "*the first begotten of the dead*" (Rev. 1:5).

Immediately following our Lord's resurrection, "many bodies of the Saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." (Matt. 27:52-53).

We learn that in due time everyone who has lived and died on earth shall be resurrected, "*they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation*" (John 5:29). However, the order in which we shall be resurrected is determined by individual conditions of righteousness or guilt. (See 1 Cor. 15:23; Rev. 20:5-6). A latter-day Scripture, describing the general resurrection of the just, incident to the approaching advent of Christ, embodies the Lord's declaration in these words: "*The trump of God shall sound both long and loud, and shall say to the sleeping nations, Ye saints arise and live; ye sinners stay and sleep until I shall call again.*" (Doctrine and Covenants 43:18).

The second effect of the Atonement makes salvation possi-

ble to all men through obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel; and of these the following are fundamental: (1) Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; (2) Repentance; (3) Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; (4) Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is evident that but for the Atonement accomplished by the Savior, there could be no resurrection from the dead; (see Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 9:7-12); and advancement from the disembodied state would be impossible. And just as plainly the Scriptures declare that without the Atonement of Christ mankind would be left in their sins, without means of making amends therefor and receiving remission thereof.

We have learned but little of the eternal laws operative in the heavens; but that God's purposes are accomplished through and by law is beyond question. There can be no irregularity, inconsistency, arbitrariness or caprice in His doings, for such would mean injustice. Therefore, the Atonement must have been effected in accordance with law. The self-sacrificing life, the indescribable agony, and the voluntary death of One who had life in Himself with power to halt His torturers at any stage, and whom none could slay until He permitted, must have constituted compliance with the eternal law of justice, propitiation and expiation by which victory over sin and death could be and has been achieved. Through the mortal life and sacrificial death of our Lord Jesus Christ the demands of justice have been fully met, and the way is opened for the lawful ministration of mercy so far as the effects of the fall are concerned.

Sin, followed by death, came into the world through the transgression of one man. The entailment of mortality upon that man's posterity, with all its elements of a fallen state, is natural, we say, because we think we know something about heredity. Is it any more truly natural that one man's transgression should be of universal effect, than that the redeeming and saving achievement of One, fully empowered and qualified for the work of atonement, should be of universal blessing? The ancient Apostles were explicit in answer. Thus spake Paul: "*Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.*" (Rom. 5:18). And further: "*For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all*" (1 Tim. 2:5-6).

Christ, victor over sin and death, established His right to prescribe the conditions under which man may attain salvation, and these are summarized as *obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel*. That the physical, mental, and spiritual

agony preceding and accompanying the crucifixion was real and necessary to the accomplishment of His foreappointed mission has been affirmed by the Christ in the current dispensation: *"For behold I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent; but if they would not repent, they must suffer even as I. Which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit: and would that I might not drink the bitter cup and shrink—Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men. Wherefore, I command you again to repent."* (Doctrine and Covenants 19:16-20).

Life's Strenuous Journey

Oft the wheels of our engines are slipping,
 In trying to climb up the hill;
 Despite that the sweat-drops are dripping
 From exerting the strength and the will.
 Though fatigued and oftentimes tired,
 From every-day toils we repeat,
 Yet cheerfully onward, aspiring—
 We hope that the end will be sweet.
 To the hilltop—'way yonder we're driving,
 No matter how strenuous it be,
 With dauntless endeavors we're striving
 For the goal we imagine we see.
 Thus day after day is completed
 While the mileposts we're passing along;
 The result will be joyfully greeted,
 And mingled with mirth and with song.
 Then, friends, let's push on without ceasing,
 Not minding obstructions we meet,
 If our task should be somewhat displeasing
 Yet we cannot afford to retreat;
 For vict'ry awaits the hard workers
 Whose motto is "Justice and Right;"
 But shame and disgrace for the shirkers
 Who won't take a hand in the fight!

John A. Olsen

Hark! Listen to the Gentle Strain

WORDS BY PARLEY P. PRATT.

MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

1. Hark! listen to the gentle strain; Oe'r hill and
 2. The birds their num'rous notes re-sound In songs of
 3. The mountains high, the rivers clear, Where hea - ven

1st and 2nd Bass.

val - ley grove or plain; It echoes from the heights a -
 praise the earth a - round; Their voices and their tongues em -
 shed; the dewy tear, In silence or ma - jes - tic

f rit. *p* *ff* *a tem.*
 bove The voice of free-dom, peace and love. The
 ploy In songs of free-dom, love and joy. And
 roar, The God of love and peace a - dore. The

The flow'rs that bloom o'er all the land, In har-mo-
 And then behold the crystal stream With mul-ti-
 The earth and air, the sea and sky, The Ho - ly

flow'rs that bloom o'er all the land, In har - mo-
 then be - hold the crystal stream With mul ti-
 earth and air, the sea and sky, The Ho - ly

ny and or - der stand, Nor hatred, pride, nor
tudes of fish - es teem, In si - lent joy they
Spir - it from on high, And an - gels who a -

ny and or - der stand,
tudes of fish - es teem;
Spir - - it from on high,

rit.

en - vy know; In freedom, peace and love they grow.
live and move In freedom, un-ion, peace and love
bove do reign, Cry "Peace on earth, good will to men."

A Tribute to Mothers

Elder E. T. Hawkins, a missionary in Vermont, sent his mother, Mrs. W. E. Hawkins, of Idaho, a letter in which he wrote a tribute to mothers. We quote as follows: "May God bless the mothers, especially you, my own mother, who went down into the valley of the shadow of death that I might live; who gave me this body of flesh and bone as a blessed gift essential to progress in eternity; who taught and cared for me through the tender years of my life, and soothed and hushed my infant griefs; who prayed and watched with a heart of love no other person can exceed; you who tremble lest I slip and fall, and be overcome in the meshes of sin; who guided my footsteps, cheered my ways, built the hope that has led me on! O mother, how much I owe to you. Forgive the heartaches, the pain, the toil I have caused you, and forgive my thoughtless, careless ways. My debts to you I feel I never can repay." He then quotes the following little poem:

"The mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character; and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle care, a Christian man.
Then crown her queen of the world!"

"God bless the mothers, I say again! and you, mother dear, above them all."

EDITORS' TABLE



The Unpardonable Sin

By President Joseph F. Smith

[The sermon referred to in the following letters was delivered in Jan., 1895, and shortly thereafter printed. It treats of spiritual death and the unpardonable sin and what these are. A very careful and intelligent discussion of the sermon, with much of it quoted, was given by President Wm. A. Hyde, Pocatello stake, in the *Era*, for March, 1916. A further discussion by President Joseph F. Smith on the subject, is found in this letter, answering the criticism of his friend. These letters are now published for the first time.—Editor.]

A Word of Criticism

President Joseph F. Smith, City.

My Dear Brother:—By your verbal request I have read carefully your sermon delivered Jan. 20, 1895, in Franklin, Idaho. I consider it one of the choicest doctrinal discourses I have listened to. Parts of it, that are not in accord with my ideas, are where you say, "I do not believe that he (Peter) had ever received the gift of the Holy Ghost," meaning during the life of the Savior.

I believe that Peter had received the gift of the Holy Ghost prior to his denial of the Savior.

Then you say, speaking of Judas, "And I am not sure but he atoned for his sin before he passed into the other world. I do not know that he did not; I do not know that he did. At any rate I believe that he lamented his sin although he was a devil."

I believe Judas to be a son of perdition without hope, who will die the second death.

Trusting you will not be offended with a junior brother for entertaining views different from yours quoted above,

With unbounded love for you, I remain,

Your Brother and Colaborer.

Salt Lake City, March 1, 1895.

President Smith's Reply

My Dear Brother:—You further say: "I believe Judas to be a son of perdition without hope, who will die the second death." This is a clear-cut statement and, of course, you should have, and perhaps have, undoubted evidence to reach such a conclusion.

I have no such belief, because I have never seen nor heard evidence sufficient in favor of your view to produce such a conviction in my mind. On this point, however, I wish to repeat, that I do not say that he did, nor that he did not commit the

unpardonable sin, for I do not know. But the following word of God I *do believe* and *know*, by the promptings of the Holy Spirit, to be true:

Thus saith the Lord, concerning all those who *know* my power, and have been made *partakers* thereof, and suffered themselves, through the power of the devil, to be overcome, and to *deny the truth* and *defy* my power—they are they who are the sons of perdition; * * * * Having denied the Holy Spirit *after having received it*, and having denied the Only Begotten Son of the Father—having crucified him unto themselves, and put him to an open shame. These are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone with the devil and his angels, and the *only ones* on whom the second death shall have any power; yea, verily, the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the *due* time of the Lord, *after* the sufferings of his wrath; for all the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and glory of the Lamb.

Now, if Judas really had *known* God's power, and had *partaken* thereof, and did actually "deny the truth" and "defy" that power, "having denied the Holy Spirit after he had received it," and also "denied the Only Begotten" after God had "revealed Him" unto him, then there can be no doubt that he "will die the second death."

That Judas did partake of all this knowledge—that these great truths had been revealed to him—that he had received the Holy Spirit by the gift of God, and was therefore qualified to commit the unpardonable sin, is not at all clear to me. In view of the facts recorded in the scriptures, setting forth the mental or spiritual condition of the apostles at the time of, and immediately subsequent to the crucifixion, it would strongly appeal to my mind that not one of them was qualified or prepared at that time either for life or death, nor for their ministry, and much less for eternal life nor the second death.

After the women had been to the sepulchre and found it open, and saw "two men there in shining garments," who asked them "why they sought the living among the dead," and declared, "he is not here but is risen; remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying the Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again," they, the women, declared these things to the apostles of whom, notwithstanding all they had seen and heard, it is said, "And their words seemed to them as idle tales and they *believed them not*."

Then Peter and John went to the sepulchre and proved for themselves the truth of what the women had told them, "and departed, wondering in themselves at that which was come to pass."

The same day "two of them," Cleopas or Simon (and doubtless John) went to Emmaus, and Jesus accompanied them and

listened to their aimless chatter about "the things which are come to pass in Jerusalem in these days," until he felt, I might say, sick and disgusted with them, and exclaimed, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have written," etc., etc.

For three years Jesus had been teaching them that Christ came to suffer all these things, that he might enter into his glory; for three years he had expounded to them the Scriptures relating to these great events, from Moses to the prophets, and notwithstanding all this they did not comprehend him, but said to him on this occasion, after his resurrection: "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

At Emmaus the Lord opened their eyes that they knew him, and disappeared, and straightway they returned to Jerusalem and related to the other disciples all that had occurred on their way to Emmaus, and while doing so, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and "they were terrified and affrighted;" but he calmed their fears, and then and there, and at no previous time, so far as the scriptures reveal it, did Jesus open their eyes, or inspire their minds, "that they might understand the scriptures," concerning the great plan of redemption. "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all the nations, beginning at Jerusalem." "And," said he to them, "behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endowed with the power from on high" (Luke 24:49). The apostle John (20:9), referring to this matter, says: "For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead."

Now, if these and many other scriptures can be relied upon, of which I have no doubt, relating to the unenlightened condition of *all* the apostles, even after the resurrection of Christ, concerning his great mission on earth, namely: the redemption of the world not only from sin but from the grave, then how much more knowledge or wisdom did Judas Iscariot possess before the crucifixion, than all the rest? To my mind it strongly appears that not one of the disciples possessed sufficient light, knowledge, or wisdom, at the time of the crucifixion, for either exaltation or condemnation; for it was afterward that their minds were opened to understand the scriptures, and that they were endowed with power from on high; without which they were only children in knowledge, in comparison to what they afterwards became under the influence of the Spirit.

But I heard you say, in Franklin, that a son of perdition "could not *repent*," that he was past that chance. Be this as it may, I will not discuss it here; indeed, I firmly believe that a

real son of perdition will have no chance for repentance, having sinned away the day of grace. Of poor Judas Iscariot it is thus recorded (Matt. 27:3-6): "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, *repented himself*, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, *I have sinned* in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. * * * And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went and hanged himself." This was not only confession of sin, but repentance of sin and atonement, too, so far as lay in his power.

Saul, of Tarsus, possessing extraordinary intelligence and learning, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, taught according to the perfect manner of the law, persecuted the Saints "unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women;" and when the blood of the Martyr Stephen was shed, Saul stood by keeping the raiment of those who slew him, and consented unto his death. And "he made havoc in the Church, entering into every house, and hailing men and women, committed them to prison." "And when they were put to death, he gave his voice against them," and he "punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme, and being exceedingly mad against them, he persecuted them even unto strange cities," and yet this man committed no unpardonable sin, because he knew not the Holy Ghost.

While, for the crime of adultery with Bathsheba, and for ordering Uriah to be put in the front of battle in a time of war, where he was slain by the enemy, the priesthood, and the kingdom were taken from David, the man after God's own heart, and his soul was thrust into hell. Why? Because "the Holy Ghost spake by the mouth of David"—or, in other words, David possessed the gift of the Holy Ghost, and had power to speak by the light thereof. But even David, though guilty of adultery and the murder of Uriah, obtained the promise that his soul should not be left in hell. Which means, as I understand it, that even he shall escape the second death.

While suspended upon the cross, in the agonies of death, as he was about to yield up his spirit, our gracious, glorious Savior breathed this memorable and merciful prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 23:34).

Again: Peter, speaking to those who had crucified the Lord, said: "But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses, * * * And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers. * * * Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be

blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you." He did not say to them, "Repent, and be baptized, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost," but, "repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you." Here is Godlike mercy and forgiveness invoked and breathed out upon the wicked murderers of the Lord, from the cross, from the loving soul of the Prince of life himself, and the corroboration of this gracious spirit, by the Apostle Peter (Acts 3:14-20).

This is the true gospel spirit, and true gospel charity and forgiveness. Now, do you mean to say and maintain that this poor, weak, sinful creature, Judas Iscariot, knew more about the consequences of his acts than the chief priests and rulers did, or any other of the disciples, when he betrayed the Lord? And that he was more guilty of the shedding of the innocent blood than they, who cried, "let his blood be upon us, and upon our children," and felt no repentance on seeing his blood shed? There is hope even for these. I will grant that he was even more wicked or guilty than they, for he was chosen to be one of the Twelve. But he did not cry, "Let his blood be upon me." Crucify him, crucify him;" but when he saw that Jesus was condemned, *he repented himself*, and confessed, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." The others shed it, Judas only betrayed the Lord, but did not consent to the shedding of his blood. Is there no virtue, no saving element in this humble penitence, confession and atonement? Let us remember that "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come" (Matt. 12:3-32).

I take it for granted, you do not doubt that no man can sin against light until he has it; nor against the Holy Ghost, until after he has received it by the gift of God through the appointed channel or way. To sin against the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, the Witness of the Father and the Son, wilfully denying him and defying him, after having received him, constitutes this sin. Did Judas possess this light, this witness, this Comforter, this baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, this endowment from on high? If he did, he received it before the betrayal, and therefore before the other eleven apos-

bles. And if this be so, well may you say, "he is a son of perdition without hope." But if he was destitute of this glorious gift, and outpouring of the Spirit, by which the witness came to the eleven, and their minds were opened to see and know the truth, and they were able to testify of him, then what constituted the unpardonable sin of this poor, erring creature, who rose no higher in the scale of intelligence, honor or ambition than to betray the Lord of glory for *thirty pieces of silver*? God forbid that I should condone a crime which he cannot forgive.

But not knowing that Judas did commit the unpardonable sin; nor that he was a "son of perdition without hope, who will die the second death," nor what knowledge he possessed by which he was able to commit so great a sin, I prefer, until I know better, to take the merciful view that he may be numbered among those for whom the blessed Master prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Very respectfully, your brother,

Jos. F. Smith.

P. S. I am aware that Jesus says: "Those that thou gavest me, I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the scripture might be fulfilled." But I do not understand by this that this lost one is absolutely "without hope, and will die the second death." For he repented and confessed his sin. It is only he who will not repent, that will remain in his fallen state. He that persists in his own carnal nature, being an enemy to God, as the devil is an enemy to God, without repentance, who will be wholly subject to the power of Satan, and remain as if there had been no redemption wrought (See Mosiah 16:5).

J. F. S.

Profanity

It appears that some twelve or fourteen years ago, an Anti-profanity Society of the World was organized in San Francisco, California, of which W. R. Lett is the national secretary, 1304 Franklin St., San Francisco, California. The slogan of the society is the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Profanity is one of the great American sins, if not *the* sin of America. The organization is asking the people of the Nation as far as they can to join them in efforts to make a wholesome suppression of the prevalent cus-

tom of blaspheming the sacred name of the Lord in our land.

The organization certainly has a worthy cause to battle for. Among the Latter-day Saitns, we dare say that profaning the name of God is quite uncommon; however, there are thoughtless people even throughout our community who do this very thing! Profanity, wherever it is found, should have the attention of the priesthood organizations of the Church, with a view to convincing people that breaking the third commandment is a grave sin and is not tolerated among the Latter-day Saints. It is a good idea now and then to preach a sermon upon the subject of profanity. The habit is injurious to the swearer himself. It breaks down his character. It leads him to extremes of evil, and it is not too much to say, as suggested in the circular, that "a man who uses profane language drops one hundred per cent in the estimation of all law-abiding citizens within hearing."

In California the state law is said to provide: "Any person using profane or indecent language in any public place within the hearing of women or children, in a loud and boisterous manner, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be fined not exceeding \$200 or be sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment, or both." San Francisco, it is understood, has a city ordinance placing a fine of \$500 or six months' imprisonment for using profane language in the hearing of the public.

This subject is of such importance that it well merits the attention of all of our organizations, and agitation on the subject would doubtless be of great value and benefit to all concerned.

Messages from the Missions

Baptisms in the Transvaal

Leonard A. Robins, writing from Johannesburg, South Africa, January 3: "Four elders labor in the Transvaal conference, all of whom at present are in Johannesburg, the gold city of South Africa. People here are very indifferent to religion; but by ardent work the elders have made many friends and have found a number who are investigating the gospel. The Saints here are endeavoring to follow the greatest law, "Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." When they meet together, they forget that they are of different nationalities, and feel that they belong to the kingdom of God. We have been holding our meetings at the homes of members in the past, but have now just opened a hall for that purpose. On Sunday, December 23, 1917, we celebrated the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the prophet's birth by holding a baptismal service at which six persons were added to the fold. We hired a trolley car, and thirty-three friends, saints, and elders rode to the farm of Brother J. Brummer, where we performed the ordinance in a pond especially

built for that purpose. About ninety people gathered to witness the ceremony. We held a service at the font, and explained to the people the necessity of baptism to those who would come unto Christ. The newly baptized members were confirmed the same day. After luncheon had been served we went back to our homes feeling that the day had



been well spent. Nothing occurred to mar the day's pleasure. We felt that the Spirit of God was upon us. Some two years ago, when Brother J. P. Brummer was investigating, he felt that he was so far from a suitable place where he could be baptized that he would convert a spring on his farm into a baptismal font; this he did and lined it with brick. He and his family were baptized in it, and since then we have used the font on two other occasions, making a total of fifteen people who have there received baptism. The photo shows the people at the trolley ready to leave for home. The elders of the Transvaal conference are A. Bailey Dunford, Logan; Harvey M. Hanson, Elwood, Utah; A. Lester Stoddard, La Grande, Oregon; Leonard A. Robins, conference president, Layton, Utah.

The Era in the Hamilton Library

A. B. Campbell, Hamilton, New Zealand, writes: "While our work in these parts looks encouraging, we still cannot observe the feeling towards the truth that we would like to see, and that we expected. It seems to me that it would take a long time for the war to bring some people to a knowledge of the truth. Hamilton is a city with a population of ten thousand, and a surrounding population of about fifty thousand. The privilege which the librarian of the Hamilton library has given us to distribute pamphlets, and to place the *Era* on the reading table, will help us present the truth before the public, as many will read the publications that are placed before them in the library, quicker than they will in their own homes."

Maori Agricultural College Team Again Champions

Writing from Hastings, New Zealand, Elder Rudolph Church reports: "Readers of the *Era* may be interested in knowing that this team have

been successful in winning the Hawk's Bay Union Foot-ball Cup again this year. Last year the boys went through the season undefeated. During the early season, this year, they were beaten on one occasion. Taking into consideration the fact that they played thirteen games, we can say that they have again completed a very successful season.

"I find these boys to be real foot-ballers. They have a good amount of pep and courage, which are very essential qualities of a good foot-ball player.

"The M. A. C. team have done considerable in putting before the people



of this locality one great principle of our gospel; they are strict observers of the word of wisdom.

"From left to right, back row: A. Tawa, S. Edwards, W. Paewai (capt.), R. Pouri, G. Watene.

"Sitting: J. Shortland, M. Pera, Mafe Pera, R. Church (coach), T. Royal, J. Anderson.

"Front, Sitting: H. Tamorehu, C. Herewini, H. Kingi, J. Watene."

Lost in the Woods

Elder A. Leonard Ellidge writes from Naikohe, New Zealand, March 7: "The local brethren and the elders shown in this picture are teaching the gospel in this part which lies directly north of Auckland, New Zealand. So completely has the gospel been preached by those who came before us, that very few Maoris in this conference can say they haven't had the privilege of hearing it. We labor among the Maoris almost exclusively. We have an opportunity occasionally to talk and preach to the Europeans; however, in the past there have been elders laboring especially among the Europeans. Notwithstanding the fact that the gospel has been preached extensively here, we find more work than twice our number could do satisfactorily, both among Saints and those who do not belong to the Church. Our dress is often shabby because we have to go prepared for the mud and dense forests for which the district is known. But we are filled with the same determination and the same spirit that have established Zion and maintained it in the face of all her adversaries. My companion, Elder Cook, and I were



lost for twenty-three hours in one of this district's large and dense forests. Just before dark, after wandering around for several hours, we discovered a vacant forest house, and as there was good feed for horses and some sweet potatoes there, we were glad to put up. The next morning, after experiencing some difficulty on trails with landslides, we found our way out. Owing to the fact that so many Maoris are able to speak English, it is a difficult task nowadays for a person to learn the Maori language; and within the next forty years, in my opinion, the Maori language will become completely extinct. The *Era* is very much appreciated here. The elders are, from left to right: standing, R. J. Crook, Smoot, Wyo.; A. L. Ellidge, Franklin, Ariz.; sitting: J. R. Russon, Lehi, Utah; J. D. Lauritzen, Vista, Idaho; and L. W. Harris, Beaver, Utah.

Elders of Denver, Colorado

Sitting, left to, right: Geo. Boam, Elvin H. Maw, Percy L. Hoare; standing, David B. Ballantyne.

These elders represent the male quartet of the Denver branch and have been preaching the gospel with their songs. Of late they have been asked by different undertakers of this city to sing in their parlors, and they have sung before a great variety of audiences and always seem to leave a good impression with their songs. The elders feel that our good "Mormon" hymns preach wonderful sermons in themselves.



PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Priesthood Meetings in Pioneer Stake

From the annual report at the Presiding Bishop's office it appears that the Pioneer stake has one ward which had an average attendance of forty-seven members at every meeting of the Priesthood, on Monday evening during the year 1917. This is the Twenty-sixth ward, Salt Lake City. The Priesthood class meetings were not adjourned during the year, but were held every Monday night, except on the Mondays of stake priesthood meetings. The officers of the ward are proud of their record, and naturally would like to have some one answer the question, "Can any ward beat that?" If so, they would like to hear from such a ward.

Missionary Work in Star Valley Stake

The Presidency of Star Valley stake report to the Presiding Bishopric as follows on special missionary work in that stake:

In March last we called and set apart a number of our brethren for a special mission in the Star Valley stake. Their duty was to go into the homes of the people and preach the gospel through fire-side conversation, and cottage meetings. At our last Priesthood meeting in April we received a report on this work, and it was found that all the homes had been reached. The reports were excellent, showing that in nearly every instance the people are desirous of doing their duties and sustaining those presiding over them. They were well received by all, and report having had a splendid time. This work was in addition to the regular teachers' work.

We have followed this plan for the past four years, taking different methods of handling the work. This year we placed the responsibility, more or less, on the quorums of High Priests, and our three quorums of Seventy. We anticipate calling the quorums of Elders to this work next year.

In addition to the uplift to those who were visited the mission resulted in good to those who did the visiting. After the brethren have done this work, they return filled with zeal and a determination to take up Church labor in their wards. Many of the brethren who took up the work four years ago have been very active workers ever since. The people seem now to look forward to the visit of these special missionaries. We also feel more encouraged with our ward teaching in the stake.

Summer Amusements, Davis Stake

The May bulletin of the South Davis Stake Presidency and High Council touches upon a subject which is of great importance, not only to that stake but to all the stakes of Zion. Their bulletin is worth reading by every family and organization throughout the Church:

The perplexing problem of summer amusements is upon us again. Local amusements will soon be open and the innumerable summer attractions of Salt Lake City will be open wide. Recreation is as essential to human wellbeing as is food. Like food, one can get too much of it; and as unwholesome food is not good for the body, so unwholesome amusements ruin the souls of the children of men. Re-

ports from all civilized lands affirm that juvenile delinquency is rapidly increasing. War has seemingly torn down the restraints which society has been building for years. This year a younger set of boys and girls will fill the ranks at the resorts. Money is freer than ever, especially in the pockets of youths and children, and it will carry them far from home to the allurements of the cities and resorts. With what caution, then, should Latter-day Saints approach the recreation problems of this summer!

This thought should guide us in the conduct of our coming summer amusements: *Let us provide as much as possible of our recreation at our homes and in our own communities.*

It will be easy under the stress of war to feel that we should plow up the home play ground to increase the production of our farms, and thus drive the children into the streets. It will be easy to feel that town parks should be turned into grain fields, and thus drive our children to the commercialized amusements of the resorts and of the cities. But there is no economy in such a thing, and there is a great deal of social and moral danger. Far better that we should renew the home playground, make way for handball, basketball, baseball, and pomp, than that our children should be forced unguarded into the snares and vices of the pleasure resorts. Let us open up our parlors, set the music going, and make welcome to the young people.

A great many vigorous men and women in every community must dedicate this summer to social work among the youth of the land. Scout work, bicycle races, contests in baseball and other athletic sports, group "hikes" into the hills or to the lake shore; all these should enter into the lives of our communities with manly enthusiasm this year. The result will be *economy, moderation and wholesomeness* in our amusements; and the evils of automobiling, treating and cigarette smoking will be greatly reduced.

Quorum Fraternity and Officers' Responsibility, Granite Stake

The Presidency of the Granite stake and the High Council have sent out the following message to the bishops and priesthood quorums teaching specially the responsibility of presidencies of quorums in looking after their members, and in extending their work beyond merely holding quorum meetings, and also in creating a spirit of closer brotherhood among the members:

Brethren: We believe that presiding officers of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood should carry a greater responsibility than they now appear to feel.

Their activities should be extended beyond the holding of quorum meetings.

They should feel a deep responsibility for the spiritual growth and correct living of the men belonging to their respective quorums.

They should inaugurate such missionary effort as may be necessary to keep their members alive, active, and anxious to take advantage of their spiritual opportunities.

As presiding officers of the quorum to which delinquent members belong, it would be perfectly consistent and fitting for officers, or duly appointed representatives, to visit the members in their homes, or reach them in any proper manner calculated to awaken their interest and gain their attendance at quorum meetings, and have them perform their duties as holders of the Priesthood.

Such efforts would be wholly in addition to the regular work of the acting teachers, whose responsibilities as such teachers must not be reduced by the efforts of the quorum presidency. The special

missionaries, however, should be relieved of any responsibility as to these delinquent holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Presidencies of Lesser Priesthood quorums should be encouraged constantly to feel after the younger members of their quorums especially setting their faces against all forms of wrong doing. Priests should set examples of right living and lead out in Church activity which every member of their quorum could be asked to follow.

They should keep in touch with their members outside of the quorum meetings, whether in their homes, in school, on the playground, in the field or the workshop, and constantly use their influence in love for their uplifting.

We know there are men of mature age holding the Lesser Priesthood, who are not living up to their privileges, but who probably cannot be successfully reached by the younger men or boys of the presidency of the quorum to which they properly belong. These as well as lay members, indifferent sisters, and non-members, would be proper subjects for the work of the special missionary corps.

Living up to these responsibilities by presidencies of quorums would result in their being in such close touch with each member that they could and, in our opinion, should become of great help to their ward bishoprics.

When the bishopric want men for ward work they should consult the quorum presidency regarding the fitness of the men for such work, or ask for recommendations from the presidency for the filling of such needs. The results of such a procedure would be a lightening of the Bishop's load, and giving a dignity to the quorum presidencies to which they are entitled and which would surely strengthen their power and influence for good.

We think the work of the bishopric would be materially lessened could they counsel upon such matters with the presidencies of each of the quorums in the ward—presidencies who actually *know* the members of their quorums. We cannot fail to recognize that this would give dignity and a worthy prestige to such presidencies.

The times are so critical, the import of events so great—"every moment being burdened with a bidding"—that the watchmen should be constantly upon the watchtower with forces mobilized to meet every emergency; and take every advantage of opportunity for doing good.

We deprecate the adjournment of quorums, or the suspension of priesthood activities during the heated term.

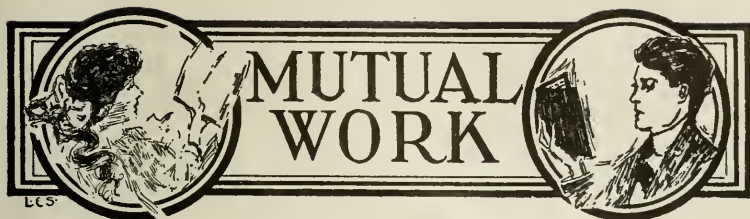
We think, however, that some change of method of holding meetings could be devised to meet the needs of the quorums during the summer months.

We therefore earnestly impose upon the quorum presidencies the responsibilities heretofore mentioned as belonging to them, and ask them to live up to these requirements.

We ask that bishoprics honor these presidencies of quorums by consulting them when they need or contemplate using members of the quorums in ward work.

We suggest that the special missionary corps be relieved of responsibility concerning enrolled members of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and that their activity be enlarged and accelerated among careless members of the Church, and among non-members.

We desire that priesthood activities under quorum organization shall be continued during the summer months, with such modifications as to method of continuing them as shall later be devised, either by the initiative of the quorums themselves, or by the suggestion of the stake officers.



Annual M. I. A. Conference

To be held in Salt Lake City, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7, 8, and 9, will be noted for several new features:

1. On Thursday evening, the 6th, Mr. S. A. Moffat, Field Director of the National Organization of the Boy Scouts of America, will speak at a scout master's and M. I. A. workers' meeting on, "Boy Leadership and the Scout-master." The Young Ladies on Thursday will have a course of lectures on "Child Welfare" and "Nutrition," by Dr. Raphael S. Olson, of the University of Utah, and Miss Blanche Cooper, of the Utah Agricultural College. This is particularly for bee-keepers of the Bee-Hive Girls.

2. At the Friday morning meeting the slogan of the M. I. A. for the year will be named, "We Stand for Service to God and Country." "Leadership in Summer Work" will be discussed, and Dr. Geo. H. Brimhall will give an address on "Training for Leadership," taking for his text the definition of a good soldier recently given in Salt Lake City by Brigadier-General Richard W. Young, as follows: "A good soldier must be sober, morally and physically strong, minutely attentive to details, energetic, self-reliant, decisive, helpful, absolutely obedient, superbly brave, loyal to the death." Arrangements are made for music by the Richmond Boys' Band. A unique feature is the distribution of efficiency cards on "Qualifications of an M. I. A. Leader," to be marked privately, without signatures, by each officer present.

3. The joint meeting Saturday morning will be notable for a demonstration, among other exercises, of a patriotic rally or special gathering, the program outlined for June 25 being rendered in the Assembly Hall. In the evening final tryouts, patriotic addresses and music by the Military Band, Fort Douglas.

4. On Sunday, three general meetings will be held in the great Tabernacle. The meeting in the morning being distinguished by addresses from Levi Edgar Young, Emma Goddard, May Booth Talmage, and Richard R. Lyman, on four divisions of the Slogan of the M. I. A: "We Stand for Service to God and Country," as follows: "Love of God," "Love of Neighbor," "Service to Country 'Over There,'" "Service to Country 'Over Here.'"

The afternoon service will be a general devotional. The evening gathering, among the exercises, will be distinguished by a speech by Chaplain B. H. Roberts of the 145th F. A. (1st Utah), who, it is anticipated, will be present on the occasion to address the young people.

5. Several marked features in music will be introduced. The large Tabernacle Choir, Prof. A. C. Lund, director, will furnish attractive music and singing for Sunday afternoon, and at the evening meeting Professor Evan Stephens' combined choruses of the Granite stake will provide conspicuous musical numbers.

6. Important separate meetings, at which Mutual Improvement activities and exercises will be thoroughly discussed will be held at several gatherings. Scout work, by Field Director Moffat and others, will receive prominent attention. On Friday evening there will be a grand social given by the General Boards for the officers, and on Saturday noon a luncheon given by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. for Stake superintendents throughout the Church.

7. The fare on all railroads has been increased by one-third, so that one fare and one-third will be required of all who come to conference this year. This is a government regulation.

The whole season of meetings and exercises will be unusually attractive, worth while, and stimulating to officers in every department of the work before them.

M. I. A. Boys' Industrial Contest

The M. I. A. Boys' Industrial Contest for the year 1917 resulted in the selection of the following seven best records. The basis of judging the merits of these various records was the character of the employment, the amount of money received for the work, the judgment shown in spending the amount earned, the net results of the season's work, the development of the character and health, and the purpose or motive in taking up the employment. The first three were so nearly alike on these points, competing for the first prize of \$25, that it was decided to give a prize of \$20 to each of the three named, making a total of \$60.

The list of winners, therefore, stands as follows:

Mercer Anderson, 16 years of age, 5th ward, Provo, who did general farm work in West Jordan, \$20.

Allen Anderson, 14, of the 5th ward, Provo, who worked on a hay ranch west of West Jordan, with his brother Mercer, \$20.

Verl Dastrup, 15, of Sigurd, Sevier stake, who worked for different farmers thinning beets and helping his father in the store and in weeding gardens, \$20.

The fourth prize went to Melvin Cowley, 15, of Sigurd, Sevier stake, who worked for the Jumbo Plaster and Cement Co., and a part of the time on a farm with a harrow and plow, \$10.

Edward Tidwell, 12, of Wellington, Carbon stake, took the fifth prize, \$5. His work consisted of thinning beets and milking cows, besides tending seventeen pigs during the summer. He also assisted in running the mowing machine on 80 acres of hay land, and besides he cultivated one-eighth of an acre of beans in the Boys' Club Contest.

Reuben Snow, 14, of Sigurd, Sevier county, and Cecil Rogers, 14, of Blanding, San Juan county, received the sixth and seventh prizes of \$2.50 each. Both of these boys earned their money on the farm, their activities being very commendable, the first cultivating a half acre of beets, and the other, an eighth of an acre of beans.

We congratulate the boys upon having received these rewards, and particularly upon their industry and activity during the summer months and during vacation, and also for the commendable purposes for which they labored and which are named in their little essays.

Southern States Y. M. M. I. A.

A report of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Southern States Mission, for the year 1917, shows that there are four associations in South Carolina, one in Tennessee, one in Florida, one in Kentucky and one in Georgia, making eight associations altogether, with a total membership of two hundred, and an average attendance of one hundred fifty. Out of this number there are ten members who are in the service of the country. Two hundred regular meetings and forty joint meetings have been held, making a total of two hundred and ninety. There are ten unregistered scouts.

Plan for Summer Work

Suggestive Programs for Sunday Evening Joint Sessions and for Special M. I. A. Gatherings or Rallies.

Send to the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C., for copies of "War Information Series." These are sent free on application, except "Battle Line of Democracy," which costs 15 cents per copy.

TEN

Sunday Evening Joint Session, July 7

General Subject: "Religious Forces that Have Influenced Nations."

Great Contributions in Literature

1. Opening hymn, "Come, O Thou King of Kings."
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn, "An Angel from on High."
4. Religious Literature.
 - a. The Bible.
 - b. The Book of Mormon.
 - c. The Koran.
5. Closing hymn, "Arise, O Glorious Zion."

ELEVEN

Patriotic Rally or Special Gathering, Tuesday Evening, July 9

General Subject: "Our Allies."

Russia

1. Opening hymn, "Rock of Ages."
2. Prayer.
3. Russia's National Hymn.
4. Our Ally, Russia.
 - a. A land of possibilities.
 - b. Her struggle for liberty.
 - c. Her part in the war.
- Note.*—Pay some attention to later developments in Russia.
5. Reading, "Hymn of Free Russia" (See "Battle Line of Democracy," p. 130).
6. Closing song, "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel."

TWELVE

Patriotic Rally or Special Gathering, Tuesday Evening, July 23

General Subject: "National Efficiency."

Loyalty of the Church to the Nation

1. Opening hymn, "Hark, Listen to the Trumpeters."
2. Prayer.
3. Songs of Zion.
 - a. "Come, Come Ye Saints."
 - b. "Beautiful Zion for Me" (Hymn book, p. 349; music, "Heart Songs," p. 224).
 - c. "For the Strength of the Hills."
4. "Loyalty of the Church to the Nation."
 - a. America the Promised Land.
 - b. The Constitution Inspired.
 - c. Our attitude on Government (Doc. and Cov. 134).
 - d. Our part in the present war.
5. Closing hymn, "The Morning Breaks, the shadows Flee."

PASSING EVENTS

John D. Boyd, Jr., died recently at the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, N. H. Funeral services in his honor were held at Provo on April 12. Among the tributes paid to him was a poem by Professor Alfred Osmond, of the Brigham Young University.

The German Long range guns which bombarded Paris at the beginning of the late Western drive, for seventeen days up till April 21, with the figures for two days missing, showed one hundred eighteen persons killed and two hundred and thirty injured.

Liberty Cabbage is the title under which sauerkraut may be hereafter known, according to a dispatch from New York, the idea being inspired by the Federal Food Board and local vegetable dealers who assert that the pro-German stigma of the dish has been responsible for a falling off of 75 per cent in consumption since America entered the war.

Lee Jensen, the first sailor boy from Bear Lake county, to give his life for his country, was buried with military honors from the city hall at Montpelier on Thursday, April 11. He was the son of Paul Jensen of Montpelier, and enlisted in the aviation corps in February, 1918. He died at Vancouver, Washington, from pneumonia, on Sunday, April 27, and was 22 years of age.

James Hughes Weston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weston, died on the way to France, recently, while in the service of our country. His body was returned to Logan, arriving on May 6, and that afternoon a military burial was held. Mr. Weston served on the border last summer, and was 22 years of age. Memorial services for him were held, April 28, at Logan, at which time the family had not been advised that his body would be returned home.

Mt. Kemmel was taken by storm on April 26, and Berlin claimed that 6,000 prisoners were captured. Fierce fighting continued on the whole Western battle front, the Germans making little headway in their second great drive. However, they were preparing for a new drive, and on May 21, it was looked for at any moment. Americans in large numbers were reported in training behind the British lines in Flanders.

Airplane mail service was established on May 15, 1918, between Washington, Philadelphia and New York. At present one trip a day will be made each way. The plane that arrived in Washington from Philadelphia carried 5,000 letters. Rate of postage is 24 cents per ounce, time between New York and Washington about three hours. The large planes may carry about 600 pounds of mail or 24,000 letters. A letter thus transmitted arrived to Gov. Bamberger, May 19.

Baron Von Richthofen, one of the greatest, possibly the greatest, German aviators came to his death on Sunday, April 21, while in an aerial combat at the British front. He fell within the English line and was buried with military honor in the graveyard of a little hamlet near Saily-le-Sac on April 23. At the church of England service, a floral wreath was contributed which bore the thoughts of the British who stood beside the grave. It read, "A worthy foe!"

Wilford N. Sargent, son of Amos and Mary Sargent, died at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, April 5, from pneumonia. He was born in Hoytsville, was 22 years of age, and entered the military service September 19, 1917. He was a graduate from the North Summit High School, and at

tended the Agricultural College at Logan for two years. He was a faithful member and active in the work of the Church. Funeral services were held in the Hoytsville meeting house on Thursday, April 11, with nearly four hundred people in attendance.

James L. Hendrickson, Gunnison, Utah, a member of F Battery, 145th F. A. (1st Utah) was killed in action on the French front, according to news received in Salt Lake City, April 29. He is among the first soldiers of Utah to be killed in action on the French front. Hendrickson volunteered for action at the front recently while stationed at Camp Kearny, and is said to have been in France only a short time, probably not more than one week. The detachment with which he volunteered was a portion of the April replacement force for the United States army.

Harold H. Jensen calls attention to a keepsake recently sent by the 17th ward, Salt Lake City, to Elder William Winegar, laboring in the Central States Mission. The thought in sending it was that we should keep in touch with our missionaries and our soldier boys. The keepsake was signed by the bishopric, his quorum members, family and friends, and was highly appreciated by him. Elder Jensen adds that it is a good motto for all who are at home to write a letter today to our missionaries, and to our soldier boys, and let them know they are not forgotten.

What Russia lost in the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty is announced by the Petrograd commissioner of Commerce who says that Russia lost 780,000 square kilometers of territory with fifty-six million inhabitants, or 32 per cent of the entire population of the country; one-third of her total mileage of railroads, amounting to 13,350 miles; eighty-nine per cent of the total coal production; 208 sugar refineries; 918 textile factories; 574 breweries; 133 tobacco factories; 1,685 distilleries; 244 chemical factories, and 615 paper mills, besides, it might be added, their liberty, the greatest loss of all.

James Gordon Bennett born, New York, May, 1841, proprietor of the *New York Herald* since he was 30 years of age, when he inherited the great plant from his father, the elder Bennett, died in Beaulieu, France, May 17, 1918. As managing editor he ordered Henry M. Stanley to Africa to find Livingstone. He sent the ill-fated *Jeanette* expedition to the North Pole, thus making news for his paper by actions which have since become a part of the world's history. Since 1887, he has resided in France. He established a Paris edition of the *New York Herald* and edited his paper from France since that date.

Zeebrugge, the German U-boat basis, on the Belgian coast, was raided by British sailors on April 23. The cruiser *Vindictive* was terribly battered by intense German shell fire experienced in the daring raid. On May 11, the *Vindictive*, having been loaded in the meantime with concrete, was run into the Ostend channel and sunk across the opening. The old ship with her load of concrete came nearly blocking the Channel. It was announced on the 13th of May that the German U-boat danger had practically been squelched. The total British losses in the Zeebrugge and Ostend raids were 588, of whom 188 were killed.

At a disastrous fire, at the Bamberger Electric Railroad and the sub-station of the Utah Power and Light Co., at Ogden, on the morning of May 7, \$500,000 worth of property was destroyed. The fire originated from a short circuit causing the lightning arrester to explode. The building containing the generating plant and the car barn was completely destroyed as was also the sub-station of the Utah Power and Light Co., all buildings made of brick and steel. A number of cars were also destroyed. Two electric locomotives, ten boiler cars and ten trailers. A few days prior the Bamberger road at Salt Lake suffered a serious fire.

Richard Erastus Egan, formerly bishop of South Bountiful ward, for over twenty years, and late patriarch of the Big Horn stake, died at Byron, Wyoming, April 22, 1918. He was born in Salem, Mass., March 29, 1842, and was the second son of Major Howard Egan, a well known pioneer of Utah, he having been captain of the ninth ten of the original band of pioneers. The family came to Utah in 1848. Richard was at one time a pony express rider from Salt Lake South to Rush Valley. He lived a part of the time in Ruby Valley, Nevada. He filled a mission to Great Britain in 1869, and had been a patriarch in the Big Horn stake since 1905.

A rip-tide, at Ocean Beach, California, on Sunday, May 5, suddenly overtook the bathers among whom were many soldiers from Camp Kearny. Eleven men were caught in the under-tow and carried out to sea, and are missing. A number of the bodies were found, among them Private Ralph R. Braby, Battery A, son of Thomas Braby of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, a former Major in the Utah National Guard. The body of Ralph was found on the 9th and was returned to Utah for burial. Private Braby enlisted in the Utah cavalry, and served on the Mexican border in the summer of 1916. He was twenty-three years old and gave his occupation as a farmer. His brother Orson L. was with him at the time of the tide, but was rescued by a sailor, and later aided in the search for the body of his brother Ralph.

Brigadier-General Richard W. Young assumed active command of the 65th Artillery Brigade, Camp Kearny, on Monday morning, May 6, 1918. He announced that there would be no changes in the brigade staff with the exception of the personal aides. George D. Keyser was selected as one of these. Brigadier-General Young expressed his gratification to know that he had been assigned to the 65th artillery brigade, which includes the 145th Field Artillery (Utah) and the 143rd and 144th California regiments, the latter two known respectively, as the "He-men" and the "Grizzlies." He said, "No other assignment could have pleased me better, and I am glad to know that I will be among men I am acquainted with, instead of in a strange organization."

Raymond Franklin Crow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Crow, 415 Ramona avenue, Waterloo ward, Salt Lake City, was killed in battle on the French front, April 26. He was born in Salt Lake City, October 10, 1896, attended the Whittier School, the L. D. S. University, worked for a while at the Pantages theatre, and later at the Utah Motor Company. He enlisted in the U. S. Marines, May 7, 1917, went to the Mare Island Training Camp, California, then to Virginia, and left for Europe on January 19, 1918. He was the grandson of the late Charles H. Crow, one of the early pioneers of Utah, who crossed the plains with an ox-team. Raymond was a member of the 78th company, 6th regiment of marines, with the American Expeditionary Forces.

Liberty Day was proclaimed by the President of the United States for Friday, April 26, and generally observed in every state of the Union. The purpose was to stimulate the sale of the United States bonds of the Third Liberty Loan issue. Parades, meetings, public and patriotic addresses, were given in most cities of the country. These were held universally in Utah. The people of the cities, towns and country districts, joined in appropriate excersises in assisting the authorized committees to increase the sale of the bonds. Thousands of workmen from the mines in the neighborhood of Salt Lake City took part in the parade which was held here. Utah's allotment was \$10,315,000, and the sales to 77,000 subscribers totaled in round numbers \$12,500,000.

Since Charles H. Schwab was recently made Director General of ship construction, the building of ships by Uncle Sam is speeding up. On May

5, the Collier *Tuckaho* was launched. The building of this ship set a world's record for speedy ship construction. Just twenty-seven days, two hours and forty-three minutes, after the work of laying the keel commenced, the *Tuckaho* slid into the water. The upper structure was so nearly finished before the boat left the ways that it will take but a little time before the collier is ready for service. New ships are coming off the ways at a rapid rate. In the week ending April 29, 40,000 tons were launched, making a total tonnage of 1,405,000 since the program got under way. Nearly 50,000 tons of completed ships were delivered during the week named. Four of the ships launched were wooden.

Charles R. Wilson, a volunteer, Company B., 2nd Battalion, U. S. G. N. A. Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, writes to one of his friends assuring him that if any good people of the various wards or stakes send him any Church literature, such literature will be carefully read and disseminated among his comrades. He says he has many friends among the people in the West. He makes this personal appeal, therefore, that they send any Church publication that will be of interest. Also, any letters or cards from Church members, and especially from returned missionaries from the Ohio, Indiana and Virginia states conferences, will be answered and very much appreciated. He asks his friends to pray for his safety, and steadfastness in the faith. He volunteered some time ago again to don the uniform and defend Old Glory, notwithstanding he has a wife and family of six children.

A second war fund for the American Red Cross has been called for. The amount is \$100,000,000. By proclamation of President Wilson the week beginning May 20 was made Red Cross week, and the people of the United States contributed generously to this fund for the alleviation of suffering among American troops in France, their dependents at home, and the fighting forces and civilian population of the allied countries. The first war fund of 1917 has been practically exhausted, and this new fund is therefore called for that it may continue the important work of relieving distress, restoring the wastes of war, and assisting in maintaining the morale of our own troops and the troops of our allies by the manifestation of efforts and sacrifice on the part of those who, though not privileged to bear arms, are of one spirit, purpose and determination with our warriors. There is no doubt that every state will more than contribute their allotment to this noble purpose. Utah's allotment was \$500,000.

Private Albert G. Clayton, of Co. B, 161st Inf., now in France, writes to Howard B. Anderson of Richards ward, that he knew a number of Utah boys who were in the 361st infantry and would like to know if they are all in France. He writes further, "I have certainly had my eyes opened by being over here in sunny France. We ought all to be glad to see the United States help out the French people. They have had many trials. Few families who are not seriously affected by the war. In one of the regiments in our camp, the men have adopted an orphan and the little fellow is sure taken good care of now. They have had a uniform made for him. Every man puts money in a fund for him once a month. Some day in the future that boy may be a real American. He says that America is the place for him. He speaks English fairly well now, and he is decidedly a lively little fellow when it comes to making the fellows forget their troubles. Some of these days I will return to Salt Lake, and then I will tell you a few very interesting stories which I cannot tell you now, for I can only say a very little. I have heard all kinds of rumors about the happenings in Salt Lake, but you cannot tell what to believe or what not to believe."

Coach E. L. Roberts, of the Brigham Young University, will not be associated with the Y. M. C. A. as a physical and social director as was

anticipated some months ago. Last January he was asked to accept the appointment, arranged with the University for a furlough, and notified Mr. George J. Fisher, Y. M. C. A. director, that he was ready to accept the position. The matter was brought to the attention of several men of national prominence acquainted with Mr. Roberts, and the work he would be called upon to do, and they took up the matter with the Y. M. C. A. officers. E. N. Hibbard, Associate Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who appears to have had the final disposition of the question, finally wrote that his constituency would not permit him to accept the services of a "Mormon." This, of course, will end the matter, and is disappointing to Mr. Roberts, as well as to the faculty and students of the University who felt honored by the invitation extended to Mr. Roberts who is a popular and capable coach. Mr. Roberts states that the Y. M. C. A. action will not change his disposition to support the Y. M. C. A., the good work of which he recognizes and appreciates, nor is it likely that the University's attitude will change towards the Y. M. C. A. A short time before the invitation came to Mr. Roberts the students of that institution contributed over \$2,000 to the Y. M. C. A. for its army work. In the words of Dr. A. E. Winship, "When the 'Mormon' University students at Provo, Utah, contribute \$2,000 or more to the Y. M. C. A. work, in France, we can but feel disgusted at any attempt to commercialize prejudices against Utahns; whoever does so, is disloyal to every patriotic requirement of the hour."

Died in Service.—From M. J. Stringham, Battery A, 148th U. S. F. A., A. E. F., in a letter to a friend, dated April 5, 1918, from somewhere in France we gather that the 148th Field Artillery Latter-day Saints boys are organized and trying to carry on the work of the Lord in that part of the world. "In the camp where we are now located, we are privileged to hold our meetings in the Y. M. C. A. building. Our first meeting was held on the ship while we were crossing the Atlantic. We formed an organization, and the brethren chose the following as their respective leaders: Parnell Hinckley, as president, Willard C. Smith and J. B. Stewart counselors, M. J. Stringham, secretary, and J. B. Sharp, chorister. We are holding our regular sacrament meeting every Sunday, and Bible class during the week. Our meetings are not only attended by our own members, but many of our soldier friends and comrades seem to be interested in our message. All the boys are anxious to teach the gospel, not only by precept but by example as well, which has caused considerable comment in our camp. We all have the same desires to lift our arm in fulfilment of our calling as soldiers of Uncle Sam. Camp life seems to agree with us all, for our health in general has been very good. We are very sorry to state that Brother J. D. Lambert, of Granger, Utah, who has been with us ever since we left Zion, passed away on March 25, 1918, from pneumonia. We held memorial services for him Sunday, March 31. Brother J. B. Sharp, of Salt Lake City, who was well acquainted with the young man, was the principal speaker. He spoke of the good character of the young man and our belief in the hereafter. Brother Lambert's body was interred at ———, France, under the supervision of the Chaplain of the 148th Field Artillery. The pall bearers were: Gooding, Salvavold, Earl Kennedy, June B. Sharp, M. J. Stringham, and Stanley E. Tuckfield. The last four named are boys from Utah. The grave was dedicated by Elder M. J. Stringham. We all mourn the loss of our co-laborer, and join in sympathy with the parents and loved ones at home. "We send best wishes to all, from the L. D. S. boys of the 148th U. S. Field Artillery in France.

"P. S. All back numbers of the *Improvement Era*, *Juvenile*, magazines, or reading material of any kind would be greatly appreciated, and distributed equally among the boys, by sending them to M. J. Stringham, Battery A, 148th U. S. F. A., A. E. F."

Notice.—The San Francisco Conference office of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been changed from 724 Broderick street, San Francisco, California, to 1649 Hayes street, where both the Church and the elders' quarters are located and to which all communications should hereafter be sent.

Decoration day, May 30, was proclaimed by President Wilson on May 11 to be generally observed throughout the United States, as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer, the people in their homes and churches to pray God to forgive their sins, and give victory to our armies in the fight for freedom, that we may have peace founded on mercy, justice and good will.

Era Story Contest.—For April, "Pink Pearls vs. Self-respect," by Venice F. Anderson, Dupont, Wash., received first place; "Back to the Faith," by Annie D. Palmer, Provo, second place. The stories for the May 5 contest will be announced in the July number of the *Era*. This closes the story contest for 1918. Ninety-one stories were submitted for consideration. We thank the authors, and trust that should we decide to open another contest for January next, all may be on hand with stories.



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