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Improvement Era

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Vol. XXI

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Day and Evening

All the Year



SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS OR FAILURE AND DISCONTENT

What of Your Boy's Future

right direction, a young boy has chosen an occupation for which he is unsuited. Discontent prevented his advancement; his heart and soul were not in his work. What followed? Failure. There is no need for any boy in this day to make such a sad mistake. A remarkable book has been written for the express purpose of helping him choose a life work in which he will be successful.

There are numberless instances where, for the lack of a little intelligent steering in the

"The Man of Tomorrow"

certain which path to follow will do well to put his mind at ease by reading this book without further delay. It tells in pleasing language and in a most interesting manner why certain phases of his disposition adapt him to mercantile pursuits; why he can become efficient in the line of Art; why Salesmanship should be his goal; why he will be a wonderful success in Agricultural pursuits. Then after it has shown which line is his by right of adaptability, it unfolds a myriad of excellent suggestions for the highest development of the chosen vocation.

This book is an absolute necessity in every home. Get it NOW, lest your boy's uncertainty hang in the balance one day too long. The book is substantially bound in red vellum; it is printed on good paper, is profusely illustrated and has 296 pages. It costs you only \$1.00—postpaid \$1.10.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

To the



Sons of Freedom

Think on the great who once their cohorts led,
The mighty conquerors in lust of fame,
To build whose thrones the countless millions bled,
And gave their lives to gild a mortal's name!
Think on the prides that would no warning take—
Dark through the ages still the legend runs—
Yet time effaced as yonder spaces make
The cradles and the sepulchres of suns.

A few from Sparta barred the Persian's way,
The men of Athens stood at Marathon;
A hope yet lives as at Thermopylæ,
The world for Liberty shall yet be won:

Then strike, O Sons of Freedom, strike the blow,
Hurl back the Hun and dash the tyrant low!

Alfred Lambourne.



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PRESIDENT WILSON ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Alone, except for the ever-present guard of secret service men, President Woodrow Wilson walked up Fifth Avenue, New York City, responding to the enthusiastic greetings from the crowds as they caught a glimpse of him, while in New York to review the great Red Cross parade and to speak at the rally which formally opened the Red Cross drive in May.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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A Plucky Pioneer Mother*

By President Joseph F. Smith

This effort is among my first experiences in this class of Mutual Improvement work. I think I have never before had the pleasure of being present at any scout exhibition. Most assuredly I have been very much interested in what I have heard and witnessed here tonight.

Perhaps at one time—not very many years ago, I played the role of a boy scout. It would doubtless have been surprising to some of you little fellows if, when between nine and ten years of age, you had been called upon to drive two yoke of oxen, hitched to a heavily loaded wagon, on the west banks of the Missouri river; and then been required to take charge of an ox team, and drive it more than a thousand miles across the plains! You would scarcely think it possible for any one of you to attempt a task of that kind. But, in 1848, when I was about ten years old, I undertook such an obligation from sheer necessity.

The head of our household was a widow, mother of a large family, most of whom were the children of a former wife, deceased.

We had been driven away from our homes in Nauvoo, Ill., and forced into the wilderness. On the banks of the Missouri River, we passed two winters. Then, in the spring of 1848, we took up our march to follow the Pioneers of 1847 across the plains. When we started out from the Missouri River, we had only about one-half enough teams to haul our wagons.

We were about to start out into the wilderness! We scarcely knew where we were going, nor how long it would take us to

*These entertaining incidents were related, some time ago, to a body of M. I. A. Scouts, at the Deseret Gymnasium.

get there. Of course, we must take with us everything we had in the shape of food, agricultural implements, and all other things we thought necessary for our use on the plains, and when we should reach our destination. The consequence was, our wagons were all heavily loaded.

I am not going to enter upon a detailed description of our journey across the plains, but I wish to relate just one or two incidents: After leaving Winter Quarters, we coupled two of our wagons together, and hitched one team on the two wagons. Then we started out to cross the plains in that way. By uncoupling the wagons at the bottom of each hill, and pulling one wagon at a time up the hill, then coupling them together again and driving on to the next hill, and so on, we reached the Elk Horn River. This was the place where the Camp of Israel had assembled to fit out for the journey.

The widow, my mother, went to the supervisor, the man in charge of the public cattle of the company, and tried to obtain assistance to go on with the company. But after diagnosing our case, considering the number of wagons we had, and the helplessness of the whole company, he very sternly informed the widow that there was no use for her to attempt to cross the plains that year, and advised her to go back to the river, to Winter Quarters, and wait another year, when perhaps she could be helped out.

I am happy to say, the widow had a little mettle in her, and she straightened up and informed the gentleman that she would beat him to the Valley, and would ask no help from him, either, and turned away.

Returning to camp, we unloaded the wagon, took the best two yoke of oxen we had, and the widow and her brother started back to the Missouri River. Here they succeeded in borrowing and hiring enough cattle to suffice for the journey. Then they returned to the Elk Horn.

Strange to say, the widow and her family were assigned to the company of fifty over which the good captain to whom she had applied for help presided, and we journeyed in that way, having a good many troubles and difficulties on the road that I need not mention.

But we finally struck the east side of East Mountain, on the old Pioneer Trail, over which some of you boys have had some experience.

Our worn-out cattle wearily dragged our heavy wagons up the eastern side of the mountain, and when we reached the summit we obtained a glimpse over the tops of the mountains, of the Valley and the Great Salt Lake. It was a most delightful sight to some of us!

At the summit of the mountain, the captain ordered the lead teams to be turned out, loosened from the wagon and driven down the mountains.

The hind wheels of the wagons were all rough-locked with chains, and we dragged the wagons down the mountain with one yoke of oxen. Thus we traveled on down to the foot of Little Mountain, making our camp there for the night.

Early next morning, the Captain gave notice to the company to arise, hitch up and roll over the mountain into the valley.

To our consternation, when we gathered up our cattle, the essential part of our means of transportation for some reason had strayed away, and were not to be found with the herd.

A brother of mine, who was also a boy scout at that time, then obtained a horse and rode back over the road in search of the lost cattle. The captain ordered the march to begin, and, regardless of our predicament, the company started out, up the mountain. The morning sun was then shining as brightly as these electric lights here, without a cloud appearing anywhere!

I had happened to hear the promise of my dear mother that we would beat the captain into the Valley, and wouldn't ask any help from him, either. I sat in the front of the wagon with the teams we had in hand hitched to the wheels, while my brother was absent hunting the others. I saw the company wending its slow way up the hill, the animals struggling to pull their heavy loads. The forward teams now had almost reached the summit of the hill, and I said to myself, "True enough, we have come thus far, and we have been blessed, and not the slightest help from anyone has been asked by us." But the last promise seemed to be now impossible; the last hope of getting into the valley before the rest of our company was vanishing, in my opinion !

You have doubtless heard descriptions of the terrific thunder storms that sometimes visit the mountains. The pure, crystal streams a few moments before flow gently down their channels; but after one of these rains, in a few minutes they become raging torrents, muddy and sometimes bringing down fallen trees and roots and rocks.

All of a sudden, and in less time than I am taking now to tell you, a big, dark, heavy cloud arose up from the northwest, going directly southeast. In a few minutes it burst in such terrific fury that the cattle could not face the storm, and the captain seemed forced to direct the company to unhitch the teams, turn them loose, and block the wheels to keep the wagons from running back down the hill! The cattle fled before the storm

down into the entrance into Parley's canyon, from the Park, into and through the brush.

Luckily, the storm lasted only a short time. As it ceased to rain, and the wind ceased to blow, my brother drove up with our lost cattle. We then hitched them to the wagon, and the question was asked by my uncle of my mother:

"Mary, what shall we do? go on, or wait for the company to gather up their teams?"

She said: "Joseph [that was her brother's name], they have not waited for us, and I see no necessity for us to wait for them."

So, we hitched up and rolled up the mountain, leaving the company behind, and this was on the 23rd day of September, 1848.

We reached the Old Fort about 10 o'clock that Saturday night. The next morning, in the Old Bowery, we had the privilege of listening to President Brigham Young and President Kimball, Erastus Snow, and some others, give some very excellent instructions. Then, on the afternoon of that Sunday, we went out and met our friends coming in, very dusty, and very foot-sore, and very tired!

The prediction of the widow was actually fulfilled; we beat them into the Valley, and we asked no help from them, either!

Why Should I Sing?

My lute is attuned, but why should I sing?
Harken! the ages with great anthems ring:
Wonderful music of minstrelsy old,
Triumphant songs of the mountains and wold,
Of brave cavaliers, of love and of hate,
Songs of achievement of country and state,
Themes great and small, well sung have they been,
In the long ago time by both women and men.
Yet, should I not sing? Must my voice be mute,
When heart throbs insistent vibrate with the lute?

Unashamed, I raise my feeble voice, nor longer think of failure.
If noble theme my song may never grace,
Still must I sing, tho' none e'er list or heed the simple strain;
Must ever strive to fill my humble place.
For, lo! borne on the fresh'ning breeze of morn, methinks I hear
A message wafted o'er the tideless sea;
"Be not afraid, sing on! sing on! 'Tis I, Thy God, who speaks:
Thy little songs may bring a soul to me."

Grace Ingles Frost

Gold Mines and Riches

By Nephi Anderson

Early in the morning I climbed up the hillside above Eureka, perchance to find a gold mine. The air was clear, cool, and invigorating. The gray hills were tinted with the green of growing grass, and dotted with the bright red and blue and yellow, odorous wild flowers whose names I do not know, more's the pity or the shame.

However, I was not to be enticed by flowers or landscape. I was to find and locate a mine. I was not the first prospector who had been on these hills, for I had been informed that every foot of ground had been crawled over by men in search of "indications." The heaps of earth of various sizes and colors lying close by gaping holes told where the searchers after wealth had tried to find it by means of pick and shovel, and had failed.

I knew very little about mining, but I was told that Uncle Knight was not much wiser in his day and time, when he, too, sat on these hills and received his impressions on where to dig. "Right around the hill toward Knightsville," said my informant, "Brother Knight started his first tunnel. 'What shall we call this mine?' he had asked, and the skeptical friend had suggested 'The Humbug.' 'The Humbug' it shall be," was the reply, and "The Humbug" it is." The first shipment from this mine brought \$10,000, which amount was turned to a very good public purpose.

But I found no mine that morning. Perhaps it was because I did not know where to look or what to look for; so I philosophized instead, which is more pleasant on a warm spring morning than to dig in the dirt. I climbed up on a warm boulder and looked out over town and the distant sage-covered valley, checkered with blocks of green—the beginnings of dry-farming.

How strange, I meditated, that so much time and means and labor should be expended on getting from the mountains certain metals called precious! Deep down lies the gold, mixed with earth and rock and baser metals, and tucked away between rock-bound walls. Why had not the Creator, instead of mixing things up so, just had all the gold and the silver made into conveniently sized bars of bullion, ready for use?

The question was still with me when, after breakfast, I visited the Tintic High school and spoke to the students a few moments; and the answer came when I saw those young people

poring over their books, "digging" after stores of knowledge. I realized that the Lord made no mistake when he placed out of easy, immediate reach all things, whether of material or intellectual or spiritual value; but ordained that these things must be searched for, must be persistently and diligently and intelligently dug for, and sometimes fought for; and I realized also that in the end the non-material "values" obtained came as much from the process of digging or fighting as from what might be found in the end.

A mile up on the hillside above Eureka is Knightsville, where I found Bishop Fuller. He was the superintendent of the Knight properties there.

"I want to visit the Beck Tunnel mine," I explained, "to see if, perchance, I might find that thousand dollars I dropped in it!"

This little pleasantry of mine seemed to meet a "fellow feeling" with a good many people; but they all shook their heads and smiled skeptically. However, the good bishop rigged me up in old clothes, and down the Beck Tunnel we went. The cage landed us at various and sundry levels, and we wended our way through dark and devious passages under the mountain. Occasionally we came upon a miner digging out under a lease contract the small bodies of ore left when the big operations of the company were in full blast years ago. I learned that many of the old properties are now profitably worked in this way, which, of course, shows how much more diligent a man will be when he is his own boss.

After spending an hour or so under ground, we came to the surface through the Colorado shaft, and looked gratefully at the low range of mountains at our feet, the Goshen valley and Utah lake in the middle distance.

"On a clear day," said the man in charge, "we can see the 'Y' on the hills above Provo."

"Well," I commented, as I drew in the odorous air and looked out on the prospect, "I wouldn't mind being a miner if I could work up here on the surface all the time."

Coming back to Knightsville and donning our every-day clothes, Bishop Fuller's automobile took me around to Mammoth and set me down under Bishop Steedman's shade trees. Later, I went around the hill to Silver City, which is quite a town—by night. Electric lights gleam profusely from the houses, and especially from Bishop Birch's unique residence. It is one of the most spacious yet cozy and comfortable of homes. (Bishop Birch has recently been made President of the new Tintic stake of Zion.)

The next morning I went up on the hills again, and there I met an old friend of mine whom I had not seen for some time. He was a miner, he said, working for himself under a lease contract. As he was his own boss, and as we were both glad to see each other, he lingered for some time with me in the warm sunshine near the shaft, and we told each other our more recent histories. In our younger days we had been confidants, so we talked freely to each other.

"I understand that you are a rich man now," I said.

"Rich! In what?"

"Why, in gold, of course. How else should a miner be rich?"

My friend looked at me keenly, in a manner he had. "There might be other ways, even for a miner," he said; "and now you call my attention to it, I suppose I am rich."

"Well?" I questioned as he paused; for there was some hidden meaning in his words, and I wanted the story.

"I might as well tell you about it, seeing that you know so much anyway"—this latter with a bit of irony. "You remember when the big slump came in mining stock, some years ago?"

"I do, to my sorrow."

"Well, I had speculated a little for myself and for others, but I had made no money. One day, a widow, a neighbor to us in my home town, came to me and said she had ten thousand dollars which she wished to invest in a certain mining stock. She had heard that the stock was a safe investment, she said. I also had heard that statement, but more recently I had heard things to the contrary. The fact of the matter was that I had made a big plunge in that very stock, and if recent rumors proved true, I would be a ruined man. I therefore jumped at the chance here offered to get out clear. I sold the woman my stock and took her money.

"I then took the first train out here to Tintic. I came up here to the mine, looked over the ground, heard the stories flying about, and saw what was coming. What a narrow escape I have had! thought I. I remained right here and saw the stock drop day by day until it nearly reached the vanishing point. For a day or two I gloated over my good fortune; but, somehow, I didn't care to go home to tell about it or to exhibit it. I was afraid I would meet that neighbor who had some beautifully engraved sheets of paper, now worth only a few dollars at the most. Oftener the picture of this good woman came to me. As far back as I could remember, we had been neighbors. As a boy I had always felt free in her home, and many a cookie I had had from her cake box. She had no children and her husband had left her well-to-do. I was sure the ten thousand dollars she had invested was only a part of her money.

"But I couldn't get the woman out of my mind, try as I would; and slowly there came to me the idea that what I had done was not quite the right thing. 'It was purely a matter of business,' a subtle something whispered to me, 'why bother more about it?' 'Yes,' I managed to reply, 'the transaction was straight enough, but I knew the stock was shaky, and I should have warned her.' 'She might have gone to someone else.' 'True, but she came to me, more's the luck, or the pity.' 'But you have the money, and you need it much more than she does.' 'True again,' I acknowledged, 'but that's not the point at issue. Legally I can keep the money. It is mine.' But this thought came to me time and again: 'What effect will the keeping of this money have on me—I don't mean on my bank account or my worldly affairs, but on me, myself?'

"Well, to make my story short, I went home, and straight to the woman and told her the truth about the stock she had bought. Then I gave her back her money. . . ."

"She took it, of course?" I asked.

"Yes; she just thanked me kindly. The simple soul had no idea I had done anything out of the way or heroic," said the speaker with a quiet laugh. "But, say, come down to my workings. I want to show you a beautiful prospect."

"Where you have obtained the riches you have been speaking of?"

"Now, don't play the dullard," he admonished. "My riches are not of the earth, earthy; but they are right here!" He struck his chest soundly as he said it.

"My conscience!" I exclaimed. "No," he corrected. "Mine."



Liberty

By Louis L. Allen

The spirit of American liberty was born in the patriotic hearts of those who bore arms at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Many of these men were not American born, but they were dedicated Americans in the fires of a new republic. These men who drew the sword in defense of American rights had come here from most of the countries of Europe. They left their native lands because of the oppression of kings and nobles. In the great silent forests of our land they found freedom in the air they breathed. They built up strong bodies and pure minds in the simple surroundings of the early colonies, and when the time came to decide between self-government and government by a foreign power, they stood almost as one man for liberty.

Here, then, could be worked out for the first time in the history of the modern world a pure democracy. A land where the people could rule themselves and where it was not necessary to take away from anyone what he considers his legitimate rights.

When the day came, the mother country concluded she could pass laws that would be binding on these colonies, without their consent. They raised up in their might and drove her from the land. This was one of the most important steps toward liberal government, and the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of kings and nobles, that ever took place in the history of the human race. It was a great light which was to lead other nations from the oppression of the chosen few and make them free-men in all that the term means.

We should be proud that America has given birth to such conceptions as these; that its object in the world, its only reason for existence as a government was to lift the common man out of the slough of discouragement and even despair, to set his feet upon solid ground and tell him, "Here is the high road upon which you are as much entitled to walk as any other man."

The American Revolution was the birth of a nation, it was also the creation of a great free republic based upon ideas of liberty of which heretofore men had only vaguely dreamed, but which it was proposed should spread to all mankind.

The singular fascination of American history is that it has

been a process of constant recreation, or making over again, in each generation the thing that was conceived at first.

The world must soon realize that the passion of this country is to be permitted to live her own life according to her own principles. The only thing she profoundly resents or will ever resent, is having her life and freedom interfered with.

The world must soon realize that the promises of the fathers, and the ambitions of the men who gave up their lives that this country might live, have been vindicated. Well might the world say, "America promised to hold up the light of liberty and freedom for the guidance of our feet, and behold she has redeemed her promises."

In the course of time this nation was born and dedicated to the cause of human liberty. The Constitution of the United States is a God-inspired instrument. It has well been said, "It is not right that man should be in bondage one to another," and hence the Constitution of the United States should be maintained for the preservation of the rights and the protection of all flesh, "according to just and holy principles, that every man may act in doctrine and principle, pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I [the Lord] have given unto them, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment. . . . And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose." With that spirit the greatest land of freedom that has ever blessed this world was established, and stands forth today an example and a star of hope to all the down-trodden peoples of the earth.

Hither have come countless millions. We have welcomed them to our shores and have extended to them the right hand of fellowship. All that we ask is that they become genuine Americans in the full sense of the word. We do not ask them to forget the things they loved at home, but when an issue arises between America and the land from which they came, we expect them to respond at once, "America First."

We have taken the ideal form of popular government and applied the policies which have led a continent to the Altar of Liberty, and glorified the Republic. Let us stand today as Americans have ever stood, for America first, last, and all the time; and we should echo the words of our great national song, "My Country 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." Everyone should pledge himself in this high and ardent hour that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interests, advance her fortune, defend her fame, and guard her honor as long as life shall last!

Buhl, Idaho

Back to the Faith

By *Annie D. Palmer*

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized;

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands;

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

Alice Moreton read the passage from her Doctrine and Covenants three times. Then she laid the book down and sat thinking and looking wistfully at her husband. The subject had been much on her mind of late, and she felt that she must talk with him about it.

Presently she said by way of introduction: "This has been a hard day, Frank, I am so tired."

"Why don't you go to bed, dear?" he asked, "the children are all asleep, aren't they?"

"Yes," she answered, "the children are asleep; but Frank, I have been thinking—"

"Well, what have you been thinking?"

"We used to kneel down together and have prayer before you went away. We never seem to have time for prayer any more."

"It's childish," he said with a half frown. "If God really cares for his children and knows their need, why should he want them to be continually asking for things?"

"We should forget him, dear, if we did not need to ask for his gifts. Besides, do we not owe gratitude for all the blessings of life?"

"There are better ways of showing gratitude than being constantly on one's knees. To live honestly and honorably is better."

"There is nothing to hinder people from doing both. I can't understand the change that has come over you, dear. When you came from your mission, four years ago, you were full of the spirit of prayer; and so sure of the truth of the gospel, that you would gladly have given your life in its defense. I remember the first Sunday you were here. I sat with our two little children and listened to your testimony, and wished in my heart that

both Frances and Joey could understand every word you said. You told how the Lord had inspired you in teaching the gospel, how the sick had been healed through your administration, how you had been protected from evil designing men, how food and clothing had been provided for your need, and how you had been able to rejoice in every trial, because you knew the truth of God's work. Oh, Frank! it was a living testimony that you bore that day, and it thrilled me through and through. Have you forgotten?"

"I think I am wiser now."

"Dare you say that testimony was not true?"

"I was probably over zealous—and mistaken."

"No, dear, you were not mistaken. You and I were happy in the year that followed your return. We didn't have much money but our children were well; and we lived our humble life secure in God's love. We didn't feel in those days, Frank, that it was useless to ask for our Father's care, or unnecessary to offer thanks for his goodness; and, when baby Afton came to us—well, I can't talk about it yet without crying. Only last week Dr. Gray pointed her out in a crowd and said: 'There's a sweet little girl that never would have been born, but for the faith of a couple of women who were there,' and Dr. Gray is not even a "Mormon."

"Nobody doubts that a miracle was wrought that day, Alice—but it might have been—in fact, I think it would have been the same, even if we had not prayed at all."

"And I am sure that it was the prayer of faith that did it—your faith, and mother's, and Emma's."

Frank Moreton resumed his reading, and his wife went sadly to her room, to kneel by her bedside in prayer alone.

To be sure, she had so knelt habitually during the two years her husband had been away at college, but he was at home now and she looked to him to lead in religious as well as in secular affairs. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, while she lifted her heart in prayer for daily help and guidance.

Alice Moreton had been born and reared a "Mormon." In her girlhood she had been taught the need of marrying a man of her own faith, and the possibility of any other union was as foreign to her thought as to one of heaven's purest angels. She had been married to Frank in the temple. He, too, had been full of faith in the gospel. They had been extremely happy in their love; and the two children that had come to them in the first two years had so strengthened the band between them that their every thought seemed bent in happy unison.

Frank's mission had been a source of strength to both of them; and Alice was learning now for the first time, how her

husband's college work was tearing out the very stones upon which their tower of faith was built. Frank had ceased to pray. She remembered now that he had criticized severely a testimony that a good sister had related in fast meeting. She doubted that he had paid any tithing during the last year. She recalled that several times the smell of tobacco on his clothing had been suspicious. Her confidence wavered; her heart trobbled with a heavy pain.

To women less earnest in their religion, less spiritual in their desires, these matters might have been trivial, but Alice had been taught to look upon this life as a preparation for life eternal. She had learned to count earth's family ties as ties that shall have no end, and the rearing of children in the fear of God as the greatest thing to be done in all the world. And in the gradual weakening of her husband's faith, she saw an almost insurmountable barrier to the onward progress of eternity. With a confidence born of her perfect love, she told herself that she would never cease to pray until he walked firmly again in the way of life.

The husband returned to the medical college when the summer vacation was over, and in the year that followed drifted rapidly down the stream of skepticism and unbelief.

Toward the latter end of the third year's work, Mr. Moreton was called home on account of the very serious illness of little Afton. The child seemed scarcely alive when he reached home, and for three days lay so near to death that it wanted but the whisper of the heavenly angel to summon her away. The mother's heart was lifted in constant prayer for her recovery. The father looked calmly on and joined his newly acquired skill with the skill of the old physician who had attended the family for years.

At last the crisis was past. Speedily the little one came back to health. Again the home took on its normal cheer. Frank had lost two weeks, but in the joy of seeing Afton well, he felt able to make it all up.

"I really understood the case better than did Dr. Oldham," he said to his wife on the evening before his departure. "The science of medicine is advancing so fast, it almost takes one's breath away to keep up with it."

"God was so good," Alice answered, as she stroked his head softly, "to let us keep our darling." After a pause she asked, "Don't you see that it was God who healed her?"

"I don't just see the relation between God and that first dose of medicine we gave her. It was so out of the ordinary—so different from the usual treatment."

"It was an inspiration! Oh, Frank! can't you understand

that we are only the means of carrying out Heaven's will? The fact that the dose was unusual is additional proof to me, that our Father heard our prayers and prompted the treatment."

"You mean that he heard *your* prayers," the man answered in his arrogance.

"Heard *our* prayers," repeated his wife, "*mine and the children's.*"

"Alice, I am sorry to have to hurt your feelings," Mr. Moreton began deliberately, "but, I don't want you to teach that stuff to the children. I want my children to grow up with their minds free and unbiased in matters of religion. They can decide those things when they have judgment to weigh them properly."

"And I want my children to grow up," she answered firmly, "with a faith so strong, that no trial and no temptation, and no learning can shake it! Tell me, Frank, what have you gained in throwing away the faith of your father? Are you a better citizen, since you are not religious? Are you a kinder husband and father, since you doubt God? Is your life cleaner, more useful, more hopeful, since you cast Divinity aside? Has happiness increased, or any gift been added to replace the joy your faith afforded? Answer me *truly.*"

"I am wiser, Alice, I know better."

"I do not want your wisdom! A wisdom that takes faith out of my heart, that puts God out of my life, and gives me nothing in return—"

"Would you have the world ignorant?"

"No, far from it! But I would have men and women enter the fields of higher learning with the view of finding out God's mysteries, rather than with the desire to disprove Him. A few weeks ago I spent a day in the temple. In the morning service President Lund bore testimony that he knows that God lives and hears us when we pray. This thought came to me: 'President Lund's education is so vastly superior to any of our ordinary college men—and yet he knows God! How the thought burned itself into my heart! And when a young elder sang, 'I know that my Redeemer Lives,' it seemed to me that a host of angels bore witness to the truth of my conviction! Frank, if you value my happiness, do not try to weaken my faith, nor to prevent me from teaching it to our children!'"

"Oh, well," he answered carelessly, "as you will. I suppose it won't really hurt the youngsters much, though it's a terrible waste of time."

For five years Moreton had been practicing medicine in his own home town. His practice had been wonderfully suc-

cessful in more ways than one. He had been able to pay his debts, to build a commodious home, to dress well, to ride in a splendid car, and to lay by a snug little sum for a rainy day. He had built up a good business for his future and an enviable professional reputation. As men count success, there was little else to be desired. But his wife was growing prematurely old. She was never happy now as in early days; the nearest approach to it was when she and the children sang hymns and folk songs, and told each other's experiences, after the lamps were lighted. She was fully appreciative of the blessings of life, their beautiful home, their bright romping children, her good health, and all the good they were able to do. But, persistently would come to her Christ's question to the disciples: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

And now a thing occurred which came very near losing to Dr. Moreton the joy of the whole world, too. He had stopped where the metal front of a building was being erected. In an unlucky moment he drew close to a man who was hammering the metal very hard. A chip of steel hit his eye cutting through the corner and lodging far back in the retina. Dr. Moreton went to his office and immediately gave it the best attention within his power. There was no other doctor in the town, and no eye specialist within two hundred miles. His mirror showed him only the ugly three-cornered cut, so he supposed the steel that had hit him had fallen away. He washed the eye carefully and put on a bandage.

The next day he made another examination. The wound seemed to be healing nicely, but the pain was not lessened. For two days more he paced up and down his office floor, little heeding whether it was in darkness or in light. His wife was unable to comfort him. The children cried and went away—except Afton. She would stay by him hours at a time and hold his hand and walk the floor with him. She scarcely ever spoke except to ask:

"May I bring you a drink, papa? or a piece of cake? or an orange?"

Once she said timidly, "We have prayed for you, papa, we always pray for you."

"Yes, dear," he answered, "I know."

On the third day Alice noticed that he frequently put his hand over the other eye; and when she asked him he admitted that it, too, was paining him very much. In the afternoon he arranged the bandage to cover them both.

And now Afton led him to and fro in the room and sat and caressed him when he tired of walking, and his heart sank with

the helplessness that he felt was coming, and he moaned despairingly, and could not find comfort.

Alice's grief was quite as terrible as his own. She realized that his soul had in great measure shut out the light of heaven, and it seemed now that the sunshine of earth was also to be denied him. She prayed, how earnestly, how constantly, she prayed, that the mercy of God would spare them the awful calamity!

"If the foreign body that entered the eye had been removed the wound would heal, and the pain ought to cease," reasoned Dr. Moreton to himself. "The foreign body must therefore still be in the eye. The workman was hammering steel, so the chip that did the mischief is probably steel. If that is true a strong magnet will remove it."

He called a careful business man to take him to see the eye specialist. On the way he talked to the business man about the terrible dread that was on his mind—described how it seemed to face the world henceforth, forever, in the dark—how he had perhaps looked at his wife and children for the last time—how his little daughter had led, and how she would continue to lead, him.

The eye specialist made the examination, and was puzzled. Then Dr. Moreton advanced his theory. The magnet was brought. When it came into close proximity with the scar in the eyeball, there was a thump against the outer surface as if the eye had been struck from within, and the eye ball bulged perceptibly. The half healed opening was too small to allow the chip to pass. With a most delicate instrument the cut was enlarged and the magnet again applied. This time it came through the opening and adhered to the magnet. It was an achievement to the profession. The eye recovered speedily, and the other one which had been suffering only out of sympathy, was now perfectly normal. Dr. Moreton said rather boastfully that the experiment was well worth the suffering. Alice humbly gave thanks to God and acknowledged it as an inspiration.

It is most difficult to understand why some spirits so stubbornly resist the beneficent influences that heaven sheds around them. It was so with Dr. Moreton. Having once denied the testimony of the truth, it was very hard for him to put away his pride and accept a power that was greater than his ambition. But there came a time when the petitions of his faithful wife could no longer be denied of heaven, a time when his haughtiness must be broken that her prayers might prevail, and because he had so fortified himself against the teachings of his

childhood, the chastening hand must needs be laid heavily upon him in order to make him understand.

The older children had gone to a school party. Dr. Moreton and his wife and sister were at the theatre. Afton was at home with the sister's two little children. Suddenly it occurred to the young girl that they could have popcorn, so she set about making a fire. In order to hurry the blaze she took the coal oil can and poured oil on the smouldering coals. In an instant the can was aflame. She held on to it and carried it outside, but threw it down near the corner of the frame kitchen. It took but a moment to start a blaze that spread rapidly through the house. Meanwhile the child with wonderful presence of mind, had extinguished the fire in her clothing by rolling herself in a rug on the floor. While there in agonizing pain the house began to fill with smoke, and great flames shot through the kitchen door. Realizing the terrible truth she managed to get the two little ones out and at a safe distance. Then she swooned and knew no more until she heard the pleading tones of her mother praying that Father in Heaven would spare her life. They had carried her to a little two-roomed cot across the street, where an old woman lived with her cat and chickens. There they had stripped off the burned clothing and dressed the awful burns that covered her chest, neck, and right arm. For hours they had sat watching for a return of consciousness, while the flames licked up the remains of their beautiful home and left a heap of smoking embers.

When Afton opened her eyes the father turned away his tear wet face and sobbed aloud for joy. But days lengthened into weeks and into months and still the little girl lay upon the pillows. The burns healed slowly, proud flesh grew in the wounds, the forces of nature seemed too much exhausted to effect repairs. And now the father noted with alarm that there was heart leakage to add to the other difficulties. He could not tell his wife of this discovery, he could not bear to think of it himself. It was so sickening—so utterly hopeless. In his grief it seemed to him that no other such child had ever lived as this child that was being taken from him—that nothing else on earth could ever be worth striving for when her innocence and love were gone.

As he sat with lowered head thinking it over, the frail hand of the child was laid on his and the feeble voice faltered:

"You can't make me well, can you papa?"

"I shall try, darling, but—"

"But you can't, papa, I know you can't. You have tried ever so long and I am not better."

"Not much better, sweetheart! What do you want papa to do?"

"Papa, dear, couldn't you ask God? Mama has asked Him, and so have Joey and Frances—but—if the whole family should ask—I mean kneel down together—here by my bed—"

"Yes, yes, child. What then?"

"Then the Heavenly Father would know for sure that you all want me!"

There was a long sigh from the child, and she turned her face away. The man sat for a while motionless, pride struggling against humility, blind reason seeking to overthrow the kindled spark of faith. At last he arose and went to the bed chamber. He sat there for an hour his doubt and intense desire struggling for supremacy. The weak moaning of his child now came again to his ears and in agony he threw himself upon his knees and in tears and sobbing began to call upon God. Faith had conquered. His prayer was sincere and earnest. And when he arose and sought his wife it was with new hope and a tranquil peace.

"Alice," he said, "there is no hope for Afton, but in the power of God. She has asked that we all kneel by her bedside and pray. Will you call the children?"

The wife gave no outward sign of surprise or joy, but her heart was happier at that moment than it had been before since Afton was born.

"Amen," the little sufferer repeated as they all arose after the prayer was said, and a moment later she was sleeping peacefully.

In a few days the child was sitting propped up with pillows. The burns were healing nicely and there was no sign of the heart trouble.

"The Heavenly Father is the best doctor, isn't he, papa?" she said, patting her father's hand.

"Yes, darling. He is a wonderful doctor. He has cured your heart, and made mamma's happy, and given your hard old daddy a new one."

"He can do everything with hearts, can't he?" the child said, smiling.

And Dr. Moreton realizing the awful struggle his change of heart had cost, answered:

"Yes, child, everything."

Then he took down the big Bible and together they read the story of the little daughter of Jairus.

"Let us pray," he said to his wife when they were preparing to retire that night. "I see my error and I confess it. 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

Provo, Utah

The Return of the Jews

To Regain Palestine and Rebuild Their Cities and Temple is the
Dream of the Chosen People—Consolation in
Ancient Prophetic Promises

By E. H. Lund

“Behold, I will gather them out of all countries, whither I have driven them in mine anger, and in my fury, and in great wrath; and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God.”—Jer. 32:37.

The scriptures foretell that in the latter days the descendants of ancient Israel, the Jews, shall be gathered again in the land of their fathers, there to re-establish their abode, rebuild their temples, and again be a prosperous people under the hand of the Lord. Though they have since been so sorely stricken and hounded about, the Hebrew race was at one time a stable, concrete and well-governed nation. But they became perverse and disobedient to the commands of God, and he withdrew his Spirit from them, till finally they were wholly bereft of prophets and seers to guide them, and they were left to their own uninspired devisings and contrivings. And so they had fallen under the condemnation and chastisement of the Lord, in that he permitted their successive bondages, buffetings and persecutions at the hand of their enemies, finally to be driven and scattered, a homeless people, among the nations of the earth. Their lands and properties confiscated, themselves banished from their own country, the latter has remained in the possession of an alien people until the present time.

Ancient Israel was the “chosen people” of the Lord. Through their appointed leaders and prophets he made known his will, and as long as they gave heed to counsel and rendered obedience to the heavenly commandments prosperity and happiness attended them and all went well. But, as a people, they were a weak-spirited, fickle race, oftentimes stiff-necked and stubborn, requiring to be governed by a firm, iron hand.

Such were the traits and characteristics of the Hebrew race, whose national disruption and wide dispersion to all parts of the earth and the certainty of their eventual regathering in the land of their heritage was the burden of concernment of most of the prophecies of the Old Testament. The literal fulfilment of Jeremiah’s prediction respecting Judah’s entire desolation, of the

"scattering" of Israel and their thorough "sifting" among the various nations, need not be here discussed at length. Suffice to say that history establishes the fact of their final destruction as a nation by the Romans, who sold "the remnant"—perhaps 97,000 all told—into slavery in the cities of the empire. This occurred some 600 years after the term of their Babylonish captivity (2 Kings 24 and 25) was completed. From this time on they were taken wherever their masters pleased—"dispersed over all the habitable earth," says Josephus. In fulfilment of the word of the Lord in Deuteronomy (28:64), they have indeed been "scattered from one end of the earth even unto the other," and have "become a proverb and a byword among all nations."

In any age whenever the Lord had a people on earth, established in the faith, and yielding humble obedience to his laws and statutes, the privileges and blessings peculiar to the possession of the Holy Priesthood and the fulness of the gospel of Christ were enjoyed by the Saints. There is no warrant, in or out of scripture, for the assumption that the children of Israel was an exception to the rule. While there is scant reference in the Jewish scriptures relative to this question, the supposition is reasonable, and we feel convinced of the fact, that the gospel principles in their fulness were preached and taught to ancient Israel and, perhaps for a time, at least, were in active operation among them in the early history of their national existence. The few references that might be cited tend strongly to sustain and confirm this view. However, as stated, their disaffection and deviation from the commands of the Lord brought upon them the Divine wrath and displeasure.

Under the leadership of Moses, it became apparent that the people could not "abide the higher law." In the revelations of God we are informed that "Moses plainly taught the children of Israel in the wilderness, and sought diligently to sanctify his people that they might behold the face of God; but they hardened their hearts. * * * Therefore he took Moses out of their midst, and the Holy Priesthood also" (D. and C. 84:23-25). It is mentioned by Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews (4:2), that the gospel had been preached to Israel by Moses. But the "word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith;" hence, when camped about Mt. Horeb, they could not endure the presence of the Lord, and besought Moses that they might not hear the voice of the Lord nor see his glory, lest they should die. For their instability and want of abiding faith, the *higher law* was withdrawn from ancient Israel, while the lesser Priesthood remained and the *law of carnal commandments* was given them (D. and C. 84:23-27).

The degrading unrighteousness and hypocrisy of Israel, as recorded in the history of their backslidings and disaffection, cul-

minated, in the meridian of time, in that most stupendous of national errors, their rejection of the Messiah, and finally, sealing upon their heads the condemnation of an outraged God, in the iniquity of their souls, capped the climax by crucifying their Lord, the Redeemer of the world!

In all history we find no extenuating or mitigating circumstance for the egregious act. But from a psychological point of view, it appears that the Jews were the only nation under heaven possessing the peculiar characteristics and necessary mental qualities which placed them pre-eminently before all other peoples as being specially "fitted" for, or capable of lending themselves to, the accomplishment of that part of the program in the great foreordained plan of salvation which was to be the central fact of paramount importance in all history, past, present and future, the pivotal point on which was to hang the eternal destiny of man—the crucifixion, death and resurrection of Christ. The mental calibre of the Hebrew has ever been a problem with psychologists. While we may not delve too deeply into the pre-existent reasons for things, it is within the bounds of possibility that by a process of elimination and selection there were chosen, out of the hosts of heaven, the very spirits that were best adapted—"mentally qualified"—for just such a "mission" as the Jews in mortality were so ready to accept and carry out.

As a nation, they were a people of uncertain moods and contradictory impulses, easily led and susceptible of varied influences, at times indecisive and vacillating, and again stubborn and wilful, for such is the reading of their character as revealed in the history of their past. Without the guiding mind, a Moses or a Joshua to lead them, they were "as sheep without a shepherd." And the Lord knew the hearts of his "chosen" people in their mortal sphere, understood perfectly their nature, character and disposition, just as he had known the character of their individual spirits before they were tabernacled in the flesh; knew what their future fleshly tendencies would be; knew their temperament, and that as a class their peculiar mentality demanded that specially qualified individuals be sent among them to be their teachers and prophets. Therefore, an All-wise Providence made yet other selection of choice spirits from among the hosts of heaven, who were sent at stated times from the very first to instruct, direct and guide the people of the Lord in all ages. Wise men, teachers and prophets, inspired of God to fill certain missions in the earth, were without doubt foreordained to their special calling. A number of scriptural passages bearing on the point, and confirming this view, might also be here cited. The Prophet Jeremiah was such a chosen spirit, whose intellectual qualifications fitted him, both as to time and place, for the accomplishment of the work of his ministry in mortality. We ask

the reader to note particularly the wording in the two quotations that follow. This from Jer. 1:4, 5:

"Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations" (Compare Isaiah 49:1, 5; the case of John the Baptist, Luke 1:13-17; of Paul, Acts 9:15; Eph. 1:4).

Another passage is from the revelation of God to Abraham: "Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said, These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born" (Book of Abraham, 3:22, 23. Compare 1 Nephi 12:7, 8; P. of G. P., Book of Moses 4:2; Matt. 1:20, 21).

The language in the above quotations is very clear and needs no comment. Thus are we given to know how the house of Israel, from time to time, witnessed the advent in their midst of men of God, inspired to lead, teach and direct, or to reprove, preserving universal respect for law and order, good government and equity among the Jews. We believe the same principle is operative today as it was anciently and in all ages; that God sends to every nation and people certain of his most noble and most intellectual sons and daughters to be guides and teachers in the earth.

But especially were the chosen people like unto children, ever requiring stern leadership and supervision, for they were marvelously inconstant and rebellious. During the long cycles of time the Lord had been extremely patient with their wavering and almost incorrigible spirits, forgiving them of their malpractices and their ill-treatment and rejection of many of the prophets whom he had sent among them, till finally the accumulation of iniquities and their persistent disobedience to his commandments brought upon them the inevitable displeasure of God, and he withdrew his Spirit from them; so that at about the beginning of the fourth century before the birth of Christ there came a cessation of prophets and seers in Israel. We can find no indication that there were any further direct dealings of the Lord with his people or any people after the time of Malachi, the "last of the prophets," who is supposed to have written his prophecy between the years 400 and 420 B. C.; hence, it appears that the delegated viceregency of God among the Jews ended with the passing of Malachi.

Down through the centuries unto the meridian of time, by their own perverseness, the Jewish nation had become well

schooled and prepared to perform their destined part. Their purblind souls prevented them from recognizing in the lowly Nazarene the mighty Jehovah of their fathers. Such are the facts, and, bearing in mind the "pre-eminent fitness" mentioned in the foregoing, we will now cite the reader to a remarkable statement by another of the Lord's servants who lived on the American continent several centuries before the Savior's birth. The quotation is from Jacob, an ancient Nephite prophet—himself a Jew—whose words are recorded in the Book of Mormon. By the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, this man of God also understood the spirit, the heart and mind tendencies that would actuate the people of his own race as touching the Son of God when he should appear among them in the flesh. Nearly six hundred years before this event the Prophet Jacob, addressing the Nephites, said:

"Wherefore, as I said unto you, it must needs be expedient that Christ (for in the last night the angel spake unto me that this should be his name) should come among the Jews, among *those who are the more wicked part of the world*; and they shall crucify him: For thus it behooveth our God; and there is *none other nation on earth that would crucify their God*. For should the mighty miracles be wrought among *other nations*, *they would repent*, and *know that he be their God*; but because of priestcrafts and iniquities, *they at Jerusalem* will stiffen their necks against him, that he be crucified" (2 Nephi 10:3, 5).

We recall the circumstances attending the haling of Christ before Pilate. The vehemently voiced accusations of the chief priests and scribes, mid the cries of the rabble, all thirsting for the blood of Jesus, convinced Pilate of the folly of further withstanding the clamorous demand of the populace. Against his own better judgment (for he had "found in him no fault at all"), perhaps partly actuated by a superstitious fear because of his wife's dream, he gave way to their desire. He called for water and washed his hands before the multitude, an act symbolizing non-responsibility, the while proclaiming: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people and said, *His blood be on us and on our children*" (Matt. 27:24, 25). Words of dread portent; and little did the Jews sense the awfulness of the situation, much less foresee that future history would bear lurid testimony to the gruesome fulfillment of that fateful invocation!

Thus Edersheim (Vol. 2, p. 578), in forceful and incisive language, comments on the above *acknowledgment of responsibility* for the death of Christ:

"The Mishna tells us that, after the solemn washing of hands of the elders and their disclaimer of guilt, priests responded with

this prayer: 'Forgive it to thy people Israel, whom thou hast redeemed, O Lord, and lay not innocent blood upon thy people Israel.' But here, in answer to Pilate's words, came back that deep, hoarse cry: 'His blood be upon us, and'—God help us!—'on our children.' Some thirty years later, and on that very spot, was judgment pronounced against some of the best in Jerusalem; and among the 3,600 victims of the governor's fury, of whom not a few were scourged and crucified right over against the Pretorium, were many of the noblest of the citizens of Jerusalem (Josephus, Wars, xiv, chap. 8:9). A few years more, and hundreds of crosses bore Jewish mangled bodies within sight of Jerusalem. And still have these wanderers seemed to bear, from century to century, and from land to land, that burden of blood; and still does it seem to weigh 'on us and on our children'."

And yet we read of the sublime condescension of God. Even while undergoing extreme physical and mental agony on the cross, the dear Lord bore in his heart naught but good will and charity toward his evil-minded murderers. None but a very God could possess qualities such as dictated the words of Jesus, as he prayed the Father to "forgive them, for they know not what they do." This was the same Holy Being who spake by the mouth of Jeremiah the prophet to the future generations of the house of Israel, the descendants of Jacob, saying: "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God" (Jer. 3:12-13). What surpassing, what infinite love! His bowels are filled with mercy and compassion for his erring people.

It was because of their persistent disregard of the heavenly commands that the word of the Lord to Moses came to be fulfilled, saying: "The Lord shall scatter you among the nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the heathen, whither the Lord shall lead you" (Deut. 4:27). While in Amos 9:8, 9, we read that "I will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob, saith the Lord; for, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve." They were not to go altogether unpunished, but neither were the enemies of Israel to be permitted to utterly destroy the house of Jacob, for as a remnant they should still be found among the nations of the earth, though "few" in number. And surely the Lord has "drawn out a sword after them; and their land has become desolate and their cities waste" (Lev. 26:33; see also Deut. 28:64 and Neh. 1:8, 9). Great afflictions came upon them, in captivities, drivings and all manner of persecutions; and so

was Israel verily "rooted out of the land given to their fathers" (I Kings 14:15; see also Deut. 29:25, 28).

All these recorded evils have come upon Israel largely in the way of disciplinary punishments, and form a sad commentary on the constitutional infirmity of the Hebrew race as a whole.

(To be concluded in the August number)

Lucy Mack Smith

(Born July 8, 1776.)

The bearer of an honored name,
The sharer of dear Joseph's fame,
Oh, fondly, freely may we love her,
Our gifted, true, boy prophet's mother.

There shines upon her mother face
A calm and sweetly earnest grace,
Heroic as her whole life's story
Of toil and pain, yet more of glory.

Oh, sweeter than the lovely rose,
When spring-time's southern zephyr blows,
Her cherished sympathy attended
Her sons with heaven's blessings blended.

Celestial truths enriched her mind,
So fair, so constant, and refined,
Effulgent joy—ah who can measure
The peace crown of this holy treasure!

Weep tears of pity on her pain—
With Joseph dear and Hyrum slain—
Yet this her soul-light doth not smother,
She trusted still,—their sainted mother.

With soul erect as one who knows,
Serene her earth life found its close,—
We sing her praise, for oh, we love her,
With growing love, our Prophet's Mother.

Minnie Iverson Hodapp

Huntington, Utah

The Makers of Science

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

VIII—Joseph Priestley

The study of the process of combustion led to discoveries upon which modern chemistry is founded. Many brilliant minds of various nationalities took part in these studies during the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was reserved for the Frenchman Lavoisier to establish that when a thing burns it unites with something found in the air, but it was left for Joseph Priestley to determine the substance in the air which makes burning possible. In that way Priestley became one of the founders of modern chemistry.

Joseph Priestley was born near Leeds, Yorkshire, March 13, 1733. He became a poor country preacher, of an indifferent eloquence, but possessed of one of the most remarkable intellects of which the world has record.

Priestley made his livelihood as a non-conformist preacher, and indeed he gave much deep study to theology. He published numerous books and treatises upon theological questions, and at no time lost interest in theological matters. He was a devout believer in God and a daily reader of the scriptures. During his last days he frequently spoke of the comfort and strength that had come to him because of his habit of reading the Bible daily, and advised his family and friends to follow his example.

The marvelously receptive and flexible mind of Priestley touched on all matters of human interest. In theology, history, politics and science he was active. It is a marvel to think that one man could accomplish all that this man did in one lifetime.

Science always attracted Priestley. In 1761, when twenty-eight years of age, he was given a tutorship in a small church academy, and here for six years he pursued with such meagre apparatus as was at his command the study of chemistry and electricity. In 1766, while on a visit to London, he had the good fortune to meet Benjamin Franklin. This great American quickly perceived the greatness of Priestley's scientific promise. As a result of Franklin's encouragement, Priestley soon thereafter wrote a *History of Electricity*. This brought him fame

and contact with many great men, though he still made his living in the ministry.

It was believed in those days that air was an elementary thing—in fact it had so been classed from the days of the Greek philosophers. In the course of his researches, however, Priestley came to the conclusion that air is not elementary, but a mixture of substances. This thought led him to the discovery by which he will always be remembered.

On the first of August, 1774, he obtained in his studies a gas that he had not before encountered and with very surprising properties. A lighted candle placed in this gas burned with a remarkably vigorous flame, and a piece of red-hot wood sparkled in it and was consumed very fast. Finally he found that mice and insects lived nearly five times as long in this gas as in an equal volume of air. To complete the test, Priestley breathed some of the gas and he relates that he fancied his breathing peculiarly light and easy for some time afterwards.

He soon came to the conclusion that this gas is found in the atmosphere, and is the ingredient which enables air to support combustion and animal life.

The gas thus discovered by Priestley was, of course, oxygen, which forms about one-fifth of the atmosphere. It is now the knowledge of everyone that when anything burns it unites with the oxygen in the air. In breathing, the oxygen is taken up by the blood and the impurities burned and the carbonic acid gas which is formed is breathed out. It is the oxygen mixed with the water that enables fish to live in water. Frequently, in serious cases of sickness, pure oxygen is given the patient to stimulate the bodily activities.

The discovery of the element oxygen by Priestley and of the nature of combustion by Lavoisier, made possible a new understanding of chemistry and physiology. Though these two men discovered what seems to us most elementary truths, it is by the possession of these truths that much scientific progress has been made possible.

Priestley made many other scientific discoveries of note; in fact, to the day of his death he gave some time to the study of science.

Priestley was of a democratic turn of mind. The republican form of government appealed to him. This was not wholly pleasing to the English people. When the Bastille in Paris fell, in 1791, a fanatical mob, knowing Priestley's sympathy for the French revolutionists, attacked and burned his house and church, and destroyed his papers and scientific instruments. Priestley escaped, but three years later removed to the United States, where he settled at Northumberland, Pennsylvania.

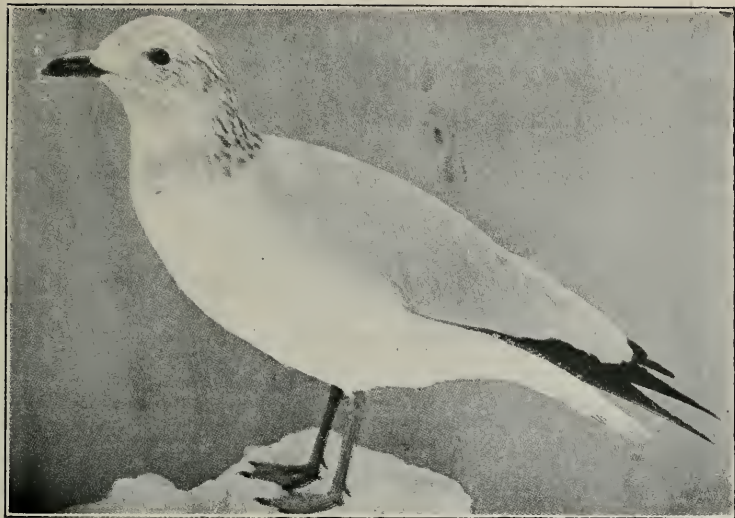
Much honor was shown him in America, and he did much to stimulate scientific research in this country. He was offered the professorship of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, which he declined because of private reasons.

Priestley, though he made many enemies by his fearless, controversial writings, especially within the field of theology, was a sweet-spirited gentleman, who loved truth and sought for it all his days. In the face of untold difficulties he rendered great service to mankind, and made secure for himself a place among the makers of science. He died in his Pennsylvania home, on February 6, 1804.



A SCENE IN THE RED CROSS PAGEANT, MAY 21, 1918,

When 2,000 Red Cross workers in uniform paraded the streets of Salt Lake City. The great procession extended eight blocks, both sides of the streets being lined the whole distance by thousands of sympathetic, admiring and cheering citizens. Besides the Red Cross workers, there were 347 Belgian soldiers from Russia, on their way to the front, accompanied by British, French and American escorts, local G. A. R. and state officials, school cadets and boys' working reserves. The Red Cross drive opened on Monday, May 21, and by the end of the week more than the required amount for the state, \$500,000, had been subscribed. The subscription later reached the sum of \$515,000. A great flag was carried by Red Cross workers upon which was thrown by the admiring crowd, \$1,096.29, upon a similar Moose flag, \$1,035.85, and upon a Z. C. M. I. flag, gathering the gleanings, \$100.83, making a total street donation of over \$2,200.



Outlines for Scout Workers

XXVI—*The Ring-billed Gull*

By *Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.*

“Those who rest on eider down,
Taking borrowed ease,
Owe a tribute of sweet care
To the wild wings of the seas.”

1. Why is the ring-billed gulls so named?
2. In what parts of our country is this gull found? Does it inhabit our valley? If so, what part?
3. Name another gull often found here and compare the ring-billed with it.
4. Note size and shape of the ring-billed gull's body.
5. What are the characteristic markings of this gull?
6. Where and of what is the nest made?
7. Tell of size, color, and number of eggs.
8. Upon what does the gull subsist and how does it procure its food?
9. Do the gulls remain with us during the winter? If not, where do they go?
10. Should they be protected? Why?

Handy Material

The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gull swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloudrack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.—*Longfellow.*

The ring-billed gull is named from the black ring which encircles its bill. It and the California are the most common gulls of our valley. The ring-billed is found in various parts of North America and, strange to say, is more common, especially during summer seasons, in the interior than along the sea coast. Our ring-bill, like the California gull, spends its winter months along the Pacific coast but in mid-spring makes eastward to favorite breeding grounds on Hat and Gunnison Islands in Great Salt Lake.

It measures from eighteen to twenty inches in length, thus being slightly smaller than the California gull. Its boat-shaped body lends itself easily to floating upon water and flying through air. A mantle of deep pearl gray covers the upper parts of the ring-billed gull. Its wings are black, tipped with white. The bill is yellowish with a band of black and is somewhat hooked suitable for taking animal food. The legs and feet are yellow, sometimes tinged with green. Its eyes are silver gray surrounded by scarlet. In winter the head and nape are spotted with pale dusk. The young are mottled white and dusky, with a dark tint varied with pale buff prevailing on the upper parts and white covering the lower parts. The young gulls when hatched are covered with downy feathers and run about soon after birth.

The ring-billed, like the California, builds its nest on the bare ground of the islands of our Inland Sea. The nest is made of a limited quantity of sticks and coarse grasses matted in guano. The shallow affair contains two or else three pale or dark buff eggs, profusely marked with several shades of brown or black.

The gull's food consists of worms, beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, field mice, small fish, and unprotected eggs of white pelicans so abundant upon Hat Island. He is a scavenger and often frequents the garbage piles west of our city. Insects are easily captured by him both on the ground and in the air.

One rarely sees a gull alone. Usually a loose flock soars or floats in the air, apparently idle, but in reality keeping their marvelously sharp eyes on the constant lookout for morsels of food in the water or on the ground below.

While food is plentiful and climate agreeable, the gulls remain in our valley, but when conditions change they take wing for their winter homes along the balmy coasts of California.

In 1848 the sea-gulls proved their worth to the sturdy pioneers of Utah. It was then that the vast hordes of black crickets spread from the north bench lands of Salt Lake Valley down over the promising fields of young grain and devoured every blade, leaf, and stem in their devastating path, and filled the once hopeful settlers with fearful alarm. "Men, women, and children," says Bancroft, "turned out en masse to combat the

pest, driving them into ditches or upon piles of reeds, which they would set on fire, striving in every way, until strength was exhausted, to beat back the devouring host. But in vain they toiled; in vain they prayed. * * * * While the people stood with stricken hearts watching the destruction of their crops, out of the Great Salt Lake came the gulls—myriads of these strange, snow-white birds, with wild cries—winging their way. A new fear arose in the minds of the people as they saw these birds settling down upon their fields—a fear that another foe had come to complete the destruction of their growing grain. What was their joy can hardly be told, when they saw these gulls ‘pounce upon the black crickets’ and begin to gorge themselves, so ravenously indeed, that many of the birds, over-stuffed by rapid and heavy feeding, would regurgitate their spoil and again go on devouring. This fact might seem incredible were it not amply proved by the testimony of hundreds of eye-witnesses, as well as by the nature of the bird itself, which, as stated in another article herein, has the habit of regurgitating its food after carrying it to the barren islands of the Salt Lake to feed its young. The people gazed in amazement upon the birds at their beneficent work. No wonder it seemed to them a sheer miracle from heaven—a direct and convincing answer to their prayers.”

Cavendish W. Cannon tells this beautiful story in the following suggestive verses:

The Gull

Planting

Here in this refuge land
The stalwart resting band
The seed has cast.
Summer has come again,
See how the ripening grain
Nurtured by sun and rain
Grows thick and fast!

The Crickets

Down in the valley reigns drear desolation,
Fields, ere the harvest, are barren and sere;
Insects in clouds seem to threaten starvation,
Hath God forgotten the bold pioneer?

Deliverance

Lo, in the summer sky,
Wheeling their flight on high,
Sea gulls appear.
Safe is thy scanty bread;
Vanquished, the foe has fled,
God watches over-head,
True pioneer!

As an outgrowth of their signal service in ridding the fields of threatening crickets the gulls have long since enjoyed thorough protection by legal measures and public sentiment of our state. This, however, has not been the fortune befalling the "white wings" in many other states. In spite of their usefulness great numbers have been slaughtered for the millinery trade. Thousands have been killed during the breeding season with the result that their helpless young have suffered death by slow, cruel starvation. There are now thirty-nine states besides Utah in which gulls are protected the year round. Louisiana alone offers protection during only the breeding season, February 1 to August 1, while five states offer no legal protection whatsoever. These states are Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico. California prohibits the sale of gull's plumage for millinery purposes. This law went into effect in 1895 and since then a number of other states have enacted like measures. New York has even gone so far as to prohibit the sale and possession of any sort of plumage belonging to the gull family.

In many states private reservations for the gulls have been formed, the money for these having been furnished by private subscription. As a result of this movement there is now scarcely a flock of gulls on the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida but what might feel reasonably safe during the breeding season. In consequence the gulls which had become almost extinct are now becoming common again.

Strength to be a Helper

I would not sit with folded hands,
While others do life's work;
I would not play the coward,
The sluggard nor the shirk.

I would rather ease the burden
That weighs another down;
I would rather be a lifter
Than wear a sovereign's crown.

For there's joyousness in labor
That makes the bosom swell,
A wondrous compensation
For the work that's done full well.

Then help me, Lord, to swerve not
From the path my feet should tread;
Give me strength to be a helper,
Till the spark of life be fled.

Grace Ingles Frost

Home Defense Song

For the M. I. A. "Home Guards."

Full Chorus in Unison.
March time.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

*Trumpets or bugle.
f Marcato.*

Maestoso marcato.

1. In de-fense of our home and our na - tion,
2. Of the means and the strength God has lent us,
3. With a u - ni-ty strong and un - end - ing—

Maestoso Marcato,

ff
We will fight..... For the right..... For hu-man-i-ty's sake
We will share..... We will spare..... In de-fending the free-
Ne'er a - fraid..... For His aid..... Makes vic-torious the cause

and sal - va - tion, E - ven war we in - vite.
dom He sent us We will dare, every - where.
we're de - fend - ing— We will aid, un - dis - mayed

Legato. molto espressivo.

With the Stars and the Stripes floating o'er us; And our
Hence the comfort and ease we may rel - ish. We will
To o'er-throw e - vil tyrants o'er - bear - ing, With the

du - ty so plainly be - fore us, We will march ev - er sing -
sac - ri - fice all that we cher - ish, Ere hu - man - i - ty's free -
blood-sprinkled crowns they are wearing, 'Till the world, freedom's stand -

ff

ing in chor - us, For the right, We will fight!
 dom shall per-ish, All we are We will spare.
 ard up - bear - ing, Shall be made Un - a - fraid.

The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with triplets and a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The piano and bass lines provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.



British Official Photograph. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

FRENCH REFUGEES, ON THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE

Forced to seek shelter behind the British lines when the first attack of the German drive was launched. Many less fortunate were compelled to leave all their possessions behind, driven from home by war. At times one sees wagons on the roads, piled high with movable effects. The men—always old or crippled or too young—are silent and morose. The women do not weep, but sit high throned among their pathetic goods, holding babies in their patient arms, and stare forward toward a future that must seem compact of misery.

The Sick are Healed—Vital Differences

By Joseph A. West

In Los Angeles, recently, I had the pleasure of being associated with the elders of that Conference for a little season. I met with some peculiarly interesting experiences, one of which I will relate to the readers of the *Era*:

On one occasion I was trying again to interest a certain good lady, who had previously been a member of our Church, but who had later become a member of the Seventh-day Adventists, in the principles of the gospel; but she resisted my efforts with the statements that her church taught the same things that ours did, and in addition was the only one that "observed the Sabbath day to keep it holy," for all others worshiped on the first instead of the last day of the week. "Besides," said she, "the signs actually follow the believers in our church as in the days of the apostles, especially in the matter of the sick being healed, through the anointing with oil and the prayer of faith." As evidence of this, I was invited to attend the services of a Dr. Yoakum where she said veritable pentecostal times were enjoyed every Sunday afternoon.

The meetings referred to were held in what was known as the Tabernacle, a large frame building with a saw-dust floor and backless seats. But notwithstanding these unusual conditions, quite a large congregation was assembled. The doctor seemed to be a very plain man, far from eloquent, though very earnest in his work, and his audience was exceedingly responsive to every word he said.

After prayer, a song service of considerable length was held which gradually grew in religious fervor until the psychological moment for testimony arrived, when the doctor asked those who had been healed to stand up and boldly testify of the same. The opportunity thus given was seized upon with great alacrity, and for an hour or more varied testimonies of miraculous healings were given, amidst such outbursts of religious enthusiasm as I had never before witnessed. As proof of these healings having actually taken place, great numbers of discarded crutches and invalid chairs were pointed to in different parts of the hall. Even the drunkard had been cured of his evil habits, and the smoker of his tobacco, as was also shown by the many pipes that were suspended above the rostrum.

In connection with these testimonies, one man related the

incidents of his early conversion to Christianity. He was convulsed with laughter during his talk, as were also many of the congregation; although there was nothing connected with what he said that was laughable, except his own ludicrous manner. When I asked why such a scene was permitted in a religious gathering on the Sabbath day, I was told that this was one of the usual manifestations of the Holy Ghost. We are told in the Scriptures, however, that "much laughter is displeasing in the sight of the Lord."

After enough had been said which was intended to convince those present that there must be some miraculous power back of the doctor and his associates, all who wished to be healed were asked to come forward and kneel upon a rude bench encircling the stand. One of the attendants now took a bottle of oil and with the cork made a cross in the forehead of all thus assembled, while the doctor and his disciples placed their hands upon them and engaged in silent prayer.

Upon asking the lady who accompanied me how her church could take credit for what Dr. Yoakum was doing, when he was not a member of it, she replied that his work was conducted in the interest of all the churches, and that it was therefore supported and encouraged by them. His congregation was made up of people of many creeds and though having no especial church affiliations he gathered people from the pitfalls of vice in that great city, this being one of his activities, and allows them to join any church for which they might have preference. In taking up the collection, the doctor stated that in addition to what we had witnessed, he was serving 950 meals that day to the poor, for many of whom he was also furnishing clothing and homes. Near by, we saw his once rather pretentious mansion that he had voluntarily given as a place of refuge for the destitute and sin-stained souls of that city.

He claimed to be following in the footsteps of the Savior, not only in preaching the gospel to the poor, but in actually healing their moral and physical infirmities; and in addition, administering to their temporal wants. That he is doing a great charitable and philanthropic work none can deny; and so far as I could see, he is taking no particular honor to himself, but is giving God the glory.

Claiming, as we do, to be the only true Church of Christ, endowed with divine authority, may we not with propriety refer, in this connection, to Luke 9:49, 50, which reads as follows: "And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbid him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."

The Christian world, since the Savior's time, has witnessed many men who have gone about doing good in his name, and surely they will receive their reward, for they have been living up to the best light they possessed.

Even the Catholic church, which Protestants in general, and the Seventh-day Adventists in particular, denounce as the "whore of all the earth," did an immeasurable amount of good in preserving to us the scriptures and supplementing the work of the apostles by teaching "Christ and him crucified," to the great mass of heathen humanity in the old Roman Empire, who could no more be suddenly converted from their idolatrous notions than the Israelites from the idolatry of the Egyptians, even though the Lord had so wonderfully parted the Red Sea for their deliverance.

When in Rome I saw the Pantheon, the great heathen temple in which people from the uttermost confines of the Roman Empire have worshiped at the shrines of their native heathen deities. When the Catholic church gained supreme power and replaced these heathen deities with the statues of Christ and his apostles, and the patron Saints of the Christian era, it implanted in the hearts of those heathens, a reverence for and belief in their teachings that has made the preaching of the true gospel a comparatively easy task ever since. As proof of this, compare the success of our work among the Christian nations with that among the heathens. We find that truth and error have been blended, so to speak, all down the ages; but the almighty truth has alone been able to withstand the mutations of time.

The gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored with power and divine authority to Joseph Smith, embraces all truth to be found in all the churches of the world, and besides it is the source of vast treasures of light and truth of which these churches have little conception. Many of these truths have been preached by the elders of our Church for eighty-eight years and they are gradually revolutionizing modern religious thought and theories, and placing men in a mental attitude in which they are unconsciously absorbing much of the gospel as we understand it.

I look for the time to come when the main difference between them and us will be divine authority, and that, mark you, is vital. Church organization, salvation for the dead, and temple ordinances and work, may also be classed as fundamental differences.

Brigham City, Utah

The Grizzly of the Idaho Woods*

By *Claude T. Barnes*

Even now as I recall the dreadful experience that befell me during my sojourn in that thickly timbered district which lies immediately west of Yellowstone National Park, I shudder at the thought that only by the merest chance I survive to tell the story. To me nature presents an endless array of interesting detail; and I may as well state in the begining that it was this eagerness for observation that led me into the woods alone and into an indifferent attitude toward all save the beauty of my environs.

It was a cloudy afternoon in the latter part of July when I left my friends fishing in the placid waters of the upper Snake river, beside which we had made our camp, and struck off into the dense forests of lodge pole pines. Interspersed among the pines were balsams and other evergreens, and in the dry gulches that sloped imperceptibly towards the river there appeared frequently dense growths of quaking aspen, the latter being usually knarled, twisted or bent by the heavy snow blankets of many winters. One unaccustomed to lodge pole pines can scarcely appreciate their density. In places they appeared in patches a quarter of a mile across, each tree being about the thickness of one's wrist and actually but a few inches from its neighbor. I had great difficulty in penetrating such groves, for aside from the necessity of bending each tree from my path and the inconvenience of walking in a shower of pollen, my range of vision comprised a radius of a dozen yards or more and a delusive portion of the sky above. Soon I discovered that to facilitate my progress I had unconsciously sought bear trails through the timber, the occasional dry excrementa that I chanced upon inciting little comment, as I knew that bears were numerous throughout all that region.

Not all of the pines were so thick, and frequently I issued forth upon charming, grassy meadows fringed with monarchs of the woods of various sizes. It was while sitting upon the dried trunk of some ancient conifer that had been prostrated across the green, that I enjoyed to the fullest the aroma, the beauty and the awesome silence of the woods.

I seemed to be resting in a bed of flowers. Purple lupines, crimson Indian paint brushes, vari-colored columbines, deep blue fringed gentians, and striking sulphur flowers appeared

*By permission of *Outers-Recreation*.

as if placed there for my sole delight, while lungworts, violets and balsams gave a delightful redolence to the air.

Frequently I stopped to place some plant or blossom in a little book which I carried in my hunting coat; and I noted at such times that the silence of the woods was not complete. Indeed various voices and sounds came through the apparent stillness. Richardson red squirrels scolded at me persistently; several times Rocky mountain flying squirrels noisily sounded their alarm at my presence; and once I heard the loud clear whistles of a pair of yellow woodchucks (*M. flaviventer*). Frequently I listened to the pleasing "chivee, chivee-chivee-ah, chivee" of the Audubon warbler, once discovering a nest in a pine tree beside which the tame songster gave rare opportunity for me to observe with the glasses its newly acquired black breast patches. The strident notes of the Rocky mountain jay, and the sharp call of the red-shafted flicker likewise emphasized the "silence" of the woods. Rubbing pines squeaked with every breeze and even when there was no audible sound my fancy caught that distant, indescribable moan, the rather ominous fairy-whisper or "voice" of the woods.

I carried a Springfield rifle, and, the evening being chill, I wore a thick chamois vest of the Gutterman type in addition to a heavy Gem hunting coat. I must have walked several miles before my heavy clothing became comfortable; and it was due to this that I suddenly appreciated that I must be quite a distance from camp, that evening was approaching and that I would better return. Twice before, in different years, I had ventured into these perplexing woods alone, and had become so engrossed with the multitudinous attractions of nature that I had been for a time lost, once not reaching camp until long after darkness had fallen. Though many hunters have lost their way and frozen to death while hunting elk in the very woods of which I speak, this knowledge did not startle me, as in summer there is more inconvenience and annoyance than danger in being compelled to spend the night alone beneath some whispering conifer. I had not seen the sun at all that afternoon, and as my meanderings had taken a desultory course I was annoyed when, upon surveying the monotonous timber and equally confusing sky, to discover that I was not exactly sure which direction to proceed. I carefully observed the lay of the ground and had no little difficulty in determining the direction of water flow of the now grassy little hollow I was in. Satisfying myself, however, I proceeded in the hopes that whatever led me towards the river must eventually take me towards camp.

I at last came upon a rather bare spot in the midst of which was a very thick patch of young balsams intermingled with

pine trees about a foot in diameter. I could not see through the balsams, and in going around them I stopped for a moment to examine a thistle-like plant which I recognized as the night-blooming *mentzelia*. I was pleased that its gleaming white flowers were already beginning to open, for twilight was nearly upon me. I stopped to get a whiff of its delightful, heavy perfume.

Upon looking up again I was startled to see a bear cub about twenty-five yards away walking around the balsams directly across my path. It did not see me, so, aiming rather low, as I habitually did when shooting close with the Springfield, I fired. It had not occurred to me for the moment that the she-bear would likely not be far off; but I had no sooner shot than the little fellow bit at his side and set up a squealing that could have been heard for a quarter of a mile. Simultaneously there came a "woof" from behind it and I scarcely had time to throw in a second cartridge before there loomed up before me what then appeared to be the largest monster I had ever seen loose. It looked as big as a cow; and its size, its head and its color, quickly told me that it was a she-grizzly. For a second I was aghast and when she stood up her great claws looked longer than the fingers of a man. I know somewhat of the marvelous tenacity of the grizzly, and as it suddenly dawned upon me that at this short distance it would be almost impossible to stop the brute no matter where I hit her, a horrible sense of my extreme peril went all over me. Strange to say my first flush was succeeded by a calmness which I believe comes to most men when actually confronted with the jaws of death.

I shot at her heart while she yet stood towering before me; but almost instantly thereafter she came at me on all fours with short, quick bounds and grunts, and with her great white teeth gleaming with hideous anger. I reloaded as quickly as I could and fired into her face. She was right on me; and as I turned and stopped to avoid the swipe of her great claws she grabbed the gun barrel with her teeth, knocked me down with her body, and rushed right over me before she could stop. In a flash thoughts of home went through me, and I was certain my end had come. I knew it was not only useless but also foolhardy to attempt either escape or defense, as I had no knife. Instinctively I felt that the more I struggled the less were my chances of survival.

I was prostrated on my side on the ground with my face towards the cub. I expected to be torn to pieces; but determined that so long as I could endure I would lie perfectly still. The huge body turned on me almost as soon as I was down and her great jaws sunk into my side just below my right shoulder. The

pain was excruciating, but my thick coat and chamois vest offered considerable resistance before they tore away. A huge foot was placed on my shoulders and I could smell the hot breath of the tremendous brute above me. I surmised with despair that next bite would tear my ribs out; and though I lay quiet I wondered why there was an apparent delay in the sickening process. The bear put much of her weight on my shoulder, if I may judge by the feeling, and then silently peered toward the cub, which all the time had been bawling frantically, and getting further away up into the conifers. Its crying and bawling seemed to worry the big bear standing over me, for the next I knew she sniffed at my ear breathing a bloody, frothy spray before my eyes, walked over me, came back and sniffed again and then made off towards the noisy cub, the crying of which she apparently attributed to a new enemy.

Lying as I was with my face towards her, I could, of course, observe everything though I hardly dared to wink. She got about forty yards away when she stopped, swung her head from side to side looking first towards me then towards the cub. Then she bounded towards me again when a few yards away slowly approached me snuffing and smelling. Frothy blood appeared at her mouth; and she looked more wicked and vengeful than words can describe. Seeing no movement she again walked towards the bawling cub now over a hundred yards away. She went directly to it this time, and for a moment the thick pines concealed her. I did not know where my gun was but a pine tree about a foot in diameter was only three yards away.

I quietly, quickly arose, ran for it, and proceeded to climb, climb, climb, as I had never climbed before. Again I heard a "woof" and before I was out of danger the great bear came bounding back towards me. She rose with her great claws beneath me, grabbed my foot with her jaws and tore heel and sole completely off. She hesitated just long enough to give the leather a bite and a flip, and when she came after me again I must have been beyond her teeth for her ugly claws tore the side of my trousers and cut gashes in my leg. One more effort and I was out of reach!

I continued to climb and it seemed ages before I could reach a branch of sufficient size to permit a rest. I could hear the bear biting and breathing below me; but even though I knew that a grizzly cannot climb a tree, I knew not what the fearful monster might be capable of. Upon looking down I concluded that I was reasonably safe for a time at least, and I grew calmer. It was fast growing dark but I still could see the angry animal tearing at the tree below. I even thought that she might eat it in two so frantic she seemed; but at last she

again walked away toward the cub whose cries were still constant but weaker. My leg and side were bleeding but I knew no ribs were broken, thanks to my heavy clothes.

For a long time I could hear the whimpering of the little cub and the responsive sounds of the "tender" old grizzly. It grew pitch dark, and then at last the cries of the little one grew fainter and fainter, finally dying away; and I knew it had expired. I heard loud sniffing in about five minutes, then the sweep of bushes and the big she-grizzly again stood beneath me tearing at my tree. After a time the sounds ceased; and the silence I could not understand. I dared not descend—I simply had to sit and wait. The night was cold; the robins had long ceased to chatter in neighboring trees, and I feared I might fall. I thought surely the bear must have gone; but after what seemed hours, I heard her expel her breath with what sounded like a guttural, spasmodic effort. Whether she was lurking for me or dying I could not tell; so all night long I sat in the greatest of suspense, my side and my bones aching from my cramped position and the cold. My hands were sore from holding to the rough bark of the tree; and once, to relieve them, I attempted to fasten my belt around the trunk but it would not reach. I had had too narrow an escape to think of sleep; and as I had not the slightest impression concerning the status of the vicious brute below me, I, of course, dared not go down. It was an awful night!

How thankful I was when the first signs of dawn approached, and how I peered into the semi-darkness below to ascertain if the bear was still there! Finally the darkness began to gray, and I could make out the form of the monster below me, dead or alive I could not tell. When light came, I could see that the bear was sprawled out apparently dead.

I waited for quite a while watching for any movement—for many a hunter has met death by taking it for granted that a grizzly that did not move was dead—and then at last I slowly let myself down, threw cartridges at the bear and shouted to see if it would move; but it did not. Even then I hesitated to go down further; but upon looking closely and observing no breathing movement I concluded she was surely dead. Cautiously I descended and more cautiously approached. She was dead, my first bullet having gone through her lungs and my second having glanced off from her skull behind her eye. I searched for my gun finding it in the bushes nearby. The wood was bitten clear through to the barrel; but otherwise it was in good condition. I found the cub dead in the pines from which its last sounds had come; the bullet had gone clear through its body.

How I trudged back to camp with my one bare foot hurting me and my mind troubled over my wounds can well be imagined; and the boys were horrified at my condition. They had been searching for me, shouting and firing guns all night long, they said. A doctor was quickly brought from a club house down the stream, and I was exceedingly relieved when he assured me that having received proper treatment so soon after my terrible experience I need have little fear of blood poisoning, or other complications. It turned out that he was right.

In coming back from the scene of my adventure I had broken off pine limbs every fifty yards or so and left them on the ground for I valued my prize too highly to run the risk of never finding it in those impenetrable woods. I was provided with a saddle horse and the boys walked. It took a long time to do the skinning, as most of us were novices in this science, but at last it was accomplished. We had to blindfold the horse before he would let us place the hides on him, but finally we succeeded. As I sit now in my library and look at that pelt which is as big as a carpet, I sometimes shudder over again. Can you blame me?



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GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED

These Germans were captured by the French on the Somme front, and are shown being marched to the rear, guarded by two cavalry men. Prominent among the captives are four Red Cross men.

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

XXII—Sexual Life

Its Importance in Life.—One of the burning questions of the age, and at the same time one of the consuming evils, is the life-long story of man's sexual life. It protrudes in all the great historical events of the world, and now that there are in that life such alarming dangers to the happiness and continuity of the race, men and women have thrown off all disguise of modesty, and speak on the subject with a frankness that would have seemed shocking a generation back.

Sexual life is fundamental in our family and social existence. One of the difficulties respecting it arises from the fact that we have come to view it from an entirely false point of view. We speak of it sometimes as a "carnal life," as a sort of necessary evil, as a fallen condition of which we ought to be ashamed and for which we apologize, and as a sin which we lay at the door of Adam and Eve. And why this shame, this apology? It is no doubt because that life has been the most shamefully abused and most ignorantly approached of all the conditions of our worldly existence.

Duty.—God implanted in all life the powers of procreation, and all life has a three-fold duty: of birth, reproduction, and death. These are the general laws of our existence. Concerning the duty of reproduction, he made to Adam and Eve the announcement of the law that man should not live alone, that he should multiply and replenish the earth.

Man, then, in his mortal condition, became a creator by reason of the sexual powers with which God had endowed him. He became in turn like his Creator—finite, it is true, yet he made a beginning to the powers of his creation, which must grow in perfection as man grows in attainments.

Blessings.—God called Abraham forth from the valley of the Mesopotamia. The great object of that call was to make him the progenitor of a chosen people through whom the Messiah was to come. With that call there came a promise, which Abraham held choice above all other promises: that his children should be as numerous as the stars of the heaven or the sands of the seashore. Love is the first fruits of man's creative powers. I hardly need point to the Old Testament for evidence respecting the law of purity and the purposes of God. God taught it to Moses on the Tables of the Law; Christ preached it to his followers; he denounced his enemies because of their adulterous lives. Their fall from purity made it impossible for them to comprehend or follow him.

Relationship of Sexual Life and the Spirit of God.—Let us come down to conditions and experiences of our own times; men go forth into the world as missionaries to expound divine laws, to preach repentance, and to warn. From their words, faith is implanted in the hearts of men. Those who are seeking divine truth are susceptible to the influences of these mis-

sionaries. The purity of their lives gives effectiveness to their testimonies. On the other hand, digression from the law of purity robs them of their spiritual life, and often severs the relationship in them between the human and the divine. Men who digress from the higher mission of sexual life lose faith, grow in profanity, until it suits their conscience best to believe that there is no God, except the laws of nature, towards which they feel no very great responsibility. When the law of sexual life has been transgressed through sin, men and women suffer the loss of divine love. The sexual life is God-ordained, in the animal, vegetable, and human world. Its mission is the mission of life and progress. It carries with it joy and blessings, within its legitimate exercise. The exalted nature of this life, however, makes it a source of temptation, and the depravity of its sinful course is as debasing as its legitimate exercise is exalting.

Exercise.—It is a hidden life, and therefore susceptible to all the greater dangers. It is a universal life, and therefore within universal requirements; but it is said that many of the failures of that life are not the result of man's preference or decision; they belong rather to the misfortunes of life, to disappointments, and impossibilities. But what is the attitude of all men toward such a life? Is it one of humble acknowledgment, or one of indifference and pronounced contempt? Into every man's and woman's life God has implanted sexual desires which have a legitimate mission that may be faithfully performed, rejected, or abused. It is a life that God intended should be filled in a legitimate manner, which he has pointed out to his children.

The Fall.—We do not regret the Fall, for through it came the opportunities of Christ's redemption, which means immortality through the resurrection, and eternal life through the gift of God. The question of our sexual life is the burning question of the age, but with it there comes the further question as to how the oncoming generation shall be taught to view and appreciate it. Shall fathers, mothers, and friends speak with frankness? Too much frankness may be harmful. Shall we make its teaching more general, and shall the knowledge of our sexual life be made more familiar to the rising generation? There is such a thin veil between its exalting and its sinful effects that the thoughts of those whom we may teach may dwell upon the evil side of it. "The knowledge of evil tempteth to its commission," says Canon Farrar. The great war has revealed to us evil conditions in sexual life of which we have never dreamed. The revelations of what has been the secret lives of those in service and those unfit for service is but one phase of the evils of that life. They may be as poignant and as afflicting in the home as they are in the army. There can be little doubt that the evils of divorce, and the hatreds which spring up between men and women in the home are due in a large measure to the evil relationships there which are after all indirect revelations of excessive and perhaps debasing sexual lives. God alone knows; he must be, therefore, the Judge of our universe, and now that he is speaking in the thundrous tones of war, famine and pestilence, shall we not stand awed in the presence of those calamities which are rapidly spreading over the world?

Duty to Teach.—We often leave our children to gain their first impressions of sexual life from street urchins and those whose vulgarities make them bold in presenting that life more from a debasing than an uplifting point of view. The first knowledge of sexual life should come from parents who may create in their children exalting views about it.

Desires, thoughts and feelings may be carnal. If man "follows after his carnal desires, he must fall and incur the vengeance of a just God upon him" (Doc. and Cov. 3:4).

XXIII—Divorce

Growth of Divorce.—Easy and frequent divorce has become in the United States a scandalous condition. The state has always considered itself a third party to a marriage, and has therefore insisted that both marriage and divorce must be subject to the regulations of the law. While divorce can effect only by legal proceedings, the grounds for divorce have been so elastic, and judges so willing that unhappy marriages should be dissolved, that the daily grind of divorces in the United States has grown to enormous proportions, said to be one out of twelve marriages.

There has been a wide divergence of opinion throughout the world on the subject. Religious organizations have considered it a sacrament of the church and have undertaken to regulate it by a religious ban upon those who were divorced under certain conditions. They forbade remarriage and punished religiously those who disregarded church requirements. The churches, however, have become less and less an important factor in the matter of divorce. The question is one of growing difficulty, owing to the increased disinclination to marry. Where divorce is difficult, marriage is restricted, and even where marriage exists wives and husbands live apart without any intention to marry again. Such a condition leads of course to gross immorality. Sexual relations and the love growing out of them are dominating factors in human life. What was intended to be a blessing, becomes a curse through the misuse of passion. How to control a God-ordained instinct in its proper exercise has been a most troublesome question from the dawn of history. There is of course only one proper channel of regulation, and that is marriage. Even marriage is no protection against the shocking abuses of human passion, and it often becomes a license rather than a right to be sacredly treated. Law cannot reach the most violent abuse of virtue in marriage relations; neither can it force man and wife to live together when they become obnoxious to each other. It can at best say that they shall not be divorced and that they shall not marry others. In England there has long been a partial divorce from "bed and table," but while such a law may prevent either from marrying, it does not really remedy a great social wrong.

Unwillingness to Marry.—There is now an evil taking root in our social life more alarming than divorce, and that is the unwillingness of men to marry. It is estimated that fully one half of the men in the United States between 21 and 45 are unmarried. Late marriages are quite generally advocated, that is, late marriages for men. That fact gives rise to the so-called double standard that requires the strictest virtue in women and allows the greatest laxity in men. One of our metropolitan papers recently set up a justification for this standard by the argument that when a woman is untrue to her husband, he becomes intolerable to her and that she no longer loves him, while the opposite is true of man.

Divorce is evaded in some countries by what is called in Germany wild marriage. Men and women under this system simply live together. If they have children they style themselves husband and wife, and the children, who often know nothing of their parents' status, address them as father and mother. The excuse of such a practice is of course the plea that divorce is impossible. Such a practice further admits of a great deal of shifting of men and women from one to another. The fact that women have lived with other men before marriage, and even where they have children, does not carry the same weight of objection in Germany that it does in other countries.

Partial Divorce.—The evils above described are not the result of the ease or difficulty with which divorces may be procured. They are the result

of immoral natures which the conscience is unable to correct. In the absence of positive religious convictions, the conscience becomes a very elastic thing.

It may be said that the trend of modern state requirements is in the direction of easier divorces. How far the laxity in matters of divorce can be carried without breaking down the present marriage system it is difficult to say. There is a breaking point, however, in marriage where the state may become a party to it. At any rate the state may become an indifferent spectator. The *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, of August 26, 1917, prints the following from London:

"That there are from 250,000 to 300,000 persons in Great Britain legally separated yet not divorced, is one of the statements in the report of the royal commission which has lately been investigating the divorce problem.

"This, moreover, is only a beginning. Other multitudes of men and women who have been married continue not only married but without even legal authority, to live apart, although they do not and could not live together. Probably this second classification is larger than the first.

"However greatly both husband and wife may wish it, they cannot be divorced unless there has been adultery on the wife's part, or adultery *and also cruelty, on the husband's part.*" [Another instance of the double standard.]

"Even advocates of easier divorce in some cases fear that this measure would make it too easy. But the people who have investigated do not. They describe fearfully immoral conditions widely existent because of the present difficulties of getting divorce. Immorality, illegitimacy, disease and a fearful number of cases of bigamy are numerated. Husband and wife legally bound to each other, yet legally separated, forced to lives of celibacy, lose all moral standards. The fact that they are commonly poor makes the results yet worse."

Wife Trading.—Wife trading is another divorce evil which easy separation encourages, and yet it is not so baneful to society as the conditions described in Great Britain. Now and then such trading is given in the public print, and generally given in such humorous vein that the matter is treated as a joke rather than as a warning. A large public sentiment is indifferent to it. As I write the following appears in a New York paper from Havre, Montana, of August 26, the date on which the conditions in Great Britain are described:

"Usually when a man falls in love with another man's wife there's a shooting affray. And again, when a woman gets to liking another woman's husband better than her own, there's the deuce to pay. But not so here! When Mrs. T., a wife of a prominent Havre lawyer, felt she loved the husband of Mrs. J. better than her own mate, she didn't hide the matter. Nor did Mrs. J. when she fell in love with Mr. T. Nor did Mr. T. when he took a liking to Mrs. J. Nor did Mr. J. when he became fonder of Mrs. T. than of his own wife. They all went to Boulder Hot Springs, obtained a divorce, and then by marriage made the trade complete. These neighbors each had a boy and a girl. After the trade one took the two boys and the other the two girls, and all parties were pleased with the new arrangements."

"May they live happily ever afterward, almost any one will hope," is the closing sentence of this article.

Dangers of Childless Lives.—Such inroads made into family life are aided greatly by the absence of children in the home. It is an abortive attempt to substitute the pleasures of life for the God-ordained laws of our being. Some years ago a commission of eminent physicians met in Constantinople to make an investigation into the moral conditions of the Turks. The writer asked one of these physicians why such conditions as he described among the married women of France prevailed. "It is one of the simplest laws of nature," he replied. "When a man marries he usually makes a harlot out of his wife by the prevention of offspring. It is an easy step from harlotry of the home to promiscuous harlotry. A man by such a course sows the seeds of a deadly suspicion in his own mind, and reaps the harvest of marital despair. He robs himself of contentment and domestic happiness and pays the penalty nature has in store for him."

Secret Evils.—An external survey of married life and of the causes which led to divorce is at most only superficial. The grosser evils belong to the secrets of the home, they are a part of the immoral nature of man. The patent remedies of the world today do not reach the seat of the disease. The true remedy lies in the return of man to the true worship of God, a worship in which he feels a direct responsibility to his Maker. The most sacred rights of woman have been overthrown. They are not economic or political, they are domestic, and yet she pursues political and social remedies that do not solve the question of her happiness. Her fundamental, indispensable rights to happiness are found in wifehood, motherhood, and perfect freedom in the control of her body. Indecency in married life may not be so baneful as promiscuous sexual intercourse, yet it lays the foundation of a great multitude of divorces.

"Why marry at all?" is the soliloquy of millions of men who point to divorce and marital unhappiness as an excuse. The source of our present conditions must be sought in our own secret internal life. We can hardly say like the prophet of old: "Search me, oh God!" We do not need divine investigation. We have enough self-revelation to make us better if only we had the will and the faith necessary to bring us back into the paths which lead us to humility and righteousness. Increasing divorce is one of the strongest evidences of our departure from the way set by divine will.

After the war, when our present social, economic, and political institutions will witness a vast disintegration, there may come to the world a higher standard of justice and faith. Much of the old must pass, for it is already in a state of decay. There is scarcely a condition of life that the war does not touch in some vital manner. From it will come a period of reconstruction, a period every thoughtful man should study.

Law of God.—"The man is not without the woman in the Lord, neither the woman without the man." In marriage is to be found the highest estate of man or woman. Divorces are permitted by the Church though they are greatly deplored. (Doc. and Cov. 42:22, 23; 49:15; 83:2; 132:18-20; 1 Cor. 11:11, 12.)

XXIV—Race Suicide

Theory.—This subject is apparently as old as the human race. It has rested in the past as it rests in the present, upon the relative conditions of production and consumption. Theoretically, and argumentatively, it may be said that if the normal increase of human life went on without decimation by war or disease, the world would find it difficult to produce from all its known agencies the amount required for the sustenance of the human race.

There are, however, a number of forces in operation which are constantly tending toward the restriction of life. These forces or agencies have been counted upon to keep a normal balance without man's interference viciously with the laws of life. Whatever may be our theory about God's purposes in the world and the conduct of nations toward one another, it is certain that social forces are constantly acting in restraint of life and toward the destruction of life. These social conditions represent man's agency, his rebellion against the laws of God, his intelligence, and his fall from the highest state of his creation. We need not attribute wars to God. Neither need we assign to him the causes of pestilence, famine and all sorts of diseases. It is a common world in which we live, and nature is so regulated since the Creation that it is constantly working off waste or fetid matter and taking on new life. It is doing so with the human family. It is true we cannot reach satisfactory conclusions about the origin or even the justice, from a finite point of view, of all these unfavorable conditions to our existence.

The question, then, of race suicide from the beginning is largely a question of whether man shall use violent and artificial means to add to the limitations or destruction of life. Shall he not rather leave the question of the earth's population to those conditions, those calamities and destructions which of themselves from all time have been sufficient to keep a normal balance between the needs and the production of the world's animals and man?

Methods.—A little more than a century ago a writer by the name of Malthus took up the question of the world's population, and in an academic way sought to prove that some restraint must be put by man himself upon life in order to prevent the world from the fate of sure starvation if the human family were permitted to go on and people the earth more rapidly than it was able to provide for the people's sustenance. In the case of race suicide, as in the case of numerous other instances, men have set up artificial means in the place of those which in the nature of things belong to social life and the laws of nature. What would happen to this world of ours were the ideals of the Malthusian theory to prevail? But that is really beside the mark. The judgments of God have a very distinct place in the annals of history, and then there is the further fact that men have brought down upon them destruction by reason of their own retrograding movements.

Ancient Practices.—Let us see how the ancient world undertook in its crude and cruel manner what in these days we are seeking to do by more refined means. Here it may be well to remark that what we call civilization is not always progress. Civilization too often has within it refined means of accomplishing ends that were sought in the barbarous ages by more cruel and inhuman methods. In the early stages of history race suicide was accomplished both through religious and economic purposes. The early inhabitants of Asia had a practice of offering up their first-born in order to propitiate their idolatrous gods. When the Israelites had settled in the Land of Promise, they found a people there who were practicing human sacrifice. In the days of Israel's glory which shone about the throne of Solomon, the God Moloch was set up in the Valley of the Hinnon, just below the City of David on the west, and there infants were offered in the fiery furnace of this heathen god. Among the tribes of Australia and the islands of the South Pacific there grew up a practice of burying children alive because they were wanted by parents or relatives that were waiting for them on the other side.

Again various tribes that were nomadic in character often destroyed their children because in moving from place to place they could not care for them. These human sacrifices were generally performed by the men,

but in some of the lowest tribes the mothers joined in this hideous religious rite. Along the west coast of Africa, out of the control of the English, children were destroyed by mothers, and there was a belief among the Kaffir population of South Africa that unless they laid a lump of earth upon the mouths of their children and thus produced death, the parents would lose their strength.

Madagascar was also noted for its infanticides. There were certain so-called unlucky days. Children born on such days were put to death as unfit to live. If a child cried at its birth, it was unlucky and death for it was preferable to life. In South America there existed in earlier times the practice of burying children alive. The Guanós restricted their family to two children.

In Takelaus or Line Islands the husband decided how many children should live according to the amount of land which the head of the family possessed.

It may be said that in the race suicide practice of the ancients there always existed the belief that it was better to destroy the girls. In some places the reasons given were religious but they were often economic, since they were non-producers. And then there was the further reason that by killing girl babies they help to keep an equilibrium between the males and the females since many males would naturally be destroyed through the incessant warfare of those uncivilized tribes.

When the English conquered India they found there the same disposition to practice race suicide. Wives were placed on the funeral pyres of their dead husbands. Female children were drowned in the Ganges.

Illustrations.—Behind these religious pretensions there was also undoubtedly an economic purpose and a desire on the part of the inhabitants to shirk the responsibility which parentage brought upon them.

"Infanticide, which until now has gone unpunished [says Dr. Lauterer] is practiced especially in Pekin and Fuhkien. A large per cent of female infants meet with an unnatural death because of their parents' poverty or their niggardliness. The unfortunates are simply cast into the nearest stream and the corpses left until the morning when the government's wagon collects them, or they are exposed in the open where, not being protected from the cold, they soon perish. Lately a decree has been made to prohibit it."

"The Province of Fuhkien [says Douglas] is that in which this crime most obtains. Inquiries show that in many districts as large a portion as one-fourth of the female children born are destroyed at birth. At Pekin, on the other hand, it cannot be said to exist at all. But in this as in so many social offenses in China, the sword of the law, which is alone capable of putting down crime, is allowed to hang like a rusty weapon on the wall. It is true that occasionally proclamations are issued in which heinousness of the evil is explained with all the impressiveness that could be desired, but so long as natural affection finds no support from without it will continue, in China, to yield the requirements of daily food."

"Modern writers on Japan lay stress on the affection of the Japanese for their children, and yet 'during the famine of 1905 many girls who had been sold by suffering parents were redeemed by the Christians.' This sacrifice of children to the welfare of the parents is traceable to the influence of Confucius. To the same source may be ascribed the fact that, though in ancient times the female sex was prominent in Japan, after the introduction of Confucianism the Samurai considered it beneath him to even converse with his wife and children. 'Neither God nor the ladies inspired any enthusiasm in the

Samurai's heart,' says Professor Chamberlain. For is it not written by the great moralist Karbara Ekken, in the *Owma Dargaku*, 'It was the custom of the ancients, on the birth of a female child, to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this may be seen the likening of the man to heaven and of the woman to earth.'

"Ever since the beginning of that indefinite period which we call 'modern times' the birth of a child has always been an occasion for rejoicing. To be sure, in Japan that joy was very much greater when it was a boy baby; yet the Japanese have never displayed such intense dislike to girl babies as have the Chinese. One great reason for this was that the population of Japan was not so dense as it is in China. It was easier to provide for children, and therefore there was no incentive to put girl babies out of the way. I am sorry to say that very lately, since the Russo-Japanese war (1904-5), when the Japanese people are almost crushed by the weight of taxes to provide money with which to pay war expenses and to keep up army and navy, the number of cases of female infanticide is increasing alarmingly."

Semitic Races.—It may be well here in passing to note that the Israelites and kindred races were not given as a rule to the practice of infanticide. The offering of human life was forbidden them, and in lieu of a command which God gave to Abraham to offer up his son Isaac, he provided for Abraham a "ram in the thickets." The Israelites were commanded, according to the law, to make sacrificial offerings of certain animals. The law of sacrifice is as universal and as old as the race. It also has certain divine support. It was practiced by Abel and Cain and the law of sacrifice was typical of that culminating sacrifice of God in which he offered his Son as a sacrificial atonement for the sins of the world.

Man, however, in the practice of his sacrifices, has substituted his own ideas and emotions for the purpose and plans of God, for the only true order of sacrifice which God himself instituted, and which is also typical of the thousand sacrifices we make of the flesh in the processes of our earthly progression. The infidel objections to the sacrifice of Jesus are founded upon the practice of sacrifice in the heathen world.

Prohibition in Canada

By De Voe Woolf, LL. B.

Some months ago the Union government of Canada passed an order-in-council prohibiting the importation of alcoholic drinks into Canada, and also prohibiting the manufacture of spirits for beverage purposes, in Canada. It goes still further and forbids interprovincial liquor traffic in all provinces where prohibition is in force. The announcement has also been made that the manufacture of ale, beer and porter will be prohibited immediately.

The effect of this order-in-council is to cut off at one stroke of the pen a trade with foreign countries which, hitherto, has totalled nearly ten million dollars, and which has contributed an annual revenue to the country in custom duties of about fifteen million dollars.

The custom returns for the year ending March 31, 1914, show that 2,082,194 gallons of ale, beer and porter valued at \$1,338,893, and 4,862,063 gallons of spirits and wines valued at \$7,392,235, were imported into Canada. The total value of these liquors amounted to \$8,731,228, and the duty collected totaled \$14,543,441. The volume of imports of this nature in the year ending March 31, 1914, totaled 6,944,257 gallons.

In the year 1915-16 the three western provinces Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta went dry. Ontario soon followed, likewise New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia. There was a marked falling off of imports during that year. For the year ending Sept. 30, 1917, the custom returns show 135,210 gallons of ale, beer and porter, valued at \$106,426, and paying a duty of \$63,982; and 2,603,761 gallons of spirits and wines valued at \$4,182,710 and paying duties of \$5,036,509.

It will be noted that even with prohibition in practically all of Canada, general war conditions in the civilized world, and the submarine menace of 1916-17, the traffic in spirits and wines in 1917 was almost 42 per cent of what it had been in the ante-war, ante-prohibition year of 1914.

Virtually all that remains of the flourishing traffic in liquor in Canada is the infinitesimal stocks on hand in the province of Quebec. Within three years vested interests, generally considered the strongest and most powerful in Canada, have been swept out, with a few strokes of the pen; and a trade generally conceded to be impregnably established, has been abolished.

The government describes the orders-in-council as war measures, designed to conserve food, and to release shipping facilities for proper purposes. But any government will never attempt to reinstate these interests and this traffic after the war.

Prohibition has come to stay in Canada.

One of the speakers at an officers' meeting of the Y. M. M. I. A., in the June Conference, suggested the following as a good resolution for officers to make and live by:

I will take an interest in my duties, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work, either in myself or in the officers under me—doing my own part promptly and as well as I can, and then helping others to do their part. I will do all this in a cheerful spirit, realizing that petulancy and pessimism depress all the workers, and injure all the work.

The Meaning of Education

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

X—The Road to Spiritual Power

We are strong in proportion to our ability to realize and take advantage of the opportunity to grow and develop. In things physical, change is always taking place; in things chemical, change is always taking place. Likewise in our conceptions and our ideals we are constantly changing for good or bad. As our understanding deepens, our motives and our hopes readjust themselves to suit the new vision which we have.

It is a great achievement in our lives when this truth becomes part of our being. It induces charity and tolerance and broad-mindedness as few other things do. We cease to condemn and we learn to respect and to forgive, because when this law of growth and improvement opens to our view we see life as a much bigger and nobler thing than we conceived it to be when we thought that our thoughts were final, our deductions complete, and our actions undeniably as all should act—when we thought, in a word, that things were fixed.

Our ideals change. Especially is this true of students, and we are all students whether we are in school or not. Indeed, I believe this life to be only a training camp, as it were, in preparation for an existence of much higher order but, I believe, subject to like laws and principles as this.

Our first ideal is physical. We glory in strength of muscle, in soundness of heart, in power of lung, we watch anxiously the contour of body which denotes physical vigor. We are roused to enthusiasm by athletic competition and envy the fleetness of limb or tenacity of body which produces the athletic hero. The pictures on our walls are likely physical in character of the bodies of men and women. Profiles attract us. Sensuality charms us to the exclusion of many other strong considerations.

Experiences accumulate, and almost unconsciously we see the vision of the mental. We strive for mental power. We long to be able to debate with effectiveness, to master complexities of mathematics and the like. We long to be solvers of problems. We scorn those suggestions, of older and wiser friends, that bear upon religion and the other questions of the spirit of man. We believe what can be demonstrated or thought out. We deny

the necessity of any other belief. We revel in the satisfactions of Darwinism, and materialistic explanations of life. Our mind riots in controversy. In this stage of development, where many stop, we experience the exuberance of full blooded youth and early maturity. We have not experienced much of pain or great satisfaction or worry. When these come, accompanied by other changes, we shift into the phase of the moral.

We see the meaning of self sacrifice. We see our soul strengthened by good deeds and weakened by evil. We conquer and assume place by virtue of the degree of righteousness which we represent, aided, of course, by our mental, and indeed physical, fitness. We welcome hardship for the sake of strengthening our moral powers. We devote ourselves to the principles of honor, of personal purity, of generosity, of charity. We vote for upright men, we struggle for the elimination of graft and for the return, to those who deserve, of the legitimate profits of life. We do, in measure, unto others as we would that others would do unto us.

Beyond here many do not go. They have achieved much to have rendered themselves moral—to have gained moral power—and pass away unconscious, in large measure, of the crowning privilege of man which is built upon, and supplementary to, a degree of moral and mental vigor and clarity. I mean the privilege of spiritual strength. To those who pass beyond the mere moral there is opened up a vision that satisfies beyond all else. Christ becomes a moving principle. Faith succeeds belief. An invincible will succeeds a mere determination. We stand on the summit and survey a whole world which is ours, in humility and in righteousness. We forgive those who trespass against us. We are above the petty bickerings of life because we have seen something of the great purposes of God. We have seen and believe in the harmony of the universe. The wind blows for us and all the world under the guidance of a will and a purpose. The mountains comfort us because they are of God. Mankind in their vast intermingling, in their vast crime, and in their beauty, alone and together, are all eternal souls who are stumbling on toward the goal which God has set.

Privation, hardship, suffering become incidents. We reread history and see the flame of spirituality lighting the world from the beginning. The earth is ours to command. The vast forces that we say are hidden—they are ours to use to the ends of righteousness.

Logan, Utah

Experience at the Front

By Private Jesse Frederick Harrington, of the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force

[Having been requested to write something on his experiences at the front in France, this Canadian volunteer, now a resident of Preston, Idaho, gives a realistic picture of his baptism of fire, his belief in the protecting power of God, and his reason for finding rest in his dugout in the horror of shot and shell.—*Editor.*]

I was living with my family in Vancouver, Canada, when this war started, and realizing that a German victory meant the loss of freedom and the total annihilation of those ideals so dear to humanity, I enlisted with the Canadians, October, 1914. After training for the winter, I embarked for England, being stationed just outside the famous town of Dover, and within sound of the big guns which added greatly to the realism of our training now carried on more intensively. It was at this time the German made his murderous gas attack on the Canadians, causing such terrible loss, and I formed part of the reserves sent over to help, and landed at Rouen. Here the men were given another of the many medical examinations. After this we were piled onto the train journeying for some six hours, then came a five- or six-mile ride in motor lorries, or transports, followed by a very enjoyable (?) march in mud, knee-deep. This lasted until three o'clock in the morning. We located our regiment the next day at Festubert, being transferred to the Fifteenth Highlanders. It was here, and in this regiment, I received my baptism of fire.

On my first trip into the trenches, I was sent back with a ration party; on the last half mile of road leading into the trenches, the shells were coming so fast and furious that we had to run about ten yards, then throw ourselves flat on the ground. This performance was continually repeated until we were within three hundred yards of the fighting line. Here we must go on our knees, and sometimes like the snake, crawl in the dust. By the time we reached the front line, our ration tin would have served very well for a sieve, and a large amount of French soil had become mixed in with the bacon. This latter, Tommy must fish out as best he could, and forget the dust, as this constituted part of his food for the next twenty-four hours. On our way, the horror of this proved too much for two of our men; one did not reach the trench, but the other, a colored man, collapsed when

he got there, and was unable to speak for four days after. As an attack was expected that night we were held in the trench for a couple of hours, but Fritz having evidently changed his mind, we were again sent to the rear. On our way out, we found the German snipers quite busy, their bullets whistling all around us, and passing between the men's legs; sometimes between the leg and the cloth of the trousers, one man's rifle slung on his back, being split in half by shrapnel, he escaping unscathed. A little later, hearing a heavy shell coming, we threw ourselves down, and I later regained consciousness to find myself alone and on my back, on a pile of bricks some distance from where I had thrown myself. My back and hips were black and sore from the force with which I landed. This was finally the cause of my discharge, though at the time I did not take it seriously, and I carried on for four months before receiving the second wound in my leg.

I was then placed in the grenade company, more popularly known as the suicide squad, and was sent out on outpost duty. When we espied a German patrol making our way, there being but two of us and in a position where we were as liable to be hit by our own men, I sent back my companion, who was very young and nervous, to report the matter, and took up a strategic position behind a bunch of grass until help came, when we opened fire scattering the enemy. About this time my back began to bother me, and my chum insisted on massaging me until I obtained relief. This often followed a hard day's work on his part; but nowhere in the world is there to be found such a spirit of love and unselfishness among men as at the front. This war seems to be as a refiner's fire bringing to the surface all the finest as well as the basest traits in a man's character.

Some there are who have become convinced that there is a Supreme Being, but the greater part of them, daily viewing the slaughter that goes on around them, doubt if there is a God. Many of these men asked me why it was I always found rest in my dugout, saying I no sooner laid down my head than I was asleep. They knew I never took the rum ration, and most of them knew that I was a "Mormon," so I told them I always offered up a prayer to my heavenly Father, committing myself to his care, then laid down knowing that all would be well. I was the only "Mormon" in my regiment, and was often laughed at when telling of my faith, but when they are convinced of the fact, a man of my belief has a great opportunity to preach the gospel, and to be an example, for his life is closely watched by his fellows.

No Latter-day Saint goes into this war without coming out stronger in his faith; having heard the gospel, he sees and ex-

periences enough to convince him beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is the truth. To him it is not supposition, he knows that God, the Creator, exists.

I received my second wound, in August, 1915. After being operated on, I was sent to England to a British hospital. They kept me here some five months, finally sending me home to Canada, where I received my discharge December, 1916, which reads as follows:

Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Forces Discharge Certificate

This is to certify that No. 63460, (Rank) Private, (Name in Full) Jesse Frederick Harrington, enlisted in 15th Battalion, Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force on the 28 Oct., 1914, and accompanied said unit Overseas, was returned to Canada and discharged from the service at Esquimalt, B. C., on the 10th of Dec., 1916, in consequence of being medically unfit for further service, (Result of wounds).

Description on Discharge

Age—26 years.
Height—5 ft. 6½ inches.
Complexion—Light.
Eyes—Grey.
Hair—Fair.
Trade—Teamster.

Marks or scars:
Scar front right forearm.
Scar over front left leg.
Birth mark, left buttock.
Tatto, Bumblebee front left forearm

Signature of man.....

Place and date, Esquimalt, B. C.

Pat King, Lt.,
Officer in charge Discharge Depot.
O. C. J. Unit. M. H. C. C.
A. D. D.

Canadian Expeditionary Forces Discharge Certificate

No. 63460.
Rank—Pte.
Name—Harrington, Jesse Frederick.
Unit—15th Battalion.
Address on discharge:

Care Returned Soldiers' Club,
Vancouver, B. C.

His conduct and character while in the service have been: Very Good.
Campaigns: European War.
Medals and Decorations: France.

Thoughts of a Farmer

By *Dr. Joseph M. Tanner*

XV—Bunching Sheep

The high price of wool and mutton is engrossing the thoughts of those who are anxious to increase the supply and thereby to reduce the cost of these two important products of the live stock industry. There is a danger and a waste that I find it constantly difficult to guard against in "running" my sheep. Many sheep are killed by bunching both in corrals and in coulees or ravines, and the range. When sheep are crowded they tramp down much of the feed which is thereby wasted to them. It has been found by experiment that when sheep are allowed to scatter in enclosures that an acre will feed as many as two acres when they are herded in droves. The problem of the industry is now becoming one of fences which the present prices and scarcity of range will justify. What is true of sheep is likewise true of other forms of live stock, though in a lesser degree.

What about the bunching of human beings? There is likewise a danger in social life as well as a waste from the crowding of humanity. There is something of the animal instinct in man. Witness the manner in which men, like sheep, rush headlong into speculations and investments good and bad. We sometimes call these investments booms. Too often the "going-in" process is a boom; the outgoing process, a panic, often a panic worse than a hundred or two hundred sheep smothered in a corral or ravine. In either case the results are disastrous. When a boom is announced it is a good time to think of dangers and waste. The excitement produced plays upon the grouping instincts which carry men along in droves, and they trample underfoot millions of dollars. In such a crisis it is safer to graze along the outskirts aloof from the herded masses. Whatever gains a few may point to from bunching the masses, enormous waste and danger are certain in the herd.

Fencing humanity is impossible. Men will have their free agency, and their so-called freedom is often more ruinous than animal instinct. A woven wire fence will not hold men. They break down the safe enclosure and take their chances. They are restless and always in a hurry. The modern business world

is in a rush. The wise shepherds of finance may cry out, "go slow." They are not heard, and humanity is in want of a shepherd's dog to round it up. The bark of disaster rarely brings a halt. Nothing but a panic will scatter wild droves of men. The rich pasture and nourishing foliage which nature has provided have been so wasted that long periods of time are required for restitution.

In the distribution of population the same mass instinct appears. People rush to the cities. One goes because another has gone. Many harbor the delusion that they must be in the crowds to be happy. They really lose their freedom both of thought and action. They substitute instinct for reason and deliberation. They are all acting very much alike. They tumble over the banks of the coulees together. Places of allurements are provided because it is easier to allure masses than individuals. Bunching invites disease, mental lethargy, and endangers moral standing.

The waste in city life is appalling. The young man when he leaves his rural life for the city is dazed by the thought of higher wages. In the new life to which he aspires he does not count the waste both of energy and money. His outlay is not measured by his actual needs, but by the standard of living which massed industry sets up for him to follow. He loses in a large measure his identity, his individuality and initiative. At home he might be a bell wether, in the city he is just "sheep."

M. I. A. Reading Course Books, 1918-1919

Points for reading are given from June 1, 1918, and should be credited in October. The spare hours of summer in the home, on the farm, in the mountains, are precious moments in which to read and should be taken advantage of by all members of our organization.

Voice of Warning—35c; by mail, 35c.

Kings in Exile—Roberts, 75c; by mail, 85c.

Uncle Sam's Boys at War—Austin, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

The Major—Connor, \$1.40; by mail, \$1.50.

Abraham Lincoln—Gordy, 75c; by mail, 85c.

Heroines of Service—Parkman, \$1.35; by mail, \$1.45.

Love and the Light—Whitney, \$1.25; by mail, \$1.25.

Man of Tomorrow—Richards, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

Job—10c; by mail, 10c.

If bought singly, all of the books will cost \$8.55. If the full set is purchased, the cost will be \$8.25.

Special. If you buy the full set, and cash is sent with the order, the complete set for \$7.95 postpaid, at the Deseret News or Sunday School Union Book Stores, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Testimony of a Japanese Member of the Church

By G. Inonye

[This testimony of a Japanese member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is sent to the *Improvement Era* by Elder Val. W. Palmer, who is at present one of the three elders laboring at Osaka, Japan. The author is quite proficient in English and is a recent convert to the Church, and is an employee of one of the city offices and an earnest seeker after truth. The letter is written in his own hand and in his own quaint construction. He studied the teachings of several of the Christian denominations at Osaka but, as he said, he "could not feel satisfied, and faith would not appear." He found, however, what he wanted in the revealed word of God; and after an earnest and humble investigation, he applied for baptism and was duly granted that blessing. He has been diligent indeed, since that time, we are told, in his study of the gospel, and in the promulgation thereof to his fellow countrymen. We are sure our readers will peruse this testimony with great interest, and with us wish our new brother power to endure in faith to the end.—*Editors.*]

My Dear Editor: I am happy to be able to express my consideration for the beneficial service of great America through the name of Jesus Christ, and it is a blessing to me, at least, to be able to express my consideration for other nations, even at this young age; and I believe it is not profitless to inform the distant Saints of this aid of foreigners. For persons who will have residence at Zion in the coming future will probably have some curiosity as to Japanese opinions about the doctrine of "Mormonism." The people of your continent should have heard or read concerning the condition of Japan, but yet I believe it is interesting to Americans to know how a Japanese can believe the God of the Latter-day Saints, and how he can continue his service in his society as a faithful servant of God.

Now we are told Japan might send troops to Siberia, and it is said that is a movement in favor of both Japan and allies. It is frequently discussed in newspapers, that is, how can the allies rely on the confidence of Japan in order to establish peace in the Orient; but I think that we could better understand this topic, with more or less clarity, concerning the subject of the peace of the world were we better able to comprehend the Japanese ability to understand God; and at such an age, I think it is most necessary to understand or investigate Japanese capacity to believe God, because I know those who can understand, or can believe God, can understand all things, even the peace of the

world. I think at this point that all the people of the world should comprehend and believe the message sent from the heavens by God; and the dreadful misfortune of the world today must have come by not knowing the message from the heavens. I think there are no greater blessings than to be faithful to God and comprehend each other.

I have not had much experience as a Saint of this Church, having been a member only for the past five months. Before I received baptism at Osaka I did not know the teaching or influence of God. Of course, it is a blessing to be able to search for the light of life and know that I can go forward in the unknown future only by the help of God, and my experience until I became a believer of God is a most interesting part to the person



The author and three elders laboring in Nipon

who has been born in a country where they live by Christianity.

The Japanese spirit is filled up with ancient Confucius doctrine on one side, and on the other side is extended Buddha's doctrine, and both have been imprinted on the minds of all the nation. The so-called "Bushids" of Japan is, of course, the foundation stone of Japanese spirit, but that was produced only since the middle epoch of Japan, mixing Confucius doctrine and "Yamato damashi" (national mind of Japan). Then this Japanese thought is based on the realism of Confucius and the peace of mind of Buddha, and both thoughts have penetrated into the mind of all the nation, even corroding it. Then the original Japanese thought (until becoming a believer in God) is a little

different to American or European ideas and has a different starting point.

Some men advocate that the Japanese have capacity to comprehend life's meaning easier by the theories of philosophy than by the love of Christ. Of course, I don't believe such prejudice, but such certainly is the inclination of Japanese thought generally. Then the propagandist, especially of a foreign country, must understand that there are different conditions concerning the growing man in Japan.

I have always tried to explain my skepticism only by reasoning powers, but I felt the gradual increasing of sin, and I felt the increasing suffering of a sinner until, finally, I have been convinced that man is weak and I have often said so with a powerful testimony. I know this Church is right; I can honestly believe that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a most marvelous man, and I could discover the truth only by his leading; and I believe this Church will be prosperous in the coming future.

O be faithful to God, all Saints in America! Even I, a Japanese, am hoping to struggle in the favor of God as a faithful servant, and will seek the truth always.

I remain, with respect, your brother,

G. Inonye.

Osaka, Japan

Sagebrush

A hazy green upon the desert floor
Which shimmering dips to meet the Inland Sea.
The trunks and branches, rough and bent, but free,
Are guardians of a kingdom evermore.
Here drowsy chippy comes, when night doth lower;
The branches shield the hare a hawk did see;
Upon the twigs swing cradles of the bee;
In the pungent leaves, the grouse has food in store.
The wearied Redskin rests beneath its shade,
While waiting for its wood to roast his game;
Then, with its bark, he builds a rough, soft bed.
The pioneers come, lean, eager, unafraid;
With ax and plow the desert lands they tame.
The sagebrush goes and a nation grows instead.

J. S. Stanford.

Are Men Created Equal?

Individualism is Eternal

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

Democracy holds as a distinguishing and fundamental principle the recognition of individual rights and privileges. The living units of a democratic system are citizens, not subjects. Before the law, so far as it be administered in justice, all citizens are on a plane of equality. In the exercise of the elective franchise, for example, the ballot of the poor man, the unscholarly, the weak, sick or maimed, counts just as much as that of the millionaire, the university graduate, or the athlete. All this is inherent in democracy as a political system. If, through corrupt administration a citizen suffers deprivation of his rights, the fault, grievous though it be, is not chargeable to the system but to the officials who have misused the authority delegated to them.

In this sense it is affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, as the first of the truths therein set forth as self-evident, and as assuring to all their inalienable rights "*that all men are created equal*"; and in this sense the affirmation is irrefutable. No other foundation could support a stable structure of government by the people.

But it is manifest folly to carry this conception of the legal equality of citizenship to the extreme of assuming that all men are alike in capacity, ability, or power. As long as mankind live in communities there will be leaders and followers, men of prominence, and of necessity others who are relatively obscure, men of energy and idlers, and consequently masters and servants.

Doubtless much of the existing disparity among men, such as the inequitable distribution of wealth, the unrighteous acquisition of power and its iniquitous exercise, is pernicious—evil in the sight of God and ominously wrong under the laws of man. Nevertheless, attempts to right such wrongs by illegal force, and to establish a false equality by promiscuously taking from one to give to another tend toward disruption and anarchy.

We are confronted by this profound fact: *Individualism is an attribute of the soul, and as truly eternal as the soul itself.*

(1) In the unembodied, preexistent or antemortal state, we were decidedly unequal in capacity and power.

(2) We know we are not equal here in the world of mortals.

(3) Assuredly we shall not be equal after death, either in the intermediate state of disembodiment or beyond the resurrection.

We read that Jeremiah was chosen from among his fellows

and ordained before he was born to be a prophet unto the nations (Jer. 1:5); and a similar foreordination is indicated by Isaiah (49:1, 5). Abraham definitely avers that among the unembodied spirits there were differences, some were noble and great and others less adapted to the duties of rulership: "*Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers.*" (Pearl of Great Price, p. 65-66).

The God of spirits recognized particular qualifications in some, and selected them to be leaders among men. Let us not assume that the "rulers" thus divinely chosen are necessarily those whom men would later elect to be their leaders. Many of God's great ones have been and are counted among the despised of earth. So it was with the Christ Himself, and so with many of His prophets, apostles and revelators unto mankind.

Born into the flesh with diverse capacities, subjected here to varied environment, which may be favorable or opposed to the development of inherent tendencies toward either good or evil, we as a race are creatures of disparity, inequality, and heterogeneous circumstance. But all color of injustice disappears in the light of assurance that, in the judgment of souls, every condition shall be weighed in the accurate balances of Justice and Mercy.

But what of the hereafter—shall we not be made equal there? Not in the sense that our individuality shall be subverted or radically changed. We shall find beyond more gradations in society than we have ever known on earth. But the basis of classification will be essentially different. Here we are rated according to *what we have*—of wealth, learning, political or other influence due to circumstance; there we shall find our place according to *what we really are*.

Ponder the significance of our Lord's assurance of the "many mansions" in the Father's kingdom (John 14:1-3), and consider Paul's summary of varied glories (1 Cor. 15:40-41).

Through later Scripture we are told of distinct kingdoms or worlds of graded order, comparable to the sun, moon, and stars respectively. There are the Celestial, the Terrestrial, and the Telestial kingdoms, in which the souls of men shall abide and serve as their attainments in righteousness or their disqualification through sin shall determine. Concerning the inhabitants of the Telestial world, the lowest of the specified kingdoms of glory, we read: "*For they shall be judged according to their works, and every man shall receive according to his own works, his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared.*" (Doctrine and Covenants 76:111).

July 4, 1918

On January 15, 1215, at Runnymede, on the Thames, England, was wrested by the Barons from King John, Magna Charta; on July Fourth, 1776, at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, was signed, by the Congress of the United States assembled, the Declaration of Independence; on July 14, 1789, after the burning speech of Camille Desmoulins, fell that hated stronghold of Feudal despotism, the Bastille. Tremendous events!

On Nov. 19, 1863, Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr President, made an immortal speech on the Field of Gettysburg. England, France, the United States of America, each made their struggle for Liberty, the Rights of man. Now, side by side, they battle in the same great cause. That for which Washington fought, for which Lincoln yielded up his life, is being tested upon the blood-stained ground of Europe. It is no longer a question of the liberties of the people of any one nation, but a question of the liberty of the world.

Never, then, since that July 4, 1776, has our country, not even during the great Civil War, confronted so momentous, so vast an issue, as on this Fourth of July, 1918. The question of the ages, the Liberty of Man, Democracy *versus* Autocracy, is placed before us in most frightful manner. Millions of lives have been sacrificed, untold treasure. And yet the end is not in sight. The highest and noblest, the most base and terrible of the passions of men have been aroused. The mind, the very soul of human beings, have been exalted or appalled at deeds of heroism, or of those which seem to place men as lower than the beasts. The ideal has been laughed to scorn, the very frame-work of civilization assailed, justice, truth beaten to the ground. And yet, out of the blackness, the terror of these shadows, has come a light! The mind of man may sink to the depths, but it will rise to the heights. The soul may be devilish with cruelty, but it can be angelic with sympathy, the cowardice of malevolence can be met with the humanity of fortitude.

On this anniversary of the founding of the Great Nation of Freedom and of equal rights to all, on this Fourth of July, 1918, let us look forward with hope and determination that right shall win, and that from "these crimson seas of war" shall yet come a glorious Brotherhood of Man, a Federation of the World.

Alfred Lambourne.

EDITORS' TABLE



In the Foreground of Fundamental Things

While the representatives and members of the M. I. A. were disappointed in not having the privilege of listening to a speech from Assistant Superintendent B. H. Roberts, at the annual Conference on June 9, as anticipated, they did hear from him by letter which was read by President Heber J. Grant. His communication, full of sound doctrine, patriotic fervor, comfort and good cheer, follows in full. M. I. A. workers, the Latter-day Saints and the people generally will be glad to read and contemplate his refreshing epistle:

Field Camp, June 6, 1918.

President Heber J. Grant,

My dear Brother Heber: You will perhaps realize in part my very great disappointment conveyed to you in the dispatch I have just sent informing you of the fact that my application for furlough to attend the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. conference in Salt Lake City was denied by Divisional Headquarters of this cantonment, to whose decision, we, of course, cheerfully and respectfully submit, no matter what our personal disappointment may be.

I had desired almost above all other things the opportunity to have addressed myself to the Latter-day Saints of Utah and the surrounding states through your conference, and, for matter of that, to all our citizens of that region.

I should like to have reported myself at the School for Chaplains and Approved Chaplain Candidates, recently closed at Camp Zachary Taylor, and from which I have just returned to this point—Camp Kearny.

I should like very much to have reported the 145th Field Artillery (1st Utah), after having had an opportunity of putting them in contrast with the thirty odd thousand men I had the privilege of observing at Camp Taylor and other camps along the route of my return journey. You may be sure that, in my judgment, our Utah regiment, and all our men of the West, did not suffer by that comparison.

I think it must be the larger out-door life of the West that gives the youth of the West a shade the better of it in physical

and healthful appearance. But everywhere, and wherever one meets them, east or west, north or south, one feels that he has the right to be proud of the splendid young manhood of America, going forth in our armies to fight in the cause of human freedom. It is high honor for us—I mean for our intermountain states, and for the membership of our Church,—that in all this great American host there is no group of men—no regiment—that gives promise of greater soldierly qualities—physical, mental, moral, or courageous qualities, than the 145th Field Artillery. And of this regiment, previous to the late draft made upon it for overseas duty (the census was made just a few days before I left for the School of Chaplains, in April)—of this regiment, then numbering 1,313 men, 1,016 announced themselves as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I did desired, very keenly, to discuss at the conference the present status of the world's great war, its relationship to the fulfilment of many and various predictions of our great prophet of the New Dispensation; our own great Nation's part in the war, and its worthiness to be, as doubtless it will be, God's instrument in determining the issues of this great conflict, and preparing the way for the incoming kingdom of peace wherein dwelleth righteousness, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever.

I did desire, and very keenly desired, to point out to those at home, as well as to those enlisted in the army, that the important thing is to keep thought and action fixed upon the great fundamental things. Fortunately these are not many in numbers, and not difficult to understand. About them there can be little question.

In the foreground of these fundamental things is a sound faith in God: in God as Creator of heaven and earth, and of all things that in them are,—and especially as the Father and God of the children of men. Also to be held and worshiped as the sustaining Power of all that is in heaven and earth; the vital Force, also, in and through all things—the very Spirit and cause of life; the Intelligence—inspiring Power—"the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" and above all the Love-Power of the universe, the Love that was manifested in that, "God so loved the world, that he gave his Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

After this faith, then "still stands God's ancient sacrifice—the *upright* heart and pure." "Who shall ascend the mountain of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

Still stands, also, God's ancient law—the law written in stone by the finger of God, and given to Moses—The Ten Commandments, not abrogated, but re-inforced and emphasized by the new form given to them by the teaching of the Christ—both old and new forms remaining.

Still also stands the gospel of Jesus Christ among fundamental things—the power of God unto salvation—with its more than hope of eternal life which “God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.” More than hope? Yea, verily! *With its assurance of eternal life to those who believe and obey the same.*

Stands, also, with all these fundamental things, the justice of our cause in this world's great conflict—the maintenance of human freedom; the perservation of civilization itself; the upholding of a reign of justice and honor among the nations of the earth, as against a reign of brute force; the maintenance of the community conception of life, as against the jungle conception of life—the rule of *might* irrespective of right.

To discuss these things and many others, in some detail, was my hope, now dashed to the ground. But I submit to the decision of my commanders in the matter of my furlough, in the spirit of a good and true soldier; and I shall comfort myself with the reflection that from among the many more worthy sons of our great organization, one or more will be found who will more profitably occupy the time and the attention of the great congregation that will be gathered in the Tabernacle on Sunday night. Meantime, I shall strive that night to be with you in spirit. I shall recall the great good achieved by the organization with which I have been so long associated, and in which I have found so large an opportunity for service.

That night, I shall in my prayer say—God bless the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of Zion, with all the other auxiliary organizations. God bless their officers. Especially, O Lord, bless thy servant President Joseph F. Smith, thy prophet, seer and revelator to thy Church, and the General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. Grant to him freedom from physical pain and suffering, may his days be full of peace, and his life receive a fulness of joy; and preserve him, O Lord, unto thy people. Bless, I pray thee, Brother Heber J. Grant, my fellow yokeman in the General Superintendency, whom I love, and who has ministered unto my soul, and always sought my salvation; whose reproofs have been the reproofs of a brother and friend, now through many years, and whose hand has always been stretched out to help when the days were dark, and the way seemed closed up—God bless him for ever!

And so all the brethren of the General Board, and the sisters of the Young Ladies' General Board, bless them. And bless all Israel in all their abiding places, and hasten their deliverance everywhere. And, O Lord, may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done in earth as in heaven; for thine, indeed, is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!

Truly your brother,

Brigham H. Roberts,

Lt. and Chaplain 145th F. A. (1st Utah).

Nation-Wide Prohibition

The Mutual Improvement Associations placed themselves at the front of western organizations, as advocates of nation-wide prohibition, when, in 1916, they unanimously adopted, at the annual conference in June, the slogan:

We Stand for State- and Nation-wide Prohibition

The State has come, and the Nation will follow. Hence, when the National Dry Federation suggested to President Heber J. Grant as chairman of the Betterment League to interest this state and her various organizations further in the subject, he took the lead and presented the resolution which follows to the conference of the M. I. A. on Sunday, June 9. Before doing so, he read to the large audience the following declaration and facts prepared by the Federation:

"All our allied forces for good are aligning themselves for the battle against liquor, so that on or before July 4, anniversary of another inspired fight for freedom, there shall go to the halls of Congress more than 250,000 telegrams urging, pleading, demanding interdiction of intoxicants while men die and women are in agony for an ideal.

"Victory will come to this land not so much by bullets as by bread. The cataclysmic conflict overseas will be won not alone by the sword but by the sheaf. The war will not be won by a whim of fate but by the side which saves most.

"In substantiation, the National Dry Federation presents these facts:

"While babes die and frail mothers and valiant men cry feebly for bread on the ensanguined fields of Europe, more than 52,000,000 bushels of grain are wasted annually in the United States in the manufacture of liquor.

"While the earth cries aloud for surcease, and the light of life is denied myriads of men, millions of bushels of grain are

sent to distilleries and brewers in Europe to form the dregs of the cup of sorrow that runneth over.

"More than 70,000 soldiers recently were recalled from the British front to take the places, in munitions works, of drunken men.

"Brewers in the United States use enough grain annually to make 5,000,000 loaves of bread daily.

"Reports by the Interstate Commerce Commissions, for 1914, show that more than 500,000 freight cars were used to haul almost 8,000,000 tons of liquor. Later reports show almost similar conditions. This, when the world looks to the United States for the salvation of humanity.

"In 1917 the liquor traffic wasted more than 7,000,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs. In 1917 the liquor traffic wasted the work of 300,000 men. In 1917 the liquor traffic wasted millions in money, while other millions of men sweated and gave up their lives for all that humanity holds dear.

"More than \$2,000,000,000 are spent annually in the saloons of the United States and more than \$2,000,000,000 additional are lost by inefficiency due to drink.

"In 1917 brewers of the United States wasted more than 3,000,000 tons of coal. And then came the order for heatless Mondays.

"Almost 66,000 persons die in the United States yearly from the direct effects of liquor; several times as many die from disease indirectly due to drink.

"In all the world last year more persons died because of drink than were slain in battle on the English and French lines. This is proved by data of insurance companies of Britain and the United States.

"Unless the government in Washington heeds the overwhelming cry for prohibition during the war, it doubtless will demand more heatless days, lightless nights, wheatless days, meatless days, short bread rations, scanty food portions among the poor, while there will be more food and fuel riots, with an increase of idleness and crime.

"We ask all interested individuals to send three telegraphic messages to Washington—one to each of the United States senators and one to the representative of the congressional district demanding prohibition during the war. Every organization, religious, social, civic, philanthropic, industrial, commercial, fraternal, educational, every co-ordinated activity of life is urged to send similar telegrams."

President Grant then presented the resolution, first explaining that one telegram in behalf of our whole membership of about 80,000 young men and women would be sent to our sen-

ators and representatives in Congress, expressing the desire of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. wherever organized for nation-wide prohibition, not only for the duration of the war but forever:

Resolution

Whereas, approximately one hundred million bushels of cereals are used annually for the manufacture of alcohol, thereby diverting the grain from use as a food product that is of inestimable value to a use which has proven to be of incalculable detriment to the people now engaged in war; therefore,

Be it resolved, that we urgently request Congress to enact legislation which shall prohibit the use of cereals for the purposes of manufacturing alcoholic beverages.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Messages from the Missions

In the Hills of Alabama

Elder Ashael Allen of the Alabama conference sends the following picture taken on the 10th of March at De Funiak Springs, Florida. "The elders



are all stalwart workers in the cause. Left to right, Carl B. Preece, Vernal; Hay Morrill, Kingston; William G. Platt, Kanarraville, all of Utah; Ray Fuller, Pine, Arizona; Amon Bartholomew, North Ogden; Joseph C. Leavitt, Pine Ariz.; Arthur Hendricksen, Salt Lake City; Ashael Allen, Chandler, Ariz. They are all blessed with physical, mental and spiritual qualifications for the work in which they are engaged, and are seeking with energy to deliver the message of the Lord to the lost sheep of the house of Israel in the Alabama hills. Their aim is to search out the honest in heart, and give every one a chance to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation."

The Work in Ireland

Writing from Belfast, Ireland, Dec. 21, 1917, Elder Sydney L. Wyatt says: "We, missionaries laboring in the 'Emerald Isle', extend our greetings to the Saints in Zion and to our fellow workers throughout our Lord's vineyard. One of the most successful years of the Irish conference is just closing. We are pleased to report a double increase in baptisms over 1916, and 200 per cent increase over the year 1915. When one takes into consideration the fact that we have only three elders from Zion now when, before the war, there were as many as thirty, the results become very interesting. No doubt we are reaping the harvest of work done by laborers before us. Then, too, we have twelve lady missionaries who aid in distributing tracts and in bringing investigators to our meetings. The local brethren also assist in preaching the gospel to strangers and in teaching the Saints. Our meetings are exceptionally well attended, especially by investigators, many of whom have been brought to our halls by hearing the gospel preached at our street meetings. This war is causing a certain class of people to think soberly and search for something in religion more stable than is offered by man-made creeds; but, as a whole, the people seem to be fulfilling the words of our Savior when he said, 'As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man.' Nevertheless, we are encouraged by the fact that the Lord is gathering more into his fold than were to be obtained in the days of Noah. The elders of the Irish conference, left to right: Joseph H. Ririe, Ririe; Alma Moss, Antelope, Idaho; conference president, Sidney L. Wyatt, Wellsville, Utah."



School Work in Tonga

The Latter-day Saints school work in Tonga, Friendly Islands, forms a working basis for our missionary work here. It affords a channel through which we can reach the people by creating an interest, through their children, in the work that we desire to do for them. The "tanaki tuuga," or examination of the various schools is a great factor for bringing out the people to witness the little acts or dialogues called "faiva's" that are carefully prepared for the occasion. Some people may wonder at our laying so much stress on our teaching school; but a few facts of the history of our missionary work here will suffice on this point:

About 1893, some six or eight elders were sent here to the Tongan Islands to preach the gospel to this people. They traveled two by two, preaching in the villages where they could procure houses. By this method during the eight years the elders were here, they baptized only three people. The work here was then abandoned for the time being; but when it was

again started under the direction of the Samoan Mission, the elders were instructed to teach English in schools and try and get out among the people as best they could. The result has been that now the Islands are under a separate mission president and the work growing very rapidly. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of the children who attend these schools



eventually join with us, and the others always have a warm spot for the Lord's work here. The school represented in this picture is being conducted in Houma, being established here in September, 1917. There are also shown a few children from the Faahefa school. At the left of the picture is Elder Elmer Fullmer, Abraham, Utah, and standing on the right is Elder Francis L. Clark, Eden, Utah, under whose direction the school is conducted.—Elder Charles J. Langston.

A Spirit of Brotherly Love

Elder L. D. Wilde, Columbia, S. C., May 13: The elders here are few in numbers and range in years from 17 to 24. We rejoice in the work of the Lord, are united, and a spirit of brotherly love exists among us. We are using every effort to invite all to become partakers of the true plan of salvation so that they may enjoy the gifts and blessings promised to the believers. Shortly after a recent conference we held at Columbia, one of the attendants who is not a Latter-day Saint, said: "You 'Mormons' are different from any people I have ever seen. I have watched you very closely, and find a spirit of brotherly love among you which I find among no other people. You all seem to be one large family." That is true; and our religion has made us so. We are following the example of Jesus who said, "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love for one another."

The elders laboring here are: J. E. Deaton, local; W. G. Raymond, Smithfield; L. N. Barber, Centerville, Utah; J. A. Hancock, Eden, Ariz.; J. S. Wade, Stone, Idaho; W. A. Silver, Salt Lake City; D. E. Arave, Shelley, Idaho; F. B. Hansen, Salt Lake City; J. L. Hancock, Eden, Ariz.; L. D. Wilde, Croydon, Utah; President Evan J. Larson, Snowflake, Ariz.; T. C. Sutton, Salt Lake City; J. H. Sparks, Dingle; D. N. Hansen, Teton, Idaho; J. H. Smart, Roosevelt, Utah.

Many Books Sold

Group of Elders of the North Carolina Conference of the Southern States Mission: Back row, left to right: M. C. Wiser, Lewiston; C. L. Singleton, Hooper; J. E. Rich, Ogden; C. F. Gardner, Pine Valley, Utah; W. Mouritsen, Bennington, Idaho; J. Evans, Ogden; W. A. Bowler, Shelley,



Idaho. Center row: C. J. White, Teton, Idaho; G. A. Bean, LaGrande, Oregon; incoming president, J. M. Stephens, Jr., Ogden; retiring president, W. T. Bailey, Idaho Falls, Idaho; H. Blackburn, Penrose, Wyo.; E. B. Allred, Boise, Idaho. Front row: J. I. Huskinson, Teton, Idaho; H. R. Pond, Lewiston; W. R. Evans, Boneta; W. C. Wald, Morgan, Utah. Elder J. M. Stephens, Jr., writes: "We feel that during the past year we have accomplished much in proclaiming the truth in this part of the Lord's vineyard. We have sold 751 Books of Mormon, 8,885 small books, 65 standard Church works, have distributed 145,740 tracts, and held 1,487 meetings, during the year of 1917. We have also baptized 87 people into the fold of Christ."

Elders Before a Y. M. A. in Japan

J. Ray Stoddard writes from 4 Tachibana Cho, Kofu Shi, Yamanashi Ken, Japan, as follows: "Having been invited to lecture at the Asakami village's young men's association, we gladly accepted. Soon after Sunday school exercises were completed, on the morning of May 5, we went by train, about one-half of the way on our journey. A horse-carriage took us along another portion of the way, but as the road became more narrow and rough we proceeded to walk the last quarter of the distance. By the aid of our guide, we followed one of the several narrow trails through the garden-like fields and beautiful nature-colored mountains; and at 3 p. m. arrived at the pretty little mountain village. Here we were greeted, enter-

tained and fed by the highest officials of the place. A few minutes later we found ourselves on reserved seats before an audience of old, middle aged and young, numbering seven hundred and fifty souls.

"Three long breaths were taken on the safety-first plan, as Mr. I. Hara, a native, gave a stirring introductory speech which was followed with vocal music by elders and applause from the house. Elder Bryan L. Wright next favored the audience with a fifteen-minute, well rendered native tongue lecture on the subject, 'The Physical Man,' which was greatly enjoyed by all present; next Elder Jos. S. Pyne spoke English for some ten minutes, on 'The Word of Wisdom;' this being given in a foreign tongue, was a source of pleasure and quite a novelty, as a large number of those assembled had never before heard a foreign language spoken. As the applause silenced Elder J. Ray Stoddard translated into more understandable terms the previously rendered sermon. Instrumental music by Elder Wright occupied a few minutes, followed by Elder Stoddard with a twenty-minute talk on 'The Mental Man.' Some closing remarks by one of the town officials ended the meeting.



"This kodak picture is of one of the two Sunday schools of this branch. Elders, left to right: Jos. S. Pyne, Provo; Conference President J. Ray Stoddard, Richmond; Bryan L. Wright, Ogden, Utah."

"We were next entertained at a table social gathering, one hundred members of the Young Men's association present; refreshments, congratulations, and also questions pertaining to our homes, cities, states, country and our first impressions of Japan came pouring in a good deal more rapidly than they could be taken care of. This meeting closed with more thanks, and an invitation to come again; then we were escorted, by three gentlemen, to a larger town hotel where we again received nourishment. Later we went viewing the sights of the children's festival; an arrangement and care of dolls for the girls, intended to instil into their lives the importance of virtuous motherhood. For the boys, large paper or cloth-made fish floating in the

breeze from the tops of tall flagpoles, representing fish going against the current, this to encourage the boys to work diligently even if, at times, odds are against them.

"In larger towns and cities two celebrations are held, one for the girls and the other for the boys; however, in small country places they are often combined.

"The gentlemen remained with us the entire evening and on the following morning paid all expenses and escorted us a few miles on our homeward journey.

"As was previously stated, we were invited to lecture; no subjects were suggested to us; however, we were informed that no church doctrine of any kind would be allowed, as the building in which the meeting was to be held, was a government school building, and the school laws were to that effect. Realization came to us, however, that if any beneficial topic whatsoever be discussed it would of necessity be a portion of our Church doctrine, therefore we proceeded to discuss the subjects before mentioned.

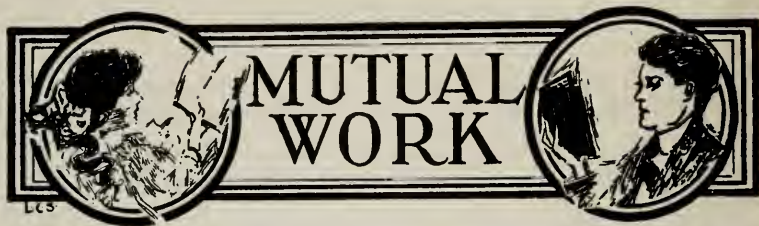
"I am thankful to be a member and an ambassador of a Church whose doctrines include all goodness and all truth. It is a religion for every occasion, and although at times we may not be allowed the privilege of applying the name, yet it is the truth of the gospel of Christ:

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men, indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, 'We believe all things, we hope all things.' We have endured many things and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

Conditions in Sweden

Writing from the Norrköping conference, Sweden, Verner L. Stromberg, Salt Lake City, John W. Carlson, Logan, and Peter Anderson, Salt Lake City, president of the conference, send their greetings to friends at home and to readers of the *Era*: "Under the disturbed conditions caused by the war, the *Era* is indeed a true friend, and we are always anxious to get it. The good spirit and influence which it radiates is a great encouragement to us. The war has reduced the number of elders in this conference to three. We have two active branches and a Sunday School, public services are held regularly with good attendance of Saints and friends. Notwithstanding our isolation, we feel that the Lord has blessed us. We have seen the fruits of our labors, in connection with those of the elders who preceded us, and prospects for the work seem bright. The government has fixed the maximum price upon all food products, and these are all controlled by the government. This action gives the poorer people a fairer chance for existence."





Plan for Summer Work

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

THIRTEEN

Sunday Evening Joint Session, August 4

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

Great Migrations

1. Opening hymn, "Israel, Israel, God is Calling."
2. Prayer.
3. "The Pilgrims' Chorus" (From Afar, Gracious Lord, S. S. Song Book).
4. Great Migrations.
 - a. The Exodus from Egypt.
 - b. Coming of the Pilgrim Fathers.
 - c. Journey of Modern Israel to the Rocky Mountains.
5. Readings, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," by Mrs. Hemans; or "The Utah Pioneers" (See *Young Woman's Journal*, July, 1917; *Era*, July, 1916).
6. Closing hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

FOURTEEN

Patriotic Rally or Special Gathering, Tuesday Evening, August 13

General Subject: "Our Allies."

Italy

1. Opening song, "Land of the Free."
2. Prayer.
3. Song, "Santa Lucia."
4. Our Ally, Italy.
 - a. Italy's part in the great war.
 - b. Great Italian leaders.
 - c. Display and explanation of the flag.
5. Reading, "To the Young Men of Italy" (See "Battle Line of Democracy," p. 132).
6. Song, "Juanita."
7. Mixed quartet, "O, Italia, Italia Beloved."

FIFTEEN

Patriotic Rally or Special Gathering, Tuesday Evening, August 27

General Subject: "National Efficiency."

The Nation In Arms

1. Opening hymn, "Star Spangled Banner."
2. Prayer.
3. Songs of Home and Country.
 - a. "Meaning of the U. S. A."

- b. "Old Folks at Home."
- c. "Dixie."
- 4. "The Nation in Arms" (See No. 2, "War Information Series").
 - a. America's answer to the call.
 - b. Value of army discipline.
 - c. The home army.
- 5. Reading, "The Meaning of the Flag" (See "Battle Line of Democracy," p. 37).
- 6. Closing song, "The Flag Without a Stain."

Annual Report of M. I. A. Scouts, Year Ending May 31, 1918

Troops registered 183, an increase of 27; scout masters registered, 183, an increase of 27; assistant scout masters registered, 158, an increase of 2. Scouts registered, 3,705, an increase of 744; number of scouts doing scout work but not registered, 2,162, an increase of 662; total number of scouts, registered and unregistered, 5,867.

There are 16 stakes with no registered scouts, a decrease from last year of 10. Out of these 16 stakes, only five are doing no scout work. There are three stakes in the Church that have not had registered scouts during the past five years. We have 22 registered scouts in Chicago, and 14 in Bisbee, not included in the above total of registered troops. The yearly report of the National Organization show that there are more scouts in Utah, in proportion to the population, than in any other state. This has been the case during the past five years, the number being one scout to



Scouts Gathering Books to be Sent to the Soldiers

every 137 people. The nearest to Utah is Connecticut, with 147 scouts; Idaho is the third state, with 178. Nearly one-half of the registered boys in Idaho are M. I. A. Scouts. In Utah we have 46 college men, 51 high school men, and 29 men with grammar school education, acting as scout officials. We have 46 married scout masters, with boys of their own, and 42 married scout masters with no boys, and 40 officials who are single.

The Scoutmasters' Association of Salt Lake City is doing a splendid

work. They meet regularly twice a month, and the attendance has been good during the year. It gives the new men a chance to get acquainted with the scout program. The Honor Committee connected with the association meets regularly once a month. This committee is quite an incentive for the boys to advance through the different grades. Scout masters generally are now sending their boys to this Honor Committee for examinations. The Scoutmasters' Association at Ogden has been reorganized. . . .

In Salt Lake the scouts are used very often by city officials in doing special work, such as holding the lines during the parades, acting as ushers for public functions, and other work that the Mayor has especially asked them to perform. The scouts did excellent work in the Liberty Loan Campaigns as well as in the Thrift Stamp Campaign and in the distribution of government literature. During these war times the scouts, throughout Utah, have been asked to take part in all the different phases of war work. It is very difficult to retain our scout masters, as the younger men are being called into the army, and it is becoming more difficult all the time to replace them. We are now making a campaign for older men to take charge of the scout work at least during the war. In the opinion of S. A. Moffat, Field Instructor of the National Organization, men of 35 to 40 years of age with boys of their own are the most successful leaders. Ward Scout organizations should be kept registered during these war times, if for no other reason than a patriotic one. The government is asking the boys through the National Organization to do very important work, but this request and the material to carry out the Government's desires come only to registered scouts. It seems to me that troops should be kept re-registered and new troops registered, even if some of the presiding brethren in the wards have to assume temporarily the position of scout master, so that there will be a line of communication from the government to the boys. These men could be readily replaced at any time by other men, or, at the end of the war, by the returning soldiers. Most of our stake presidents and bishops are in harmony with the scout work in a general way, but there is a lack of appreciation of the good that can be done through the organization by proper leadership. The scoutmaster comes in such close touch with the boy that unless he is a boy leader, he cannot accomplish what he should accomplish through the scout program. A man who can guide twenty or thirty boys in their play and recreation and, while doing so, impress upon them the necessity of giving service to their Church, and living in conformity with the principles of the gospel, is doing a sufficiently valuable work that should entitle him to some relief from other ward duties. . . .

The general reports that we get from the stakes and wards are that scout work is proving a great benefit to the boys who become better boys because of their scout training.

Very truly yours,

John H. Taylor,
M. I. A. Scout Commissioner.

Advanced Senior Class Study, 1918-19

The General Boards have decided upon the subject, "How to Lessen Contributions to Crime," for the Advanced Senior Class for 1918-19. A list of the lessons for each month, from October, 1918, to March, 1919, inclusive, are here given. The aim of the lessons, and the general plan of procedure for preparing the lessons are also noted, for the benefit of officers and teachers:

How to Lessen Contributions to Crime

- I. *Aim of the Lessons:*
 - (a) The awakening of universal interest in making our communities safe for righteousness.
 - (b) The marshaling of all our forces against the inventions of vice.
 - (c) The recognition of our religion as the deciding factor in the conflict.
- II. *Plan of Procedure in Preparing and Teaching the Lessons:*
 - (a) Each lesson will be a treatment of a topic under the following heads:
 1. A survey of the contribution of this evil to crime.
 2. A survey of the forces marshaled by this evil.
 3. A survey of the forces that may be marshaled against this evil.
 4. The mobilizing and marshaling of the forces against this evil.
 5. The plan of attack against the evil.
- III. *List of Lesson Topics:*

1. For October. 1. Public Indifference. 2. Lack and Laxity of Law. 3. The Cigarette. 2. For November. 4. Social Clique. 5. Card Playing. 6. Public Dance. 3. For December. 7. Poverty. 8. Luxury. 9. Greed.	4. For January. 10. Ignorance. 11. Indolence. 12. Unrighteous Ambition. 5. For February. 13. Sentimental Sanction of Sin 14. Extravagance. 15. Weakness of the Public Will 6. For March. 16. Pleasure Worship. 17. Sabbath Breaking. 18. Civic Slothfulness.
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Statistical Report of the Y. M. M. I. A.

From General Secretary Moroni Snow's annual statistical report of the Y. M. M. I. A. which includes 75 stakes, it appears that there are 747 associations in the Church, an increase of 2 during the year.

The total enrollment is 33,361, an increase of 3,006 for the year 1918. This increase is due mostly to the advanced senior classes instituted a year ago, and which have an enrollment of 3,663.

There were 16,919 enrolled in the senior classes, a decrease of 1,527. When we consider that we have approximately 11,000 young men of the "Mormon" Church enlisted in the government service in the Great War, 6,164 of whom are members of the Y. M. M. I. A., our decrease really shows a large increase.

In the junior classes there were 11,788 enrolled for 1918, as against 11,909 for the year before which shows a decrease of 121, the decrease being due undoubtedly, to promotion into the senior classes.

The average attendance in all classes for 1918 was 17,247, as against 16,908, for 1917, or an increase of 339.

There are 865 of our membership on missions, an increase of 201.

The record of the scouts is given in another paragraph, but from the annual report it appears that we have 2,161 doing scout work who are not registered, aside from the nearly 4,000 who are registered with the National Organization.

The total number of members of the Y. M. M. I. A. actually taking part in M. I. A. activities was 15,188.

Nine hundred juniors passed the first year's course; 433, the second year's course; and 500, the third year's course. In all these three there is a decrease respectively of 430, 180, 156.

There were 6,189 young men who read one or more or all of the Reading Course books which shows a decrease of 1,736, a result laid also to the absence of so many of our young men in the Government service. The *Era* subscriptions show an increase over 1917 of 3,499.

There are 198 vocational counselors doing active service, an increase of 35 for the past year.

Reports have also been received from the California, Hawaiian, New Zealand, Northern States, Samoan, and Southern States missions, showing 61 associations with a total membership of 2,508 and an average attendance of 1,555; 83 of the members are in the service of their country and 5 are on missions. The total number of meetings held in these organizations was 2,387. Four hundred and thirty actually took part in M. I. A. activities. In California and the Northern States there are 36 M. I. A. scouts registered with the National Organization, and 22 doing scout work who are not registered.

The Improvement Era

The stakes named have 5% or more of their Church population as subscribers for the *Era*, Vol. 21:

1. Kanab	9.00	15. San Juan	5.77
2. Maricopa	8.76	16. Idaho	5.71
3. Alberta	8.57	17. St. Johns	5.64
4. Big Horn	7.83	18. Shelley	5.59
5. Uintah	7.71	19. Union	5.44
6. Raft River	7.21	20. Tintic	5.38
7. Taylor	6.87	21. Ogden	5.24
8. Cassia	6.64	22. Box Elder	5.24
9. Carbon	6.57	23. Morgan	5.14
10. Snowflake	6.50	24. Bannock	5.08
11. Deseret	6.49	25. Curlew	5.05
12. St. Joseph	6.02	26. Millard	5.03
13. Bear Lake	5.92	Total	26
14. Oneida	5.82	Last Year	14

These stakes have from four per cent to five per cent for Vol. 21.

1. Moapa	4.84	8. Hyrum	4.50
2. Yellowstone	4.81	9. San Luis	4.48
3. Blackfoot	4.79	10. Star Valley	4.48
4. No. Weber	4.78	11. Granite	4.30
5. Bingham	4.71	12. No. Davis	4.01
6. Wasatch	4.71	Total	12
7. Fremont	4.69	Last Year	11

We return thanks to all the workers and sincere appreciation for their highly prized labors. Wherever all heads of families in a ward were visited by a spirited officer or member in the interest of the *Era*, the result was, "Over the Top." We hope all the stakes and wards will try the experiment for Vol. 22, beginning Nov. 1918. Results are sure to follow. Start in September.

General Fund

These stakes have paid one hundred per cent or more for the general fund of the Y. M. M. I. A.

1. Boise	151.9	11. Cassia	101.3
2. Ogden	118.3	12. Kanab	101.2
3. Curlew	115.9	13. Big Horn	100
4. St Joseph	114.8	14. Box Elder	100
5. Portneuf	111.4	15. Cache	100
6. Uintah	109.4	16. Deseret	100
7. Millard	107.2	17. North Davis	100
8. Blackfoot	106.6	18. Salt Lake	100
9. Idaho	104.8	19. Tintic	100
10. Maricopa	102.9	20. Yellowstone	100

We are sincerely thankful to the officers of these stakes and trust that others seeing their good work will add fifty more stakes to this list by the end of December, 1918. It will help the good work to thrive. Notice the large stakes that are up to and above the requirement. You can do as well.

Enrollment in the Y. M. M. I. A.

These stakes have ten per cent or more of their church population in the Y. M. M. I. A.

1. Big Horn	15.1	16. Box Elder	11.3
2. Maricopa	15.0	17. Deseret	11.3
3. Bear River	14.2	18. Raft River	11.3
4. Portneuf	13.8	19. Kanab	11.1
5. Shelley	13.6	20. Uintah	11.0
6. San Juan	13.5	21. Snowflake	10.9
7. Wayne	13.4	22. Teton	10.8
8. Cassia	13.3	23. Duchesne	10.6
9. St George	12.6	24. Millard	10.5
10. Morgan	12.1	25. South Sanpete	10.4
11. Curlew	12.0	26. Tintic	10.2
12. Oneida	11.8	27. Benson	10.1
13. Blackfoot	11.7	28. Cache	10.1
14. Hyrum	11.6	29. Union	10.0
15. Idaho	11.5		

The average of the church is 9 per cent.

The Gold Star in the Service Flag

In our service flag, a new star gleams,
Woven of all our hopes and dreams,
And contemplated by our tears
For the boy's feet that marched away;
And the eager hearts are stilled today.
But Star Divine shall ever shine
To tell the world that boy of mine
Chose, with gallant courage bold,
To win for us the Star of Gold:
For he who arms at his Country's need,
Though slain in battle, lives in deed.

Maud Baggarley

PASSING EVENTS

The first shell shock victim to return to Utah is Edward Moore, a native of Utah, who enlisted in Canada, January 8, 1915. He was born in Lehi, Utah.

The Railroad administration at Washington, May 19, approved the expenditure of \$937,691,318 for additions, betterments, and new equipment for the railways of the country.

Major Raoul Lufbery, a famous American "Ace" who had destroyed eighteen enemy aeroplanes was killed on the western front May 19 in a fight with a German armored biplane.

Marine casualties among the American marines from the day of landing overseas to June 9 totaled 717, and included 106 killed in action, 553 wounded, 58 died of wounds, one missing and one prisoner.

The total subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan was reported as \$4,170,019,160—an oversubscription of 39 per cent. Utah's quota was \$10,315,000, and the subscription in round figures was \$12,500,000.

An Austrian drive on the Italian front began June 17, and crucial engagements were being fought on the days following, the Italians bravely holding their positions, and inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy.

Major-General Hunter L. Liggett now commands the American Forces in the field in France, standing next to General Pershing, in rank, and will doubtless command the first American field army when it is organized.

An eclipse of the sun was witnessed on the Salt Lake meridian on the afternoon of June 8. The day was clear in Salt Lake City and thousands of citizens and visitors at the M. I. A. conference were privileged to witness a phenomena of rare occurrence.

The new registration of young men who have attained the age of 21 since the former registration, shows that a grand total of 2,467 were registered June 5 in the state of Utah for military service. It was stated in the press that there were 744,985 registrants in the whole country.

Col. Alfred Hasbrouck who has commanded the 20th Infantry at Fort Douglas, has been relieved and will proceed to Manila soon as his orders arrive. Captain J. H. Stern became post commander at the Fort on the departure of the 20th to a concentration camp in the middle west. Information from Camp Lewis, Washington, conveys the word that on June 18, Colonel Wm. H. Jordan, 362nd Infantry, had been assigned to command the 20th.

Nova Aquila, 1918, is the name given the new star discovered June 8.

It is said to belong to the Milky Way stars, which on earth are about 4,000 light years distant.

Charles R. Wilson, Co. B, 2nd Bn. U. S. G. N. A., Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I love the gospel of Jesus Christ because it is practical, vital, true, a light in darkness, an oasis in the desert. I love it for its spirituality, simplicity and its blessed plan for the salvation of the divine spirit. It is a faith that has cemented closer the relationship of my wife and children and myself. I love the people because of their noble sacrifices for their religion."

Lloyd Burt Haight, Trenton, Cache county, Utah, was on the transport *President Lincoln* when it was torpedoed, on the 31st of May, and twenty-three men were lost. Mr. Haight gave his life for his country. He enlisted, June 23, 1917, at the Salt Lake recruiting office as a landsman, and was sent to the Pacific coast to train, was then transferred to duty across the ocean. Mr. Haight was born at Hiawatha, Utah, and leaves a widow at Trenton. He was a painter and photographer and was twenty-six years old.

The Latter-day Saints school convention was held in Salt Lake City in the early part of June. Among resolutions passed was one pledging the teachers of the Church school system to be in favor of such legislation as will provide adequate free medical attention for all children of school age so far as such medical attention is necessary for educational growth. At a later meeting a resolution was passed unanimously by the teachers favoring legislation against the use of tobacco in the States and prohibiting its sale.

David D. Rust, representing the 85th quorum of Seventies, Kanab ward, Kanab stake, has been awarded the Church prize of \$1,000 for the greatest yield of potatoes on one acre of ground, offered by the Church in 1917. It has been verified by the officials of the Church in charge of the contest that Mr. Rust raised 49,531 pounds of potatoes, or 825 bushels of marketable potatoes to the acre. Prizes of \$500 and \$250 had been awarded some time ago. This places Utah in the lead of the world's record for potato growing.

Horace R. Tanner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greeley Tanner, South Cottonwood, was drowned in an accident on the coast of Florida in early June. He was born July 22, 1896, and was an apprentice attached to the United States steamer *Mercy*. No details of the accident are given, so far. He was a high school student, and on May 5, 1917, enlisted in the Navy, being first sent to San Francisco and then transferred to an Isolation Hospital at Las Animas, Colorado, and later to a medical college at Minneapolis, from there being transferred to the *Mercy*, a hospital ship. He had made several trips to Europe.

The American Army at the front, in the latter part of May, penetrated into Cantigny, west of Montdidier, and successfully repulsed all attempts of the Germans to recapture the town, taking altogether 242 German prisoners. The Americans occupied a front of a mile and a half. Thirty-eight officers and men of the American Forces were cited on June 1 for gallantry in action. On the 4th the Americans broke up an attempt of the enemy to advance through Neuilly Woods, near Chateau Thierry. These actions are regarded as the beginning of American co-operation with the Allies on a major scale.

For military purposes, Utah was called upon to furnish 953 men in

June; 500 of these were to be sent to Camp Lewis within five days from June 24, and 453 were to be Grammar School graduates with some experience along mechanical lines and aptitude for mechanical work who were to report to the commanding officer at the University of Utah on June 15. These latter will receive a course of training at government expense to fit them to serve in army positions requiring knowledge of auto-mechanics, driving, blacksmithing, carpentering, electricity, gas-engine, concrete working, wireless operating, and many kinds of military service both at the front and behind the lines.

When the United States troops arrived in Britain in April, King George personally welcomed the soldiers and addressed to them a letter of welcome which reads as follows:

Windsor Castle.

Soldiers of the United States: The people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you God speed on your mission.

George, R. I., April, 1918.

The American casualty list for June 14, contained the names of two Idaho boys who were killed in action: Corporal George Bell, of Winchester, and John F. Kemig, of Spalding, Idaho. Charles E. Nelson, son of Nels Nelson, 1034 West Second North street, Salt Lake City, and Bates Bryan, of Montpelier, Idaho, another marine, and George Mantas, of Tooele, Utah, were all reported in the list as seriously injured. Nelson left his home in Salt Lake City a year ago, enlisting with the marines. Mr. Kemig joined F Company, 2nd Idaho Regiment, after his return from the Mexican border, and was later placed in the 116th engineers. His mother, Mrs. William Steith, resides in Spalding, Idaho. The daily casualty list of the Americans has ranged from 10 to as high as 188 per day, during the past month, the total deaths from the beginning, a year ago, to June 16, being 3,193; wounded, 4,547; missing, 346; grand total, 8,085, out of 800,000 now overseas. Our soldiers have distinguished themselves in many battles.

Danquart Anthon Weggeland, widely known for many years as the father of art in Utah, died in Salt Lake City, on Sunday afternoon, June 2, 1918. He was born in Christiania, Norway, March 31, 1827, being therefore over ninety-one years of age. At twenty years of age he left his native city, Christiania, and went to Copenhagen, studying there for three years at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. At the age of thirty-four, he came to America, remaining in New York for a year. In the fall of 1862, he came to Utah, and was commissioned by President Brigham Young, to assist in doing the scenes and art work in the Salt Lake Theatre. He has worked also in many of the residences of the state, and in the public buildings. In history and literature he was well versed, as he was in art. By Utah painters, he was considered the father of them all. Mr. Weggeland had a wife and nine children; the widow and four of the latter surviving him. He was of gentle and kindly disposition, taking a fatherly interest up to the last in the younger artists. "The Gypsy Camp" is one of his most noted and original pictures which is now the property of the University of Utah, and may be seen in President John A. Widtsoe's office.

A serious railway accident occurred on the 12th of June at 1:25 o'clock on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. as a westbound passenger train was entering Salt Lake City from the east at the rate of fifty miles an hour. A

gang of section hands had been engaged in repairing the tracks and had neglected to leave a danger signal for slowing down. The result was that the train jumped the tracks and the cars tumbled down an embankment. One person, Andrew O. Collings, Salida, Colo., was killed, and some fifty-three others were injured. In the car which suffered the greatest damage in the wreck, were four Latter-day Saint missionaries returning from abroad. According to W. C. Spence, transportation agent of the Church, they escaped entirely uninjured. Mr. Spence states further that during the thirty-three years he has arranged routes for missionaries traveling to and from all parts of the world, none have been seriously injured in accidents, although at times some have narrowly escaped death. The missionaries in this accident were: Eletha Simmons, Byron, Wyo.; Alma Findlay, Bloomington, Idaho; Raymond W. Peck, Cove, Ore.; Fred G. Hansen, Aetna, Canada. Among the injured in the wreck were C. D. Simpson, brakeman, of Ogden, Utah, and Thomas F. Durkin, assistant superintendent D. & R. G., and William Rettstat, both of Salt Lake City.



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A German submarine, in the days from May 25 to June 4, appeared upon the New Jersey coast and sank about fifteen vessels, among them being the steamer, *Herbert L. Pratt*, shown in this picture, still flying Old Glory, lying in shallow water off the shore which she managed to reach before she sank, being thus damaged by a mine laid by a submarine. This ship has since been raised. Her bridge and most of the stern are seen above water. Among other ships sunk was the steamer *Texel*, the steamships *Carolina* and *Winneconne*, the schooners *Edna*, *Haskell*, *Wiley*, the transport, *President Lincoln*, and many others. The U-boats raiding our coastwise shipping, from the Virginia capes to the New Jersey coast, up to this writing, have escaped.

Albert G. Clayton, Co. B 161st Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York, writes to a friend from "Somewhere in France:" "When I

stop for a few minutes and think of the life I used to live, with everything the most pleasant and peaceful you could wish, and then compare it with our constantly moving life here in France, where we never know from one minute to the next where we are likely to be, it makes me wonder if everything is still as beautiful as it used to be in Utah. We certainly have to get a taste of the world to really appreciate what great blessings we have at home. Since I have been away from home, I have learned many, many things; one of the biggest things I have learned is to know just how big and grand the gospel is. I never felt while at home that I could really say, 'I know the gospel is true.' I can now. I have also heard people say they were spiritually hungry, I have also experienced that feeling, and how welcome the day will be when I can again enjoy the privileges I used to. Life in France, of course, is much different from what it was in the United States; however, it seems to agree with me. I certainly am glad to have the privilege of being over here; it is one of the greatest privileges of my life, and if I can succeed in doing just a little good to someone, I shall feel repaid."

Brigadier-General Richard W. Young, on May 3, 1918, made this interesting and inspiring speech at Camp Kearny, to the Utah boys, on the occasion of his relinquishing command of the 145th F. A. to assume command, May 6, of the 65th Artillery Brigade, consisting of the 143d and 144th California regiments and the 145th F. A. (1st Utah):

To the 145th Field Artillery: In relinquishing command of the 145th Field Artillery, it would neither be consistent with my own feelings, nor, I believe, with the expectations of the regiment for me to remain silent.

Upon the declaration of war by the United States, it appeared to me as an imperative duty, by reason of my past experiences and the vital character of the present crisis, again to cast my lot with the Colors. It was my happy fortune to be appointed by Governor Bamberger to the command of this organization.

It is the consensus of official opinion that you have made an enviable record. That record, all are confident, is but a faint indication of the greater honors that must and will come to you through the real test and ordeal of war.

I am not so egotistical as to arrogate to myself any undue, or much, credit for your achievements—these are to be ascribed primarily to the high average of your soldierly characteristics, and, secondarily, to the quick and full response that you have made to the instruction imparted and discipline enjoined by the trained officers and men of the First Separate Utah Battery, the efficient artillery nucleus of the regiment, and by the experienced officers and men of the cavalry and other organizations of our National Guard, and in no small degree to the dominating intelligence of Brigadier-General Lyon, our esteemed and popular brigade commander.

Among the members of the regiment are numbers of men whom I count as personal friends—the acquaintances, some of them, of many years, including a handful of beloved compatriots with whom I served in the Spanish-American war and the Philippine insurrection. Many of the officers and men of the regiment are sons or brothers or other relatives of old-time companions, while still others are from families with whose names and history I have long been familiar. It has been my constant regret that conditions have made it impossible for me to make a close personal acquaintanceship with each of you—that opportunity, as to many of you, may happily present itself in future days.

To the casual observer, the soldier is without identity, a mere item of

a mass of entirely similar beings; but to him who has the good fortune to mingle closely with the troops, the soldier emerges as an individual, distinguished, often, by such qualities as lend value and charm to the race. In the mass and before acquaintance, the soldier may not seem to be intrinsically of very great value, but when you come to know him, you find out that he is worth a million dollars of any man's money. Then you understand why he is the very apple of his parents' eye, and why he has been able to grapple friends to him with hooks of steel. Knowing this well, I regret not knowing you better.

At the present moment I am not advised as to what my immediate assignment to duty may be, but most devoutly hope it may be to the command of the 65th Artillery Brigade, composed, as it is, not only of our own regiment, but of other organizations whose excellence is attested and whose membership is of the highest type of American manhood.

We are enlisted and hope for the privilege of playing an adequate part in a great cause. I was told yesterday of a man who, after the delay of months, has at last donned the olive drab because he cannot see how he would ever be able to explain to his son his failure to enlist. I am tempted to quote a few lines from *King Henry V*, as applicable to you and to the situation, if, perchance, we shall be permitted to play the higher part in this historic drama:

If it be a "sin to covet honour,"
 You are the "most offending" souls alive.
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours;
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars;
 . . . He'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd—
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

In conclusion let me assure you of my undying pride in and affection for you, and adjure you to be true to the ideals that have characterized and distinguished your forefathers, and that, thus far, have been conspicuous in your own records, namely, obedience to constituted authority, dependability, sobriety, cleanliness of life, stoutness of heart, uncapitulating loyalty.

Richard W. Young.

W. Clarence Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Smith, 1101 South 8th East street, Salt Lake City, who arrived in France in March was surprised to find at one mobilization camp alone about five hundred men from Utah, fully one-half of whom he found to be "Mormons." These have formed a branch organization, the Y. M. C. A. building has been thrown open for their services, and some interesting meetings have been held. At the first meeting it was learned that some fifty young men present had been on missions. Elder Smith writes, according to the *Deseret News*, that Elder Stewart was made branch president, W. Clarence Smith, First Counselor, and Vernon Dean of Sugar House, Second Counselor. Mr. Smith was at Camp Lewis, American Lake, November 8, 1917, remaining there only three or four days before he was sent to Camp Clary. He is a member of the signal corps of the 148th Field Artillery, and sailed for Europe in January. He was just eight hours ahead of the ill-fated transport *Tuscania*, which was torpedoed.

In the "Improvement Era" Story Contest for May 5, Milford W. Foshay, Painesville, Ohio, won first place with his story entitled, "The Streak of Gray;" and Henry Nicol Adamson, Salt Lake City, won second place with his story entitled, "The Escape." This closes the contest for 1918.

Albert S. Anderson, Private, Battery B, Fifth F. A., American Expeditionary Forces, France, via New York, writes, May 25: "The Era reaches me each month, and I wish to thank you for it. I am at the front and it is great to have it to read. I only read it over about a dozen times."

A Story and Conference number will be the Era for August. You will enjoy it. If you wish extra numbers order them today.

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Edward H. Anderson,			Moroni Snow, <i>Assistant</i>

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